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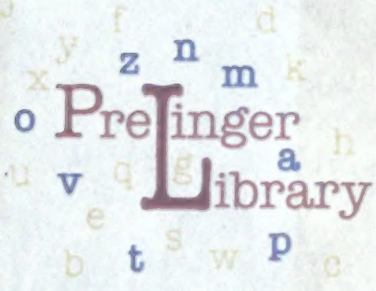

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VOLUME XIX.

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"THE SPIRIT'S NAME WAS LOVE."

Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

LIFE'S PARADOX.

THEY told me Wealth was all in all, and then,
With greed that comes alone to famished men,
I strove for wealth; by day and night I toiled,
Nor recked how others fared, what hopes were spoiled.
And when 'twas gained I stopped to count my store,
To count, exult, and, eager, wish it more;
But as each piece fell on the vault's hard stone,
Mixed with its ring I heard a human groan.
I started up from the accusing pile,
Now worse than vain, that did so late beguile!

They told me Pleasure was the chiefest good,
And so I followed wheresoe'er she would;
Where light feet led, where mocking lips allured,
And black eyes told my hopes were half assured.
When all was gained, then blight fell on my isle—
I had been dreaming on a wanton's smile.

They told me only Knowledge was divine,
And so I strove straightway to make it mine.
I read all books, held converse with the wise,
Traveled all lands, and searched the distant skies.
Then, standing in the edge of Learning's sea,
I heard the breakers calling thus to me:
"In vain, O man, my depths thou wouldst explore;
Thy soundings all lie close within the shore."

Wealth, Pleasure, Knowledge, all in turn were tried,
Yet in the dust it seemed I must abide.

A spirit came and whispered in my ear,
And raised me up; then led me to a height
From which we had a vision far and clear
Of all the world, its peace and joy and light.
The spirit said: "If thou wilt follow me,
Wilt seek not self, but look beyond, above,
All that thou seest will I give to thee."
I raised my eyes—the spirit's name was Love.

Shaler G. Hillyer.

"A LOVE POTION."

From the painting by Mlle. Consuelo Fould—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The prominence of Fortuny as the central figure of the great Stewart sale—Notes on American and foreign painters, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.

FORTUNY AND MR. STEWART.

The Stewart collection has been sold and scattered, but its short existence in America was a lesson to art collectors and to students. The students were there in force, and generally found some professor near by to point out the greatness of the pictures which Mr. Stewart had selected with such care.

The peculiarity of the collection lay in the fact that one great artist had his very best representation before the world concentrated here. Mariano Fortuny was Mr. Stewart's friend. The American

"ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE."

From the painting by Charles Herrmann Léon—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

"AT A PARISIAN MILLINER'S."

From the painting by Victor Gilbert—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

collector admired the Spanish painter extravagantly, and purchased as many of his paintings as he could, including his most famous work, "The Choice of the Model." Besides his purchases, several of Fortuny's canvases came to him as gifts—most of them pictures which the artist had painted for his own pleasure, without any thought of selling. One of these was the fine life size head of the negro Farragi, "One of the King's Moors," with his head dress of white and red. In all, the collection contained twenty five Fortunys.

Fortuny was a remarkable instance of the impossibility of keeping genius out

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"IN PLEASURE'S HALLS."

From the painting by Alonzo Perez—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

"SHELTER FROM THE SHOWER."

From the painting by P. Outin—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

of its chosen path. He was the son of a cabinet maker in Réus in Tarragona. His father and mother died when he was a child, and he went over the country with his grandfather, exhibiting wax figures, and making pictures of everything he saw. When the boy was fourteen, the old man took him to the Spanish artist Talarn, by whose assistance Fortuny was put in the Academy of Fine Arts in Barcelona. He remained there three years, and won the coveted Prix de Rome—a prize like the celebrated one of the same name in Paris.

During one of the Spanish campaigns in Morocco, the town council of Barcelona sent Fortuny to the front to make sketches, and it was there that he dis-

"THE INTERRUPTED DUEL."

From the painting by J. Garnelo-Alda—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

"BLACK DIAMONDS."

From the painting by Jean J. Benjamin-Constant.

covered the great field of character and color which he made all his own. He was twenty three years old, strong, sturdy, an ideal figure for an artist. He came home from Africa to study in Italy and in Paris, making friends everywhere. Then he went to Algiers, where he filled his mind with more of those brilliant pictures which he gave to the world. He could do almost anything. He painted magnificent vases, glowing with color; he forged swords inlaid with gold, and he lived a many sided life. Mr. Stewart's earliest purchases were four water colors. The first oil painting of Fortuny's that he saw was the "Fantasia Arabe," which was sold for twelve thousand dollars at the sale the other day. The artist was

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"THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN."

From the painting by Fritz von Uhde—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

"A FIRE ALARM IN PARIS."

From the painting by Georges Busson.

then quite unknown, and Mr. Stewart said that he purchased the painting "for a song."

One of the most interesting of the Fortunys was "The Antiquary." This picture was given to a dealer in Rome in exchange for an Arab gun and some bits of Venetian glass, and afterward purchased by Mr. Stewart. It shows a room littered with bric-à-brac and a connoisseur admiring a print, while a friend leans over his shoulder. One day Fortuny told Mr. Stewart that he would like to take the picture home and touch up the background. When he returned it, he had introduced a portrait of his patron hanging on the wall of the room.

This introduction of the portraits of

"A LIFE CLASS."

From the painting by Albert Edouard—By permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

"EXPECTATION."

From the painting by Charles Ayer Whipple.

friends was one of Fortuny's pet fancies. In "An Arab Street," Henri Regnault stood for the central figure, and the portrait of Meissonier which went in the sale was an elaboration of a sketch made for another picture.

"The Choice of a Model" was the most widely discussed picture in the sale, and its purchaser, Mr. W. A. Clark, secured what has generally been regarded as Fortuny's master work. Whether it will always be so considered is a moot

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"TENDER AND TRUE."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"HOSNAH."

From the painting by Jacqueline Comerre-Paton.

question. It represents a number of the artists of the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome, gathered at the Palazzo Colonna to inspect a model. The nude figure standing on the table is admirably painted, and is brilliantly contrasted with the elaborate dress of the eighteenth century dandies. The whole picture glows like a jewel, and is marvelous in the perfection —perhaps a little overdone—of its detail. Its new owner has some of Mr. Stewart's characteristics. He too is known in most of the studios abroad, where his judgment is much regarded. It is said that he studied pictures for seven years before he presumed to purchase one, but he has sufficient confidence now to buy what strikes his fancy.

To go back to Mr. Stewart, it is wonderful to think of the influence this keen lover of art exerted upon men like Fortuny, Madrazo, Rico, Zamacoïs, and some of their associates. He fairly brought masterpieces into being. "The Choice of a Model" was one of the many canvases that were painted for him.

It was largely through his influence that Fortuny, from being quite unknown, became famous. The brilliant painter was able to indulge his luxurious tastes, to surround himself with the things he loved, to live in the Alhambra at Granada, and to be a center of the cleverest artists of his day. He died in Rome in 1874, and his fame has been growing every year since.

THE WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

The American Water Color Society's exhibitors seem to have a predilection for landscapes, and landscapes without anything particularly cheerful about them. Mr. Lathrop, for instance, with his lowering skies, his gray atmospheres, and his general depression, makes pictures which are sometimes true to nature, and are always clever, but if he had more sense of color we should like him better. We do like the fact that he paints landscapes which we can locate in America. Our artists are not national enough. We are continually hearing that Americans buy foreign pictures. They are likely to continue to do so just as long as our artists paint imitation foreign pictures. They can get the Dutch or the English or the French landscape rendered by a man who understands it, who is native to it. Our American artists should interpret our own nature, not only in form but in feeling. Until they do that we shall have no national art.

One of the most interesting pictures in the recent exhibition was Mr. Herter's "Sorrow." It was the chief figure picture shown there.

Mr. Charles Curran is an artist whose work is not as well known as it deserves. This year he exhibited two small figures in water color; but his best things have been done in oil. Hang one of his views on Lake Erie—not always showing any part of Lake Erie, but the light, high toned summer atmosphere of that region reflected on the face of a girl, or outlining her figure—and you have thrown a flood of sunshine into the dullest room. Mr. Curran reminds you of nobody but himself, and he is one of the few distinctively American artists among the young men.

ANOTHER FOREIGN PORTRAIT PAINTER.

The Gandara portraits were chiefly interesting to Americans as studies in style.

Like other portrait painters in New York this winter, M. de la Gandara suffered from the vogue of Boldini. He has been made much of in Paris for several seasons, and his portraits at the Salon have attracted a great deal of attention. He has over here a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt which is very striking; but taking him altogether, he seems a little artificial to us. His women lack humanity. They are like figures passing before us, remote. They are artistic, decorative, everything except just the real, convincing human being that we want in a portrait.

M. de la Gandara's work is more truly artistic than that of almost any portrait painter who has ever exhibited here. He has never painted a canvas that might not be considered as a picture without any relation to the sitter. The figures he shows us are beautiful, and in that way satisfying; but as a portrait, a convincing analytic presentation of one human being different from every other human being, a personality which causes

you to forget its background, not one of his pictures is truly great.

* * * *

One of the notable pictures now on exhibition in New York is a "Hamlet" by Edwin A. Abbey. It is more ambitious than anything he has shown here since the "Holy Grail" series, which was exhibited in the metropolis before it found its final resting place in the Boston Public Library.

The picture is shown in the Avery galleries and is offered for sale at eleven thousand dollars. It represents *Hamlet* lying on a rug before the throne, with the poor, beautiful, vacantly staring *Ophelia* sitting beside him. The king and queen sit side by side, and the queen is the most interesting figure in the picture. She draws her hair forward as if to cover her face, and fairly cowers in the corner of her throne. Mr. Abbey has succeeded in painting a remarkable picture of terrified guilt.

Surrounding this picture are several pastels left over from Mr. Abbey's last year's exhibition. The best is a delightful portrait—surely it is a portrait—of "Mrs. Malaprop."

* * * *

Leopold Flameng, the celebrated etcher, has just made an important etching of Edwin A. Abbey's "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and Lady Anne," one of the pictures of last year in London.

Every year Abbey's art grows, and it is probable that the next generation, which will have lost sight of his beginnings, and will know him only as a great painter, will accept him without criticism as one of the greatest. He is certain of touch and always splendidly fine in conception. There is no pettiness mingled with his art. He is never commonplace.

* * * *

M. Chartran has brought together his usual number of portraits of Americans for the inspection of the public, and has added to the group several paintings which are not portraits. One of these is fairly pretty, but there is nothing to approach his monks of last year. The large portrait of Archbishop Corrigan, in his episcopal robes of a delicately painted purple, is the notable picture of the collection, and it is not by any means great.

It may be that M. Chartran did not find such interesting people to paint this year, but certainly there is a great falling off in his portraits. Compared with Madrazo's or Boldini's they appear at a disadvantage. There is nothing to approach his brilliant portrait of Mme. Calvé, or that of Mrs. De La Mar, which we saw in other years.

* * * *

The Madrazo collection is particularly interesting just now on account of the prominence given to some of this artist's paintings in the Stewart collection. He was the artist whom Mr. Stewart chose to paint his own portrait.

The most interesting of the Madrazo portraits is a large one of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who was Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt. She lends herself admirably to portraiture, having a face full of color and animation. The portrait is life size and full length, and represents her in a gown of white and lavender satin, seated on a garden bench, with a wide hat beside her. It is painted somewhat after the poses Sir Joshua was wont to employ for his sitters, but essentially modernized.

Madrazo's sister was the wife of Fortuny, and the two men were close friends.

* * * *

The student of portraiture may always find examples of the old masters in New York. It is seldom that some of the dealers have not portraits by the great men, particularly of the English school. Just now there are a very strong Raeburn and a good Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Blakeslee galleries.

* * * *

Boldini has added two or three pictures to his New York exhibition, but since his arrival he has painted many that will be seen only by the originals and their friends.

One of the new ones, and a very striking one, is a sketch of Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the actress. It is very broadly painted, with no attention to detail, and a notice is placed in the frame telling us that it is the work of one afternoon. Like everything Boldini does, it is brilliant and clever, but for all that, it is a little hard. One cannot but wish to see it a hundred years from now, when those whites will be toned down.

A DOLLAR SCOOP.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

The story of a business partnership between two small mice of the San Francisco wharves, who undertook to gnaw through ropes that the great lions of the city could not break.

IT was not only Rita's sex that made the boys so angry. They could have forgiven her for being a girl if she had not taken an unfair advantage of the fact, and made it a source of capital. No one had a right to bring undue influence to bear on patrons. As if the authorized cry of the trade were not good enough for her, she had to go on adding feminine flyers utterly out of place in a business transaction.

"Papers, papers! All about the sueycide!" her voice would blare out, not unlike a feminine brass band, and rich with superfluous r's. If she had stopped there it would have been all right; but who ever heard of a woman that knew when she'd said enough? "Don't you want one? It's only five cents, you know," she would bleat coaxingly, looking so pretty in her short blue gown and braided pigtail that not one man in six could resist her. And she did not consider the business ended the minute the nickel touched her grubby little palm, either, but looked up and smiled and said, "Oh, *thank* you!" so earnestly that many a customer bought another (to drop in the gutter a block or two further on), or looked out for her next time, when the boys were at his heels.

And Rita, puffed up with the jingle of the nickels in her pocket, strutted proudly about the ferry, blithely calling her wares, while the boys lounged in forced contempt against the walls, and scorned to cry their papers till she had passed, watching her much as St. Bernards might watch the antics of a Japanese poodle. They were far too proud to compete openly with her; also too wise.

Rita was not what you would call sensitive. In the intervals of business she hung around her rivals, and listened frankly to what they were talking about. When they made fun of her, she smiled with the air of one who understands and tolerates, and their insults passed over her as if she had been oiled.

It was one of those days when the fog muffled the bay like a gray blanket, and the ferry boats ran only once an hour, that they might feel their way across in comparative safety. Business was dull, and Rita, seeing what looked like an interesting conversation going on among half a dozen boys perched on a baggage truck, came and seated herself on the other end of the obtuse angle, dangling her feet in happy independence.

"Haven't sprained your calliope, have you?" queried one of the boys, in mock anxiety. Rita merely grinned. Repartee was not her strong point. The others ignored her completely.

"I tell you, fellers, get onto a real good thing before the reporters do, and you're made," went on the one who had been holding forth. "When Billy saw Black Mary bobbing around in the bay, he had the savey to chase right up to the *Recorder* office while the others was fishing her out, and they just had time to squeeze in a bully article before they went to press. You oughter seen it—'On the Face of the Waters—Suicide of a Notorious Character—The Last Chapter in the Career of Black Mary'—and all that. The other papers didn't get it, so it was a scoop; and they give Billy a dollar."

"But she came to all right, and it wasn't no suicide," objected one of the others. "She just fell off in a drunk."

"That don't matter," insisted the first speaker. "So long as the other papers don't get it it's a scoop, whether it's true or fake. Say, isn't it most time for that boat?"

Rita looked over her shoulder at the clock, peering dimly down through the fog, and the boys seized the chance to all jump up at once, letting her end of the truck seesaw down to earth with a dislocating bump. She sprang up with a stinging funny bone in every joint, and stuck out her tongue at them, which was, with her, the alternative of a grin, then soothed her feelings by selling three papers right in front of their eyes, before she strolled away along the dripping wharves. A big idea was puffing in her brain, and she wanted to get it in working order; but it is hard to think all by yourself. For the first time, Rita wished she had a partner.

A dismal little figure was sitting on the edge of one of the piers, all alone in the fog, staring down at the dirty scows that bumped forlornly at their moorings below.

"Hello, Shavings!" Rita called, with the glimmer of a new idea.

Shavings did not hear. Beside him lay a soggy pile of unsold papers. The pale, spiral curls that had won him his name dangled down to the two rear buttons of his overalls in back, and dripped limply from his shoulders. These curls stood for the tragedy of a life. Shavings suffered a daily martyrdom that no grown person would have endured, and wandered a sad but plucky little outcast among his fellows, all because his mother thought the ringlets were "cunning"—or perhaps it was "cute"—and refused to have them clipped. They hurt his business with their foolish fluttering around his dingy, high backed overalls, they scorched his pride, and walled him away from his kind with their unmanliness. And law abiding little Shavings never dreamed that there was any way out of it, or that they would not cling to him until he was seventy times seven, if he had the misfortune to live that long. One of the boys had just started up a refrain to the effect that Shavings' head was coming unraveled, and knowing how it would pursue him, he had crept away to look into the idea of suicide. The water beneath had an opalescent gleam that did not suggest cleanliness, but it would probably do as well as any other to drown in. He was wondering if he would bump against the wharf as persistently as the Mattie C. was doing, when Rita's voice sent the dark thought scurrying back to its hole.

"What's the matter, Shavey?" she said sympathetically, sitting down beside him and letting her feet dangle over the edge, a couple of inches lower than his stubby boots, thanks to her three years' seniority.

The kindly words sent a glow through the chilled and aching heart of Shavings. For a moment, he could almost have told her his trouble. Not quite, though. It still lay too deep for words. So he stared into the slimy water and said nothing.

"Do you know what a scoop is?" pursued Rita. "Well, it's when you tell a newspaper something it doesn't know. Then it prints it in big letters, and you yell it on the street, and none of the other papers can print it till the next day. It's an awful big thing to make a scoop."

Shavings began to hold up his head. It was so beautiful to be talked to just as if he were a regular person, with no deformity to disqualify his right to trousers.

"I was thinking," said Rita; "what if you and me should club together and find out things that nobody knows, and then tell the *Recorder* about them. If we got something good, they'd give us a dollar, and maybe more. What do you say?"

For the first time in his seven years, Shavings had forgotten his curls. His eyes were as big as silver dollars with excitement.

"Great!" he shouted. It wasn't only the money and the importance of helping a big paper that was swelling his chest to the bursting point and pushing his heart up into his throat and spreading delicious, warm tears under his eyelids. It was this first recognition that he, even he, had his place in the brotherhood of man. At that moment he could have died for Rita. He jumped to his feet.

"And I know something this very second," he cried.

Not long after, two panting figures scuffled up the long, dark stairs that led to the *Recorder's* editorial rooms. A slight complication had arisen on the first flight. As every one knows, if you say "I choose to tell" before the other person does, you have an inviolable right, as sacred as "King's X" or "Misfor-

givings," to give out the cream of the news. But Rita and Shavings having both said it at exactly the same second, the only way to settle the matter was to see which could get to the top first.

Shavings' breath held out best, but he reckoned without his bashfulness, which swooped down on his soaring spirit and brought it cowering to earth the instant he found himself in the gaslit apartment at the top, with men scurrying past in every direction, and three lordly office boys lounging around a table. He stood tongue tied and crimson while Rita came confidently forward.

"We want to see the editor," she announced.

The three boys stared with widening mouths at the small couple.

"Which editor?" said one. "Would you prefer the managing editor, the news editor, the city editor, the Sunday editor, the sporting——"

Rita broke in impatiently.

"I want the editor you tell scoops to," she said.

A general smile went around the room. Hurrying men paused, holding the doors with their feet, to hear the rest.

"You've brought in a story, have you?" said the boy. "Well, perhaps you'd better tell it to me, and I'll take it in. The editors are all too busy to see people just now."

"Well, but you know it's our scoop. We get the dollar," said Rita earnestly. "It's about Mrs. Mulligan, and she had twins this very morning at nine o'clock. It's true, for her Katy told Shavings about it herself, and they're a boy and a girl, and——"

The rest was buried in an avalanche of laughter. Rita stood stanchly in the midst of it, red and defiant.

"Well, it's true," she shrieked. "If you don't believe me, you can go and see them for yourself. And I'll never tell your old paper another thing!"

The uproar tried to subdue itself a little under this, and a young man, whose face was now very grave, stepped forward, taking out his cigar with appeasing deference.

"Of course we believe you," he said. "It was very nice of you to come and tell us. Who gave you the idea of doing it?"

"Why, they gave Billy a dollar for telling about Black Mary, and I should think two babies was worth as much as one old black dago that didn't drownd after all," said Rita, still resentful.

"A great deal more," said the young man; "but, you see, twins happen very often, and people like to read about suicides better. Now, suppose you keep your eyes out for anything very queer and surprising that you see, and then you come and tell me about it. Ask for Mr. Baker. I'll guarantee the dollar if you bring anything good. How does that suit you?"

The children were delighted, and beamed proudly on the subdued crowd.

"You mustn't come running in with just anything, you know," Mr. Baker warned. "It must be something very queer. Dead good copy, there," he added to the man beside him.

"Um. But, for heaven's sake, don't shove it into the Supp.," said the other tiredly. "We have thirty seven remarkable kids on the files now."

During the next few days Rita and Shavings explored every nook and cranny of the water front in the hope of finding something queer and interesting enough to suit the *Recorder*, but from the Fisherman's Wharf to the Potrero there seemed to be nothing worthy of a big silver dollar. The boys jeered at the partnership, shouting "Two little girls in blue!" with insulting emphasis; at which Shavings flushed to the edge of his hated curls, and longed with all the ardor of his still unbroken spirit to fight. But he was as handicapped as an undocked terrier, and the puniest little scrub in the profession could get the better of him while his head offered a score of handles, each with a separate anguish at its base. Rita stuck out her tongue till it threatened to come up by the roots, but cared little, not divining the torture it meant to the sensitive spirit beside her.

Late one afternoon, when they were least expecting it, something queer enough for any paper came in their way. They were sitting in the shadow of a huge pile of lumber at the end of a forlorn, dingy street which they had been exploring. An occasional electric car hummed down it, switched its trolley around, and

hurried away, glad to be out of such a neighborhood. Dust and sand whirled chokingly from the empty lots, and beat like rain on a few staggering houses and a couple of saloons. Between them and the desolate wharf stretched endless squares of lumber, piled log cabin fashion, and offering fine opportunities for playing house to any one not burdened with business cares.

Rita was stumbling through the *Recorder's* lurid account of the fire at the Hotel Broderick, in which the Spanish dancer Teresita had lost all her beautiful gowns and laces and jewels, when the car, contrary to its custom, produced two passengers, an elderly woman and a young one, who alighted and strolled aimlessly along until the car had disappeared again. Then their manner changed. They looked up and down, and when satisfied that there was no one in sight, hurried towards the lumber piles. The children inferred a mystery, and set their eyes to the chinks of their hiding place. The young woman wore a trim little hat and a mackintosh with big capes, and walked with a quick, short step that was at once nervous and resolute. She carried a straw traveling basket. The other was worn and shabby, yet it was a different sort of shabbiness from what the children knew, and roused a vague respect. Her face, as well as her clothes, suggested that when it was new it had been accustomed to better surroundings. Just now it wore a look of repressed anxiety.

"Here's a good place, mother," said the girl, leading the way into an angle of the lumber piles, close to where the children lay. They could catch broken glimpses of her movements as she knelt down and unstrapped her bag, and occasional fragments of conversation. Suddenly the girl's voice rose a little.

"Mother, you are making it so hard for me! Don't you suppose I'm frightened, too? I'd back out this minute if I could see any other way." And again, impatiently: "But I want to live, whether you do or not. And I intend to. This is my chance, and I don't mean to throw it away. I'm ready now. Will you see if the coast is clear?" The elder woman stepped outside and looked about the forlorn neighborhood. The children were so near they could see how wet her eyes were.

"There is no one in sight, but a car is coming," she said.

"Well, you take it and go home now," said the other. "I'll wait here till you're gone. Here is the bag. Don't worry; I'll get through all right. Good by."

The elder woman went wearily away, and there was silence till the car had whirled out of sight. Then the girl came slowly out from her hiding place, and the children nearly screamed at the transformation. Instead of the mackintosh, she wore a limp, ragged gown of blue cotton that flapped weakly around battered shoes. A disreputable straw hat with a wisp of aigret shooting out rakishly from a burst crown was tipped over her face, which was further concealed by straggling locks of her dark hair. Her decided walk had slipped into an aimless shamble. The children squeezed each other's hands, and as the uncouth figure started along the wharves, followed as stealthily as two little Indians, keeping in the shadow as much as possible.

The girl was evidently anxious to slip along unseen in the gathering dusk. When a crowd of boys approached, she hid behind a great truck till they had passed, and her face looked frightened. A sauntering policeman sent her scurrying up a side street, but she kept to the water front as much as possible.

At the end of a grimy street, given over chiefly to sailors' boarding houses and saloons, stood Black Mary's cottage. Passing close to it, as if to escape the notice of a group on the other side, the girl stumbled over the step and fell with a crash against the very door which the neighbors hurried past as respectfully as the width of the street allowed.

It flung open, and a scowling, swarthy figure stood in the doorway. The children drew as near as they dared, forgetting everything in the excitement of a good look at Black Mary, the dreaded, the mysterious, into whose cabin no one ever went by daylight, whatever the darkness covered; to whose door the law had come a score of times, only to be cleverly evaded under the mocking glint of the wicked old eyes. A ring of

curious people gathered as she stood scowling at the forlorn figure on the step. She was as seamed and gnarled as a scrub oak, and the police knew that she was part Mexican and part Indian, with a dash of negro in the background—not a pleasant combination to run in single handed.

The girl on the step did not even look up. She was clutching her ankle with both hands and rocking as though in pain. When she saw that a crowd was gathering, she shrank and turned imploringly to the unfriendly face above her. The children had crept to the corner of the hut.

"Please let me come in for a second—just till they go," she exclaimed nervously. "My foot will be all right in a minute. It's only a twist."

"They won't eat you," said Black Mary crossly, preparing to shut the door. The crowd pressed closer.

"I've two bits you can have, if you'll just let me in till they go," whispered the girl.

"Let's see it," was the gruff answer. "Well, you can stay ten minutes. 'Tain't most people that would want to," she added with a chuckle, as she shut the door on the spectators.

It was growing dark, and the loiterers soon began to dwindle away in search of other excitements. The children waited in awed suspense.

"She could get out now," whispered Shavings, after an interval. "Nobody'd see her. Couldn't we whistle or something?"

"But do we want her to?" said Rita thoughtfully. "If she has done something awful and is fleeing for her life, why, we ought to catch her. That's the scoop, you know. I guess she's murdered her lover, don't you?" A course of big black "scare heads" had decidedly rubbed the bloom off Rita's childish innocence.

"I don't care if she did. I guess he needed it," said Shavings excitedly. "I ain't going to give her away. I'll—I'll—I'll——"

"Well, all right, we won't," said Rita easily. "We'll see just where she goes and tell Mr. Baker about it, and he can do what he likes. My, I wouldn't be alone with Black Mary! Shouldn't wonder if she'd killed her by this time."

"Let's peek in," whispered Shavings, pointing to a grimy little window at the side, through which a dull light flickered.

With hearts that pounded fearfully, the two climbed on top of a broken wheelbarrow that lay beneath the window, and peered in. A flaring candle showed a dreary, dirty room, littered with rubbish. On a bench sat the girl, holding her ankle in both hands. Her face was pale, but her eyes were alert and eager, seeming to see on every side of her at once. Black Mary sat by the table, and was just refilling a tumbler from a tall bottle. She put the latter down between the candle and the window, and Rita squinted knowingly at the line of the dark contents.

"She'll talk, this glass, and be real friendly; but the next, she'll be cross as two sticks, and her legs will begin to go," she whispered. And poor little Shavings, envying her her worldly knowledge, nodded as though he knew all about it.

Rita was right. Black Mary talked volubly—it seemed to be about politics—till the bottom of the glass appeared; then she grew morose, and poured out another in sullen silence.

"Oh, why don't she go?" whispered Shavings, with chattering teeth.

The girl inside, not having had Rita's advantages, was unwise enough to repeat some unanswered question, and the old woman turned on her furiously, with a stream of language that made the dim light of the candle shudder and shrink. The girl started up, but Black Mary came towards her, lurching, and threatened her with the now empty glass.

"Move, and I'll smash you," the children heard her shout. "You don't go till you tell me what you're about, sneaking into my house for fear some one would look at you. What have you done? What do you want? Speak up, or I'll——"

There was a sudden crash against the window. In the terror of the moment, the children had leaned breathlessly forward, till the old wheelbarrow, losing its balance, had flung them out. Black Mary sprang towards the sound, then stood as though turned to stone, the glass

still upraised. The girl darted up, and a second later the cabin door banged.

"There she goes! Come, come!" gasped Rita, dragging Shavings to his feet and plunging forward. Tripping, falling, sobbing with excitement, they started after the scudding footsteps, but the girl was too fleet for them, and disappeared hopelessly in the dark streets.

Meanwhile Black Mary still gazed stupidly at the window. Then she swore in a new way, that might almost have been called half hearted, and getting out another bottle that she had intended for the next day, proceeded to get very drunk indeed; but she could not quite drown out the sight of a little pale face in a nimbus of golden hair that had appeared at her window for one awful second. For the first time in forty years Black Mary crossed herself.

A cruel blow awaited the children at the *Recorder* office. Mr. Baker was up in Sacramento, and would not be back until the following afternoon. The next day crawled away by inches, and the firm did not sell half a dozen papers between them, they were so absorbed in discussing the mysterious girl. Shavings was inclined to the injured innocence theory, but Rita would not give up the murdered lover, and made out an elaborate case, based largely on *Recorder* head lines. When they were finally admitted, they found the editor seated at a big desk in a little office, with a pile of letters and manuscripts in front of him.

He nodded to the children with a pleasant, "Just a minute," and turned to speak to a young woman who had followed them in.

"Your stuff is very good, Miss Harrison," he said. "We shall run it in the Sunday. I'm sure we shall have plenty of regular work for you."

"I'm very glad," said the girl. At the sound of her voice, Rita clutched Shavings by the arm, and both stared open mouthed.

"I wish you would get an interview with Teresita about what she lost in the fire," Mr. Baker went on. "She wants sixty thousand dollars insurance, and the companies are trying to persuade her that some of the valuables were stolen, not burned. You won't have any trouble with her, if you could work Black Mary. How did you get her to let you in? You're the fifth woman who has tried it, and the first who has succeeded, or even got a word out of her."

"It was strategy," said Miss Harrison, with a laugh. But the children knew.

She went out, and Mr. Baker turned with businesslike gravity. "Well, have you found something very strange and interesting?" he asked.

The children stood flushed and mute. Their wonderful scoop had been snatched away before their eyes. The patient tracking and the shivering fright and the green and yellow bruises had all been for nothing. They had neglected their legitimate business, disappointed their regular patrons, let others proclaim the murders and fires, while they were off on a wild goose chase, trying to report a reporter. It was too hard. Shavings stared at the wall with eyes that did not dare wink, and two big tears rolled down Rita's cheeks.

"My dear kids, what is the matter?" exclaimed the editor, and then the whole thing came out pell mell. He was kind and sympathetic, and sent them away comforted, each with ten cents firm in a moist clasp. They never knew what strange sounds echoed through that little office, and several other offices in turn, after they had gone.

One morning, a few days later, after the rush of business was over, Rita strolled along the wharves to take a furtive stare at Black Mary's cottage, which drew her as the blood stained floor does a murderer. Shavings came, too, but he was morose and unresponsive, swamped in bitter memories. The very Billy who had won the historic dollar had greeted him that morning with a cry of "Gee! I see snakes!" and a realistic attack of delirium tremens, and the joke had flown back and forth about the ferries with a hundred witty variations wherever the poor little Medusa head had appeared.

Shavings had sold his papers and said nothing, but his endurance was strained to the breaking point. He wanted to massacre Billy and all his jeering crew, then creep into a corner and die quietly by himself, where no one would ever again see and laugh at the foolish, dangling curls.

"There's Black Mary going out," exclaimed Rita. "She's locked her door and she's got a hat on, so she must be going some ways. Let's go and peek in."

They watched Black Mary walk with unusual steadiness up the street and board a car before they ventured to come near. The cabin looked more bleary and squalid than ever. The wheelbarrow lay on its side just as they had left it.

"That girl came up this way, and then she just fell down kerchunk, on purpose," said Rita, acting it out as she spoke. The step, being merely a rakish board on two dissolute supports, bounced up with her, landing her in the dirt, but she picked herself up unresentfully. "She didn't really hurt herself, but she did hurt this old step. The top board is most off. Let's fix it straight. Why, what's this?" She lifted a small object that was lying in the dirt under the step, a narrow tarnished case two or three inches long with a piece of broken chain attached. There were two elabarate rings at the top. Rita pulled them, and out came a pair of tiny scissors, their blades still bright and new, thanks to their close sheath.

"Scissors! Did you ever?" she exclaimed. "Isn't that a funny way to keep them, in a brass box? How do you suppose they got under there?"

Shavings sat down on the other end of the step with his back to his partner, and kicked up the dust in sullen silence.

"You mad, Shavey?"

The friendly, anxious tone did what nothing else could have done; it dragged his grief right up to the surface.

"Yes, I am. I wisht I was dead," he burst forth. "I can't stand it no longer."

"Stand what?"

He seized his hair in both hands and faced her with tragic eyes.

"Them—*curls*."

Rita pondered some seconds.

"You mean because the boys josh you?" she finally asked, with a puzzled frown.

He nodded and turned away, sick with disappointment. She did not understand.

"Why don't you cut 'em off?" asked Rita. He looked at her much as if she had suggested scuttling an ocean liner.

"But—my mother——" he stammered.

"She'd be mad, of course, but she couldn't put 'em back," was the brazen answer.

The knowledge of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion dawned on the soul of Shavings. His eyes widened and his cheeks blazed. He breathed hard.

"I'll cut 'em off for you, if you want. We've got the scissors right here," Rita continued, in an every day voice.

"Oh, Rita, will you?" he shouted, jumping to his feet in such excitement that the board tipped up again.

"I jus' soon. If I had a hammer, I could fix this old step."

"Oh, come on, come quick!" urged Shavings, tugging at his doomed curls in an agony of impatience. "Nobody 'll see us around here behind the wheelbarrow. Cut 'em off, quick!"

He flung himself down on the ground, on the very spot where he had fallen the night they had dreamed of a great scoop, and Rita knelt beside him. She took one long curl in her hand, then paused, considering.

"You know, Shavey, your mother 'll be madder'n hops," she said. He nodded, but did not change his position.

"You've got to be sure," she pursued, settling back on her heels. "Which would you drather, curls or a licking?"

Shavings held up his head gloriously.

"Fourteen lickings," he said.

"All right, then;" and the little blades grated thrillingly through their first victim. A few moments later there was a shimmering heap on Shavings' newspapers, and his head had a strange, patchy look that would have given a barber hysterics. But his face was beautiful.

He stood feeling his head while Rita tore out an advertisement page to wrap his curls in.

"You can sell the paper just the same. No one will know it's gone," she said.

"But that wouldn't be fair," he protested.

"Well, then, we'll give it to some poor person who can't buy one," amended Rita. "Now, do you know what I'd do, if I was you? I'd go right home and get it over."

Shavings straightened up, his eyes shining bravely. Then he grew rather

pale and slipped his hand into hers, for, after all, he was only a very little boy.

"Walk as far as the corner with me," he whispered.

Rita had a lonely afternoon. She tried hard to find an excuse for a call on Mr. Baker, and finally wandered into the neighborhood without one.

"I don't suppose Shavings' curls would be a scoop, but I should think he'd like to hear about it, any way," she argued, as she climbed the stairs.

"Tell Mr. Baker it's me," she said to the office boy, who grinned as he obeyed. In a minute or two Miss Harrison came out.

"Mr. Baker is very sorry, but he is too busy to see any one," she said. "But I want to thank you for helping me so the other night. If you hadn't banged against Black Mary's house, I don't know how I should have got away. It was very nice of you. Was it anything very special you wanted to tell Mr. Baker?"

"No, it wasn't a scoop," admitted Rita. "I just thought he'd like to know about Shavings' curls being cut off. We found these funny little scissors."

Miss Harrison took the case with an exclamation, and examined it on every side.

"Where did you find this?" she demanded.

"Down there at Black Mary's cabin. And I told Shavings——"

"Come with me," interrupted the reporter, and hurried Rita straight into the little office with the big desk. "Mr. Baker, I think we've got a big thing," she exclaimed. "That was found at Black Mary's cabin, and I'm almost certain it belongs to a chatelaine Teresita was wearing when I interviewed her—a big, jingling thing with lorgnettes and mirrors and purses dangling from it. I noticed they were all in this queer pattern—it's gold, you see—and that one chain had nothing on it."

"And you think——" said Mr. Baker.

"This may prove that some of the jewels were stolen, not burned, and that Black Mary had a hand in it."

"Good work!" exclaimed the editor. "I'll look into that myself, but I can't do anything for an hour. Suppose, Rita, you and Shavings come here at six, and we'll get some dinner together—if your parents will let you, of course." Rita grinned at this, but made no comment. "And then you can show me just where you found it, and tell me all you know. Leave the scissors with me, and don't you breathe a hint of this to a living soul. Six o'clock, remember;" and he attacked the yellow paper in front of him with a flying pencil, while Rita went joyfully away in search of her partner.

At five by the ferry clock Shavings had marched down Market Street with his papers over his arm. He held his head very high, and looked around him with the air of one who has the full rights of citizenship. A barber had done his best to smooth and even what was left by Rita's shearing, and the round head looked very small and naked. Shavings walked a trifle stiffly, but that might have been from pride. As he sauntered up to the ferry, an astonished cat call from one newsboy drew the attention of the rest.

"Shavings' head hasn't got its clothes on!" he shouted.

It was the boy who had started the torturing refrain of "Shavings' head is coming unraveled," and the memory of past suffering acted on the present exaltation like a spark on nitroglycerin.

With a savage "You would, would you?" Shavings flung down his papers and plunged like a fury on his adversary. The latter was slightly the bigger, but he was taken by surprise, and he had not the pent up passion of seven years to relieve. He struck out wildly, but Shavings was working with fists and feet and the top of his head, beating, pounding, butting, his face crimson, and his heart ready to burst with the freedom and the glory of the fight. The boys gathered in a delighted ring, and as the white head rammed the last gasp of breath out of the adversary's bruised body, a shout went up, the sweetest cry that ever fell on human ears:

"Bully for Shavings!"

The tide had turned, and all the inglorious past was wiped out. He was one of the crowd forever more.

Rita found her partner with a purple cheek and a swollen nose, fraternizing with the most exclusive set of the enemy, and for a minute her heart sank. But it

never occurred to Shavings to go back on her, even though she belonged to a sex with which he was no longer allied. He waved his cap and went over to tell her about it, and the boys, newly respectful, made no comments.

It was dark when the two children guided Mr. Baker down to Black Mary's cabin, and showed him, with excited whispers, how the scissors had lain in the dirt under the loose step. He talked to them just as if they were grown up.

"If we can prove that the scissors belonged on Teresita's chatelaine, we can be pretty sure there are more of her things in that little house," he said; "and perhaps we can get them back for her. We may even prove that Black Mary set fire to the Broderick so that she could steal the jewels. And if it all comes out right and no other paper gets hold of it, that will be a real dollar scoop. But you'll spoil it all if you tell."

The children would have sewn up their mouths with black shoe thread to prove their good faith. Just then they had to grasp each other's hands and stand very still in the darkness, for the cabin door opened.

"Look again some time. I think I must have lost them down here," said a low voice. Then some one, young and light footed, came down the rickety step and hurried away. As she walked, there was a swish of silk and a slight clanking.

The editor muttered something that would have shocked well brought up children.

"What is it? Why will you be damned?" whispered Rita.

"Because that was Teresita herself," answered the editor. "Children, this scoop is getting curiouser and curiouser, but I think I can promise that you'll get your dollar all right. Now you must go home and not open your mouths. I've got to hustle."

And he did hustle, so cleverly and effectively that the next morning the *Recorder* delighted the insurance companies and exasperated the rival dailies by announcing that a large part of the jewels and laces of Teresita had been stolen, not burned, and that the thief was no other than Teresita herself, aided and abetted by her aged grandmother, a notorious character who went by the name of Black Mary. The evening papers avenged themselves by denying it as a "*Recorder* fake," and the morning papers tried to make light of it, but it was a big discovery, and in the end they all acknowledged the fact by the size and blackness of the headlines they gave it. Mr. Baker was promoted, Miss Harrison became a regular member of the staff on a good salary, and Rita and Shavings received two dollars apiece and tickets to the circus. And no one ever hinted that their part in it was only an accident.

During the sensational trial which followed the *Recorder* had a glorious time puffing and pluming itself and pointing out its own adroitness; but it never could match with its pride the little girl who strutted about the ferry, crying, "All about the stolen jewels!" and selling more papers than any three boys put together.

THE COMPASS.

A THING so fragile that one feather's weight
Might break its poise or turn the point aside,
The mightiest vessel, with her tons of freight,
O'er pathless seas from port to port will guide.

What wonder, then, if lodged within the breast,
Some simple, yet unwavering faith may lie
To guide the laden soul to ports of rest
And, like the compass, point it to the sky?

John Troland.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

The clever English author names "David Copperfield" as an especial favorite in fiction, tells of its influence upon his own life, and passes in review Dickens' wonderful picture gallery of characters.

THERE was once upon a time a charming young lady, possessed of much taste, who was asked by an anxious parent, the years going on and family expenditure not decreasing, which of the numerous and eligible young men then paying court to her, she liked the best. She replied that that was her difficulty; she could not make up her mind which she liked the best. They were all so nice. She could not possibly select one to the exclusion of all the others. What she would have liked would be to marry the lot, but that, she presumed, was impracticable.

I feel I resemble that young lady, not so much in charm and beauty as in indecision of mind, when the question is that of my favorite author and my favorite book. It is as if one were asked one's favorite food. There are times when one fancies an egg with one's tea. On other occasions one dreams of a kipper. Today one clamors for lobsters. Tomorrow one feels one never wishes to see a lobster again. One determines to settle down, for a time, to a diet of bread and milk and rice pudding. Asked suddenly to say whether I preferred ices to soup, or beefsteaks to caviare, I should be completely nonplussed.

There may be readers who care for only one literary diet. I am a person of gross appetites, requiring many authors to satisfy me. There are moods when the savage strength of the Brontë sisters is companionable to me. One rejoices in the unrelieved gloom of "Wuthering Heights" as in the lowering skies of a stormy autumn. Perhaps part of the marvel of the book comes from the knowledge that the authoress was a slight, delicate young girl. One wonders what her future work would have been had she lived to gain a wider experience of life; or was it well for her fame that nature took the pen so soon from her hand? Her suppressed vehemence may have been better suited to these tangled Yorkshire byways than to the more open, cultivated fields of life.

There is not much similarity between the two books, yet when recalling Emily Brontë my thoughts always run on to Olive Schreiner. Here again was a young girl with the voice of a strong man. Olive Schreiner, more fortunate, has lived, but I doubt if she will ever write a book that will remind us of her first. "The Story of an African Farm" is not a work to be repeated. We have advanced in literature of late. I can well remember the storm of indignation with which the "African Farm" was received by Mrs. Grundy and her then numerous, but now happily diminishing school. It was a book that was to be kept from the hands of every young man and woman. But the hands of the young men and women stretched out and grasped it, to their help. It is a curious idea, this of Mrs. Grundy's, that the young man and woman must never think—that all literature that does anything more than echo the conventions must be hidden away.

Then there are times when I love to gallop through history on Sir Walter's broomstick. At other hours it is pleasant to sit in converse with wise George Eliot. From her garden terrace we look on Loamshire and its commonplace people,

and in her quiet, deep voice she tells me of the hidden hearts that beat and throb beneath these velveteen jackets and lace "falls."

Who can help loving Thackeray, wittiest, gentlest of men, in spite of the faint suspicion of snobbishness that clings to him? There is something pathetic in the good man's horror of this snobbishness, to which he himself was a victim. May it not have been an affectation, born unconsciously of self consciousness? His heroes and heroines must needs be all fine folk, fit company for lady and gentlemen readers. To him the livery was too often the man. Under his stuffed calves even *Jeames de la Pluche* himself stood upon the legs of a man, but Thackeray could never see deeper than the silk stockings. Thackeray lived and died in Clubland. One feels that the world was bounded for him by Temple Bar on the east and Park Lane on the west; but what there was good in Clubland he showed us, and for the sake of the great gentlemen and sweet ladies that his kindly eyes found in that narrow region, not too overpeopled with great gentlemen and sweet women, let us honor him.

"Tom Jones," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Tristram Shandy" are books a man is the better for reading, if he read them wisely. They teach him that literature, to be a living force, must deal with all sides of life, and that little help comes to us from that silly pretense of ours that we are perfect in all things, leading perfect lives, and that only the villain of the story ever deviates from the path of rectitude.

This is a point that needs to be considered by both the makers and the buyers of stories. If literature is to be regarded solely as the amusement of an idle hour, then the less relationship it has to life the better. Looking into a truthful mirror of nature we are compelled to think; and when thought comes in at the window drowsy idleness goes out by the door. Should a novel or play call us to ponder upon the problems of existence, or lure us from the dusty high road of the world, for a while, into the pleasant meadows of dreamland? If only the latter, then let our heroes and heroines be, not what men and women are, but what they should be. Let *Angelina* be always spotless and *Edwin* always true. Let virtue ever triumph over villainy in the last chapter; and let us assume that the marriage service answers all the questions of the Sphinx.

Very pleasant are these fairy tales, where the prince is always brave and handsome; where the princess is always the best and most beautiful princess that ever lived; where one knows the wicked people at a glance by their ugliness and ill temper, mistakes being thus rendered impossible; where the good fairies are, by nature, more powerful than the bad; where gloomy paths lead ever to fair palaces; where the dragon is ever vanquished; and where well behaved husbands and wives can rely upon living happily ever afterwards. "The world is too much with us, late and soon." It is wise to slip away from it at times to fairyland. But, alas, we cannot live in fairyland, and knowledge of its geography is of little help to us on our return to the rugged country of reality.

Are not both branches of literature needful? By all means let us dream, on midsummer nights, of fond lovers led through devious paths to happiness by *Puck;* of virtuous dukes—one finds such in fairyland; of fate subdued by faith and gentleness. But may we not also, in our more serious humors, find satisfaction in thinking with *Hamlet* or *Coriolanus?* May not both Dickens and Zola have their booths in Vanity Fair? If literature is to be a help to us as well as a pastime, it must deal with the ugly as well as with the beautiful; it must show us ourselves, not as we wish to appear, but as we know ourselves to be. Man has been described as an animal with aspirations reaching up to heaven and instincts rooted—elsewhere. Is literature to flatter him, or reveal him to himself?

Of living writers it is not safe, I suppose, to speak, except, perhaps, of those who have been with us so long that we have come to forget they are not of the past. Has justice ever been done to Ouida's undoubted genius by our shallow school of criticism, always very clever in discovering faults as obvious as pimples on a fine face? Her guardsmen "toy" with their food. Her horses win the Derby three years running. Her very

wicked women throw guinea peaches from the windows of the Star and Garter into the Thames at Richmond. The distance being about three hundred and fifty yards, it is a good throw. Well, well, books are not made worth reading by the absence of absurdities. Ouida possesses strength, tenderness, truth, passion; and these be qualities in a writer capable of carrying many more faults than Ouida is burdened with. But that is the method of our little criticism. It views an artist as Gulliver saw the Brobdingnag ladies. It is too small to see them in their entirety; a mole or a wart absorbs all its vision.

Have Mark Twain's literary qualities, apart altogether from his humor, been recognized in literary circles as they ought to be? "Huck Finn" would be a great work were there not a laugh in it from cover to cover. Among the Indians and some other savage tribes the fact that a member of the community has lost one of his senses makes greatly to his advantage; he is regarded altogether as a superior person. So among a school of Anglo Saxon readers, it is necessary to a man, if he would gain literary credit, that he should lack the sense of humor. One or two curious modern examples occur to me, of literary success secured chiefly by this failing.

All these authors are my favorites; but such catholic taste is held nowadays to be no taste. One is told that if one loves Shakspere, one must of necessity hate Ibsen; that one cannot appreciate Wagner and tolerate Beethoven; that if we admit any merit in Doré, we are incapable of understanding Whistler. How can I say which is my favorite novel? I can only ask myself which lives clearest in my memory, which is the book I run to more often than to another, in that pleasant half hour before the dinner bell, when, with all apologies to good Mr. Smiles, it is useless to think of work.

I find, on examination, that my "David Copperfield" is more dilapidated than any other novel upon my shelves. As I turn its dog eared pages, reading the familiar headlines: "*Mr. Micawber* in difficulties," "*Mr. Micawber* in prison," "I fall in love with *Dora*," "*Mr. Barkis* goes out with the tide," "My child wife," "*Traddles* in a nest of roses"—pages of my own life recur to me, so many of my sorrows, so many of my joys, are woven in my mind with this chapter or the other. That day—how well I remember it! I read of *David's* wooing, but *Dora's* death I was careful to skip. Poor, pretty little *Mrs. Copperfield* at the gate, holding up her baby in her arms, is always associated in my memory with a child's cry, long listened for. I found the book, face downwards on a chair, weeks afterwards, not moved from where I had hastily laid it.

Old friends, all of you, how many times have I not slipped away from my worries into your pleasant company! *Peggotty*, you dear soul, the sight of your kind eyes is so good to me. Our mutual friend, Mr. Charles Dickens, is prone, we know, just ever so slightly, to gush. The friends he introduces to one are so very perfect. Good fellow that he is, he can see no flaw in those he loves, but you, dear lady, if you will permit me to call you by a name much abused, he has drawn in true colors. I know you well, with your big heart, your quick temper, your homely, human ways of thought. You yourself will never guess your worth—how much the world is better for such as you! You think of yourself as of a commonplace person, useful only for the making of pastry, the darning of stockings, and if a man—not a young man, with only dim, half opened eyes, but a man whom life had made keen to see the beauty that lies hidden behind plain faces—were to kneel and kiss your red, coarse hand, you would be much astonished. But he would be a wise man, *Peggotty*, knowing what things a man should take carelessly, and for what things he should thank God, who has fashioned fairness in many shapes.

Mr. Wilkins Micawber, and you, most excellent of faithful wives, *Mrs. Emma Micawber*, to you I also raise my hat. How often has the example of your philosophy saved me, when I, likewise, have suffered under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities; when the sun of my prosperity, too, has sunk beneath the dark horizon of the world—in short, when I, also, have found myself in a tight corner! I have asked myself what

would the *Micawbers* have done in my place. And I have answered myself. They would have sat down to a dish of lamb's fry, cooked and breaded by the deft hands of *Emma*, followed by a brew of punch, concocted by the beaming *Wilkins*, and have forgotten all their troubles for the time being. Whereupon, seeing first that sufficient small change was in my pocket, I have entered the nearest restaurant, and have treated myself to a repast of such sumptuousness as the aforesaid small change would go to, emerging from that restaurant stronger and more fit for battle. And lo, the sun of my prosperity has peeped at me from over the clouds with a sly wink, as if to say: "Cheer up; I am only round the corner."

Cheery, elastic *Mr.* and *Mrs. Micawber*, how would half the world face their fate but by the help of a kindly, shallow nature such as yours? I love to think that your sorrows can be drowned in nothing more harmful than a bowl of punch. Here's to you, *Emma*, and to you, *Wilkins*, and to the twins! May you and such child-like folk trip lightly over the stones upon your path! May something ever turn up for you, my dears! May the rain of life ever fall as April showers upon your simple, bald head, *Micawber!*

And you, sweet *Dora*, let me confess I love you, though sensible friends deem you foolish. Ah, silly *Dora*, fashioned by wise mother nature, who knows that weakness and helplessness are as a talisman calling forth strength and tenderness in man, trouble yourself not unduly about the oysters and the underdone mutton, little woman. Good plain cooks at twenty pounds a year will see to these things for us. Your work is to teach us gentleness and kindness. Lay your foolish curls just here, child. It is from such as you we learn wisdom. Foolish wise folk sneer at you. Foolish wise folk would pull up the laughing lilies, the needless roses, from the garden, would plant in their places only useful, wholesome cabbage. But the gardener, knowing better, plants the silly, short lived flowers, foolish wise folk asking for what purpose.

Gallant *Traddles*, of the strong heart and the unruly hair; *Sophy*, dearest of girls; *Betsy Trotwood*, with your gentlemanly manners and your woman's heart, you have come to me in shabby rooms, making the dismal place seem bright. In dark hours your kindly faces have looked out at me from the shadows, your kindly voices have cheered me.

Little Em'ly and *Agnes*, it may be my bad taste, but I cannot share my friend Dickens' enthusiasm for them. Dickens' good women are all too good for human nature's daily food. *Esther Summerson*, *Florence Dombey*, *Little Nell*—you have no faults to love you by.

Scott's women were likewise mere illuminated texts. Scott only drew one live young heroine — *Catherine Seton*. His other women were merely the prizes the hero had to win in the end, like the sucking pig or the leg of mutton for which the yokel climbs the greasy pole. That Dickens could draw a woman to some likeness he proved by *Bella Wilfer*, and *Estella* in "Great Expectations." But real women have never been popular in fiction. Men readers prefer the false, and women readers object to the truth.

From an artistic point of view, "David Copperfield" is undoubtedly Dickens' best work. Its humor is less boisterous; its pathos less highly colored.

One of Leech's pictures represents a cabman calmly sleeping in the gutter. "Oh, poor dear, he's ill," says a tender hearted lady in the crowd. "Ill!" retorts a male bystander indignantly. "Ill! 'E's 'ad too much of what I ain't 'ad enough of."

Dickens suffered from too little of what some of us have too much of—criticism. His work met with too little resistance to call forth his powers. Too often his pathos sinks to bathos, and this not from want of skill, but from want of care. It is difficult to believe that the popular writer who allowed his sentimentality—or rather the public's sentimentality—to run away with him in such scenes as the death of *Paul Dombey* and *Little Nell* was the artist who painted the death of *Sydney Carton* and of *Barkis*, "the willing." *Barkis'* death, next to the passing of *Colonel Newcome*, is, to my thinking, one of the most perfect pieces of pathos in English literature. The surroundings

are so commonplace, so simple. No very deep emotion is concerned. He is a commonplace old man, clinging foolishly to a commonplace box. His simple wife and the old boatmen stand by, waiting calmly for the end. There is no straining after effect of any kind. One feels death enter, dignifying all things; and, touched by that hand, foolish old *Barkis* grows great.

In *Uriah Heep* and *Mrs. Gummidge*, Dickens draws types rather than characters. *Pecksniff*, *Podsnap*, *Dolly Varden*, *Mr. Bumble*, *Mrs. Gamp*, *Mark Tapley*, *Turveydrop*, *Mrs. Jellyby*—these are not characters; they are human characteristics personified.

We have to go back to Shakspere to find a writer who, through fiction, has so enriched the thought of the people. Admit all Dickens' faults twice over, we still have one of the greatest writers of modern times. Such people as these creations of Dickens never lived, says your little critic. Nor was Prometheus, type of the spirit of man, nor was Niobe, mother of all mothers, a truthful picture of the citizen one could meet a thousand times during an hour's march through Athens. Nor grew there ever a wood like to the Forest of Arden, though every *Rosalind* and *Orlando* knows the path to glades having much resemblance to it.

Steerforth, upon whom Dickens evidently prided himself, I must confess, never laid hold of me. He is a melodramatic young man. The worst I could have wished him would have been that he should marry *Rosa Dartle* and live with his mother. It would have served him right for being so attractive. *Old Peggotty* and *Ham* are, of course, impossible. One must accept these also as types. These *Brothers Cheeryble*, these *Kits*, *Joe Gargeries*, *Boffins*, *Garlands*, *John Peerybingles*, we will accept as types of the goodness that is in men—though in real life the amount of virtue that Dickens often wastes upon a single individual would, by more economically minded nature, be made to serve for fifty.

To sum up, "David Copperfield" is a plain tale, simply told; and such are all books that live. Eccentricities of style, artistic trickery, may please the critic of a day, but literature is a story that interests us, boys and girls, men and women. It is a sad book, too; and that, again, gives it an added charm in the sad later days. Humanity is nearing its old age, and we have come to love sadness, as the friend who has been longest with us. In the young days of our vigor we were merry. With Ulysses' boatmen, we took alike the sunshine and the thunder of life with a frolic welcome. The red blood flowed in our veins, and we laughed, and our tales were of strength and hope. Now we sit like old men, watching faces in the fire; and the stories that we love are sad stories—like the stories that we ourselves have lived.

Jerome K. Jerome.

AN EASTER FANCY.

In church on Easter morning
The lilies in a row
Uplifted buds of beauty
And cups of fragrant snow.
Between the organ's shadow
And the altar's purple gloom,
I heard them speaking softly
In the language of perfume.

"We are the souls of maidens
Who died in early youth,
Translated by the Saviour
In blossoms white as truth.
Out of the dust and darkness,
He called us, and we came,
In joyous resurrection,
To glorify His name!"

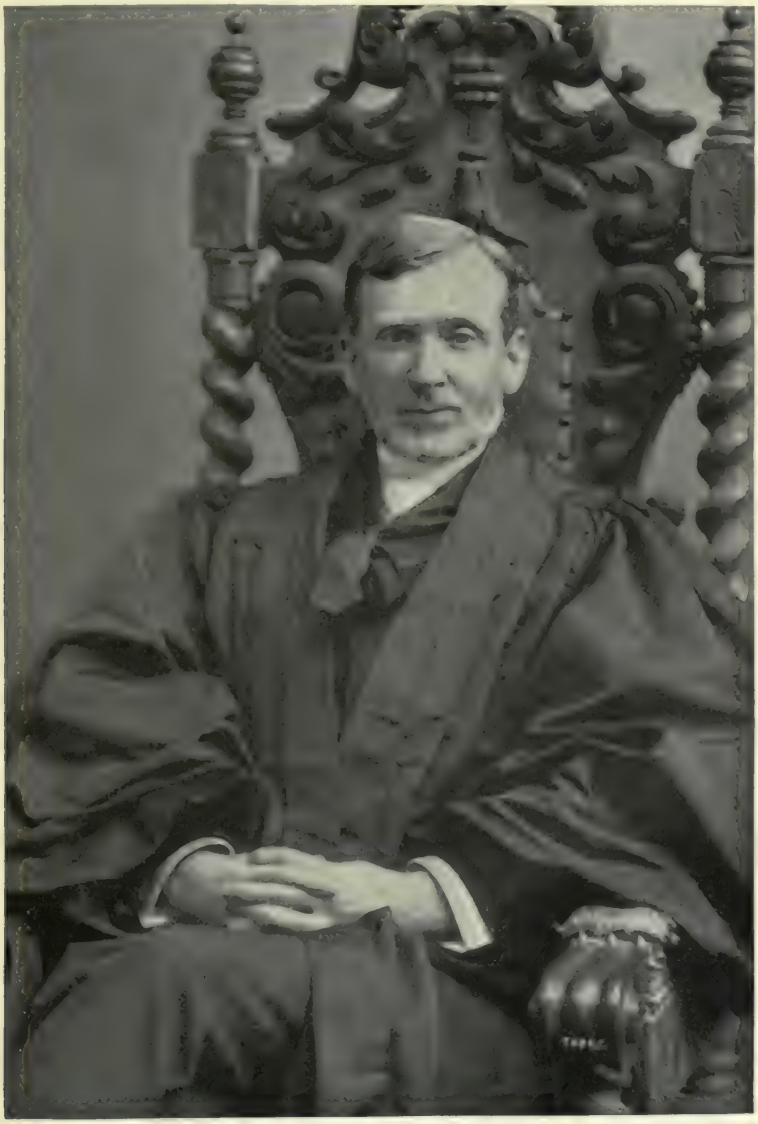
Minna Irving.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE NEW SUPREME COURT JUDGE.

The accompanying portrait shows Judge McKenna in the robes of his new office as an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. Little more seems to be heard of the opposition aroused by his appointment to the highest Federal bench, and it may, before long, be practically forgotten, as has been the case with other contested nominations.

Such is the power and importance of the Supreme Court that the selection of its personnel has always been jealously watched. Not a few previous nominations have been challenged in the Senate,



JOSEPH E. MCKENNA, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

From his latest photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

the usual ground for criticism being that they were made as part of a political bargain, or for partisan purposes. The charge brought against Mr. McKenna was the rather indefinite one that he lacked the judicial temperament—which seems strange in view of the fact that for four years, before entering the cabinet, he wore the judge's robe, and is generally admitted to have made an excellent record.

Almost invariably a public man's appointment to the Supreme Court has marked the limit of his political promotion. The work of the Federal bench is not light, but it is dignified and regular; the position is one of social and legal prestige; the salary is by no means large—ten thousand dollars a year—but it suffices for the necessities, and a pension follows the period of active service. Few men have had the ambition to seek higher honors. But Mr. McKenna is still in the prime of life, and if he should discover that his critics in the Senate are right, and that he has not found his vocation, he may be seen again in the political arena.

COLONEL P. C. HAINS, SENIOR ENGINEER OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL COMMISSION.
From a photograph by Blessing, Baltimore.

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER.

The construction of a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific will be one of the great engineering operations of the coming century; and no other is likely to be of more supreme importance to American interests. The isthmus may be pierced at Panama, where the French company is still at work upon its colossal task, or by the Nicaragua route, where American capital and enterprise are already enlisted.

CHARLES F. ROE, MAJOR GENERAL OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.
From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

Much depends upon the report to be made by the commission of inquiry now making surveys and investigations in Nicaragua on behalf of the United States government.

As senior engineer of this American commission, Colonel P. C. Hains has an important part in its work. Colonel Hains left West Point to go to the front at the outbreak of the Civil War, through which he served as an artillery officer, from Bull Run to Appomattox. He is now the ranking colonel in the engineer corps, and his regular duty is the command of the Southeast division, which, roughly speaking, includes the defenses of the vast territory between Baltimore and Galveston.

A NATIONAL GUARD LEADER.

General Charles F. Roe, recently appointed major general of the New York National Guard, is a soldier of practical experience. He was a plebe at West Point when Lee surrendered at Appomattox, but he has seen active service involving hardships as great as those of the civil war, with far less chance of

kudos—the expedition of 1876 against Sitting Bull, and several other Indian campaigns in the West. After twenty years as a cavalry officer he resigned from the regular army and settled in New York, where he was elected to the captaincy of Troop A, then newly formed.

When the troop was increased to a squadron, Captain Roe took the correspondingly higher rank of major. Under his command, Squadron A has become the model cavalry body of the National Guard. A notable instance of its efficiency was given during the Brooklyn labor troubles, in 1895, when the troopers did really valuable service, dispersing thousands of rioters without firing a shot.

SANFORD B. DOLE, PRESIDENT OF HAWAII.
From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

THE PRESIDENT OF HAWAII.

Rulers sometimes meet as host and guest, but it is seldom that the official head of a government goes abroad upon a business errand. President Dole's visit to the United States is an incident of a

MRS. SANFORD B. DOLE.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

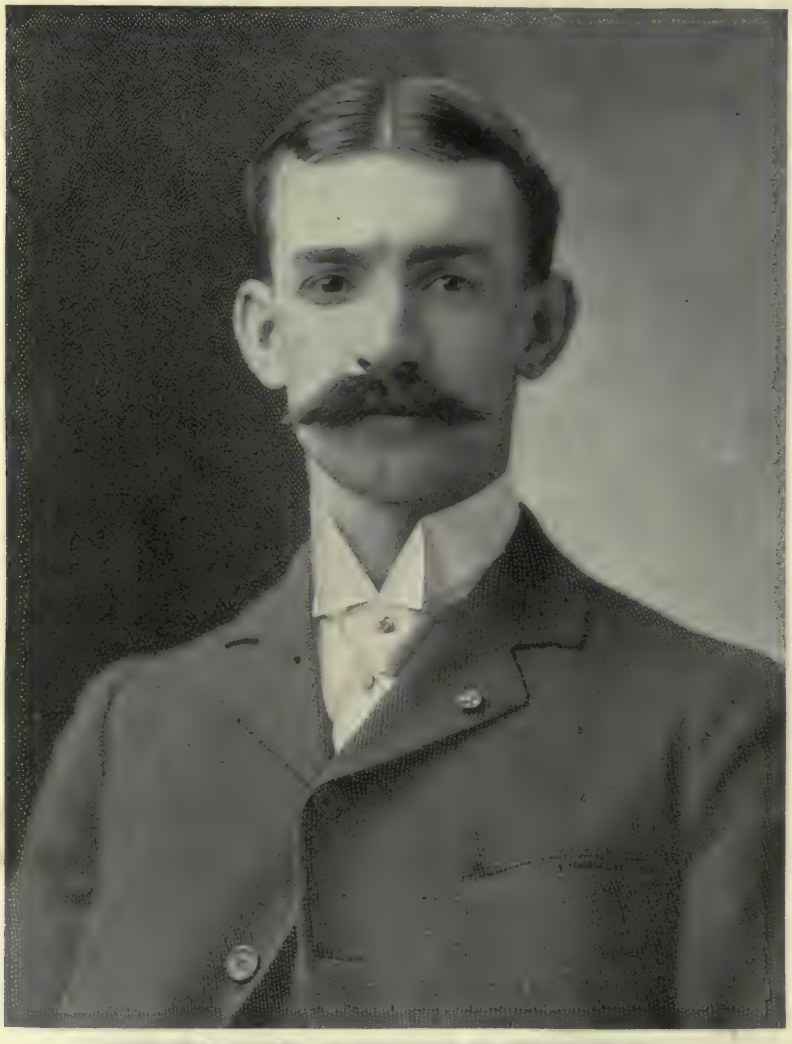
sort that is rare in diplomatic annals, and one that shows the supreme importance to Hawaii of the mission on which he came. Still more unique is the fact that what is understood to be his purpose is to terminate the existence of his own government, and surrender the independence of his diminutive country. If he succeeds, he will go down in history as the first and last President of Hawaii.

But if his rule in the Pacific island group should be ended thus, Mr. Dole might find before him the ampler possibilities of a career in American politics. Whatever form of representation Hawaii might have at Washington, he would very probably be chosen for the post. He would be a striking and interesting figure at the Capitol. He is fully six feet tall, with a silvery beard which is more patriarchal and impressive than that of Senator Peffer. His features are of strong but kindly mold, his utterances direct, dignified, and courteous.

Mr. Dole's father was a New Bedford man, who went to Hawaii as a missionary in 1840. The son was born in the islands, but was educated at a Massachusetts

college, and admitted to the bar of the Bay State. Going back to Honolulu, he was appointed judge of the Hawaiian supreme court by the late King Kalakaua, and this position he held up to the time of the revolution of five years ago. He was not one of the active promoters of that much discussed upheaval, and his selection as president—which was brought about by proclamation, without any form of election—was due to the fact that he was recognized as a "safe man"—a man of character and known ability, not an extremist, but one who commanded the respect of all parties.

Mr. Dole was married twenty five years ago to Miss Annie P. Cate, of Castine, Maine. Mrs. Dole's social duties in Hawaii are similar—though of course upon a smaller scale—to those of our own "first lady." She is also actively interested in educational and philanthropic work.



CHARLES G. DAWES, COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
From a photograph by Root, Chicago.

THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

Charles G. Dawes, who recently succeeded Mr. Eckels as comptroller of the currency, is the youngest man who ever held that office. He is a politician to whom success came early and quickly.

DANIEL H. HASTINGS, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

He was twenty eight years old, and had lived only two years in Illinois, when he became recognized as a leader of the political forces whose aim was to insure the nomination of Major McKinley for the Presidency, in 1896; and it was largely due to his tact and skilful management that instructions for the Ohio candidate were given to the delegates elected at the State convention at Springfield. During the campaign he served as a member of the Republican executive committee, where he was regarded as perhaps the ablest and most active of all Mr. Hanna's lieutenants.

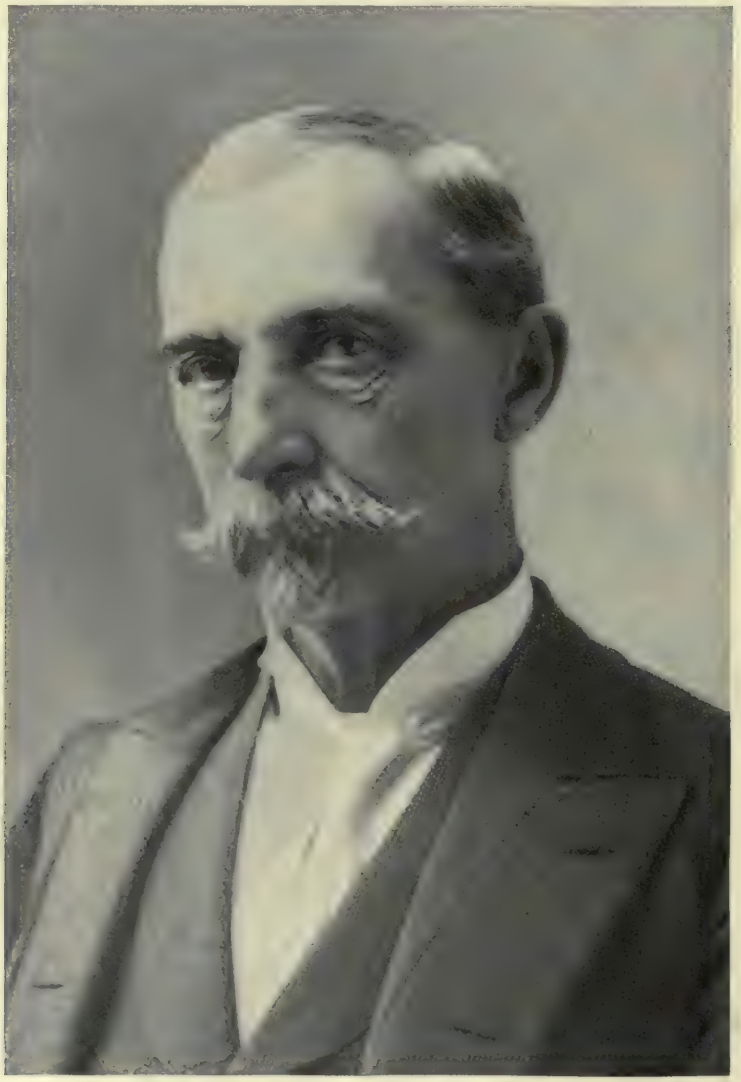
Mr. Dawes is an Ohioan by birth, a native of the old town of Marietta. He was educated for the bar, and went West to hang out his shingle in Lincoln, Nebraska. In 1894 he moved to Evanston, near Chicago, where he is interested in the gas business. He has always been a student of financial subjects, and his book on "The Banking System of the United States" is a manual that has won high praise from authorities on this important and much controverted theme. His friends promise that his administration of his present office will be a very successful one.

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Governor Daniel Hartman Hastings, of Pennsylvania, has several claims upon

fame, one of the latest being his leadership of a faction in the politics of his State in opposition to Senator Quay. He first came into national notice in 1888, when he put John Sherman in nomination for the Presidency. Although his eloquence was as futile as that of those who did a like service for Mr. Sherman in other years, his prominence in the Republican convention paved the way to Mr. Hastings' promotion to the chief magistracy of Pennsylvania. He was once an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination, but when he secured it his election followed by an overwhelming majority.

Governor Hastings is a native Pennsylvanian of Scotch Irish ancestry. He has been both a teacher and a lawyer. Later, he served for several years as adjutant general of the State, and was conspicuous in the relief work at Johnstown after the great flood of 1889.



JOHN R. ROGERS, GOVERNOR OF WASHINGTON.
From a photograph by Ellis, Whatcom, Washington.

A WESTERN GOVERNOR.

Governor Rogers, of the young State of Washington, is one of the men who are dissatisfied with existing social con-

ditions and are not afraid to say so. He declares that noble as was the past of the American republic, its present "is a frightful picture." "Mammon," he says, "rides roughshod over the hopes and heaven born aspirations of the poor." Vast numbers of men are despairing. The occupants of many of our pulpits are so debased that they have forgotten the precepts of Christ. The accepted ideas of political economy are evidently all wrong. The late Henry George had a nostrum for reforming all this, but his proposition Governor Rogers summarily dismisses as "insufferable rot." The field thus cleared, he produces a little scheme of his own. He would change the face of the world by allowing to every family twenty five hundred dollars' worth of land free of taxation. We presume that the reformer purposes to have each and every homestead conspicuously labeled "Not Transferable," as otherwise the greed and gullibility of the human race would be almost certain to defeat his amiable object.

These reformers are the best intentioned and most hopeful people on earth. For thousands of years humanity has toiled on under the burdens of its primal curse, but it need do so no longer. Every one of these modern prophets has a plan for the extirpation of existing evils. Each plan is different from all other plans, but all are guaranteed to be absolutely infallible. Poverty is to disappear. Sickness and sorrow, vice and crime, are to be forgotten. Floods, earthquakes, and tornadoes are to cease. A beautiful dream—who can help sympathizing with the dreamer of it?

The career of Governor Rogers has been typically American, if we may use that overworked phrase once more. He was born in New England almost sixty years ago, the great grandson of a Captain John Rogers who commanded a Yankee privateer in the Revolutionary war. He has lived in half a dozen States, and has turned his ready hand to three or four callings besides those of politics and authorship. As a boy of fourteen he went to Boston to become a clerk in a Tremont Street drug store. At eighteen he was in business at Jackson, Mississippi. A few years later he settled in Illinois, where he was first a school teacher and then a farmer. Next he migrated to Kansas, where from tilling the soil he drifted into Farmers' Alliance politics and journalism; and his most recent move was to follow the star of Empire to the Pacific slope in 1890. In the "grand young commonwealth" of which he is chief magistrate he sees "a new Eden prepared for the habitation of man as truly and with as much regard for his future happiness and well being as was the first and fabled garden of Adam and Eve."

Governor Rogers has three sons, the eldest of whom is an assistant professor of physics at Cornell.

Emperor William of Germany compels the recognition of his own dignity by every one within his dominion with an insistency that is creating no small amount of comment. His long list of arrests for lese majesté, reaching five thousand sentences, inflicted since his accession, seems to indicate an autocratic assumption of sovereign dignity that comports ill with the modern spirit.

It is singularly in keeping with his character that he should start upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the royal yacht Hohenzollern, as it is reported that he is intending to do. Even if he decided to go afoot, we should expect to see his penitential sackcloth garments lined with silk and trimmed with the imperial ermine.

* * * *

The Iron Chancellor has long been suffering from neuralgia, particularly in the facial nerves, and to obtain relief from the sharp pain he sits for long periods with his hands pressed firmly against his mouth and cheeks.

A visitor to Friedrichsruh found him thus one day recently, and expressed sympathy. Bismarck, who had been ruminating upon his old student days as well as his long public career, replied:

"This is justice. During my life I have sinned most with my mouth—eating, drinking, and talking."

* * * *

Almost everybody has heard of the eminent English reformer, Lady Henry Somerset, but the existence of Lord Henry Somerset has been merely an inference.

It has been discovered that Lord Henry—who seems to be a reformer's husband and nothing more—has resided for many years in Florence, upon an income of two thousand pounds a year, granted him by his distinguished wife. An irreverent paragrapher suggests that if he had consented to live further away from London, his allowance might have been proportionately larger.

* * * *

The enthusiastic enterprise of New York's "new" or "yellow" journalism, whichever we may choose to call it, not long ago encountered an iceberg in the person of ex President Grover Cleveland, the resultant shock being distinctly felt along Park Row. The publishers of the sensational newspapers seem to be great believers in the magic power of distinguished names, and to care a great deal more for the signature to an article than for the article itself. They will pay more for an article by Archbishop Corrigan on "How They Open Oysters in Fulton Market," or a treatise on "Cuban Amazons Who Wage Relentless War Clad in Connecticut Wrappers," by the celebrated Deacon Squash of the Methodist conference, than for a legitimate and interesting news story from the pen of the best newspaper writer in the city. As a rule, they find it easy enough to get well known signatures, for New York is fairly overflowing with celebrities who are willing to sign their names to anything, from a profession of faith in a proprietary pill to an editorial about Cuba; but Mr. Cleveland is less obliging.

One of the one cent morning dailies was vehemently opposing the construction of a certain trolley line in which it had detected an invasion of popular rights. It had taken the matter into court, and it was deemed desirable to have the case argued by a lawyer of national reputation—some one whose mere presence in the court house would attract an idle crowd from the adjacent saloons and barber shops, and spread abroad through the different boroughs of Greater New York the fame of the newspaper's enterprise. A member of the staff was despatched to Princeton, with instructions to offer the ex President a sum of money that was said to be not much short of three thousand dollars for one day's work in court.

To the intense surprise of the munificent publisher, the offer was peremptorily refused by Mr. Cleveland on the ground that it would be an injustice to the other members of his profession to emerge from his retirement and come into the great white light of newspaper fame for a single moment, merely for the sake of a large fee which ought really to be given to some lawyer in active practice.

* * * *

Strange are the vagaries of international fame. The late Professor Huxley was accepted as the inspired apostle of modern science in America as he never was in his native country. Charles Reade, esteemed in England, was far more popular on this side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Hungerford, famous as "the Duchess" in every American servants' parlor, was quite unknown to her fellow countrymen. On the other hand, Max Müller, one of the famous and interesting figures of contemporary England, is known here to scholars only.

Max Müller was born in Germany, but settled in England more than fifty years ago, and has long been professor of comparative philology at Oxford. He has known all the great men of his day, and of some of them he tells amusing personal details in a recently published volume of reminiscences. One day when Tennyson was visiting him, the laureate, coming down to the breakfast table, whipped off the cover of the hot dish and exclaimed: "Mutton chops! The staple of every bad inn in England!" The poet's abruptness was soon forgiven, however, for his hosts found his conversation "simply delightful."

* * * *

Another of Max Müller's friends was Matthew Arnold. For some years before his sudden death Arnold knew that the thread of his life might snap at any moment. Taking leave of Robert Browning, he hinted that they might never meet again, and playfully warned the voluminous poet: "Now one promise, Browning. Please not more than ten lines."

"Browning," says Max Müller, "understood, and went away with a solemn smile."

OLD NEW YORK

The story of New York's growth from a frontier settlement to the metropolis of the western world — Pictures of the city and its life in Colonial times, and in the early days of independence.

IT was, historically speaking, only the other day that New York was the settlement of New Amsterdam, and the placid Dutch burghers in their wide breeches walked about the grassy streets and counted the geese and calves that flocked about them. They had a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants when the fortunes of war made them turn over their prosperous village to the English, to be renamed after the Duke of York, who was afterwards the last Stuart monarch of Britain. They had a stockade where Wall Street now runs; they had a weekly market "near Mr. Hans Kiersted's house," as the town advertised, and they had a herder who went about the streets every morning with a loud tin horn, collecting the cattle. The cows were pastured in the meadows beyond Maiden Lane—the latter being then De Maagde Paatje, the path by which the Dutch lassies went down to the water's edge to wash their clothes.

Governor Stuyvesant, who lost his post when the Dutch flag was hauled down before the British guns, had a farm, or "bowerie," on the road that led northward; and his neighborhood was so much sought that a small village of five houses sprang up there, and a half way tavern was erected by Wolfert Webber for the accommodation of the sedate Dutch in their long journey from town. It stood at Chatham Square.

The embryo metropolis had its promi-

FORT AMSTERDAM, AS FINISHED BY GOVERNOR WOUTER VAN TWILLER, IN 1635.

From an old engraving printed in Holland.

THE DUTCH COLONY OF NEW AMSTERDAM.
From an old engraving in the State Library.

nent business men even then. One of these was Cornelius Clopper, a blacksmith, who established a shop at what is now the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl Street. All the country people who came that way stopped to have their horses shod and to smoke and gossip. It was one of New York's early landmarks, and the road which led to it was known as "De Smit's Vly," or "The Smith's Valley." When Cornelius died he was one of the wealthiest men on the island. His fortune of ten thousand dollars caused his widow, Hielke Pieters, to be much sought.

Under the English many changes came

"NEW AMSTERDAM, NOW CALLED NEW YORK."
From a print dated 1667.

FORT GEORGE AND THE TOWN OF NEW YORK, FROM THE SOUTHWEST, IN 1740.

From a lithograph by Hayward.

DE SMIT'S VLY, AT THE FOOT OF MAIDEN LANE.

in. Heere Straat, which lay to the westward of the town's principal line of development, became Broadway, and a fashionable residence street. At the close of the seventeenth century, when New York had about four thousand inhabitants, Madam Knight, an English lady, who came over on a visit, wrote back that the place had "an agreeable character. The buildings," she said, "are of brick generally, in some houses of divers colors and laid in checks. Being glazed, they look very well. On the inside they are neat to admiration." The sidewalks were paved with cobblestones, but as there was no sewerage the streets were left unpaved in the center that they might absorb water. Here and there were public wells to supply the citizens with water.

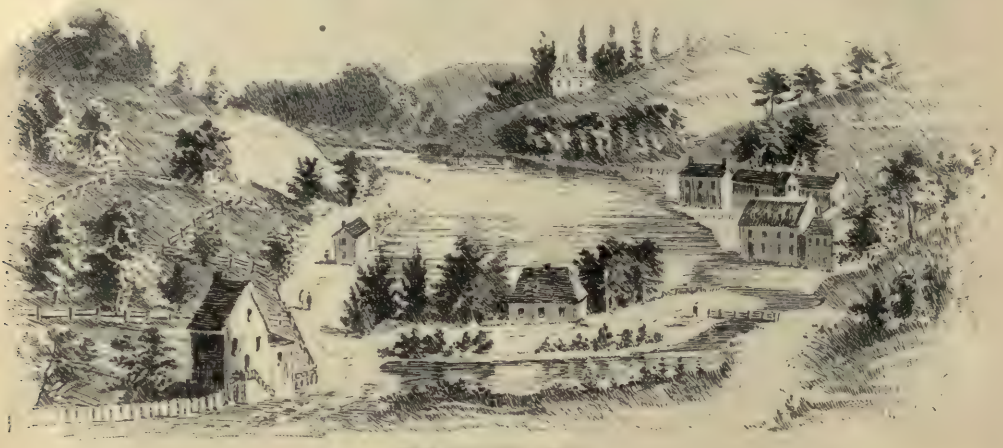
There are many romantic traditions of

NO. 1 BROADWAY, IN 1850 (SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.)

NEW YORK, ABOUT 1790.

From a lithograph by Hayward.

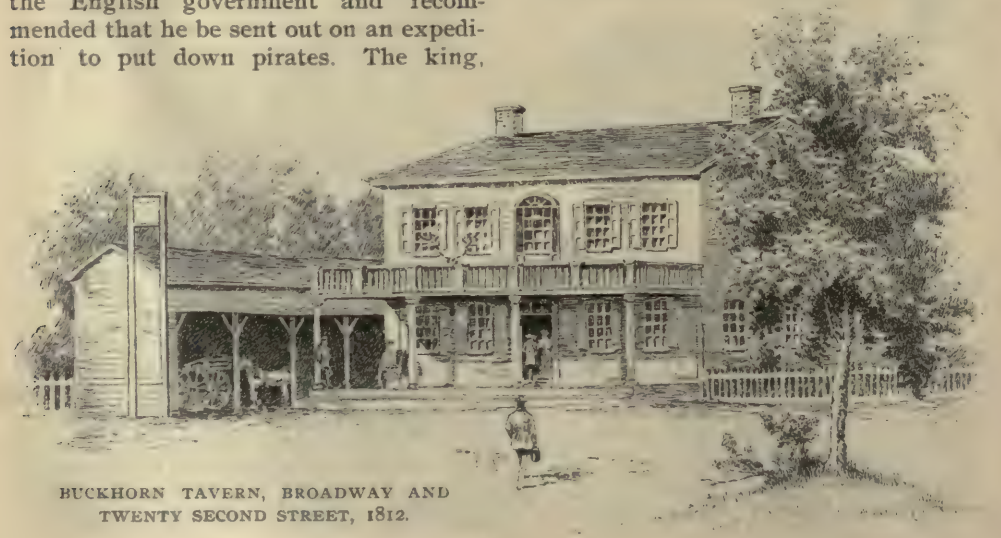
these late days of the seventeenth century. Queer ships came into the harbor, and men who were believed to be pirates and slave dealers walked about the town. There is a pathetic tale of the first slave girl sold in New York, who died of grief as she was being led home by her purchaser, Nicholas Boot. The friends of the man who made so unlucky a bargain stood about and looked at her, and shook her, and said it was all nonsense for her to be dead, for "she was sound."



THE COLLECT POND.

There was one scandal that shook not only New York, but the world. Piracy had become so common on the high seas that Colonel Robert Livingstone went to England and introduced his intimate personal friend, Captain Willian Kidd, to the English government and recommended that he be sent out on an expedition to put down pirates. The king, Lord Somers, the Earls of Romney and Orford, and some New York gentlemen made up a purse for the expenses of the expedition, and with the great seal of England on his papers Captain Kidd set sail from Plymouth in 1696 in the Adventure. By and by, when it was learned that Kidd was himself a pirate, it almost upset the government, and the noblemen concerned were indelibly disgraced. Poor Kidd, as everybody knows, after burying his treasure where it has never been found, sailed peacefully into Boston harbor, supposing that he was protected, or that nobody knew; was arrested, taken back to England, and hanged in chains. Somebody had to suffer.

For most of two centuries, New York



BUCKHORN TAVERN, BROADWAY AND TWENTY SECOND STREET, 1812.

was merely an adjunct to the fort at the Battery, and had all the characteristics of a garrison town. This fort had eight names previous to its final christening of Fort George. It was laid out by an engineer named Kryn Frederick, and his ideas of fort building were decidedly primitive. When Stuyvesant was induced to surrender it without a shot, he called attention to the fact that it was so low that on two sides, within pistol shot, was ground

The fort was demolished in 1788, with the intention of building upon its site a house for the President of the United States. Before it was completed, the capital was transferred to Philadelphia, and the house subsequently became the custom house.

The old tavern of Mrs. Kocks, on the site of No. 1 Broadway, now occupied by the Washington Building, had stood there for a century when it was taken

THE JUNCTION OF PEARL AND CHATHAM STREETS, IN COLONIAL DAYS.

so much higher that it made the position defenseless. Almost every time a new sovereign sat on the throne of England, or a new ruler came to New York, the old fort was renamed. It seems to have been as useless as some of our coast fortifications today. In 1738 the governor wrote of it: "It is a fort of little defense. We have guns, but no carriages; ball, but no powder." He had an indignant reply from England. "Where," the government asked, "is the powder we sent you in 1711?"

But if the governors had no powder in the magazines, they had plenty for their footmen's heads. They lived in state in the mansion in the fort, and made the provincial court a center of gaiety. The aristocracy of the English administration kept up a great deal more ceremony than New York knows today, and 1898 cannot show many more liveried servants. In the governor's stables were state coaches, and in his boat house state barges.

down to make way for the residence of Archibald Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy was at that time collector of the port, but he afterward went home to Scotland to become Earl of Cassilis. In Colonial times this house was the scene of the greatest festivities in town. Sir Henry Clinton had his official residence there. After the Revolution it became the home of several prominent citizens in turn.

Broadway, as it stretched further northward, was a fashionable street for shopping and residences. During Dutch times, the site of the present City Hall Park was known as the "Vlacte," or Flat; a little later it became the Commons or Fields, and lastly, the Park. Here bonfires were made on the king's birthday, Coronation Day, and other holidays. The first public building erected there was a poorhouse, built in 1736, but this did not deter the gatherings. The records tel' of the burning of a press gang's boat there in 1764; of a meeting to oppose

NEW YORK AND THE EAST RIVER, FROM THE NORTHEAST, IN 1792.

From a drawing by a French naval officer.

KANSAS CITY
PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE CITY HALL AND PARK, IN 1822.

From a lithograph by Hayward

JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S COUNTRY PLACE, NEAR THE EAST RIVER AT EIGHTY EIGHTH STREET.

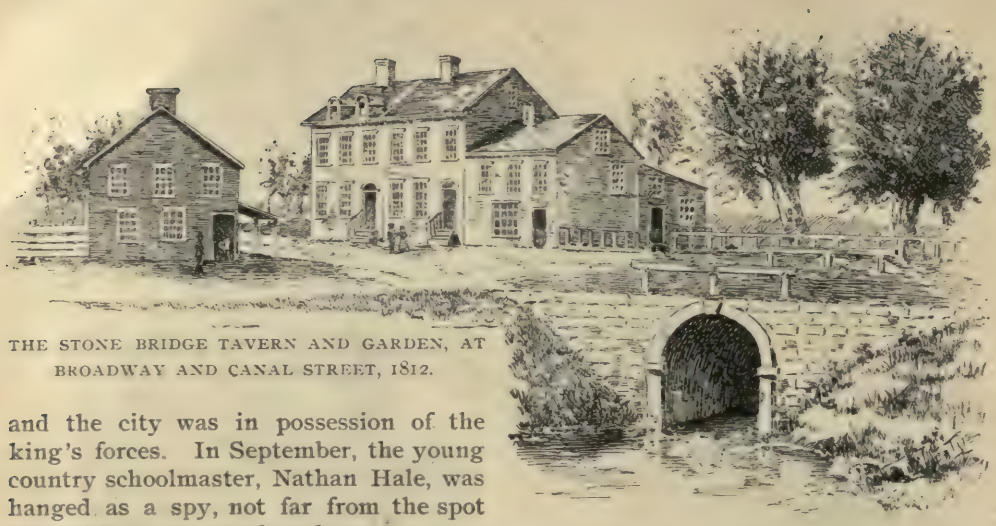
the Stamp Act, and the burning of Governor Cadwallader Colden in effigy. When the Stamp Act was repealed, the people met in the Fields to roast an ox and drink twenty five barrels of ale—a quantity of beef and ale that tells of a not very numerous crowd. The Fields, too, were the scene of many head breaking battles between the soldiers and the people over the Liberty Pole, an emblem which was several times demolished and as often restored.

On the 9th of July, 1776, the Continental troops were drawn up here in a hollow square about General Washington on horseback, and the Declaration of Independence was read to them. Then came the disastrous battle of Long Island.

THE BULL'S HEAD TAVERN ON THE BOWERY, BETWEEN BAYARD AND PUMP (NOW CANAL) STREETS, 1783.

BROADWAY BETWEEN HOWARD AND GRAND STREETS, IN 1840.

From a lithograph by Hayward.



THE STONE BRIDGE TAVERN AND GARDEN, AT BROADWAY AND CANAL STREET, 1812.

and the city was in possession of the king's forces. In September, the young country schoolmaster, Nathan Hale, was hanged as a spy, not far from the spot where his statue stands today.

The first improvement of the Park—it was then far uptown, in the country, in fact—was made in 1785, when it was inclosed by a post and rail fence. A jail and bridewell had been erected before this. The old log barracks built in Colonial days had long been deserted, and had become the homes of bands of roving Indians, who sold beads and baskets up and down Broadway. Beyond the Park lay a piece of ground which was given over to the negroes for a burying ground. It was a desolate spot, descending toward the Collect.

Of all the old topographical features of Manhattan Island that have been obliterated by the city's growth, this Kalchhook or Collect Pond was the most notable.

WALL STREET, ABOUT 1850.

Broadway.

Eighth Avenue.

THE JUNCTION OF BROADWAY AND EIGHTH AVENUE IN 1861.

It was a fresh water lake, as much as sixty feet deep, in a swampy depression that cut entirely across the island. It was connected with the East River by a creek that ran through marshy fields, while between it and the Hudson were Lispenard's Meadows, afterwards drained by a deep ditch that gave its name to Canal Street. It was on the Collect that the first screw propelled steamboat was tried, in 1796. There was a plan to make a park of the land about it, but it was regarded as too distant from the city. Finally it was filled in, and the old Tombs prison was built in the center of its site.

The first account of a bridge over the canal between the Collect and the North River occurs in a map made during the Revolution. It was evidently a military work built of solid stone, and designed to connect the fortifications on the Collect with those further north. It was on the line of Broadway at Canal Street, and stood there for many years. Here, too, was a famous tavern with a garden.

From this stone bridge, Broadway was called "The Middle Road," and in 1802 a survey was ordered from the bridge "to Dr. Livingstone's house," at the corner of Prince Street. Near Dr. Livingstone's were the homes of the Beekmans and the Motts, and a "very superior residence" erected by Walter Langdon, son in law of John Jacob Astor, the prosperous fur merchant.

One of the notable improvements on Broadway was on the east side of the street, between Howard and Grand. This was a building designed for a circus, which was afterwards called the Olympic Theater. In 1825 it was a circus, owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard. New York cannot support a permanent circus now, but she could then. The site of the old Niblo's Garden and the Metropolitan Hotel, landmarks which have disappeared in the past five years, was once a circus owned by Mr. Van Rensselaer, and called the Stadium. The old building was left in Niblo's Garden, and used for light performances, which were so successful that Mr. Niblo, who was a coffee house proprietor and never dreamed of becoming a dramatic manager, was encouraged to build his famous theater. James Fenimore Cooper lived next door.

TAMMANY HALL, 1830 (NOW THE OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK "SUN").

Year by year New York grew northward, and each year the inhabitants believed that the limit had almost been reached, just as people think nowadays that Yonkers, nearly twenty miles from the Battery, is far out of town and can never become a second Greenwich Village, lost in the expansion of the American metropolis.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IN the spring of 1767, on his way from Bath, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, stops at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, where he is detained by an attack of the gout. While here he sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. Sir George arrives in time to find Lady Dunborough, the mother of a man whom he has recently wounded in a duel, vehemently denouncing as impostors a party of three who have taken possession of Soane's rooms. Sir George recognizes them as Julia Masterson, a young girl reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, her mother, and an attorney named Fishwick, who once rendered some slight professional services to him. Though ignorant of the cause of their presence, the shrewish viscountess is repugnant to him, so, to her great disgust, he sides with the humbler travelers, and relinquishes his rooms to them.

As if to annoy Lady Dunborough still further, her son now comes to the Castle in search of Julia, of whom he is deeply enamored, and her attempted interference so enrages him that, when he finally secures speech with the girl and she refuses him, he vows he will carry her off by force. In the mean time, ignorant that she is the mysterious claimant, Soane also falls in love with Julia, despite the apparent difference in their stations. Before Mr. Fishwick succeeds in gaining an audience with Lord Chatham, Mr. Thomasson, a tutor, who is traveling with Lady Dunborough, blunders into the attorney's room during his absence, and there finds the will proving that Julia is the heir of Anthony Soane.

XIV.

TEN minutes later Mr. Thomasson slid back the bolt, and, opening the door, glanced furtively up and down the passage. Seeing no one, he came out, closed the door behind him, and, humming an air from the "Buona Figliola," which was then the fashion, returned slowly and with apparent deliberation to the east wing. There he hastened to hide himself in a small closet of a chamber which he had that morning secured, plumped down on the scanty bed, and stared at the wall. He was the prey of a vast amazement.

"Jupiter!" he muttered at last, "what a—a Pactolus I have missed! Three months, two months ago, she would have married me—she would have gone on her knees to marry me! And with all that money I would have lived to be bishop of Oxford! It is monstrous! Positively, I am fit to kill myself when I think of it!"

He paused a while to roll the morsel on the palate of his imagination, and found that the pathos of it almost moved him to tears. But by and by he fell from the clouds to more practical matters. The secret was his, but what was he going to do with it? Where make his market of it? For assuredly the opportunity was too good to be lost. One by one he considered all the persons concerned. To begin with, there was her ladyship. The knowledge did not affect her, one way or the other; and he did not trust her. He

*Copyright, 1898, by Stanley J. Weyman.

dismissed the thought of applying to her. It was the same with Dunborough; money or no money was all one to him, he would take the girl if he could get her. He was dismissed as equally hopeless. Soane came next; but Sir George either knew the secret, or must know it soon, and though his was a case the tutor pondered long, turn it as he might he could see no profit he could claim from him. Moreover, he had not much stomach for driving a bargain with him; so in the end Soane, too, was set aside.

There remained only the *Buona Figliola*—the girl herself. "I might pay my court to her," the tutor thought; "but she will have a spite against me for last night's work, and I doubt I could not do much. To be sure, I might put her on her guard against Dunborough, and trust to her gratitude; but it is ten to one she would not believe me. Or I could let him play his trick—if he is fool enough to put his neck in a noose—and step in and save her at the last moment. Ah!" Mr. Thomasson exclaimed, looking up in an ecstasy of appreciation, "if I had the courage! That were a game to play indeed, Frederick Thomasson!"

But it was hazardous; and the plotter rose and walked the floor, striving to discover a safer mode of founding his claim. He found none; and presently he took out a letter which he had received the day before his departure from Oxford—a letter from a dun, threatening process and arrest. The sum was one which a year's stipend of a fat living would discharge, and until the receipt of the letter, the tutor, long familiar with embarrassment, had taken the matter lightly; but the letter meant business, and with the cold shade of the rules in immediate prospect, he was at his wits' end. He thought and thought, and presently despair bred in him a bastard courage.

Buoyed up by this, he tried to picture the scene: the lonely road, the carriage, the shrieking girl, the ruffians looking fearfully up and down as they strove to silence her—and himself running to the rescue as *Mr. Burchell* ran in Mr. Goldsmith's novel, which he had read a few months before. Then the struggle; he saw himself knocked—well, pushed down. After all, with care, he might play a fine part without much risk. The men might fly at sight of him, or when he drew nearer and added his shouts to the girl's cries; or—or some one else might come up, by chance, or summoned by the uproar! In a minute it would be over; in a minute—and what a rich reward he might reap!

Nevertheless, he did not feel sure he would be able to do it. His heart thumped and his smile grew sickly, and he passed his tongue again and again over his dry lips, as he thought of the venture. But do it or not, when the time came he would at least give himself the chance. He would attend the girl wherever she went, dog her, watch her, hang on her skirts; so if the thing happened and he had the courage, he would be at hand to save her.

"It should—it should stand me in a thousand," he muttered, wiping his damp brow; "and that would put me on my legs."

He put it at that; and it was a great sum, a great bribe. He thought of the money lovingly, and of the feat with trembling; and took his hat and unlocked the door and went down stairs. He spied about him cautiously till he learned in the hall that Mr. Dunborough had departed; then he went out boldly to the stables, and inquired and found that the gentleman had started for Bristol in a postchaise. "In a middling black temper," the hostler added, "saving your reverence's presence."

That learned, the tutor needed to ask no more. He was aware that Dunborough, on his way to foreign service, had lain ten days in Bristol whistling for a wind; and had also landed there on his return, and made—on his own authority—some queer friends. Bristol, too, was the port for the plantations; a slave mart under the rose, with the roughest of all the English sea town population. There were houses at Bristol where crimping was the least of the crimes committed; and in the docks, where the great sugar ships sailed in and out in their season, were sloops and skippers ready to carry all comers, criminal and victim alike, beyond the reach of the law. The very name gave Mr. Thomasson pause. He could have done with Gretna, or Berwick, or Harwich, or Dover; but Bristol had a grisly

sound. From Marlborough it lay but forty miles away, by the Chippenham and Marshfield road; a postchaise and four stout horses might cover the distance in four hours.

He felt, as he sneaked into the house, that the die was cast. The other meant to do it, then. And that meant—— "Oh, lord!" he muttered, wiping his brow, "I shall never dare. If he is there himself, I shall never dare!" As he crawled up stairs, he went hot one moment and shivered the next; and did not know whether he was glad or sorry that the chance would be his to take.

Fortunately, on reaching the first floor, he remembered that earlier in the day Lady Dunborough had requested him to convey her compliments to Dr. Addington, and inquire how Lord Chatham did. The tutor felt that a commonplace commission of this kind would settle his nerves; and having learned the position of Dr. Addington's apartments, found his way down the snug passage and knocked at the door. A voice, disagreeably raised, was speaking on the other side of the door, but paused at the sound of his summons; some one said "Come in," and he entered.

He found his host standing on the hearth, stiff as a poker, and swelling with dignity. Facing him stood Mr. Fishwick. The attorney, flustered, hot, and excited, cast a look at Mr. Thomasson as if his entrance were an added grievance; but he instantly resumed his complaint.

"I tell you, sir—with all respect," he said—"I do not understand this. His lordship was able to travel yesterday, and last evening he was well enough to see Sir George Soane——"

"He did not see him," the physician answered stiffly. There is no class which extends less indulgence to an inferior class, than the higher grade of professional men to the lower grade. While to Sir George, Mr. Fishwick was an odd little man, comic and not altogether inestimable, to Dr. Addington he was anathema.

"I said, sir, only that he was well enough to see him," the lawyer retorted querulously. "But, be that as it may, his lordship was not seriously ill yesterday. Today I have business of the utmost importance with him, and am willing to attend upon him at any hour. Nevertheless you tell me that I cannot see him today, nor tomorrow——"

"Nor, in all probability, the next day," the doctor answered grimly.

Mr. Fishwick's voice rose almost to a shriek. "Nor the next day?" he cried.

"No, nor the next day, so far as I can judge."

"But I must see him! I tell you, sir, I must see him!" the lawyer ejaculated. "I have the most important business with him."

"My dear sir," Dr. Addington said, raising his hand and clearly near the end of his patience, "my answer is that you shall see him—when he is well enough to be seen, and chooses to see you; and not before. For myself, whether you see him now or never see him is no business of mine. But it is my business to be sure that his lordship does not risk a life which is of inestimable value to his country."

"But—but yesterday he was well enough to travel!" murmured the lawyer, somewhat awed. "I—I do not like this!"

The doctor looked at the door.

"I—I believe I am being kept from his lordship!" Mr. Fishwick stuttered. "And there are people whose interest it is to keep me from his lordship. I warn you, sir, that if anything happens in the mean time——"

The doctor rang the bell.

"I shall hold you responsible!" cried Mr. Fishwick passionately. "I consider this a most mysterious illness. I repeat, I——"

But apparently that was the last straw. "Mysterious?" the doctor cried fiercely. "Leave the room, sir! You are not sane, sir! By God, you ought to be shut up, sir! You ought not to be allowed to go about. Do you think that you are the only person who wants to see the minister? Here is a courier from his grace the Duke of Grafton, and tomorrow there will be a score, and one from his majesty among them—and all this trouble is given by a miserable, little paltry—begone, sir, before I say too much! John, the door! The door! And see that this person does

not trouble me again. Be good enough to communicate by message, sir, if you have anything to say."

And with that poor Mr. Fishwick was hustled out, protesting, but not convinced. It is seldom the better side of human nature which lawyers see; nor is an attorney's office the soil in which a luxuriant crop of confidence is grown. With many persons of warm feeling, but narrow education, Mr. Fishwick was ready to believe on the smallest evidence, or on no evidence, that the rich and powerful were leagued against his client; that justice, if he was not very sharp, would be denied him; that the heavy purse had a knack of outweighing the righteous cause—even in England and in the eighteenth century. And the fact that all his hopes were staked on this case, that all his resources were embarked in it, that it had fallen as it were from heaven into his hands—wherefore the greater the pity, if things went amiss—rendered him peculiarly captious and impracticable. Every day—nay, every hour—that passed after this without bringing him to Lord Chatham's presence augmented the suspense. To be put off, not one day, but two days, three days—and what might not happen in three days!—was a thing intolerable, insufferable, a thing to bring the heavens down in pity on his head! What wonder, then, if he rebelled; and being routed—as we have seen him routed—shut himself up in his sleeping place, and there brooded miserably over his suspicions and surmises.

Even when the lapse of twenty four hours brought the swarm of couriers, messengers, and expresses which Dr. Addington had foretold; when the High Street of Marlborough—a name henceforth written on the page of history—became one slowly moving line of coaches and chariots bearing the select of the county to pay their respects to the great minister; when the very town began to throb with unusual life, and to take on airs of fashion, by reason of the crowd that lay there, all ostensibly drawn thither by his presence; when the Duke of Grafton was reported to be but one stage distant, and there detained by the earl's express refusal to see him; when the very king, it was rumored, was coming on the same business; when, in a word, it became evident that the eyes of half England were turned to the Castle Inn at Marlborough, where England's great statesman lay helpless—and gave no sign, though the wheels of state creaked and all but stood still—even then Mr. Fishwick refused to be satisfied, declined to be comforted. In place of viewing the stir and bustle, the coming and going, as a perfect confirmation of Dr. Addington's statement and as a proof of his integrity, he looked askance at it. He saw in it a demonstration of the powers ranked against him and the principalities he had to combat; he felt, in face of it, how weak and insignificant he was; and at one time despaired, and at another was in a frenzy. The reader may laugh; but if he has ever staked his all on a cast, if he has ever taken up a hand of twelve trumps only to hear the ominous word "misdeal!" he will find something in Mr. Fishwick's attitude, neither unnatural nor blameworthy.

XV.

DURING those stirring days of the earl's illness, when, as we have said, all the political world of England seemed to be turning their horses' heads towards the Castle Inn, it came to be the custom for Julia to go every morning after breakfast to the little bridge over the Kennet, thence to watch the panorama of departures and arrivals; and for Sir George to join her there without excuse or explanation, and as if, indeed, nothing in the world were more natural. The minister's illness continuing to detain all who desired to see him—from the Duke of Grafton's parliamentary secretary to the humblest aspirant to a Tide waitership—Soane was not the only one who had time and leisure on his hands; nor the only one who sought to while it away in the company of the fair. The shades of Preshute churchyard, which lies in the bosom of the leafy vale, not three bow shots from the Castle Inn, formed the chosen haunt of one couple. A second pair favored a seat situate on the west side of the Castle Mound, and well protected by shrubs from the gaze of the vulgar.

But these Corydons were at ease; they basked free from care in the smiles of their Phyllises. Soame, in his philandering, had to do with black care that would be ever at his elbow; black care that always, when he was not with Julia, and sometimes even while he talked to her, would jog his thoughts and draw a veil before his face. The prospect of losing Estcombe, of seeing the family Lares broken and cast out, and the family stem, tender and young, yet not ungracious, snapped off short, wrung a heart that belied his cold exterior. Moreover, he was his own judge how far he could without means pursue the life which he had been living. Suspense, anxiety, sordid calculation, were ever twitching his sleeve, and would have his attention. Was the claim a valid claim, and must it prevail? If it did, how was he to live, and where, and on what? Would the minister grant his suit for a place or a pension? Or might he still by one deep night and one great hand at hazard win back the thirty thousand guineas he had lost in five years?

Such questions troubling him whether he would or no, and forcing themselves on his attention when they were least welcome, ruffled at last even the outward composure on which he plumed himself as a man of fashion. He would fall silent in Julia's company; and turning his eyes from her, in momentary forgetfulness, would trace patterns in the dust with his cane, or stare by the minute together at the quiet stream that oozed sluggishly beneath them.

On these occasions she made no attempt to rouse him. But when he again awoke to the world, to the passing coach or the gaping urchin, or the clang of the distant dinner bell, he would find her considering him with an enigmatical smile that lay in the region between amusement and pity, her shapely chin resting on her hand, and the lace falling back from the whitest wrist in the world. One day the smile lasted so long, was so strange and dubious and so full of a weird intelligence, that it chilled him; it crept to his bones, disconcerted him, and set him wondering. The uneasy questions that had haunted him at first, recurred. Why was this girl so facile—who seemed so proud, whose full lips curved so naturally? Was she really won, or was she only playing with him—with some hidden motive? The notion was not flattering to his vanity; and in any other case he would have given himself credit for conquest. But he had discovered that this girl was not as other girls; and then, that puzzling smile? He had surprised it half a dozen times before.

"What is it?" he said abruptly, determined to clear up the matter.

"What?" she asked, in apparent innocence. But he saw that she understood.

"What does that smile mean, Pulcherrima?"

"Only — that I was reading your thoughts, Sir George," she answered. "And they were not of me."

"Impossible!" he said. "I vow, Julia—— "

"Don't vow," she answered quickly, "or when you vow—some other time—I shall not be able to believe you! You were not thinking of me, but of your house, and the avenue of which you told me, and the trees, and the river in which you used to fish. You were wondering to whom they would go, and who would possess them, and who would be born in the room in which you were born, and who would die in the room in which your father died."

"You are a witch!" he said.

"Thank you," she answered, looking gravely over her fan. "Last time you said, 'Confound the girl!' It is clear that I am improving your manners, Sir George. You are now so polite that presently you will consult me."

So she could read his thoughts! Could deliberately set him on the rack! Could perceive when pain, and not irritation, underlay the oath or the compliment. He was always discovering something new in her, something that piqued his curiosity and kept him amused. "Suppose I consult you now?" he said.

She swung her fan to and fro, playing with it childishly, looking at the light through it and again dropping it. "As your highness pleases," she said at last. "Only I warn you that I am not the Bottle Conjurer."

"No, for you are here, and he was not there," Sir George answered, affecting to speak lightly; "but tell me, what shall I do in this case? A claim is made against me."

"The bomb?" she said—"that burst, Sir George?"

"The same. Well, shall I resist it, or shall I yield to it?"

She tossed up her fan and caught it deftly, and looked to him for admiration. Then, "It depends," she said. "Is it a large claim?"

"It is a claim for—all I have," he answered. It was the first time he had confessed that to any one; except to himself in the night watches.

If he thought to touch her, he succeeded. If he had thought her unfeeling before, he did so no longer. She was red one minute and pale the next, and the tears came into her eyes. "Oh," she cried, "you should not have told me! Oh, why did you tell me?" And she rose hurriedly, as if to leave him, and then sat down again, the fan quivering in her hand.

"But you said you would advise me."

"I? Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, with abandon.

"But you must!" he persisted, more deeply moved than he would show. "It is a simple question, shall I fight or shall I yield?"

"Fight or yield?" she said, her voice broken by agitation. "Shall you fight or yield? You ask me?"

"Yes."

"Then, fight! Fight!" she answered, with astonishing emotion. She rose again to her feet, and again sat down. "Fight them to the last, Sir George! Let the creatures have nothing! Not a penny! Not an acre!"

"But—if it is a righteous claim?" he said, amazed at her excitement.

"Righteous?" she cried passionately. "How can a claim be righteous that takes all a man has?"

He nodded and studied the road a while in silence, reflecting on her words and the strange fervor she had thrown into them. At the end of that time he was surprised to hear her laugh. He looked up sharply to learn the reason—feeling hurt, as was natural—and was astounded to find her smiling at him as lightly and gaily as if nothing had occurred to interrupt her most whimsical mood. As if the question he had put to her had never been put—or were a farce, a jest, a mere pastime!

"There, Sir George," she said, "how silly you must think me to proffer *you* advice. Do you forgive me?"

"I forgive you *that*," Sir George answered; but, poor fellow, he winced under her sudden change of tone.

"That is well," she said. "There again, do you know you would not have said that a week ago? I have certainly improved your manners."

Sir George made an effort to answer her in the same strain. "Well, I should improve," he said. "I come very regularly to school. Do you know how many days we have sat here, *ma belle?*"

A faint color tinged her cheek. "If I do not, that dreadful Mr. Thomasson does," she answered. "I believe he never lets me go out of his sight; and as for days, what are days, or even weeks, when it is a question of reforming a rake, Sir George? Who was it you named to me yesterday," she continued, speaking a little hurriedly, and with her eyes on the toe of her shoe, which projected from her dress, "who carried the gentleman into the country when he had lost—I don't know how many thousand pounds, and kept him there out of harm's way?"

"It was Lady Carlisle," Sir George answered drily; "and the gentleman was her husband."

It was Julia's turn to draw figures in the dust of the roadway, which she did very industriously; and the two were silent for quite a long time, while some one's heart bumped as if it would choke her. At length, "He was not quite ruined, was he?" she said, with elaborate carelessness; her voice was a little thick—perhaps by reason of the bumping.

"Lord, no!" said Sir George. "And I am, you see."

"While I am not your wife!" she retorted, flashing her eyes on him suddenly; and then: "Well, perhaps if she had her choice—to be wife to a rake can be no bed of roses, Sir George! While to be wife to a ruined rake—perhaps to

be wife to a man who, if he were not ruined, would treat you as the dirt beneath his feet, beneath his notice—beneath——"

She did not seem to be able to finish the sentence, but rose, her face scarlet. He rose more slowly. "Lord!" he said humbly, "what has come to you suddenly? What has made you angry with me, child?"

"Child!" she exclaimed. "Am I a child? You play with me as if I were!"

"Play with you?" Sir George said. He was quite taken aback by her sudden vehemence. "My dear girl, I cannot understand you. I am not playing with you. If any one is playing, it is you. Sometimes I wonder whether you hate me or love me. Sometimes I am happy enough to think the one; sometimes——"

"It has never struck you," she said, interrupting him and speaking in her harshest and most scornful tone, "that I may do neither the one nor the other? But be pleased to kill my time with you, since I must stay here until my lawyer has done his business!"

"Oh!" said Soane, staring at the angry beauty, "if that be all——"

"That is all!" she cried.

He bowed gravely. "Then, I am glad that I have been of use to you."

"Thank you," she said drily. "I am going into the house now. I need not trouble you."

And she swept him a curtsy and turned and sailed away, the picture of disdain. But when her face was safe from his gaze, and he could no longer see them, her eyes filled with tears of vexation; she had to bite her trembling lip to keep them back. Presently she slackened her speed and almost stopped, then hurried on when she thought that she heard him following; but he did not overtake her, and Julia's step grew slow again, and slower, until she reached the portico.

Between love and pride, hope and shame, she had a hard fight; but happily a coach was unloading, and she stood and feigned interest in the passengers. Two young fellows fresh from Bath took fire at her eyes; but one who stared too markedly she withered with a look, and, if the truth is to be told, her fingers tingled for his ears. Her own were on the alert, directed backwards. Would he never come? Was he really so simple, so abominably stupid, so little versed in woman's ways? Or was he really playing with her? Perhaps he had gone into the town, or trudged up the Salisbury road; and if so, and she did not see him now, she might not meet him until the next morning; and who could say what might not happen in the interval? True, he had promised that he would not leave Marlborough without seeing her; but things had altered between them since then.

At last—at last, when she felt that her pride would allow her to stay no longer, and she was on the point of going in—the sound of his step cut short her misery. She waited, her heart beating quickly, to hear his voice at her elbow. But whether he did not see her—he walked like a man heavy with thought—or purposely averted his eyes, he went by her. He passed through the little bustle about the coach, and was in the act of disappearing through the entrance when she hurried after him and called his name.

He turned, between the pillars, and saw her. "A word with you, if you please," she said. Her tone was icy, her manner freezing.

Sir George bowed. "This way, if you please," she continued imperiously, and preceded him across the hall and through the opposite door and down the steps to the gardens. Nor did she pause or look at him until they were half way across the lawn; then she turned, and with a perfect change of face and manner, smiling divinely, she held out her hand.

"You have come—to beg my pardon, I hope?" she said winningly.

The smile she bestowed on him was an April smile, the brighter for the tears that lurked behind it; but Soane did not know that, nor, had he known it, would it have availed him. He was utterly dazzled, conquered, subjugated by her beauty. "Willingly," he said. "But for what?"

"Oh, for—everything!" she answered, with supreme assurance.

"I ask your divinity's pardon for everything," he said, gazing at her, his eyes betraying his feelings.

"It is granted," she answered. "And —I shall see you tomorrow, Sir George?"

"Tomorrow?" he said. "Alas, no. I shall be away tomorrow."

He had eyes, and the startling fashion in which the light died out of her face and left it gray and colorless was not lost on him. But her voice remained steady, almost indifferent. "Oh!" she said, "you are going?" And she raised her eyebrows.

"Yes," he answered; "I have to go to Estcombe."

She tried to force a laugh, but failed. "And you do not return? We shall not see you again?" she said.

"It lies with you," he answered slowly. "I am returning tomorrow evening by the Bath road. Will you come and meet me, Julia — say, as far as the Manton Turning? I shall be there a little after five. If you come I shall know that, notwithstanding your hard words, you will take in hand the reforming of a rake —and a ruined rake, Julia. If you will not——"

He hesitated. She had to turn away her head that he might not see the light that had returned to her eyes. "Well, what then?" she said softly.

"I do not know."

"But Lady Carlisle was his wife," she whispered, with a swift sidelong shot from eyes instantly averted. "And—you remember what you said to me—at Oxford —that if I were a lady you would make me your wife? I am not a lady, Sir George."

"I did not say that," Sir George answered quickly.

"No? What, then?"

"You know very well," he answered.

All of her cheek and neck that he could see turned scarlet. "Well, at any rate," she said, "are you sure now that you were talking, not to *Clarissa*, but to *Pamela?*"

"I am talking to neither, madam," he answered manfully. He stood erect, his hat in his hand; they were almost of a height. "I am talking to the most beautiful woman in the world," he said, "whom I also believe to be the most virtuous, and whom I hope to make my wife. Shall it be so, Julia?"

She was trembling excessively, and she used her fan. "I—I will tell you tomorrow," she murmured breathlessly, "at Manton Corner."

And she fled from him into the house, deaf, as she passed through the hall, to the clatter of dishes and the cries of the waiters; for she had the singing of larks in her ears, and her heart rose on the throb of the song until she felt that she must either cry or die of very happiness.

XVI.

I BELIEVE that Sir George, riding soberly to Estcombe in the morning, was not guiltless of looking back in spirit. Probably there are few men who, when the binding word has been said, and the final step taken, do not feel a revulsion of mind, and for a moment question the wisdom of their choice. A more beautiful wife he could not wish; she was fair of face and faultless in shape, as beautiful as a Churchill or a Gunning. And in all honesty, and in spite of the advances she had made to him, he believed to be good and virtuous. But her birth, her quality, or rather her lack of quality, her connections, all were things to cry him pause, to bid him reflect; until the thought, mean and unworthy, but not unnatural—that he was ruined, and what did it matter whom he wedded?—came to him, and he touched his horse with the spur, and cantered on, by down and clump, by Avebury, and Yatesbury, and Compton Bassett, until he came to his home.

Returning in the afternoon, sad at starting, but less sad with every mile that separated him from the old place to which he had bidden farewell in his heart—and which, much as he prized it now, he had not visited twice a year while it was his —it was another matter. He thought little of the future; of the past not at all. The present was all sufficient for him. In an hour, in half an hour, in ten minutes, he would see her, would hold her hands in his, would hear her say that she loved him, would look unreproved into the depths of her proud eyes, would see them sink before his. Not a regret now for White's! Or the gaming table! Or the masquerades! Gone the blasé insouciance of St. James'. The whole man was set on his mistress. Ruined, he had

naught but her to look forward to, and he hungered for her. He cantered through Avebury, six miles short of Marlborough, and saw not one house; through West Kennet, where his shadow went long and thin before him; through Fyfield, where he well nigh ran into a postchaise which seemed to be in as great a hurry to go west as he was to go east; under the Devil's Den, and by Clatford cross lanes; nor drew rein until—as the sun sank finally behind him, leaving the downs cold and gray—he came in sight of Manton Corner.

Then, that no look of shy happiness, no downward quiver of the maiden eyelids, might be lost—for the morsel, now it was within his grasp, was one to linger over, and dwell on lovingly—Sir George, his own eyes shining with eagerness, walked his horse slowly forward, his gaze greedily seeking the flutter of her kerchief or the welcome of her hand. Would she be at the meeting of the roads—shrinking aside behind the bend, her eyes laughing to greet him? No; he saw as he drew nearer that she was not there. Then he knew where she would be; she would be waiting for him on the foot bridge in the lane, fifty yards off the high road, yet within sight of it. She would have her lover come so far—to win her. The subtlety was like her and pleased him.

But she was not there, nor was she to be seen in the lane beyond the bridge, for this ran down a gentle slope until it plunged, still under his eyes, among the thatched roofs and quaint cottages of the village, whence the smoke of the evening meal rose blue among the trees. Soane's eyes returned to the main road; he expected to hear her laugh, and see her emerge at his elbow. But the length of the highway lay empty before and empty behind, and all was silent. He began to look blank. A solitary house stood in the obtuse angle formed by Manton Lane and the road; he scrutinized it. The big doors leading to the stable yard—it had been an inn, but was unoccupied—were ajar; but he looked in and she was not there, though he noted that horses had stood there lately. For the rest, the house was closed and shuttered as he had seen it that morning and every day for days past.

Was it possible that she had changed her mind? That she had played or was playing him false? His heart said no. Nevertheless, he felt a chill and a degree of disillusion as he rode down the lane to the foot bridge, and over it and on as far as the first house of the village. Still he saw nothing of her, and he turned. But riding back, his search was rewarded by a discovery. Beside the ditch, close to the corner where the road and lane met, and lying in such a position that it was not visible from the highway, but only from the lower ground of the lane, lay a plain black fan.

Sir George sprang down, picked it up, and saw that it was hers; and, still possessed by the idea that she was playing him a trick, he kissed it and looked sharply round, hoping to detect her. Without result; and then at last he began to feel real misgiving. The road under the downs was growing dim and shadowy; the ten minutes he had lingered had stolen away the warmth and color of the day. The camps and tree clumps stood black on the hills, the blacker for the creeping mist that stole along the river where he stood. In another ten minutes night would fall in the valley. Sir George, his heart sinking under those vague and apparently foolish alarms which are among the penalties of affection, hurriedly mounted his horse, stood in his stirrups, and called, "Julia! Julia!"—not loudly, but so that if she were within fifty yards of him she must hear.

He listened. His ear caught a confused medley of voices in the direction of Marlborough; but only the empty house, echoing "Julia!" answered him. Not that he waited long for an answer; something in the dreary aspect of everything struck so cold to his heart that, touching his horse with the spur, he dashed off at a hand gallop, and, meeting the Bristol night wagon beyond the bend of the road, was by it in a second. Nevertheless, the bells ringing on the horses' necks, the cracking whips, the tilt lurching white through the dusk, reassured him. Reducing his pace, and a little ashamed of his fears, he entered the inn grounds by the stable entrance, threw his reins to a man—who seemed to have something to

say, but did not say it—and walked off to the porch. He had been a fool to entertain such fears; in a minute he would see Julia.

As he approached it he might have seen—had he looked that way—half a dozen men on foot and horseback bustling out with lanterns through the great gates. Their voices reached him, but, immersed in thinking where he should find Julia, and what he should say to her, he crossed the roadway without heeding a commotion which in such a place was not unusual. On the contrary, the long lighted front of the house, the hum of life that rose from it, the sharp voices of a knot of men who stood a little on one side, arguing eagerly and all at once, contributed to dissipate such of his fears as the pace of his horse had left. Beyond doubt Julia, finding herself in solitude, had grown alarmed and had returned, fancying him late; perhaps pouting because he had not forestalled the time.

But the moment he passed through the doorway his ear caught that buzz of excited voices, raised in all parts and in every key, that betokens disaster. And, with a sudden chill at his heart as of a cold hand gripping it, he stood and looked down the hall. It was well perhaps that he had that moment of preparation, those few seconds in which to steady himself, before the full sense of what had happened struck him.

The lighted hall was thronged and in an uproar. A busy place, of much coming and going, it ever was. Now the floor was crowded in every part with two or three score persons all speaking, gesticulating, advising at once. Here a dozen men were proving something; there another group were controverting it; while twice as many listened, wide eyed and opened mouthed, or in their turn dashed into the babel. That something very serious had happened Sir George could not doubt. Once he caught the name of the minister, and the statement that he was worse; and fancied that that was it. But the next moment the speaker added, "Oh, he cannot be told! He is not to be told! The doctor has gone to him—it is to be kept from him! I tell you he is worse today!" And this, giving the lie to that idea, revived his fears. His eyes passed quickly over the crowd, he looked everywhere for Julia; he found her nowhere. He touched the nearest man on the arm, and asked him what had happened.

The person he addressed had not time to reply before an agitated figure, wig awry, cravat loosened, eyes staring, forced itself through the crowd, and, flinging itself on Sir George, clutched him by the lapels of his coat. It was Mr. Fishwick—but Mr. Fishwick transfigured by a great fright, his face gray, his cheeks trembling. For a moment, such was his excitement, he could not speak; then "Where is she?" he stuttered, almost shaking Sir George on his feet. "What have you done with her, you villain?"

Soane, cruel misgivings at his heart, was in no patient mood. In a blaze of passion he flung the attorney from him. "You madman!" he said. "What idiocy is this?"

Mr. Fishwick fell heavily against a stout gentleman in splashed boots and an old fashioned ramilie who, fortunately for him, blocked the way to the hall. Even so the shock was no light one. But breathless and giddy as he was, the lawyer returned instantly to the charge. "I denounce you!" he cried furiously. "I denounce this man! You and you," he continued, appealing with raised hands to those next him, "mark what I say! She is the claimant to his estates—estates he holds on sufferance! Tomorrow justice would have been done, and tonight he has kidnaped her! All he has is hers, I tell you, and he has kidnaped her. I denounce him! I——"

"What bedlam stuff is this?" Sir George cried hoarsely; and he looked round the ring of curious starers, the sweat standing on his brow. Every eye in the hall was upon him, and there was a great silence; for the accusation which the lawyer spoke out had been buzzed and bruited since the first cry of alarm roused the house. "What stuff is this?" he repeated, his head giddy with the sense of that which Mr. Fishwick had said. "Who—who is it has been kidnaped? Speak! Curse you, will no one speak?"

"Your cousin!" the lawyer answered. "Your cousin, who claims——"

"Softly, man, softly," said the landlord, coming forward and laying his hand on the lawyer's shoulder; "and we shall the sooner know what to do. Briefly, Sir George, the young lady who has been in your company the last day or two was seized and carried off in a postchaise half an hour ago, as I am told—maybe a little more. From Manton Corner. For the rest, which this gentleman says, about who she is and her claim—which it does not seem to me can be true and you not know it—it is all news to me. But, as I understand it, Sir George, he alleges that the young lady who has disappeared lays claim to your honor's estate at Estcombe."

"At Estcombe?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir George did not speak again, but he stood staring at the man, his mind transfixed by two thoughts. The first that this was the solution of the many things that had puzzled him in Julia! This the explanation of her sudden amiability, her new born forwardness, the mysterious fortune into which she had come; aye, and of her education and her strange past. She was his cousin, the unknown claimant! She was his cousin, and——

He awoke with a start, pierced by the second thought—hard following on the first. "From Manton Corner?" he cried, his voice sharp, his eye terrible. "Who saw it?"

"One of the servants," the landlord answered, "who had gone to the top of the mound to clean the mirrors in the summer house. Here, you," he continued, beckoning to a man who limped forward reluctantly from one of the side passages in which he had been standing, "show yourself, and tell this gentleman the story you told me."

"If it please your honor," the fellow whimpered, "it is no fault of mine. I ran down to give the alarm as soon as I saw what was doing—they were forcing her into the carriage then—but I was in such a hurry I fell and rolled to the bottom of the mound, and was that dazed and shaken it was five minutes before I could find any one."

"How many were there?" Sir George asked. There was an ugly light in his eyes and his cheeks burned; but he spoke with calmness.

"Two I saw, and there may have been more. The chaise had been waiting in the yard of the empty house at the corner, the old Nag's Head. I saw it come out. That was the first thing I did see. And then the lady."

"Did she seem to be unwilling?" the man in the ramilie asked. "Did she scream?"

"Aye, she screamed right enough," the fellow answered lumpishly. "I heard her, though the noise came faintlike. It is a good distance, your honor'll mind, and some would not have seen what I saw."

"And she struggled?"

"Aye, sir, she did. They were having a business with her when I left, I can tell you."

The picture was too much for Sir George, and he gripped the landlord's shoulder so fiercely that Smith winced and cried out. "And you have heard this man," he said, "and you chatter here! Fools! This is no matter for words, but for horses and pistols! Get me a horse and pistols. And tell my servant. Are you so many dolls? Damn you, sir"—this to Mr. Fishwick—"get out of my way!"

XVII.

Mr. Fishwick, who had stepped forward with a vague notion of detaining him, fell back. For the rest, Sir George's stern aspect, which bore witness to the passions that raged in a heart at that moment cruelly divided, did not encourage interference; and, though one or two muttered, no one moved. There is little doubt that he would have passed out without more delay, mounted, and gone in pursuit—with what result in the direction of altering the issue, it is impossible to state—if an obstacle had not been cast in his way by an unexpected hand.

In every crowd, the old proverb has it, there is a knave and a fool. Between Sir George, bursting with passion and wrath, and the door by which he had entered and to which he turned, stood Lady Dunborough. Her ladyship had been one of the first to hear the news and to take the

alarm. Moreover, it is safe to say that for obvious reasons—and setting aside Mrs. Masterson, the lawyer, and Sir George—she had been, of all present, the one most powerfully affected by the news of the outrage. But she had succeeded in concealing alike her fears and her interest; she had exclaimed with others—neither more nor less; had hinted, in common with three fourths of the ladies present, that the minx's cries were forced, and her *bonne fortune* sufficiently to her mind; in a word, she had comported herself so fitly that if there was one person in the hall whose opinion was likely to carry weight, as being coolly and impartially formed, it was her ladyship's.

When she stepped forward, therefore, and threw herself between Sir George and the door—still more when, with an intrepid gesture, she cried, "Stay, sir; we have not done with you yet!"—there was a sensation. As the crowd pressed up to see and hear what passed, her accusing finger pointed steadily to Sir George's breast. "What is that you have there?" she continued. "That which peeps from your breast pocket?"

Sir George, who, furious and bursting with impatience, could go no farther without coming in contact with her ladyship, smothered an oath. "Madam," he said, "let me pass!"

"Not until you explain how you came by that fan," she answered sturdily, and held her ground.

"Fan?" he cried savagely. "What fan?"

The passions that had swept through his mind during the last few minutes, the discovery he had made, the flood of love and pity that would let him think of nothing but the girl—the girl carried off screaming and helpless, a prey to he knew not whom—these things left scant room in his mind for trifles. He had clean forgotten the fan; but the crowd gave him no credit for this, and some murmured and some exchanged glances when he asked, "What fan?" Still more when my lady rejoined, "The fan in your breast," and he drew it out and all saw it, was there an evident and general feeling against him.

Utterly heedless of this, he stared at the fan with grief stricken eyes. "I picked it up in the road," he muttered, as much to himself as to them.

"It is hers?"

"Yes," he said, holding it reverently. "She must have dropped it—in the struggle!" And then, "My God!" he continued fiercely, the sight of the fan bringing all more vividly before him. "Let me pass, or I shall be doing some one a mischief! Madam, let me pass, I say!"

His tone was such that any ordinary woman must have given way to him. But the viscountess had her reasons for being stanch. "No," she said stoutly; "not until these gentlemen have heard more. You have her fan, which she took out an hour ago. She went to meet you—that we know from this person," she indicated Mr. Fishwick—"and to meet you at your request; at sunset, at the corner of Manton Lane. And what is the upshot? At that corner at sunset persons and a carriage were waiting to carry her off. Who else knew that she would be there?" Lady Dunborough continued, with force. "Who beside you knew the time? And all that being so, as soon as they are safely away with her, you walk in here with an innocent face and her fan in your pocket, and know naught about it! For shame! For shame, Sir George! You will have us think we see the bottle trick next. For my part," her ladyship continued, "I would as soon believe the rabbit woman!"

"Let me pass, madam," Sir George cried, between his teeth. "If you were not a woman——"

"You would do something dreadful," Lady Dunborough answered mockingly, and kept her place. "Nevertheless, I shall be much mistaken, sir, if some of these gentlemen have not a word to say in the matter."

Her ladyship's glance fell on the stout, red faced gentleman, in the splashed boots and ramilie, who had asked two questions of the servant, and who, to judge by the attention with which he had followed my lady's words, was not proof against the charm which invests a viscountess. If she looked at him with intention, she reckoned well; for as neatly as if the matter had been concerted between them he stepped forward and took up the ball.

"Sir George," he said, puffing out his cheeks, "I—I am sorry to interfere, but you know me, and what my position is on the Rota. And I do not think I can stand by any longer—which might be *adhærere culpas*. This is a serious case, and I doubt I shall not be justified in allowing you to depart—without some more definite explanation. Abduction, you know, is not bailable. You are a justice yourself, Sir George, and must know that. If this person, therefore, who I understand is an attorney, desires to lay a sworn information, I must take it."

"In heaven's name, sir," Sir George cried desperately, "take it—take what you please, but let me take the road!"

"H'm! That is what I doubt, sir, I cannot do. Mark you, there is motive, Sir George. And *presentia in loco*," the justice continued, swelling with his own learning. "And you have a *partem delicti* on you. And, moreover, abduction is a special kind of case, seeing that if the *participes criminis* are free the *femme sole*, sometimes called the *femina capta*, is in greater danger. In fact, it is a continuing crime. An information being sworn, therefore——"

"It has not been sworn yet," Sir George retorted fiercely, "and I warn you that any one who lays a hand on me shall rue it. God, man!" he continued, horror in his voice, "cannot you understand that while you prate here they are carrying her off, and that time is everything?"

"Some persons have gone in pursuit," the landlord answered soothingly.

"Just so, some persons have gone in pursuit," the justice echoed, with satisfaction; "and you could do no more than they can do. Besides, Sir George, the law must be obeyed. The sole point is"—he turned to Mr. Fishwick, who through all had stood by, his face distorted by grief and perplexity—"do you wish, sir, to swear the information?"

Mrs. Masterson had fainted at the first alarm, and been carried to her room. Apart from her, it is probable that, of all who had any connection with the matter, only Sir George and Mr. Fishwick really entered into the horror of the girl's position, realized the possible value of minutes, or felt genuine and poignant grief at what had occurred. On the decision of one of these two the freedom of the other now depended; and the conclusion seemed foregone. Ten minutes earlier Mr. Fishwick, carried away by the first sight of Sir George, and by the rage of an honest man who saw a helpless woman ruined, had been violent enough; and Soane's possession of the fan—not then known to him—was calculated to corroborate his suspicions and surmises. The justice, therefore, in appealing to him felt sure of support; and was the more astonished when Mr. Fishwick, in place of assenting on the instant, passed his hand across his brow and stared at the speaker as if he had suddenly lost the power of speech.

In truth, the lawyer, harried by the expectant gaze of the room and the justice's impatient eyes, was divided between a natural generosity, which was one of his oddities, and a suspicion born of his profession. He liked Sir George; his smaller manhood went out in admiration to the other's splendid nonchalance. On the other hand, he had viewed Soane's approaches to his client with misgiving. He had scented a trap here and a bait there; and a dozen times, when dwelling on Dr. Addington's postponements and delays, had been hurried into suspecting the two of collusive and even of cold drawn chicanery. Between these feelings he had now to decide, and to decide in such a tumult of anxiety and dismay as almost deprived him of the power to think.

On the one hand, the evidence and inferences against Sir George pressed him strongly; on the other, he had seen enough of the futile haste of the hostlers and stable helps, who had gone in pursuit, to hope little from them; while from Sir George, were he honest, everything might be expected. In his final decision we may believe what he said afterwards—that he was determined by neither of these considerations, but by his old dislike of Lady Dunborough! For after a long silence, during which he seemed to be a dozen times on the point of speaking and as often disappointed his audience, he announced his determination in that sense. "No, sir, I—I will not," he said; "or rather I will not—on a condition."

"Condition!" the justice growled, in supreme disgust.

"Yes," said the lawyer stanchly: "that Sir George, if he be going, as I understand, in pursuit of them, permit me to go. I—I can ride; or, at least, I can sit on a horse," Mr. Fishwick continued bravely; "and I am ready to go."

"Oh, la!" said Lady Dunborough, spitting on the floor—for there were ladies did such things in those days. "I think they are all in it together. And the fair cousin, too! Cousin be hanged!" she added, with a shrill, ill natured laugh. "I have heard that before."

But Sir George took no notice of her words. "Come if you please," he cried curtly, addressing the lawyer; "but I do not wait for you. And now, madam, if your interference is at an end——"

"And what if it is not?" she cried, insolently grimacing in his face. She had gained half an hour, and it might save her son. To persist farther might betray him; yet she was loth to give way. "What if it is not?" she repeated.

"I go out by the other door," Sir George answered promptly; and suiting the action to the word he turned on his heel, strode through the crowd, which subserviently made way for him, and in a twinkling was gone through the garden door, with Mr. Fishwick, hat in hand, hurrying at his heels.

The moment they were gone, the babel, suppressed while the excitement lasted, rose again loud as before. It is not every day that the busiest inn or the most experienced traveler has to do with an elopement, to say nothing of an abduction. While a large section of the ladies, seated together in a corner, teehee'd and tossed their heads, sneered at miss and her screams and struggles, and warranted she knew all about it and had her jacket and night rail in her pocket, another party laid all to Sir George, swore by the viscountess, and quoted the masked uncle who made away with his nephew to get his estate. One or two, indeed, and if the chronicler is to be candid, one or two only, out of as many scores, proved that they possessed both charity and imagination. These sat apart, scared by their thoughts, or stared with set eyes and flushed faces on the picture they would fain have avoided. But they were young and had seen little of the world.

On their part, the men talked fast and loud, at one time laughed and at another dropped a curse—their form of pity; quoted the route and the inns, and weighed the chances of Chippenham or Bath, Bristol or Salisbury; vaguely suggested highwaymen—an old lover—Mrs. Cornelys' ballet; and finally trooped out to stand in the road and listen, question the passers by, and hear what the parish constable had to say of it. All except one very old man, who kept his seat and from time to time muttered, "Lord, what a shape she had! What a shape!" until he dissolved in maudlin tears.

And all this time a woman lay up stairs, tossing in passionate grief, and tended by servants who, more pitiful than their mistresses, stole to her to comfort her; and three men rode hard along the western road.

XVIII.

THE attorney was brave with a coward's great bravery: he was afraid, but he went on. As he climbed into his saddle in the stable yard, the muttering hostlers standing round and the yellow flaring light of the lanthorns stretching fingers into the darkness, he could have wept over himself. Beyond the gates and the immediate bustle of the yard lay night, the road, and dimly guessed violences, the meeting of man with man, the rush to grips under some dark wood, or where the moonlight fell cold on the heath. The prospect terrified; at the mere thought the lawyer dropped the reins and nervously gathered them again. And he had another fear, and one more immediate. He was no horseman, and he trembled lest Sir George, the moment the gates were passed, should go off at a reckless gallop. Already he felt his horse heave and sidle under him in a fashion that brought his heart into his mouth; and he was fain to cry for quarter. But the absurdity of such a request, when time was everything, the journey black earnest, and its issue life and death, struck him and heroically he closed his mouth. Yet, at the very remembrance that these things were so, he fell into a fresh panic.

However, there was to be no galloping —yet. When all were up, Sir George took a lanthorn from the head hostler, and, bidding one of the men run at his stirrup, led the way into the road, where he fell into a sharp trot, the other two following. The attorney bumped in his saddle, but kept his stirrups, and gradually found his hands and eyesight. The pace soon brought them to Manton Corner and the empty house, where Sir George pulled up and dismounted. Giving his reins to the stable boy, he thrust open the doors of the yard and entered, holding up his lanthorn, his spurs clinking on the stones and his skirts swaying.

"But she—they cannot be here?" the lawyer ejaculated, his teeth still chattering.

Sir George, busy stooping and peering about the yard, which was grass grown and surrounded by walls, made no answer, and the other two, as well as Mr. Fishwick, wondered what he would be at. But in a moment they knew. Soane stooped, and took up a small object, smelled it, and held it out to them. "What is that?" he asked curtly.

The stable man who was holding his horse stared at it. "Negro head, your honor," he said. "It is sailors' tobacco."

"Who uses it about here?"

"Nobody, to my knowing."

"They are from Bristol, then," Soane answered; and then "Get on!" he continued impatiently, addressing the other two, who blocked the gateway; and springing into his saddle he pressed his horse between them, his stirrups dangling. He turned sharp to the left, and, leaving the stable man staring after them, the lanthorn swaying in his hand, led the way westward at the same steady trot.

The chase had begun. More than that, Mr. Fishwick was beginning to feel the excitement of it; the ring of the horses' shoes on the hard road, the rush of the night air past his ears exhilarated him. He began to feel confidence in his leader, and confidence breeds courage. Bristol? Then, Bristol let it be. And then on top of this, his spirits being more composed, came a rush of rage and indignation at thought of the girl. The lawyer clutched his whip and, reckless of consequences, dug his heels into his horse, and for the moment, in the heat of his wrath, longed to be up with the villains, to strike a blow at them. If his courage lasted, Mr. Fishwick might show them a man yet—when the time came!

Trot trot, trot trot, through the darkness under the stars, the trees black masses that shot up beside them and vanished as soon as seen; the downs, gray, misty outlines that continually fenced them in and went with them; and always in the van Sir George, a grim, silent shape with face set immovably forward. They worked up Fyfield hill, and thence, looking back, bade farewell to the faint light that hung above Marlborough. Dropping into the bottom they cantered over the wooden bridge, and by Overton steeple—a dim outline on the left—and after passing Avebury hill eased their horses through Little Kennet. Gathering speed again, they swept through Beckampton village, where the Bath road falls off to the left, and, breasting the high downs towards Yatesbury, trotted on to Cheril.

Here on the hills the sky hung low overhead, and the wind, sweeping chill and drear across the upland, was full of a melancholy soughing. The world, it seemed to one of them, was uncreate, gone, and non existent; and only this remained—the shadowy downs stretching on every side to infinity, and the shadowy riders plodding across them; all shadowy, all unreal, until a bell wether got up under the horses' heads, and with a confused rush and scurry of feet a hundred Southdowns scampered into the gray unknown.

Mr. Fishwick found it all terrible, rugged, wild, a night foray. His heart began to sink again. He was sore, too, sweating, and fit to drop from his saddle with the unwonted exertion.

And what of Sir George, hurled suddenly out of his age and world—the *age des philosophes*, and the smooth world of White's and St. James' insouciance, and Lord March—into this quagmire of feeling, this night among the Wiltshire Downs? A few hours earlier he had ridden the same road, and the prize he now stood in danger of losing had seemed to him—God forgive him!—of doubtful value. Now as he thought of her his

heart melted in a fire of love and pity; of love that conjured up a thousand pictures of her eyes, her lips, her smile, her shape—all presently dashed by night and reality; of pity that swelled his his breast to bursting, set his eyes burning and his brain throbbing—and was only allayed by the succession of rage to its seat—a rage that gave him the strength of ten, and grew with every mile of his solitary ride—for solitary it was, though two rode behind him.

Even so he would not allow himself to dwell on the worst. He had formed his opinion of the abductors and the abduction; if it proved to be correct he believed that he should be in time to save her from that. But from the misery of suspense, of fear, of humiliation, from the outrage of rough hands, and the shame of coarse eyes—from these things, and alone they were enough to kindle his blood into flame, he was powerless to save her!

This being so, not even Lady Dunborough could now have accused him of airs and graces. Breeding, habit, the custom of the gaming table, the pride of caste, availed to mask his passions under a veil of stern reserve, but were powerless to stem them; nay, so set was he on the one object of recovering his mistress and putting an end as speedily as possible to the state of terror in which he pictured her—ignorant what her fate would be, and dreading the worst—that he gave hardly a thought to the discovery, the astounding discovery, respecting her which the lawyer had made to him. He asked him no questions, turned to him for no explanations. Those might come later; for the moment he thought not of his cousin, but of his mistress. The smiles that had brightened the dull passages of the inn, the figure that, discernible from others at any distance, had glorified the quiet streets, the eyes that had now invited and now repelled—these were so many sharp thorns in his heart, so many goads urging him onward.

It was nine when they saw the lights of Calne below them, and trotting and stumbling down the hill, crossed Cumberford Bridge and clattered eagerly into the town. A moment's delay in front of the inn, where their presence and questions speedily gathered a crowd, and they had news of the chaise: it had passed through the town two hours before without changing horses. The canvas blinds were down, or there were shutters; which, the hostler who gave them the information could not say. But the fact that the carriage was closed had struck him, and, together with the omission to take fresh horses, had awakened his suspicions.

By the time the news was told, a dozen were round them, listening open mouthed; and cheered by the lights and company Mr. Fishwick grew brave again. But Sir George allowed no respite; in five minutes they were clear of the houses and riding hard for Chippenham, the next stage on the Bristol road, Sir George's horse cantering free, the lawyer's groaning as it bumped across Studley bridge and its rider caught the pale gleam of the water below. On through the village they swept, past Brumhill lane end, thence up the hill, where the road branches south to Devizes, and down the farther slope. The moon rose as they passed the fourth mile stone out of Calne; another ten minutes and they drew up, their horses panting and hanging their heads, in the main street of Chippenham.

(*To be continued.*)

AN INSTRUMENT.

A HUMAN heart, this was the instrument
That many, dowered with cunning skill, essayed;
Joy fingered it, and Fear above it bent,
And Sorrow her pale hands upon it laid.

Then Anger smote it, and Despondency,
And Passion swept it with his touch of flame;
But it gave forth no wondrous melody
Till Love, the masterful musician, came.

Clinton Scollard.

THE SIX QUEENS OF HENRY VIII.

The extraordinary matrimonial adventures of the famous Tudor monarch, their interest as one of the strangest chapters in the annals of royalty, and their influence upon the later history of England.

IT may sound like a paradox, but the eighth Henry of England, looked at from one point of view, might almost be considered a pattern of kingly morality. He was sometimes praised as such by saints like Cranmer. Other rulers have left us rows of brilliant faces on their palace walls, painted in all their blooming beauty and insolence by the monarch's own painters. They are pointed out as the Duchess of This and the Marchioness of That, the king's favorites. But when we see the row that Henry left, they are all wives.

As it was against the feeling of England that he should have more than one queen at a time, he was sometimes driven to harsh measures to make the way clear

HENRY VIII, KING OF ENGLAND.

for his latest fancy; but he always succeeded.

In the midst of Henry's reign, the French ambassador wrote home to his king: "This is an extraordinary monarch, in the midst of an extraordinary people," and without doubt he was right. In his childhood Henry was designed to be Archbishop of Canterbury. It is a regret to the student of human nature that his elder brother, Arthur, died, and left him heir to the throne. It would have been a spectacle in history to have seen Henry as a churchman. Had he been at its head, the Church of England might never have been separated from Rome, unless he had taken a fancy to set himself up as the English Pope, and England would probably be a Roman Catholic country to this day. And there would have been no Elizabeth to settle Britain hard and fast upon her present foundation.

In succeeding to his brother's place, Henry also succeeded to his brother's wife, Catharine of Aragon. She was the daughter of the Ferdinand and Isabella who sent Columbus on his quest, and she was one of the heiresses to the wealth of the new world. She had been married to Arthur, the English Prince of Wales, when he was fifteen and she sixteen, but their marriage was of only a few months' duration. Her father had not paid down all of her dowry, and sly old Henry VII saw no way of keeping what he already had, and of getting the rest, save by marrying the ten year old Prince Henry to his brother's widow.

At first Catharine utterly refused her consent. But they kept her in England,

CATHARINE OF ARAGON, HENRY'S FIRST WIFE.
Married June 11, 1509. *Divorced May* 23, 1533.

and as the years went by she changed her mind. At fifteen, Henry was six feet four inches in height, a master of fence and all games of prowess, and the most magnificently attired young gentleman in the kingdom; and Catharine, who was twenty two, fell in love with him. She is probably the only woman who ever did so, and through her affection she held him for years. Until the day of her death she was the only woman who ever defied him with impunity.

She did not marry Henry until he was eighteen, and had come to the throne. Catharine was so beautiful that nobody wondered at Henry's love for her, although she was so much his senior. Her hair was very black, and so long that it hung to her feet, and she wore it "at length," with a crown of jewels on her head, when she and Henry rode through London in state after their wedding. They lived together for twenty four years, and, while Henry was not a pattern of faithfulness, he certainly treated the dignified, elegant, and good queen with the respect and honor which she demanded, until the merry Boleyns crossed his path.

Mary Boleyn, Sir Thomas Boleyn's elder daughter, was a favorite of Henry's long before her younger sister came to court as a maid of honor to the queen; but when the fair Anne attracted his attention, he forgot everything else. Catharine must be gotten rid of. As usual, the king called in his spiritual advisers, of whom the good Cranmer was one, and they thought out a plan. Of course Henry's marriage was wrong, was indeed no marriage, because Catharine had been his brother's wife. That the Pope had given a special dispensation made no difference at all, Henry said. His conscience hurt him. Catharine was again called Princess of Wales, after being a queen for twenty four years, and Anne Boleyn, her maid of honor, was put into her place.

Anne was a gay and light hearted girl, undoubtedly beautiful, with a red and white skin, lovely eyes, and a delicately rounded figure. But Lombroso would have described her character without the aid of history. On her right hand she had a sixth finger, and here and there on her face and neck were large moles.

At first she appears to have flouted Henry, with the result that he completely lost his head about her—so completely that he gave her all the state of a queen, and even married her, before his divorce from Catharine had been pronounced. It is said that a fortune telling book warned her that if she married the king she would lose her head, but she said she did not care. Her children would be royal, in any case.

It is not likely that she thought of the waning of Henry's infatuation. Yet she was to have only three years, and they were to be miserable enough. Elizabeth was born, but she was not the hoped for son. Anne dreaded Catharine, and was jealous of the dethroned woman, who led her dignified life still, though a prisoner, demanding and receiving the homage due to a queen. Her supplanter did not see that she, in turn, had a successor in another false maid of honor, Jane Seymour, until one day Anne came suddenly into the room and found her in Henry's arms. From that moment the young queen knew that her end had come, but she did not dream of the block. That was to appear a little later.

When Henry grew tired of Anne, he began to hate her. When Catharine died in 1536, he shed tears, and he seems to have felt that he might ease his conscience for his denial of his only real wife, the only woman who ever cared for him, by putting her rival to a cruel death. It was his wish to burn Anne alive, the torture being impossible to one of her rank. She escaped burning by admitting herself guilty of some crime which has never been revealed, but which was considered to render her marriage null and void, and Elizabeth illegitimate. It was the irony of fate that that same Elizabeth was to be England's greatest queen, and her country's idol—Henry's one excuse for having lived.

Anne came to the block with courage, while her husband waited, with the huntsmen and the hounds around him, for the signal to tell him that she was dead; and then he was off to marry Jane Seymour.

Mistress Seymour had more than a mixture of very plebeian blood. By his marriage to her, Henry gained one brother in law who was grandson to a blacksmith, and another whose name was

ANNE BOLEYN, HENRY'S SECOND WIFE.
Married January, 25, 1533. Beheaded May 19, 1536.

Smith. Jane was thirty six and by no means a beauty, nor, if we may judge by her actions before her marriage, particularly discreet. While Anne was in the Tower awaiting the day of her death, Jane Seymour was at her father's home, Wolf Hall, making ready for her marriage, which could not take place until her predecessor was dead. She has been called "the fair, discreet, and humble queen," but it seems hardly a good description of the woman who could make ready for a merry wedding for which another woman's blood was to flow. This was no girl taken captive by love, but a wily woman, approaching middle age, influencing a man who by over indulgences had become almost insane.

They still point out the oak tree at Richmond under which Henry stood to hear the signal, and from which he started post haste to his third wedding.

Both of Henry's daughters had been declared illegitimate, and Jane Seymour's children were expected to reign. When the young Prince Edward was born, his mother almost died, and the surgeons asked Henry which they should save, mother or child.

"The child, by all means," the king answered. "There are other wives."

But it was the christening festivities, which rioted through Hampton Court, that killed Jane Seymour. She was the only one of Henry's wives who died a queen, and it was probably lucky for her

that she died when she did. Henry respected her as the mother of his successor, and ordered in his will that she should be buried in his tomb. When George IV searched the chapel at Windsor for the remains of Charles II, he found her coffin by the side of Henry's gigantic frame.

England was now divided by the old and new religions, and each was determined to find Henry a wife, because it would probably depend upon her to say whether or not the nation should go back to Rome. It was suggested that a Lutheran princess, Anne of Cleves, should be tried. It began to appear that any queen of Henry's was only experimental.

To further this marriage, Holbein was instructed to paint the princess' portrait for the king. He succeeded so well that Henry was quite taken with the likeness. When poor Anne came over, it was seen that a terrible mistake had been made. Henry had been accustomed to the most accomplished beauties of the time, and here was a plain, thick waisted, stupid girl, whose dull face was pitted with smallpox, who knew no language except her own, and could neither dance, dress, nor sing. She was a fair minded, good woman, but good women without the graces were of little moment to Henry.

When she came to England, he entered her presence quite unannounced, expect-

JANE SEYMOUR, HENRY'S THIRD WIFE.
Married May 30, 1536. *Died October* 24, 1537.

ing to find a woman as beautiful as Anne Boleyn and as stately as Catharine of Aragon. His courtiers said that it was the only time they ever saw the king abashed. It is probable that Anne was no less revolted than he, for Henry had lost all his beauty, and was a corpulent, unwieldy old man; but he could express his fury and she could not. He brought to disgrace and the block those who had forced this marriage upon him, and then one day his eye chanced upon another maid of honor, Catharine, daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, and Anne was invited to go to Richmond for a change of air. When told she was to be divorced, she expressed pleasure for the first time since she had come to England, and thereby still more bitterly offended Henry, who imagined that everybody loved him.

But he gave her three thousand pounds a year and a palace, and Anne, called now the king's "adopted sister," led a fairly merry life. She was the friend of her stepdaughters, Mary and Elizabeth, and when she, who had come to fix England in the Protestant faith, came to die, it was as a Catholic. Her monument, erected in Westminster Abbey by Mary, is the only one that any of Henry's wives ever had.

ANNE OF CLEVES, HENRY'S FOURTH WIFE.
Married January 6, 1540. *Divorced July*, 1540.

Catharine Howard's story would make a plot for a modern novel of the sort beloved of the morbid. It was the fashion in that day to send girls of noble families to some friend to be educated. Catharine, a daughter of one of the greatest houses in England, was sent to the old Duchess of Norfolk, who was a woman of the most vulgar character. Here the child fell into

the worst company, and before she was fifteen had become the intimate of a man who was little better than a highwayman and a pirate. She was in the hands of unscrupulous men and women, and her future was blasted long before she saw Henry. She grew up to hate her early

CATHARINE HOWARD, HENRY'S FIFTH WIFE.
Married July 28, 1540. Beheaded February 12, 1542.

life, but she had put herself in the power of these people.

For the first six months after her marriage, she and Henry lived very quietly. Every day the king grew to love her more devotedly. She was beautiful, gentle, and kind hearted, and had it not been for that hidden blight she might have been fairly happy. But during a royal progress to the north, her old lover, whose name was Dereham, forced himself upon her, and she had an interview with him. When they returned to Hampton, the king had a memorial drawn up, thanking heaven for so good a wife. The very next day Cranmer handed the king a full statement of all the queen's crimes before she became his wife.

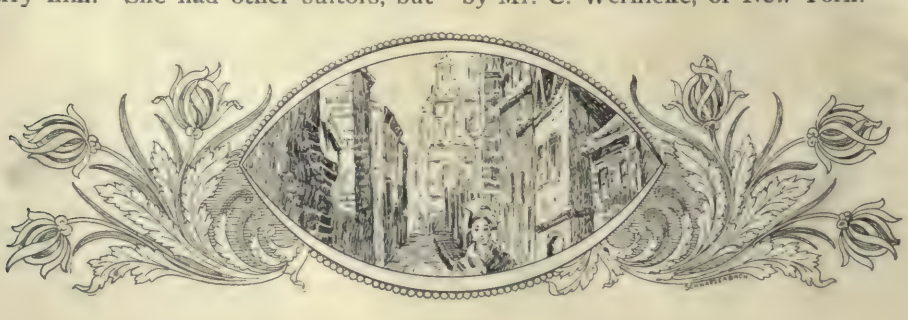
Catharine, being a Howard, was a Catholic—as the Duke of Norfolk the head of the house, is today—and it was feared that her influence with Henry was so great that the old religion might return, to the confusion of Cranmer. Something must be done, and the queen's past life was the solution. When Henry read the paper he was furiously angry, not at Catharine, but her accusers. And he ordered a rigid examination. The truth came out. When Henry heard it, he burst into tears before his council; but there was nothing but death for the unfortunate queen. The king must be free.

CATHARINE PARR, HENRY'S SIXTH WIFE.
Married July 12, 1543. *Died a widow in* 1548.

So Cranmer, who had made and unmade three marriages, led his second queen to the block.

Henry's last wife, Catharine Parr, married him against her will. She had been twice a widow, her first husband having left her a widow and heiress at fifteen. Her second, Lord Latimer, was hardly dead when Henry came to ask her to marry him. She had other suitors, but they all withdrew, and as usual the king had his way. She was a gentle woman, who was a strong factor in the lives of his children, giving them the benefit of her fine education and good judgment, and when Henry died he left her a most happy widow.

The illustrations printed herewith are from a set of modern miniatures owned by Mr. C. Wernicke, of New York.



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The success of Mr. Pemberton's recent books has gained him a place among the leading novelists of the present day, and "The Woman of Kronstadt" will confirm his literary repute and his popularity—It is a strong story, realistic and novel in its scenes and characters; a story of love, adventure, and intrigue, in which woman's wit and man's courage are matched against the mighty military power of Russia.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

TEMPTED by the large reward secretly offered by the British government for a complete map of the mighty Russian fortress of Kronstadt, Marian Best, a beautiful English girl in straitened circumstances, and with a little brother dependent upon her, undertakes the commission. Obtaining the position of governess to the two young daughters of the commanding officer of the fortress, General Stefanovic, she has many opportunities to secure information. Captain Paul Zassulic, a Russian artillery officer, falls in love with her, and while she reciprocates his affection, she cannot bring herself to give up her hazardous enterprise. Finally Russian agents in London learn that certain plans have been transmitted to the English government, and when the tidings reach Kronstadt suspicion is directed toward the Englishwoman. Not long afterward, Marian enters the general's cabinet in search of a necessary document, and she is about to copy it when Paul Zassulic enters. The young officer is horrified at his discovery, but when he hears the girl's pitiful story his great love for her overmasters his sense of duty and he resolves not to betray her. But she has been watched, and their conversation is overheard. The following morning Marian is seized and taken before the general for a hearing, and, realizing the futility of denial, Paul bears witness to her guilt. She is imprisoned in Fort Alexander, but some weeks later Zassulic persuades the general to give him an order transferring the girl to Fort Katherine, where she will be less harshly treated. Unable to endure longer the thought of Marian suffering the hardship of a Russian prison, Paul escapes with her on board his yacht, the Esmeralda. When their flight is discovered they are far away, but before they can get by the neck of the gulf, the telegraph has flashed the news to Reval and Helsingfors, and warships are sent out to intercept them. While Paul is trying to reassure Marian in the cabin, Reuben, his English engineer, summons him on deck. On the port quarter he sees a great arc of light playing upon the sea—a cruiser's searchlight.

XII.

THE course of the Esmeralda was now almost due west. The lamps in her saloons burned no longer; she carried no light and showed no glow of flames above her funnel. Save for the vibrations of her screw and the buffet of the seas upon her arched bows, no sound followed in her wake. She cut the gathering waves rather than breasted them, and rushed onward through the swell as some living thing come up for breath or in pursuit of prey. The arc of light which lay upon the sea like a golden carpet had not yet spread so far that its rays were shed upon the yacht. She stood out of it to the northward, and her crew watched its path with an excitement not to be described. Men clenched their hands when the great lamp swung round and their eyes were blinded by its fuller radiance; but darkness continued to befriend them. Save in that place where the great lantern gave gold to the waves, night reigned upon the sea. And night might yet deliver the Esmeralda if destiny so willed.

"They are standing for the south, sir," said old John Hook, who was at the wheel. "It'll be in their heads that we're running for the German coast—perhaps for the Baltic port. You'll go by 'em yet, with a handful of luck!"

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Old John, who had shipped for the trip willingly when he heard that an Englishwoman was to be snatched from a Russian prison, trusted to pick up at Stockholm his own brig, then at anchor at Kronstadt harbor. The adventure was no more to him than an hour in the fog at the mouth of the Thames.

"Stop you, sir?" he had exclaimed. "Why, there ain't no ship in the Baltic as could catch yon bit of a kettle when she'd the mind to show her stern. And if so be as they do, why, ain't there such things as counsels for to talk to 'em properly and show 'em what's the color of your flag? I'd spit on all the skippers in Roosher for a noggin of rum—I'm derned if I wouldn't!"

With this proper contempt for all foreigners and their ships (and a bundle containing a lace handkerchief, a photograph, and a not over clean shirt), John had come 'aboard the Esmeralda. The race from Kronstadt to the open gulf had been a joy to him; and this sudden appearance of a warship on the horizon did not terrify him at all. The yacht had the heels of her; and if they were taken, the English consul at Kronstadt would shake his fist in the face of the governor, and that would be the end of it.

Paul shared nothing of such stolid optimism. The very darkness of the seas about him caused the great white light to stand out like some uncanny beacon set up to remind him that he was still in Russian waters; that Kronstadt knew of his flight and of his purpose.

"She is running to the south, John," he said gloomily; "but it will not be for long. For the matter of that, she is going about now."

John touched the little wheel and spat emphatically.

"That's true, by thunder!" he cried; "but what of it, sir? It'll be a steady hand that picks us off in this light, and we've the heels of her, all said and done—you take my word for it. If they're waiting to take us afore they turn in, they won't finish this watch until the Day of Judgment."

Paul smiled.

"You English have a pleasant way of looking at things; we Russians are not so ready."

"Which is your misfortune, sir, a begging your pardon. It don't do to be a Rooshian in these days—leastwise, not when you can sail under a skipper who reads the noosepapers."

He touched the wheel again, and the little yacht rose on the crest of a great wave before plunging into the shining darkness of the hollow. The arc ceased to shine while the great ship went about, and the curtain of the cloud was unlifted save at one spot, low upon the horizon, where a little gate of light, like a wicket gate to the heaven beyond the envelope, gave promise of a clear sky before the morning. For ten minutes the yacht raced in darkness toward the distant seas of refuge; then the mighty beams shone out again, and their glory, surpassing the glory of day, fell once more upon the waters. Rippling as with a ripple of molten gold, the wave of radiance flowed on. It made jewels of the wind tossed spoondrift; it focused upon the black sails of a fishing boat, and showed her laboring and sagging in the trough of the seas; it struck upon the dark hull of a distant steamer, and she stood out in it so that the very men upon her decks were to be counted. And at last it rested upon the Esmeralda, gathering her into its aureola, feeling her as with fingers of light, which touched prey and would torture it.

No man spoke. The hand of old John was still upon the spokes of the wheel; Paul leaned spellbound against the shrouds, and watched the quivering beams; Reuben showed his head above the engine room hatchway with the grin still clinging to his countenance. Minutes passed and the enchantment was not broken. Full upon them the light rested, discovering every shroud and rope. And the men had no answer to it—none save the answer of the Esmeralda, which rushed onward toward her goal as though the race were a joy to her, a race from which she would yet reap victory.

Reuben was the first to find his tongue.

"She's the Peter Veliky, of Reval," he said quietly. "I could pick her out of a thousand. She carries four twelve inch, and her speed's fourteen—in the books."

"To hell with the books!" said John Hook; "the question is, what's her speed here, and when is she going to show it?"

Reuben's grin was yet broader.

"She is going to show it now, John; and if you want to dance, there's the music."

A gun boomed out above the moaning of the wind, and its smoke hung for an instant like a balloon of vapor above the decks of the Peter Veliky. Then a woman's voice was heard, and Paul turned quickly to find Marian standing at his side.

"I could not stay below," she said; "it suffocates me—and I saw the light, Paul."

She slipped her hand into his, and stood with him. She feared no longer for herself, but for him who had risked life and honor that she might be free.

"You will never make a sailor, Marian," Paul answered; "you do not know how to obey."

"I have come here to learn, dearest; I could not stay down there with yesterday for my friend."

Paul pointed to the distant ship, whose blinding lantern moved slowly across the spuming sea.

"There is our tomorrow," he said grimly. "I did not wish you to know that. I thought that you would sleep, and wake where no one could harm you; but now—we shall dance, as Reuben says."

She laughed to conceal her excitement.

"Who can harm me here, when you are with me?" she asked; and then, less heroically: "Did you not say that the Esmeralda was the fastest yacht in the Baltic?"

Paul took her face between his hands and kissed it.

"Little woman," he said, "if I had your heart! You give me courage always. Indeed, you bring us good luck, Marian; we are leaving them already."

The ships were abreast now, a mile of sparkling sea between them. But the Peter Veliky was no match for the yacht which Yarrow had built. The Esmeralda forged ahead from the first. She held her course unflinchingly even when the gun shot flamed again across the water and a shell fell hissing into the waves behind her. She steamed on into the envelope of night, seeking to shake the light from her as quarry might shake a dog.

"To hell with the books!" cried old John Hook, in the fervor of the moment. "There ain't a ship in Roosher which is going to catch her this night—a beggin' your pardon for the expression, miss."

"Oh, it is true, it is true!" cried Marian, clasping her hands joyfully. "Tomorrow we shall be at Stockholm. What a thing to tell little Dick!"

Her eyes blazed, for the magic of combat—that inexplicable fever which gives scorn of death—had touched them. She stood entranced, a slim little figure upon which the white beams fell picturesquely. When the man looked upon her he forgot all else but the morrow which should put her in his arms and dower him with her love while life was.

"We will tell the story together, little girl," he said; "but there is something else to say before then, and the music has not finished."

A second shell hissed above the sea, and was swallowed up in a fountain of foam which rose up so close to the Esmeralda that the faces of her crew were wetted as by driven rain. It drew a curse from old John; but the girl laughed fearlessly. She could not realize the meaning of the tragedy which was being played. To her it was no more than some great set scene in a theater, where wondrous lights colored the enchanted waters, and demons danced impotently before the gates of the house impregnable. She did not believe that anything on earth could harm a ship manned by English sailors and built in London city. And she had an abounding confidence in her lover. He would save her—that had been her thought from the beginning of the terrible days.

"Paul," she asked, turning to him with a gesture of love, "when shall we be in London?"

"In four days, little one."

"And then?"

"And then, it will be your turn to command. I have no plans; I have not thought of it——"

"There is no need to think, dearest;

I shall make England a home to you, indeed. We will live for that. We will talk of tonight often. You shall tell Dick how they fired at us. He will not believe, but it will be good to remember. You do not regret, Paul?"

"Regret—with you at my side, and the day to dawn, and the little yacht to carry me—how could I regret? It is a drink of the wine of life to look into your eyes, Marian."

She laughed coquettishly.

"And yet you do not put the cup to your lips," she whispered.

"I wait for the darkness, little wife."

He spoke with greater confidence, and, leading her to the poop, they watched the wake of water behind them aglow with phosphorescent brilliance and the jeweled spray of the white capped waves. For a moment the danger seemed to be passing. The ships were no longer abreast; the great aureola scarce touched them. Silence fell upon the sea, and the guns of the Peter Veliky ceased to speak. Anon the yacht plunged into the welcome shadow, and all the pent up gladness of those who had waged the fight so dauntlessly broke out, and was not to be restrained. A great cheer, an English cheer, went ringing across the sea. It was the answer of the four to the four hundred aboard the Peter Veliky.

"Outsteamed, by God!" cried old John Hook. "I said there warn't no Rooshian as could touch her."

But Paul cried, "*Viva* the Esmeralda!" and that shout was taken up recklessly by men nerved now to anything, but conscious above all things that they had worsted the fellow countrymen of him who was their master.

XIII.

THE echo of the cheer which rose up from the decks of the Esmeralda still lingered upon the sea when the Russian answer to it was forthcoming. Even as the crew of the little yacht said that the danger was done with, and that an open sea now lay before them, a voice out of the darkness gave them the lie. So swift was it to come, so surprising, that the men stood mute and wondering and helpless. It was as though the avenger had risen from the depths before them — a phantom ship conjured up by the powers of evil to reckon with them. They thought themselves without consort in the heart of the gulf, and in the act of thought the strange ship appeared. Her light shone full upon them from a point not two hundred yards distant. They could count the men upon her decks; could see the figure of her commander outstanding upon the bridge; could follow the delicate contour of the great hull which towered above them.

The strange ship lay motionless, for she had been awaiting the signal of the Peter Veliky, and so stood toward the center of the gulf, that she might command it. It is possible that the Esmeralda would have slipped by her in the dark but for the cheer of victory raised so foolishly. That triumphant cry was as the gun of a sentinel to those on board the Russian ship. Her lantern blazed out; voices of warning were raised on her decks; men roared to one another that the quarry had run into the snare, that the hunt was done. The beams of the great light fell upon the yacht and upon her crew, and the cheer froze upon the lips of those who had raised it. Her men stood powerless to think or act.

A man who wore the uniform of a naval lieutenant stood in the bows of the cruiser, and was the first to hail the Esmeralda. His voice was like the roar of a bull, and the wind carried his words so that none of them was lost. Already Reuben had shut off steam mechanically, so that the two ships lay rolling to the swell like swimmers who seek breath after the travail of a race; but no one gave answer to the hail of the lieutenant. Stupor possessed the crew of the yacht. The blow had been so swift to come; the shadow of the prison already lay upon the men.

"What ship?" roared the lieutenant, putting the question for the third time.

"She's the Kremi, of Helsingfors," announced Reuben, in a giant's whisper.

"An old ship," said John Hook. "She might catch a hearse—leastwise, I'd venture on it."

"Nine knots in the books, John."

"To hell with the books! She carries her guns forward——"

"Then, they cannot fire at us if we pass them," exclaimed the girl excitedly.

Old John added to the wealth of the sea by a mouthful of tobacco juice.

"By James, the young lady's right!" cried he. "If we drift past 'em, they'll want five minutes to get her about; and where shall we be in those five minutes, mates?"

Reuben ceased to grin. Paul could not take his eyes off the cruiser. They had drifted so close to her that they could see the faces of those who trod the great decks above them. There was not a man on board the Esmeralda whose heart did not beat high; not one who did not tell himself that this was the hour of reckoning.

"*C'est fini,*" Paul exclaimed, drawing the girl into his embrace; "there is our tomorrow, little Marian. But I have done my best, God knows."

She nestled close to him, and that was her answer.

Many men had come together upon the port bow of the Kremi, and they stood gaping at the stranger and at her crew. The lieutenant who had first cried out now gave orders that a gangway should be lowered; he did not doubt that it was the intention of the pursued to surrender without further effort. But those on board the Esmeralda were of one mind and purpose again. The grin broadened upon the face of Reuben; old John lighted his pipe with the deliberation of a man at his own fireside. Silently they waited while the crew of the Kremi were busy at the gangway, encouraged by the shrill, fifelike voice of a commander who fed already upon the fruits of victory. It remained now, the Russian thought, but to grapple with the impudent and perky cockleshell which had defied so vainglorioously the might of his country. He gave the order triumphantly. He came to the very edge of the bridge to watch the irons slipped upon the hands of Zassulic the spy, and of the woman who had tempted him. When the Esmeralda did not stop at the gangway, but drifted on, he thought for the moment that it was clumsy seamanship; but when, with dramatic suddenness, she began to forge rapidly ahead, his anger was not to be controlled.

"Stand by to clear the guns!" he roared. "Are you going to lose her? She will cheat us yet."

He foamed and raged like a madman, for the yacht had shot into the darkness like a shell from a gun. The terrible moment of waiting had passed. Inch by inch the little ship had drifted, carrying men whose hearts quivered with excitement, but whose spirit was unbroken. The terror of waiting was upon them no more. They had been within a boat's length of the ladder when John cried, "Let her go!" and from that instant the courage of despair fired them. As a horse champing at his bit, so was the Esmeralda sagging there in the trough of the sea. The rush of steam into her cylinders was as the touch of the spur. She bounded forward into the heart of the breakers, and a cloud of spray hid her from the enemy's sight.

"Below, below for your lives!" roared old John. "They're manning the machine guns."

"We cannot leave you here," cried Paul, ashamed for the moment that it was not a fellow countryman who spoke.

"Then, you stand to your death!" cried John Hook. "There ain't a gun in Roosher which I care a cuss for, the Lord be my witness! Down there, sir, as you vally your life!"

The rattle of musketry and a sputter of bullets cut short his honest bravado. Needing no other argument, Paul dragged Marian into the shelter of the scantling; and the yacht, seesawing in her course, that she might avoid the hail of bullets, appeared to rush into the very bowels of the sea. Onward she flew, the foam frothing at her bows, the spray reeking upon her funnel, a great wake of quivering water behind her. Bullets struck her decks and sent chips of wood flying as though an adz cleft them; the searchlight followed her path as the light upon a stage follows the step of the dancer. Every minute was an eternity of suspense. The hearts of the men seemed to stand still. When at last the guns ceased, there were tears upon the faces of the crew; but they were tears of joy.

"Outsailed again!" roared old John, who rolled with excitement. "Outsailed again, and the young lady thought of it!

Gawd send a rock to sink every bully lubber in Roosher."

He shook his fist defiantly at the distant light, for he knew that the hour of deliverance was at hand. The lumbering Kremi, which rarely ventured from her moorings in Helsingfors, was marked in the books as a ship which could steam at nine knots; but that was a fiction beloved of officials. Put to it now in the heavy swell of a fresh night, she strained and groaned like a derelict of the deep; she lurched over the seas, and smothered herself in them. The yacht ran from her as a hare from a bull. She fired her great gun again and again, but the shells found no other billet than the rolling breakers. And when thirty minutes had passed she abandoned the pursuit, and headed once more for the harbor. But first she shot a rocket high into the darkness, which was answered by other rockets, blue and flaming on the far horizon. And at this sight old John ceased to laugh, and foreboding fell again upon the crew of the Esmeralda.

"You saw that, Reuben?" cried John Hook, pointing upward with his bony finger.

"I saw it, John."

"Then, there ain't no need for me to speak."

"Speak or silent, it don't make no difference."

"If I've eyes in my head, that's the Baltic fleet coming up the gulf."

"It is so, John."

"The Baltic fleet!" exclaimed Paul. "Then, God help us!—we shall never run by them."

"You speak Gospel truth, sir."

The master of the Esmeralda began to stride the deck impatiently. He had persuaded Marian to lie down in her cabin as soon as the Kremi ceased to fire. She slept and dreamed of England; but for him there was no sleep. These recurring difficulties were to him as a sign from God rebuking his work. It had seemed so simple when he planned it at Kronstadt—the quick rush in the darkness; the friendship of surprise; the possibility of escape before the news was known. But now he saw it in a new light. The flaming rockets spoke of a girdle put about him by the avenger. He realized what a task was that which a man set himself when he sought to pit his cunning against the might of Russia. His enemies would crush him as they would crush a worm. They would drag him from the woman whose lips he had kissed, whose love was all that remained to him in life.

"You think there is no hope for us, Reuben?" he asked, suddenly stopping in his walk and facing the silent group.

"No hope out yonder, sir—not to-night."

"You have no plan in your mind?"

"None, unless you should run north, sir. There are always the islands."

"I had not thought of them," said Paul.

"I thought of them from the first," continued Reuben. "There are a hundred creeks which might hide us until the hunt is over; and we've the land behind us, sir, if it should come to the worst."

"Then to the islands let it be—and God help us if they know that we are still in the gulf!"

"Aye, aye, to that," said old John; and so the little ship went about, and, heading straight for the coast of Finland, began to race anew. But the hearts of the men were heavy, for it was as though they turned her toward the gates of that prison which their minds had built for them during the hours of the terrible night.

XIV.

It was the afternoon of the day, and the Esmeralda lay at anchor under the lee of one of the rocky islets which abound upon the southern shores of Finland. They had warped her to the sheer rock, so that she lay snug and hidden and sheltered from the wind driven tide which raced between the island and its neighbor. A loom of haze above her funnel alone spoke of life within her. Her crew had gone ashore to stretch their legs, and were to be discovered upon the beach in all those attitudes of repose which seamen court. The sun fell upon the barren rock and upon their faces, but did not wake them. They had kept the long vigil, and this was the season of compensation.

The day had been one of tempest since the dawn, and though it was now late in the afternoon and the rain had ceased to fall, there was a thunder of surf upon the outer islands of the archipelago, and the open water frothed white with foam; but the creek into which they had moored the Esmeralda was sheltered both from the wind and the seas. Sheer walls of granite towered above the decks of the yacht; a girdle of tiny islets, stretching far out to the gulf or back to the distant shore of Finland, was her defense against the breakers. She rode proudly at her moorings, as though conscious of the victory which the night had given her.

This haven had been made at the dawn of the day by men who knew every channel and landmark in the gulf. They had welcomed it, for therein they could think of food and sleep, and forget that the Russian was at their heels. Though the truce might prove but a truce of hours, it was a gift of God to those whose eyes ached with watching, whose limbs were cold with wet, whose tongues were parched with thirst. The gale which sprang up with the coming of the light was a befriending gale to them. No ship of war would venture near them while the surf thundered, and the mist of spray made clouds above the land, and the west wind screamed in the gulf. And so they slept, and the sunshine of the later day was a balm of light to their eyes, and welcome warmth suffused bodies that had long been stiff and cramped with the bitter cold of the Baltic night.

Though Paul had gone ashore with his crew, it was not to sleep. The brief rest he had snatched in the earlier hours of the day sufficed for him. He, perhaps of all the little company, understood most truly the malevolence of fate in casting him back to the shelter of the islands at an hour when he should have been in the great sea road of the Baltic. The land of the west, wherein liberty lay, seemed to have become a land beyond the horizon of his dreams. He looked out from the island upon the rolling billows, and remembered that Russian ships, sent in pursuit of him, were watching and waiting in the channel of the gulf. The distant shore, high and rocky and barren, spoke of coast patrols, and Finns who soon must learn that a strange yacht lay in the harbor of the islands; of peasants who would run to carry the news to Helsingfors that a few kopecks might be thrown to them. Scheme as he would, he could contrive no plan whereby the peril, wrought of the gale, might be turned. He must wait for a smoother sea and a fairer wind. And waiting was an agony of doubt scarce to be supported.

All this was in his mind when Marian awoke at midday, and was rowed by old John Hook to the little patch of beach which permitted them to land upon the nameless island. He met her at the water side and lifted her from the boat; but he would tell her nothing of his thoughts, for he saw that the color had come into her face again, and that the great rings beneath her eyes had been washed out by the waters of sleep. She was, indeed, almost the light hearted, pretty creature who had won his love at the governor's house, and when he looked into her brightening eyes and heard her girlish laughter, love came surging up to compel forgetfulness of all else.

"I have been waiting for you," he said tenderly. "The hours were long."

"They will race now," she answered, as she locked her hand in his. "We shall see each other growing old, Paul. Oh, is it not good to breathe again? I could run, run—run to the world's end!"

She dragged him on, hastening with joy of her freedom, telling him a hundred things at once; asking unfinished questions, and waiting for no answer. When they had come to the high place of the rock she curled herself up on the ground, and there she feasted her eyes on the panorama of whitened sea and whirling gull and desolate island. The man lay beside her, content that he had won her this hour of happiness.

"I cannot believe it," she said, while the spoondrift freshened her face and the wind swept the curls from her little ears —"I cannot believe that we are here. How should a day make such a difference —how should our lives run so evenly through long years and then turn so swiftly, carrying us away from everything we have ever known to things we never dreamed of? A month ago I was a governess in the house at Kronstadt, I taught

the twins to grow up in the way they did not want to go; today, where am I, what am I? Why are these things hidden from us? And if it is so strange today, what will it be next year, the year after? Oh, if one could look even for a moment into the glass of life?"

"But you cannot," said Paul stolidly; "there is no glass except the glass of your mind and conscience. We cannot look; we can only act, *petite*. And that is what we have been doing—you and I; though God knows what kind of a story we have written or where it will end. At this moment we are on an island near Hango, and we wait there until the wind and the sea go down. When that happens we shall go aboard the Esmeralda again, and tomorrow we shall reach Stockholm."

She clapped her hands, and then, regarding her environment wistfully, cried:

"It is a world of islands—a world without life. There can be no spot on all the earth as lonely as this. And yet it is a city to me now; I could people it with the birds; the rocks should be churches and buildings for me. Paradise lies on the broad road when one has been a month and has not seen the sun."

He stroked her face, encouraging her to forget that her freedom might depend upon the whim of the wind.

"You are glad to be free, Marian, as glad as I am. Some day, perhaps, we shall remember this day, and speak of it as the morning of our love. I do not think that they will follow us. There are few that can sail these seas. Even the fishermen come here reluctantly. It is a grave for sailors, as many a good fellow knows."

"And yet *you* come here?"

"It was the one thing left to do. We could not pass the ships they had sent out yonder; we could not go back. This was our only haven."

She shuddered and drew close to him.

"We shall never go back, dearest—you think that?"

He began to pick at the rocky stones and to throw them into the froth of the breaking waves.

"I do not know," he said, after a long pause. "Who can say what the future will bring? But I am a Russian no more—I have no country now—it does not concern me."

The infinite pathos of his words was not to be concealed from her. Never since he had carried her from the cell at Alexander had she understood so well the price he had paid.

"Oh, Paul, Paul," she exclaimed bitterly, "what have I done—what crime have I committed that I should bring this upon you? Let me go back to Kronstadt; I am not worth your sacrifice. I can never repay—there is time yet——"

The man laughed at her distress, and, blaming himself because he had spoken, answered by taking her face into his hands and looking into her tear stained eyes.

"The crime you have committed," he said, "is to be the sweetest woman on earth; the wrong which you have done is to make me love you so that without you there is no world for me. Why talk of repaying? Is there to be a reckoning between those who love? Have they not all things in common? Who hurts you hurts me. When you are content, I am content. I lose a country to gain the whole world. If I am no longer a Russian, shall I not be the husband of Marian? Let us not talk of these things; it is ingratitude while we have the bread of life so abundantly. When that bread fails, we will complain. Tomorrow, if the wind goes down, we shall be at Stockholm. I shall leave the yacht there and take an English steamer for London. It will then be your turn to forget that you are an Englishwoman; you will be the wife of Zassulic, the friend of Russia. All that you have learned at Kronstadt will be forgotten; the friends who tempted you will be strangers to you henceforth. We shall begin life again, pilgrims in a strange country. But we shall walk the way of life together, and so the journey will be easy."

The shadow of regret passed from his face while he went on to speak of all he would do in London; how much he hoped from his kinsman and from his own training as an engineer. Marian, in her turn, listened with smiling face, though she was telling herself all the time that she must prevent the sacrifice, must compel

him to return to his work and his country; if possible, to return not as one disgraced, but as a man who had wrestled with a great temptation and had vanquished it. As for herself, she did not doubt that her wits would find a way whereby she might reach her own country. The present danger she was in, the peril of almost immediate discovery by the Russian ships, was not real to her. She could run again, and see the sky, and breathe the fresh air. She felt herself adrift upon the ocean of circumstance, and the voyage was not without its measure of excitement.

"You must go back, dearest," she said firmly, when he had done speaking. "We must find a way and an excuse——"

"A way, *petite*, when you have been seen on my yacht, and the sergeant has told them that I took you from the fort? Oh, yes, that would be easy; they are such simpletons at Kronstadt that they will believe me when I say, 'The prisoner escaped; it was all an accident;' they will also reward me—with a file of soldiers and lead for medicine. The day when I can return to Russia will be the day when stars fall at our feet, and there is no longer any sun in the sky. It is foolish to talk of it. Henceforth you shall make a country for me; it shall be a country of the heart; the house will be the house of our affections. We shall laugh, then, to remember of what little worth are all those material things which at one time seemed so much to us. We shall laugh at today, and tell how we cheated old Bonzo after all——"

It was a brave effort to conceal from her the apprehension he felt; but the woman's instinct rightly interpreted the words, and when next he looked into her face she was gazing over the storm tossed waste to the distant field of the open sea, where the west wind still blew with hurricane force, and banks of gathering cloud were the gloomy heralds of the night to come.

"The wind befriends us," she said thoughtfully; "but the wind will die away presently, and then——"

"And then the darkness will take its place, little woman. Even if they think that we are here among the islands, they must spend days before they discover upon which island we are. While they are looking for us we shall be snug in the harbor at Stockholm. We must steal from harbor to harbor until we see that no ships follow, and then the little yacht will do the rest. There is no ship in Russia that can outsteam her with a clear sea before us; we shall wait for the clear sea, and all will be well."

They had left the grassy knoll, and had come up to the headland wherefrom they could overlook the strange haven into which destiny had cast them. Marian beheld again the world of islands, vast, interminable, stretching as far as the eye could see away toward the Baltic, or back to the Russia they had left. The gloom of water and sky, the cold gray light, the haunting solitude, the wash of the waves, the shrill note of the gull, oppressed her anew with a vast sense of her own loneliness. She thought that she was an outcast from the world. She pictured herself flying from man to the desolate places of the earth. A hundred years of time seemed to lie between her and the life she had lived. She reproached herself bitterly that she had rewarded so great a love with so terrible a gift—the gift of men's slander and the insult of evil tongues, the brand of dishonor and the exile's lot.

And the thought that she must save Paul from himself, and go alone upon the way to which her exceeding folly had carried her, grew upon her.

XV.

THE westerly gale held throughout the day, and was still at its height when the men of the Esmeralda turned in to their bunks. They had watched unceasingly during the afternoon for any sign of a ship upon the horizon, or for a token of life on the neighboring shore of Finland. But the sea continued to run mountains high in the broad of the gulf, and there was a haze of mist and spray over the land which served them well in those anxious moments of waiting. They argued that the Baltic fleet would not attempt to weather such a gale, but would be already snug and sheltered at Helsingfors or at Reval. As for the fish-

ermen of the neighboring isles, the circumstance of the day accounted for them and for their ships. No little craft could live in such a gale; no peasants would patrol the shores while the west wind swept up the gulf and the breakers thundered upon the outer reef. Tomorrow the wind would fall away and the calm would come. Tomorrow they would begin to live again.

The night fell dark and misty and threatening, so that there was no need of any watch upon the decks of the little ship. Guarded by the breakers without, and the towering crags for sentinels within, the haven befriended her beyond hopes. No light shone from the ports of the Esmeralda upon the swirling waters of the channel. Her men went to and fro silently, as though afraid to speak. They welcomed the hours of truce, for therein they could sleep and rest. Marian alone kept a vigil of the night. For her, sleep had become a fitful friend. There were terrors of her dreams which no waking argument could shake off. She slept to imagine herself once more in the cell at Alexander; she awoke to ask herself if she would ever come to England again? She remembered that she was an outcast, and had struck at the honor of the man she loved in her fall.

Old John Hook and Reuben, the engineer, went ashore several times during the night to see if there was any abatement of wind or sea; but when, at four o'clock, they found the gale still blowing, it was evident to them that the necessity for watchfulness existed no longer—at least until the day dawned. They were sound asleep in their bunks when Marian dressed herself in the darkness and left the cabin wherein sleep had brought her so many terrible dreams. She had no set purpose in quitting her bed other than the desire to breathe the fresh air of morning. The gray beams of light shining behind banks of sullen cloud were welcome to her after the darkness and confinement of her little cabin. Silently, she trod the steps of the companion, and ran to the bow of the yacht, to stand there and hear the water lapping monotonously upon the face of the cliff. The nameless islands around began slowly to shape themselves in a vista of spray and haze. Strange birds went screaming from crag to crag; but of human life there was no sight or sound.

It had been an impulse which brought her to the deck, but this was to prove a morning of impulses. Ever present through the weary night of waiting had been the desire to save the man she loved from the consequences of her folly. Just as at Kronstadt in the hour of her necessity, a woman's weakness had cast her upon his pity and devotion, so now was she convinced that she must rely upon his pity and devotion no longer. She told herself, but with the vaguest notions of reasoning, that if Paul were alone it would be easy for him to return to his own country with some story that would convince Bonzo and old Stefanovic of his fidelity. And she must not deny him that opportunity. He had given all; her gift should not be less.

"I will save him from himself," she said again and again. "They shall not find me upon his yacht. He will go back to Russia and forget. I have been alone so many years, it is nothing that I am alone until the end."

She repeated the words while she stood at the bow of the Esmeralda and watched the sea racing in the narrow of the channel. To save the man who had lost all for her, to give him back country, friends, honor—she cared not at what cost—that must be her purpose. All the happiness of his love which had come into her life must wither and die. If God willed, she would still have the love of the child. Her unbroken courage suggested that she would find the way to England when once she was alone. Half formed schemes of a place of hiding in the hut of a peasant, or of flight in a fisherman's boat, helped her resolutions. She remembered that she had rowed a boat often upon the river Dart, and that a month of imprisonment had still left much of her girlish strength. And so the great idea took finite shape and was resolved upon.

Quickly, silently, with deft hands, she drew the yacht's boat, then lying at the stern of the ship, to the gangway, which had been left down during the night. A feverish haste characterized all her movements. She was afraid that day would

come and rob her of success; she feared that some one would awake to prevent her emprise. Her great love for Paul that surged up in her heart but quickened her steps. A rebellious anger urged her on to a war against circumstance, a war she must wage alone and without friends.

Stealthily the little gray clad figure moved in the morning light. Hither and thither, pitiful in the agony of a farewell she could not speak, tears falling upon her cold hands, anger—she knew not why—in her heart, the girl bent down to kiss the deck beneath which her lover was sleeping.

"God bless you, Paul, my love; God bless you for your love of me."

And so the voyage began, and the pilgrim was alone again, and the curtain of the mist shut the yacht from her sight.

* * * *

They awoke the master of the Esmeralda, and told him that she was gone. He did not answer them, but stood long peering into the mists which enveloped the island seas. When Reuben spoke to him at last, he turned quickly and fell senseless upon the deck of the silent ship.

XVI.

THERE were oars in the yacht's boat, but the current ran so swiftly that Marian was unable to fix them in the rowlocks before the tide caught the little ship in its embrace and swept it out toward the open sea. So rapid was the race that the panorama of crag and headland about her seemed to be hidden in a moment from her sight. Turn where she would, she espied a horizon of fog and vapor. The searching white mists of morning lay upon the sea in billows of chilling cloud. No breath of wind stirred to sweep the gulf and roll up this veil which hid the world from her sight. Calm, the calm that those upon the Esmeralda had wished for, had come at last; but the very silence of it was a terror to the helpless girl cast adrift at the whim of impulse, the martyr to a woman's logic and a woman's love.

Swiftly the current ran, but silently, so that no sound broke the stillness save the lap of the waves upon the prow. Minutes were numbered, but were hours for her. She heard bells ringing strangely through the curtain of the fog, and wondered if they were the bells of a town. Anon, the sound of waves breaking upon some strand spoke either of the coast of Finland or of the shore of a neighboring island; but she could make out no land looming through the haze, and though she tried to row the boat in the direction of the bells, the current prevailed against her, and she was borne on she knew not whither. It seemed to her that fate was carrying her out to the death of the veiled sea. While the mist benumbed her hands and drenched her clothes, and the spray sparkled upon her face, an anger of impulse still drove her on, she cared not to what end if her lover might thereby be saved. He had suffered that she might be free; she would suffer that his country might be given back to him.

"I will save him," was her cry, oft repeated, while she used her oars desperately and shut her little lips as though to help the resolution. "They will find him alone, and he will be able to make some excuse—he will say that I am dead."

At other times she would laugh aloud, asking herself what she must look like with her hair drenched and dank, and her face white and pinched, and her gown bedraggled. She said that old Stefanovic would make love to her no more if he could see her at such a moment. She ceased to row a little while that she might recall all his leers and amorous antics—how long ago it was since they had been a part of her daily life! Or she would gaze wistfully at the barrier of fog as though seeking beyond it a lamp of destiny which would show her the path. Death itself must be like this solitude—the stillness of the grave could bring no greater terror than the terror of one drifting in the loom of mists far from friends and from men.

"I must not think," she said, beginning to row again with new energy. "There will be sunshine presently, and then it will be different. I shall put ashore on some island, and the fishermen will give me food and take me across to Sweden."

She longed for sunshine as the sick long after the vigil of a night of waking. The folly of putting out to sea in a boat

which carried neither food nor drink became more apparent to her every hour; there were moments of regret when she began to wonder if Paul would follow her, when she hated the obscurity of day which was her shield against pursuit. Hunger now began to forewarn her of added suffering to come. The biting air of morning and the labor of the oar were foes to the little reserve of strength which had nerved her to flight. She said none but a woman would have done so foolish a thing, and laughed at herself because she had done it; but when she found herself able to row no more than a dozen strokes at a spell, when her head began to swim and all nature cried out for food, she laughed no more, but bit her lips again and remembered that it was for her lover's life. And so day came up at last out of the sea, and the curtain of the mist was rolled back.

Gradually, as though a hand from the ether was stretched out to fold it, the fog lifted. A golden sea shone beneath, rippling, sparkling with jewels of light. Further back and yet further, showing new glories of the mirror of waters, the curtain was drawn. Marian beheld the red disk of the sun like a mighty globe hanging in the east; she saw a new world rise up out of the dissolving fog. Jagged crags of rock stood suddenly in the path of the current. Shapes as of cliffs and domes of granite were formed against the white background. A new warmth suffused the whole air softly; the outposts of the night were rolled back until day triumphed, and all the sea was glorious with its radiance.

For some time the girl sat entranced with the spectacle. The current which had borne her vessel to this new scene no longer raced toward the open sea. The tide was on the turn, and the boat rested in the slack of the water. Far away, beyond many a reef and boulder, lay the greater waters of the gulf. She spied out the shape of a vessel lying at anchor there, and her first thought was that a Russian ship had come to the islands in pursuit of the Esmeralda. She said that at least they would find Paul alone. As for herself, there was no longer need to fear. Islands lay all about her; here and there she perceived smoke rising from some cot or village. The friendly sea had brought her almost to the very beach of an islet green and ripe with spring grasses. She rowed to its sandy shore, and dragging the boat up on a ridge of shingle as far as her strength would permit, she set out to discover upon what kind of a haven she had fallen. Never did woman set foot upon land more gladly. Wet and cold and miserable, knowing well that she stood alone in the world, conscious that the Russian guarded the gate by which she must pass to England, nevertheless the sunshine was as wine to her, the warmth of morning as a gift of God. Impulsively, with a child's joy, she ran to the higher places of the island; she wrung her wet clothes and bound her unkempt hair again. There would be fishermen's huts upon the other side of it, she said; they would give her food for charity's sake; she would make them understand—it would be fun to do so. But when she stood upon the highest spot of her little kingdom she found that it was desolate as the other isles had been. No hut or cottage spoke of life awaking, or of men still at their sleep. The shrill note of the whirling birds, the splash of the sea upon the golden sands, were the voices of the sanctuary. Marian listened to them a little while as one who hears tidings of surpassing ill. Then, with a bitter cry of woe, she ran down to the beach again.

She had thought to find her boat where she had left it, washed by the lips of the waves; but the tide had ebbed back so that the little ship lay high and dry upon a bed of oozy sand. Nor could all her strength move it again, even so much as a foot, from its resting place. And when she was sure of this, when she knew that she was alone upon that desolate isle, her courage forsook her for the first time since she had left Kronstadt, and she sank upon the sands weeping bitterly.

"Paul, Paul," she cried, "come to me—do not leave me here alone!"

So she cried for her lover. A gull, screaming above her head, answered with a mocking laugh. Only the lifegiving sunshine befriended one whom all the world seemed to have forsaken.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE LIVERPOOL ORPHANS.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

An episode of real life on an Atlantic liner—How the Violinist planned to rescue the Stowaway, and why her charity missed its mark.

Be patient with the gods; nay, when through the mists that veil Olympus thou seest them, floating haired and roseate garbed, at ease reclining or gliding to the rhythmic sound of harp and flute, be not sure that they have utterly forgotten thee, that thy groans are naught to them, or that their harpist plays for thy destruction. Sometimes it may chance that in the idle seeming dancing of the deities, the destinies of men are wisely wrought, and kindly shapen. Therefore be patient.—*From the unpublished "Olympic Philosophy," by Professor Wendell Hemenway, of Boston, U. S. A.*

THE Stowaway sat on the lower deck, among the cattlemen. His elbows were on his knees; his chin was buried in his hands. With eyes of dull dislike he watched the summer sea, coquetting with the sun and wind. The breeze blew to him a gay melody from the upper deck, where the Violinist amused her little crowd of fellow passengers. The Stowaway disliked the music. It was too insistent. He was filled with gloom and dread. Yet in some compelling way, which he could not understand, the violin made all the world move to its time; springing spray from the waves, throbbing engines, the very heart in his bosom, and the thoughts that labored through his mind in hot, useless, endless rotation.

It had been only a day since he, a gaunt, wide eyed lad, with high cheek bones and lips that would not quite close above his awkward teeth, had been led, staggering from long cramp and blind from long darkness, up companionways and over decks to the awful presence of the captain.

Had the quiet voiced, self contained gentleman who commanded the Ethelberta, of the Howland Line, been less quiet and less self contained he would have frightened the Stowaway much less. But there was something very disturbing to the simple mind of Mike Lannehan in the man whose power was so great, whose will was so final, that he did not need even to raise his voice when he wished his purposes executed. A sort of panic seized the boy, though he answered questions with as much assurance as he could muster. The captain's questions were searching.

What was the Stowaway's name?

"Mike Lannehan, sorr," replied the Stowaway.

"Where are you from?"

"Oi come from Kilkoyne last Thursday, sorr."

"How did you get to Liverpool?"

"Oi hed a little money then, sorr; half a sovereign."

"What"—here the captain's eyes had the gleam of one who would have enjoyed interjecting a picturesque expletive—"what made you think of hiding away on this boat?"

"Sure Oi was loafin' about the docks, thryin' to see which wan of the boats would be most like to tak me safe over, an' wan day, whin no wan was lookin', Oi found the little tin cover to the hole there. An' whin Oi lift ut up Oi see there's a big place in under where Oi can hoide. So whin Oi hear ye sail of a Sunday airly, an' that the passengers must be aboord Satiddy night, Oi come aboord mesilf thin. An' Oi get in under the tin cover. Thin Oi say a few prayers to the Blessid Virgin to kape all of ye away until we're fair started. An' she did," wound up the Stowaway with a confident look out over the unending tract of water.

Unmoved by this evidence of faith, the captain had continued.

Had the Stowaway friends in America? No; he had had an uncle, but that relative

had died many years previously, and his widow had not written to the kinsfolk at Kilkoyne.

"But she had the right of that," the Stowaway volunteered. "She'd the right to be proud, fur me uncle done well whilst he lived. He sint me grandfather this watch wanst, an' whin me grandfather died me father had ut, an' now that they're all gone, God rist them, ut's moine."

"Good," said the captain amiably and judicially, as he took the battered silver timepiece. "This will reimburse the company for part of the loss it sustains at your hands."

"Sure ye're not tekin' ut for good an' all?" cried the Stowaway anxiously. "Oi'll be bound there's not wan of yer company but has a better wan. An' what cud they want of me grandfather's watch?"

"See here, sir," said the captain patiently. "You don't seem to realize that you're a thief, stealing transportation to America on a Howland Line steamer. But you are. You say you have no money. I'll have you searched to see if that is so. If it is, I take the only valuable you possess to repay the company in part for what it loses on you. You don't seem to realize, sir, that it's not only your passage out but your passage back that the company will have to pay."

"But Oi'm not comin' back," said the Stowaway, "an' as soon as Oi'm airnin' a bit Oi'll pay the company."

"Do you think the United States wants a lot of stowaway paupers dumped on her shores?" inquired the captain blandly. "Well, she doesn't. She will not have you. She'll not let you land unless you have thirty dollars. And if I should let you escape she would fine my company a hundred. It is not wholly a desire for your society," ended he, wasting his satire, "that will make me carry you back."

The Stowaway was dazed at this patient explanation. He blinked, and his vague mouth opened more widely and more vaguely; but before his slow lips could frame a question, the captain had ordered him taken away.

"Throw him in with the cattlemen," he said. "And don't forget to lock him up when we sight Boston light. We don't want any fines this voyage. And, Harris—there's no need to underfeed him. He's a harmless looking creature, damn him!"

With which mild infringement of the company's rule against profanity on the part of its officers, the captain's professional annoyance departed, and his natural cool kindliness resumed its sway. Still, the Stowaway was scarcely to be blamed for having no great opinion of his good nature when finally he found himself among the cattlemen, with only his remembrances and his observations to cheer his voyage.

His remembrances were rather pathetic ones—of a poor little Irish settlement lying in the shelter of a hill that sloped down to a green valley on one side and to the sea on the other; of cabins that looked out upon one another in a sort of melancholy isolation; of footpaths that wavered up to the brow of the steep and down again to the sea—the sea that called insistently; the sea that the gulls might fly across, and that the weekly steamer clove so straight and proud; the sea that allured and invited with a promise of golden fullness beyond it. But now the boy, hearing it rush along the side of the vessel, longed to hear instead the tinkle of a Sunday bell; and seeing only sapphire immensity before him, yearned for hills that hedged him in and for paths where his feet might walk securely.

Yet his heart was dully rebellious against the thought of return. Through the thick haze that hung over his mind, the idea of a blossoming land of promise had struck. He wanted America—that the sea had promised him, that the gulls perchance flew to, that the steamers sought, that had been bountiful and blessed to one of his people. And America wanted none of him!

While he debated this hard problem in his mind, watching meanwhile the upper deck, where well dressed, indolent people strolled and played their hours away, the cattlemen told him stories of his probable reception in America. Having no cattle to tend, they had plenty of leisure, and the salt air sharpened their imaginations.

The inquisition offered few such tortures as they assured him would fall to his lot during the few days before the return of the steamer. Prison doors yawned for him; for him stock and pillory and ducking stool were to be revived. The relentless fury that pursued those who would have attempted not only to defraud a steamship company, but to impose upon the United States government as well, was vividly pictured.

Mike Lannehan, listening with fear in the wide set eyes and the mouth that fell vacuously open, grew confusedly to dread the land that had beckoned him. And somehow all the disappointment and the apprehension centered in a dislike for the bright creature who caressed a dark fiddle with her cheek and mysteriously ruled the spirits of the little crowd above with the movements of her bow. He dimly felt that these were the representatives of the other order of things—the order of torture and banishment. And she, with her shining hair and her insolent music, was the very embodiment of the hostility that crushed him unknowingly and uncaringly.

Meantime the Violinist, who had a fondness for picturesque philanthropy, revolved in her youthfully generous mind a little plan for his betterment. She had played her way so successfully into the captain's confidence that she knew of the Stowaway's plight almost from the time of his discovery. On the day before the Ethelberta was to land she whispered to the captain, who was picturesquely disporting himself among his passengers:

"Tell them about the Stowaway, and I'll get my fiddle and will play you anything you want."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, but told the story, as movingly as seemed to him consistent with official dignity. His hearers were only languidly interested in the matter when the trays appeared with afternoon tea. Then the Stowaway, sitting below and biting his fingers to the flesh because of the clammy fear of unknown horror that was upon him, was forgotten. One young lady, to be sure, was vivaciously anxious to see him, and proposed an expedition to go below and look at him. But her sandwich was too thickly buttered, and she quickly became absorbed in that grievance.

"Did you tell them?" asked the Violinist softly of the captain when she came back.

"Yes," replied the captain, smiling cynically at her eagerness.

"Did they care?"

"Not a-tuppence," replied the captain bluntly.

"They shall care!" said the Violinist, snapping her lips and sliding her violin lovingly beneath her chin. "They shall care. Watch me make them!"

Then she began to play very softly. It was a glad, childlike little tune, and it combined with the tea and the sandwiches to make the passengers gently disposed toward all that part of the universe not sharing their joys. Mild pity even for misguided stowaways was included in the feeling of comfortable benevolence it inspired. It gave place to something pastorally sweet—like lanes with hawthorn blossoms starring the hedges, and stars powdering the sky, and young lovers walking stilly hand in hand. Then there came a little undertone of melancholy; something was lost; was it a star from the sky, a blossom from the hedge? Surely not enough to spoil the sweetness of the strain; no, for there was the strain again; yet, yes—for there the wail was; and now it was the insistent note; it dominated; turbulent notes crowded upon one another; then, gradually, harmony once more—not the sweet melody of lilac blooms and walks at evenfall, but steady harmony, like that of the spheres revolving to the music of nature's law; triumphant harmony, with here an echo of the old childlike merriment, and there a note of youthful sweetness, and there again a sound of a sob—but all brought into one, swinging magnificently along. As they heard it, people's eyes grew moist; their breath came quickly; now they remembered what it had been to hope and to trust and to lose, and all their hearts were stirred to keep away the bitter knowledge from any one who had still a spring-like confidence left. Now they were pitiful toward young things and toward illusions.

"I said I'd never play it," remarked the Violinist casually when she paused,

"until I made my first appearance in America. My master wrote it for me. You'll have to pay—oh, such a sum!—to hear me do that in New York next winter. And you've got to pay me now. Ladies and gentlemen! This is not for those Liverpool orphans. Every other ship that plies the Atlantic has done its duty by them. They've had concerts innumerable. But we have a waif of our own. This is for the Stowaway. What will you give for the Stowaway? For he shall not go back, shall he?"

Her cap was off her sunny head, and she was standing with it outstretched. Into it coin and bills fell fast. It was quite full when she sat down with it to count her spoil, laughing and crying together.

"Ninety dollars!" she called out gleefully. "And forty cents! And oh, listen, people, listen! Professor Hemenway's address is here, and Mike Lannehan is to call on him for work. Oh!"

"I thought my gardener might need an assistant," said the professor, blushing as at detected crime.

"We'll have him up for inspection tomorrow morning while we're waiting for the doctor to come aboard, Miss White," said the captain beamingly. "You shall give the money to him yourself. And now I propose three cheers for the Violinist!"

"They're having a good time up there, ain't they?" said one of the cattlemen to the Stowaway.

"Yis," he answered monosyllabically.

"But you should hear them cheer at a bull fight," pursued the cheerful cattleman. "I've told you about our bull fights, haven't I?"

"Yis," said Mike.

"You want to pray to your Virgin and to all your saints that they won't take that way of punishing you for stealing this ride and trying to cheat the United States government. Being gored by a bull is awful. Now don't you think it would be?"

"Yis," said Mike. Before his mental vision brutal heads and cruel faces crowded; fierce animals bore down upon him. The yellow haired Violinist fiddled, pressing her round chin upon her instrument. Then there slipped into place a fleeting sight of the sea from Kilkoyne; of an ivied ruin in the solemn distance, and of lonely, kindly little huts upon the hills. Mechanically he felt for his talisman, the old silver watch. He could not remember that he did not have it. And he groaned in his misery and slipped away from the jocular cattlemen, to lie all night at the steamer's stern, and to press his hands confusedly upon his hot forehead.

They lay outside Boston harbor next morning. There was a thick fog, and they waited to let the sun burn it away. The shrill, shuddering fog horn of the steamer and that on the lighthouse called to each other thickly through the mist. The passengers were impatient.

"Let's have the Stowaway up now to while away the time," suggested the vivacious young lady.

"Not yet," said the Violinist, who was crossly decisive, being annoyed at the delay. "Wait until the sun clears this dreadful veil away and the poor boy can see to what he has come."

Down below the cattlemen were happily engaged in putting some finishing touches to their stories. The Stowaway was highly amusing when in a panic. His parted lips were dry, but his red hair hung damply to his forehead. He was a comical figure.

He tried to pierce the thick pall with his eyes. He tried to shut out of his ears the calling of the fog horns. He tried to remember what he had once dreamed of his landing, but only a vision of a bull fight, with the Violinist playing for his destruction, would come to his mind. Then, suddenly, with great clearness, he saw the hill at home with the wavering paths leading across it; he saw the gulls flying, and heard the one sweet note of the Sunday bell.

Hearing that, he closed his uncertain eyes and his mouth grew firm with sudden decision; and before the monotone of the church bell had died away, or his vague lips had parted uncertainly again, he had sprung over—out into the gray mist and down into the gray water.

* * * *

So in spite of herself, the proceeds of the Violinist's first concert went to the Liverpool orphans.

THESE are the Easter bells—
Ah, goldenly, ah, silverly they ring!
Across the hilltops, down the darkling dells,
The resurrection chime of each fair spring.
Along the garden ways
There comes the golden jonquils' trumpet call:
"Oh, Easter bells, ring in the glad new days!
God's smile, the sunshine, lieth over all!"

Martha McCulloch-Williams.

DOWNMAN AND HIS PORTRAITS.

A Devonshire artist of a hundred years ago whose hasty pencil sketches of women and children are treasured as heirlooms in many English families.

IN the beautiful west of England shire of Devon people say that their county has produced more artists than any other part of Britain. Certainly, in its ever changing atmospheric effects, its inexhaustible variety of scenery, an artist should find inspiration; and more than thirty painters who have become known to fame have been born in Devonshire.

In some of the fine old homes of the

MRS. JAMES BUTTEEL (1796)

From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

county families there are carefully preserved heirlooms which are art treasures. One of the most highly prized possessions that a Devonshire house can boast is a portfolio of drawings by John Downman. Downman was a Devonshire boy, who went up to London with his pencil in his hand as his only introduction to the great world there, and became the pupil of Benjamin West, then president of the Royal Academy. West took a great interest in the young draftsman's work, and kept this up after Downman left him to go into the Royal Academy schools.

In 1777 Downman went to Cambridge to live, and then it was that, quite by accident, he began making in his sketch book those miniature drawings which have since become so famous. He was a favorite wherever he went, and was a guest at many of the great houses. He was like a musician who cannot keep his fingers from the piano. Wherever he was, Downman could not lay aside his pencil. Every turn of a pretty woman's head, every unconscious poise of a child's figure, fascinated him, and he was restless unless he was able to record it. After his sketches were made, he appears to have cared little for them; and when he was staying in a house, and had put all the people about him upon scraps of paper, he left them to his host, or to any one who cared enough for them to collect them.

LADY LEWISHAM.
From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

MISS HARRIS (1780).
From a pencil portrait by John Downman

He would sometimes fancy a face enough to begin to tint it, and then some new idea would enter his mind. He doubtless considered, like Whistler, that whatever he did was finished from the beginning. He was an indefatigable worker, and after his return to London in 1778 he contributed regularly to the exhibitions. Seven years later he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy. At this time he had a home in Leicester

KANSAS CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY

MISS BRANSBY COOPER (NORFOLK, 1796).
From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

Square, which was frequented by all the smart and clever people of the day. In 1806 he visited his native county, staying at Plymouth, and during 1807 and 1808 he was in Exeter. Everywhere he went he seems to have left a trail of drawings behind him, on almost all of which he wrote some descriptive legend and a date. From Exeter he went back to London, and then, in 1818, he settled in Chester.

It is impossible to give anything like a list of the works of Downman. Between 1769 and 1819 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a hundred and forty eight pictures, chiefly portraits. Many of these were small works in oil. But Downman's most distinctive talent was shown in his miniature drawings, of which he himself appears to have thought so little. In 1884 the British Museum purchased a volume containing a great number of his tinted drawings, among them several which have now been separately mounted, and are among the most valued of the drawings owned there. One of these is the portrait of Miss Butteel, whose child portrait is printed here. A portrait of

Mrs. Downman was engraved by John Landseer in 1805.

At Burleigh Court there are three or four volumes of Downman's portraits. In 1865 Ralph Neville Grenville made a private catalogue of these drawings, which are wonderfully executed in black and white chalks. It was privately printed at Taunton, and is now in the hands of many collectors. There are famous collections of his miniature drawings at Sir George Duntze's residence, Exeleigh, and at Escot, the seat of Sir John H. Kennaway, member of Parliament for Honiton, Devonshire.

LADY CLARK (1780).

From a pencil portrait (tinted) by John Downman.

In 1780, Bartolozzi engraved a portrait of Mrs. Montague, in profile, after Downman, and a little later, Downman's por-

THE HON. MRS. PETRO.
From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

trait of the Duchess of Devonshire was engraved by the celebrated Italian artist. Another of his best drawings was his portrait of Sarah Kemble, afterwards famous as Mrs. Siddons, which was engraved by J. Jones in 1784.

There is in all these drawings, and especially in the tinted ones, a delicate beauty which is indescribable. Downman put a vivacity, a coquetry, into the shading of a lip, the shadow under an eye, or into a light touch of the chalk which became a dimple. He loved a slightly protruding under lip, and his

MISS BUTTERL (1790).
From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

Lady Maria Waldegrave and Lady Francis Finch look like sisters because he could not resist the temptation to picture them both with a playful pout.

The women he drew are not the artificial court beauties. Even when they are ladies of great names and manners they become, in these miniatures of his, simply women of moods, and more human and full of temperament than in all the glory of splendid colors which were given to them by greater artists. Here we see the woman as a novelist, a dissector of character, might have seen her; only with Downman she is always lovely and full of good humored charm. His children are the most delightful in the world, and it was nothing short of genius with

MRS. DYNE (1779).
From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

MASTER BUTTEEL (1796).

From a pencil portrait by John Downman.

which he caught their childish softness, their innocence and diffidence, with a few turns of a point of black chalk.

The drawings we show are from the private collection of an old Devonshire family, where they have been treasured for the past century. Some of them bear dates nearly twenty years apart, testifying to more than one of Downman's visits, but there is a remarkable identity of style between the earliest and the latest.

The New York Navy Yard

THE CAPTURED GUNS AND THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

Our chief naval workshop and dockyard, its historical associations, its trophies of American victories at sea, its costly mechanical equipment, and its important share in the building and maintenance of our new navy.

OVER on the Long Island side of the East River, between the Brooklyn Bridge and the Williamsburgh ferries—where a second great bridge is soon to span the stream—there lies one of the most historic, important, and interesting spots in Greater New York. Yet it is safe to say that the great majority of the dwellers of the metropolis have never visited the navy yard; that thousands of them do not even know that the chief American naval station is so close within their doors. At a time like the present, when rumors of war are in the air, when our decks, literally or metaphorically, are cleared for action, and when at almost any moment a spark of provocation may ignite our powder and set the cannons booming, a glimpse at our great marine workshop may well have a special interest.

The most memorable historical association of the place is a sad one. In Wallabout Bay—the old Dutch name for this inlet of the East River—were anchored the terrible British prison ships of the Revolutionary war. Most famous of these, or most infamous, was the Jersey, the hulk of an old sixty four gun vessel, in which more than a thousand captured patriots were sometimes confined at one time. Prisoners of war do not fare sumptuously today, but a hundred and twenty years ago their sufferings were horrible. Scantily fed, and herded together as slaves never were, they were scourged, in their cramped and filthy quarters, by dysentery, prison fever, and smallpox. "Down, rebels, down!" was their guards' order at night, and in the morning: "Rebels, turn out your dead!" The dead were taken ashore, sewed up in blankets, and

WASH DAY ABOARD THE MAINE, ON HER LAST VISIT TO THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

buried in shallow graves in the sand. It is said that from the Jersey alone there were taken, during the war, eleven thousand bodies. In 1808 the bones of these martyrs were gathered by the Tammany Society, and placed in a vault near the main entrance of the navy yard; and some years ago a monument to their memory was erected in Trinity Churchyard.

Today the scene is a very different one. As we enter the ponderous gates at Sands Street, a sentry challenges, and demands a pass before admitting the visitor. Inside, one of the first sights is a park of guns captured by American men of war, and among them we note a long cannon bearing the British arms and the initials "G. R.," telling of victory over one of George III's frigates.

The New York. The Brooklyn. The Newport. The Iowa.

MEN OF WAR AT THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

There are Mexican mortars, Confederate howitzers, and other trophies that testify to the prowess of our sailors. About us are vistas of wide and well shaded streets. Offices and storehouses stand out conspicuously in their staring hue of government yellow. The surroundings are strangely quiet. Our footsteps echo about the buildings, and a hurrying orderly seems out of place here, where

THE COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

THE TORPEDO BOAT DUPONT GOING INTO DRY DOCK NO. 1.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

FIGURE OF VICTORY PRESENTED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS BY THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

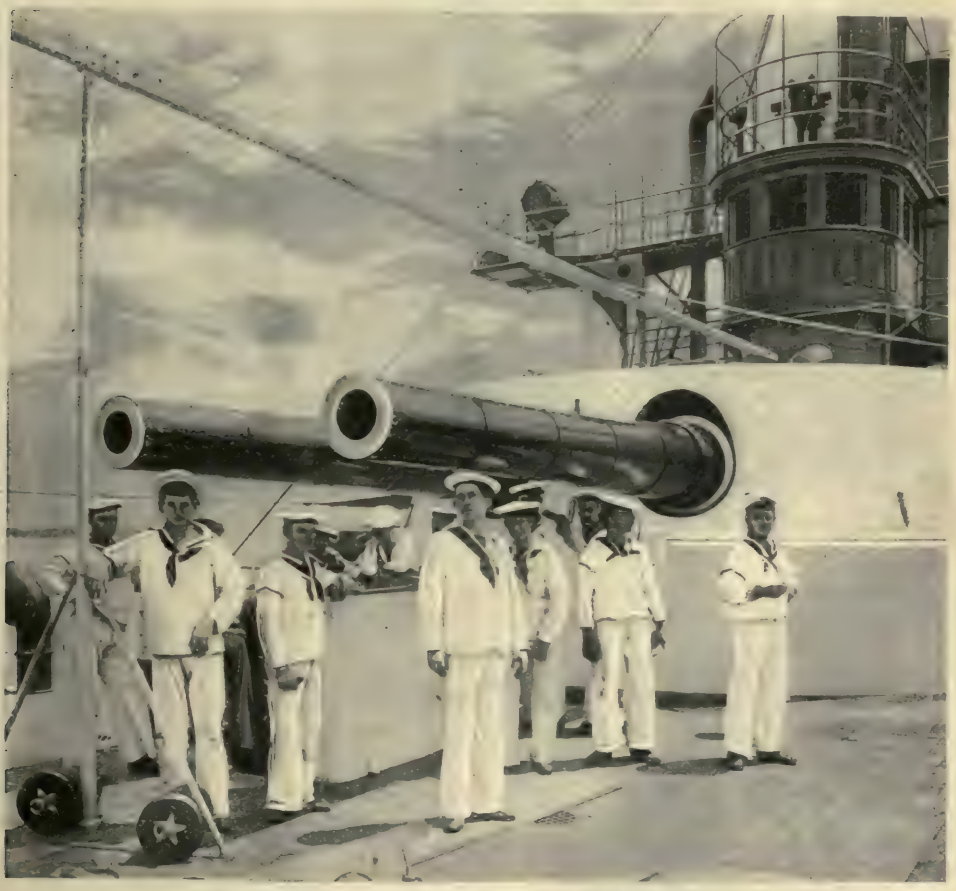
memories of the past alone live.

But as we near the water front, the impression of quietude, of leisurely officialdom, disappears. From the almost deserted streets we approach sights and sounds more familiar to the city bred individual. Here everything is bustle and noise. Mills and shops are humming with life and orderly confusion. The sounds of Wagnerian music that issue from one of the large buildings tell unmistakably of the making of boilers. We begin to realize that this is the home station of the North Atlantic Squadron.

At the time of our visit we find a great part of the fleet at home, and there is always much repairing to be done to keep the intricate and costly machinery of guns and engines in the pink of condition demanded by an efficient

THE BATTLESHIP IOWA, THE FIRST SHIP IN DRY DOCK NO. 3.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

THE ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK.



TEN INCH GUNS ON THE MONITOR AMPHITRITE.

From photographs by Muller, Brooklyn.

Navy Department. Sometimes Uncle Sam becomes his own shipbuilder, and constructs in these workshops such vessels as the Maine and the Texas—both of them fine specimens of marine architecture, although the former met so terrible a fate

best appointed in the matter of dry docks, repair shops, and coaling facilities, and most of our men of war are periodically ordered here for the overhauling they inevitably require.

The most attractive and imposing sight

DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

in Havana harbor, and the latter has not been a very lucky ship. It may be noted that the two pictures of the battleship Maine presented here are from photographs obtained when she was home for the last time at the navy yard, before her fatal cruise to Cuban waters. There are no ships under construction at present, but a great deal of important work is in hand in the line of refitting and equipping, and the dangers of the political situation have brought about a call for haste. Of all the government yards, this is the

at the navy yard is its group of warships looming up in formidable grandeur at the water's edge. From the ten thousand ton battleship to the diminutive torpedo boat we have presented to us almost every type of vessel in our new navy. By grace of an acquaintance with an officer on board, we may walk up the steep gang plank, and find ourselves on the deck of the Indiana, one of our newest and finest battleships. While of smaller displacement than some vessels of foreign navies, naval experts claim for

this class, to which the Massachusetts and Oregon also belong, an all around superiority over nearly if not quite any other ship of heavy armament, so skilful is the disposition of batteries and armor. A glance at the picture of the deck of the Indiana, on page 112, will give an idea of the tremendous size of her great guns. There are four of these thirteen inch rifles on the ship, capable of throwing a projectile weighing more than half a ton to a distance of eleven miles. Counting all the guns of her first and secondary batteries, the Indiana can hurl the stupendous weight of nine tons of solid steel projectiles at one discharge. So much for the offensive powers of this class of ship; and for the toughness of the nickel steel envelope that protects their vitals the following incident will vouch. When the bronze figure of Victory, which was presented by the State of Massachusetts to the ship bearing its name, was to be fastened to the forward turret, it was found necessary to send to the Cramps' yard, in Philadelphia, to obtain the only tool capable of drilling a hole in the almost impenetrable metal that clothes the vessel.

Of the other types represented in the North Atlantic squadron the New York and the Brooklyn are magnificent specimens of our armored cruisers, possessing heavy armament and great speed at the same time. At Queen Victoria's jubilee naval pageant, this country was represented by the Brooklyn, and the ship that bore the Stars and Stripes

DRILL OF SAILORS FROM THE BATTLESHIP MASSACHUSETTS.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

THE ALLIANCE, AN OLD WOODEN MAN OF WAR, NOW USED AS AN APPRENTICE SHIP.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

attracted more attention and more unstinted praise than any other foreign visitor in the great display.

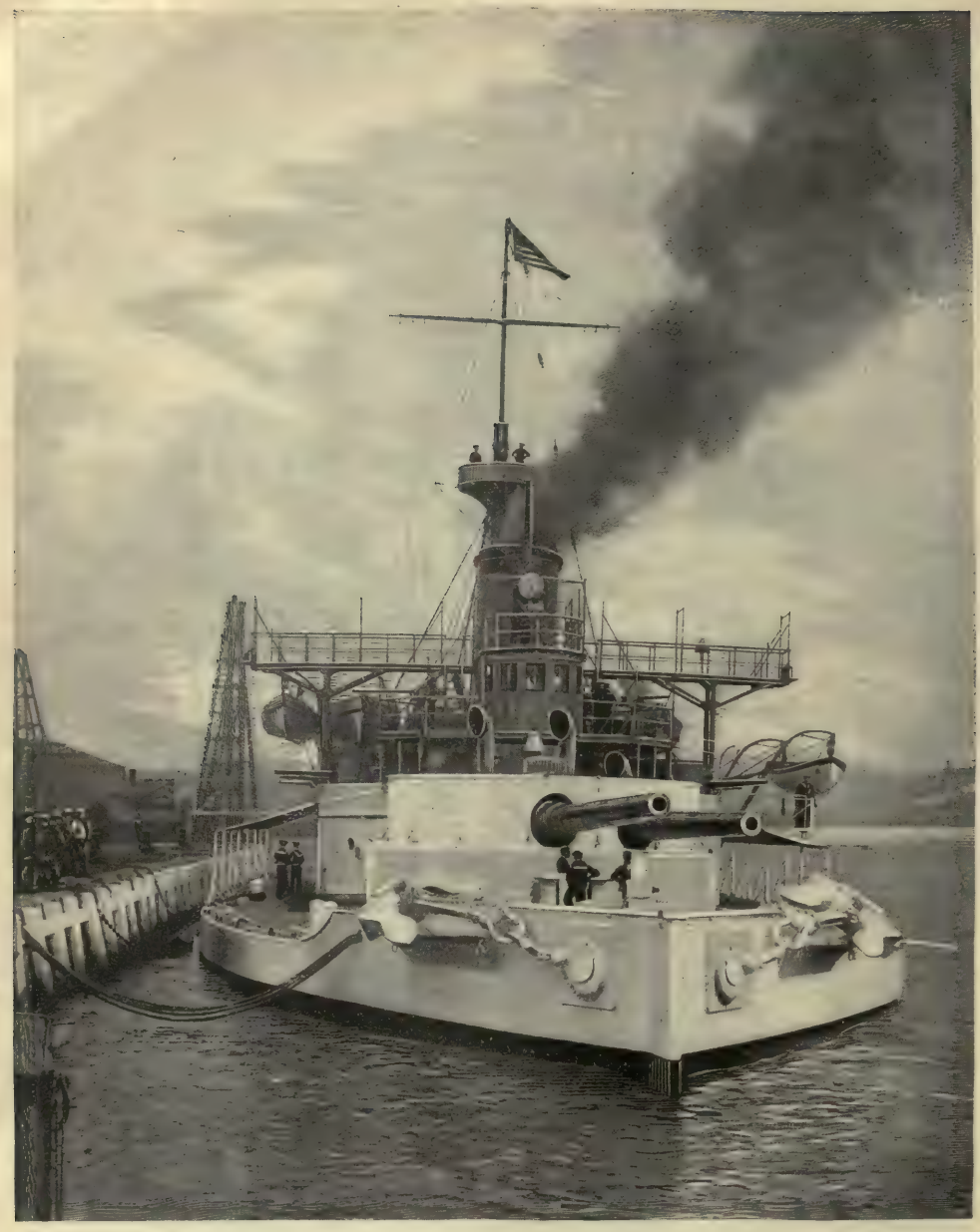
Turning to the smaller craft, the gunboat Newport, with her tapering mast and delicate lines, looks more like a yacht than a man of war. Six four inch guns protruding from her open ports tell another story, and a closer inspection of this trim little cruiser shows her real strength. The possession of both sail and steam power, in this class of ship, renders possible a long absence from a coaling station—an important point in

DRY DOCK NO. 3, THE TWO MILLION DOLLAR DOCK THAT PROVED DEFECTIVE.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

THE GUNBOAT NEWPORT, DRYING HER SAILS.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.



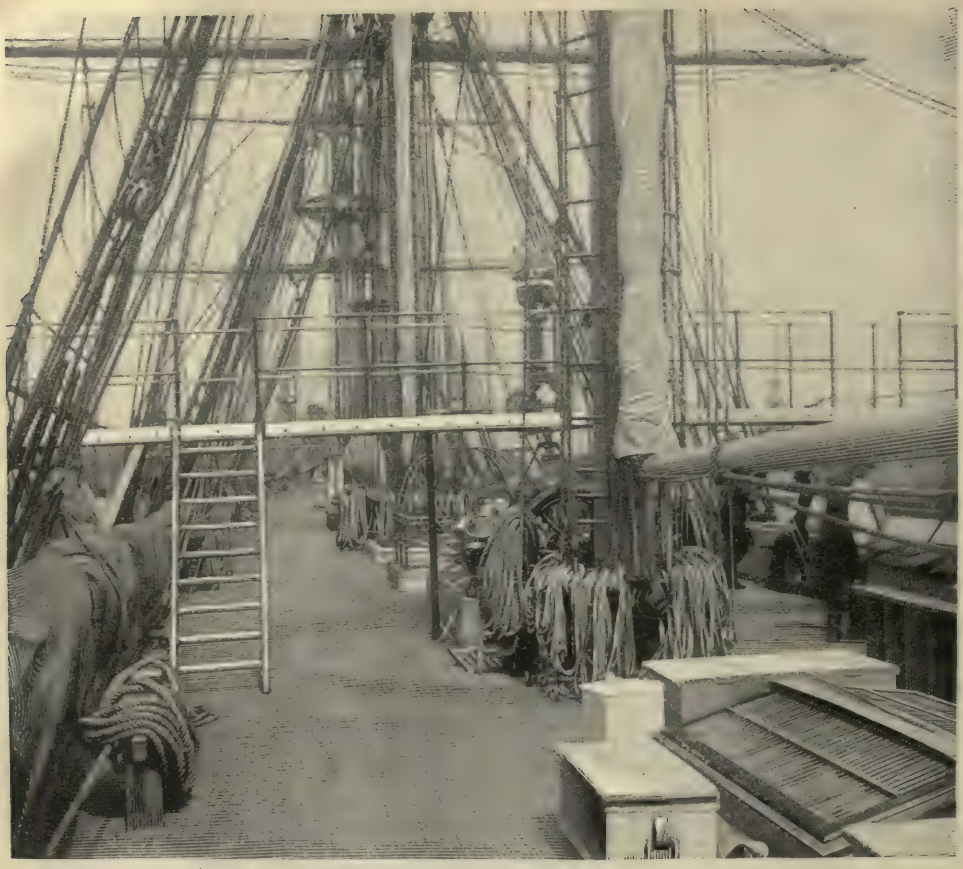
THE MONITOR PURITAN, WITH DECK CLEARED FOR ACTION.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

the service on the China station, for which it was specially designed.

The Navy Department did not make a feature of torpedo boats in its first plans for the new navy. But lately our marine architects have been turning their ingenuity to the designing of those swift little vessels with the same success that has been theirs in larger types. The Dupont, which is shown on page 109 as she appeared in dry dock, can steam twenty seven knots an hour, equivalent to about thirty land miles. A boat of this kind depends wholly on her speed. She has no protection. It is her duty to steal upon an enemy, launch her formidable eighteen inch Whitehead torpedo, and then retreat if she can. But should

THE ARMORED CRUISER BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.



THE DECK OF THE ALLIANCE.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

she meet a hostile boat of her own type, or a torpedo destroyer, the Dupont can defend herself adequately with her four rapid fire guns.

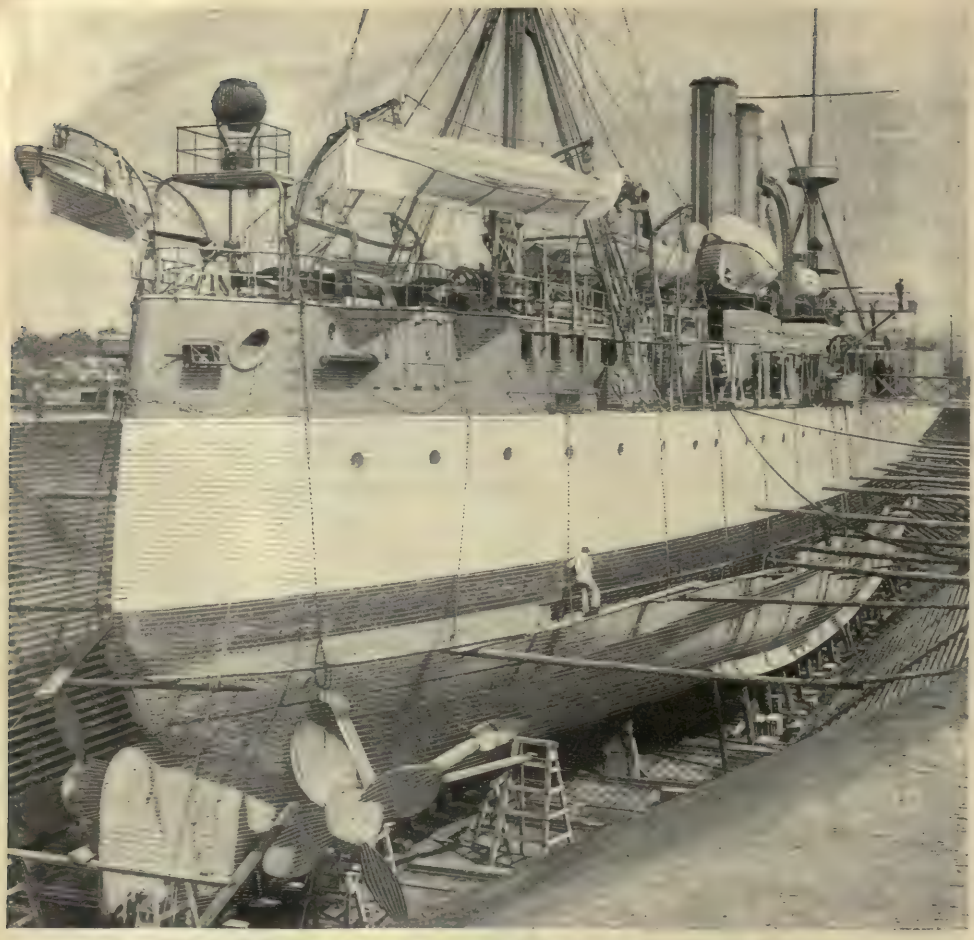
Our naval power is not yet anything to brag of to the rest of the world, for we stand as far down as fifth in the list of maritime nations. But we may feel a very stanch pride in it among ourselves, remembering its history and foreseeing its future. Fifteen years ago our navy was the laughing stock of all the other powers, and justly, for a more discouraging set of antique wooden tubs never tried to be a fleet. Remembering that, we can afford to have a little private pride about what the Navy Department has accomplished in the short interval between President Arthur's administration and President McKinley's.

During the last year there has been something of a halt in the government's plans for naval extension, no new ships having been laid down. It is certain, however, that an active policy of construction will be resumed at once, as one of the results of the present crisis in our foreign relations. Meanwhile, the month of March was made memorable in our maritime annals by the launching of two great battleships, the Kearsage and Kentucky, each of more than eleven thousand tons' displacement.

Every year sees important advances made in the American navy. We have already nearly twenty armored vessels. As yet we can boast of only fifteen cruisers, but almost every one of them is in the foremost rank of its class. There is an equal number of gunboats and torpedo vessels, all of the best design and equipment. Our sea power has achieved dignity in the eyes of the world, and is on its way to something better. Of

REAR ADMIRAL MILLER VISITING THE BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.



THE MAINE IN DRY DOCK BEFORE HER FATAL CRUISE TO HAVANA.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

course, our might is still theoretical, like that of a pugilist who has encountered nothing more formidable than a punching bag, but, like him, we have something to fight with when the need comes. No doubt our occasional clamor for war comes partly from a public desire to try these new muscles and see how they work.

Visitors are always welcome to the Navy Yard during the daytime, and those who are interested in the country's growth will find no department of its service more interesting.

LIFE.

LIFE, like one vapory spherule of the tear
A homeless orphan sheds at midnight lone,
Is seized in silence by the winds austere
And whirled away into the dark unknown.

But not more surely, after rounds of change,
Shall that lost wanderer reach once more the main,
Than shall the soul, how far soe'er it range,
Be merged into its native sea again.

Henry Jerome Stockard.

A THEATRICAL FIRST NIGHT.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

Before and behind the scenes at the opening of a new theatrical venture—The manager and the star, the claque and the critics, the press agent and the electrician, and the part that each plays in the drama of a New York "first night."

A BRACING winter night in New York, the heavens bright with a myriad stars, the city aglow with electric lights; a night of deep significance to those employed at the Jollity Theater, whose front is illumined with a huge electric sign announcing the first performance of a new play, with a new star in the person of a young woman who has been before the public in minor rôles for the past half dozen years. It is an important night for her, as well as for the manager who first discovered her talent, and who has staked nearly everything he owns on her success.

Behind the curtain the stage carpenters are busy with some final alterations ordered at the rehearsal in the morning, the property man is going carefully over the list of "props," and the stage manager is moving about everywhere, satisfying himself that everything and everybody concerned in the performance is on hand.

In her dressing room—the star dressing room now, mind you, and not one of the little ones up stairs—the new star is busy with her maid, in nervous preparation for her first appearance before a metropolitan audience. She can look back over six years of hard, conscientious work, varied by periods of enforced idleness, sickness, poverty, and despair; but she has in her something of the fiber that triumphs over difficulties. Now that one of the crucial moments of her career is at hand, she tries bravely, but almost hopelessly, to face the ordeal in a calm spirit, and to drive out of her brain the awful feelings of despair that come over her at the mere thought of possible failure.

It still lacks a quarter of an hour of the time to "ring up." She has plenty of time before her, and yet, when the maid carelessly breaks a string, she barely escapes a fit of hysterical weeping. The dresser, however, has had experience with dramatic stars, and she quickly and quietly repairs the damage without appearing to notice the excited outcries of her mistress. It is this very serenity on the part of the serving woman that restores the confidence of the actress, and induces a mood more fitting for the work that lies before her this evening.

She will make a gallant fight tonight, this slender woman with the pale face, the great lustrous eyes, the moving voice, and, behind all these, and perhaps best of all, the true artistic temperament. It is indeed a fight that lies before her, and one well worthy of all the temperament and personality she can summon to her aid. It is not a fight for mere notoriety, for columns of newspaper praise, for the right to have her pictures on the dead walls and in the shop windows. No, her fight is to reach the human hearts that lie beyond the footlights, to bring tears to the eyes and smiles to the lips. That is the hope that is uppermost in her mind in the moments when she can collect her disordered fancies and compose herself to rational thinking.

It is in these moments that the thought of the critics comes upon her with crushing and disheartening force—not of the men who have written essays on her beauty and talent, or lack of both, when she played before them in provincial towns, but the blasé satirists who for years have sat in the same seats in New York playhouses, and before whom a long procession of players—Salvini, Bernhardt, Duse, Réjane, Coquelin, Booth, Jefferson, and all—have passed in review, to be weighed in the balance, and perhaps found wanting in artistic finish. They

will all be here tonight, the leading representatives of the profession of dramatic criticism—if there be such a profession in this country—because the Jollity's opening is the most important one of the night. She rejoiced when her manager first made this fact known to her, but now she wishes that there were other plays and other stars to draw some of the fire from her.

To satisfy the mysterious power that they wield she can offer nothing but her art—which is, after all, the full expression of her whole soul and being. There are not many to be found with the absolute sincerity and fine temperament of this pale woman with the speaking eyes. It was these qualities which first attracted the attention, and afterwards won the unbounded confidence, of the shrewd manager who trusts in her and has staked everything on her success.

He is in his box office now, this rare one of his kind who believes in art. His house will be filled tonight, for it is the first performance of a much talked of play, and the star has long enjoyed a certain popularity as a delineator of character parts, who gave promise of great things. He knows that if she succeeds her triumph will be a great one, and that if she fails the next salary day will find him a ruined man. Nevertheless, there is a smile on his face as he strolls out into the lobby, to see the doors thrown open, and to note the first man to pass through them—for he is superstitious, this courageous, far seeing speculator, and firmly believes that he can read in the face of the earliest arrival a prophecy of success or failure.

The first comer looks like a prosperous business man, and as he marches straight to the box office and buys an orchestra chair, the manager is inclined to see in his presence an omen of good fortune. Of course he may be a swindler or a bank burglar, but he does not look it. Besides, the fact that he bought his ticket as if he were in the habit of paying for such luxuries, and made no attempt to get in for nothing, materially raises him in the manager's estimation.

The minutes roll on, and the people begin to drop in, one after another, or in couples and groups of three or half a dozen. It is not until nearly eight o'clock, however, that what are termed the "regular first nighters" are seen passing through the door. The manager who believes in art has no faith in these important looking men; but through long years of usage they have acquired the right of admittance on first nights, and the proprietor of the theater does not dare to dispute it with them, because he has a vague idea that they can bring him ill luck. It would be impossible for even the oldest and wisest member of the theatrical profession to explain why these "first nighters" are thus honored, or to tell exactly when the privileges they now enjoy were first accorded to them. It is enough to say that there are very few theaters in town that they cannot enter by merely nodding pleasantly to the doorkeeper; and this is all the more to be wondered at when we consider the fact that they are of no use to the management or star, and that their opinions are absolutely valueless.

Among the regular first nighters are the dramatic critics, who are all in evening dress, and who give no indication in their faces that they are looking forward to anything very enjoyable. One of them, who has grown old and gray in the service of his paper, permits his head to fall forward on his breast, and almost immediately falls into a profound sleep. Towards the close of the first act he suddenly awakes, and, sitting bolt upright in his chair, gazes severely at the stage, and rapidly makes a few notes on the back of an envelope. He has seen so many plays that he knows, or thinks he knows, every situation within the range of dramatic literature, and he finds it a dreadful bore to see these old familiar scenes compelled to do duty again and again in plays that are announced as "absolutely new."

Another critic is a young man who wears his hair over his forehead, and takes a serious view of himself and his responsibility to the public. He has been a dramatic critic for only three months, but somehow, before the evening is over, he has contrived to make his importance known to nearly every one who sits within hearing distance of him. He is accompanied by a fair young girl with great, trusting blue eyes, who looks up at him in wonder and admiration as he

tells her about the different actors and actresses, and what they are like when you meet them "off the stage." He himself is very particular, he assures her, in regard to his theatrical associates, because he cannot afford to have his critical opinions influenced by feelings of personal friendship.

As a matter of fact, this young man is stage struck in the very worst sort of way, and would go any distance for the purpose of making the acquaintance of an actor or an actress. He is even thinking about writing a play, and is confident that his work as a dramatic critic will enable him to dispose of it. He would give his eye teeth to be admitted on terms of familiar intimacy behind the scenes of any theater.

Directly in front of him sits a tall, thin young man, who seems to be well known to a large part of the audience, for there are many who nudge their companions as he comes down the aisle, and point him out as one of the minor celebrities of the town. As he passes the doorkeeper, the manager salutes him with the utmost cordiality and deference, but says under his breath, as soon as the young man's back is turned: "I almost wish there was something opening against us tonight that would take him away. He's here to roast, and for nothing else."

No wonder the manager greets him cordially and wishes that he was somewhere else, for he is the witty critic who must make a funny article no matter who may suffer. The public expects something sarcastic from his pen, his editor demands it, and he himself is afraid to speak favorably of anybody or anything, for fear that the readers of his paper will either yawn over his criticism, and declare that he is becoming weak and tiresome, or else insinuate that he has taken a bribe. There is nothing open for him except to scoff, and he will go on scoffing and ridiculing and sneering until the end of the chapter.

Not until long after the curtain has risen on the first act are all these critics in their places. The last one to arrive—and one of the most important, if one may judge by the deference with which he is received by the manager—does not sit down at all, but simply scans the house with sharp, far seeing eyes, and makes notes of the occupants of the boxes. Then the manager leads him away to his own den behind the box office, and hands him a list which he has prepared himself, at the same time offering him a cigar and a glass of whisky.

"They're all here, Charlie, you may be sure of that," continues the manager in confident tones, as the other runs a doubting eye down the paper. "I took their names down myself as they came in. It isn't a case of copying from the 'Social Register.' There's Mrs. Blitherton Dives in the lower right hand box, and the Duncan-Smythes with their party right next them. On the other side are——"

"Yes, I saw them all there," rejoins the other, "and I notice also that the names are not arranged alphabetically, as they are when they take them out of the 'Register.' Any way, they'll go tonight;" and with these words he writes, "Among those present were—" at the head of the list, puts it in his pocket, and hastily departs.

Having shaken hands with the society reporter, whose importance as a factor of success on a first night the manager fully appreciates, he steals quietly into the auditorium, and tiptoes down the side aisle to his own box, in which are seated his wife and two or three theatrical friends. For a few minutes he remains there, an attentive watcher, not of the stage, but of the audience. He never looks at the stage on a first night, but simply watches the faces of the spectators, to see at what points the interest flags, and where it becomes intense.

He catches the eye of one of his faithful henchmen, who has been stationed in an orchestra chair to give the signals for applause to the half dozen confederates who are scattered about the theater. They have nothing to do but start it, for there are whole rows of seats filled with the friends and well wishers of the star, who may be depended on to make the theater ring with their plaudits the very moment the signal is given.

The claque as it exists in Paris is unknown in New York; nor is there any need for such an institution, so long as actors and managers possess personal

friends to do the work for nothing. To-night, led by the discerning henchman, taken up instantly by the cohorts of admiring friends, and carried on by the great army of simple minded people who follow their leaders with the docility of a flock of sheep, the enthusiasm grows in volume to a point that causes the manager's brow to wrinkle anxiously, for no one knows better than he the danger of overdoing it. He shakes his head at his henchman, and the other nods understandingly.

As the curtain falls, the manager darts through the door in the back of his box, and goes into the prompt entrance, where the electrician is standing with his hand on the lever that regulates the lights. There is a loud call for the star, but she must not take it alone; and the curtain rising again discloses her standing with becoming modesty among the other actors who figured in the last scene. Another call brings the curtain up again, to reveal precisely the same group, the star bending her head with downcast eyes, and completely ignoring the fact that the applause is intended for her any more than for her associates.

Then the curtain falls again, and this time finally, for the electrician, literally working with the manager's directing hand on his arm, turns on the lights, the men in aisle seats get up and make for the lobby, the women begin to look around at the other women, and the applause dies away, dispelled by the bright glare of electric lights. It is too early in the game for the star to take a call alone. There must be something held in reserve for the end of the piece.

When the manager reaches the lobby he finds it full of the first nighters, who are standing about and apparently waiting for something. He notices that some of them are wagging their heads ominously, while two or three are remarking rather loudly that they are afraid "she'll never do."

"Tom," says the manager who believes in art to his press agent, who believes in favorable criticisms and many of them, "get those old codgers out of the lobby and give them something to drink before they queer the show. I can tell you it's the last time I'll consent to give up the best seats in the house to a lot of first nighters that you have to bribe with rum to keep quiet between the acts. However, I suppose I ought to be thankful that they don't make a noise while the play is going on."

So Tom, the press agent, gathers the guests of the house under his protective wing, and leads them to the café across the street, where they remain until five minutes after the rising of the curtain.

The manager now finds time to go back upon the stage and offer a word or two of encouragement to his star. Knowing her to be a woman of moods and tenses, and knowing what the nervous exactions of a first night mean to one of her temperament, he knocks rather timidly at her door, and is amazed to find her smiling, calm, and radiant.

"Well," he says, beaming pleasantly upon her, "I never saw you in such good form on a first night. I expected to find you so rattled you wouldn't know what you were doing. It's going all right, and you needn't be afraid."

"I was rattled at first," she says gaily; "but what do you think happened at the end of my long scene? You know that big stage carpenter they call Frank? Well, as I came off at the end of it, I almost ran into him where he was standing in the wing, and he grabbed me by the arm and said, 'You'll do, little girl!' I looked up and he was crying. That means I'm all right, doesn't it?"

Then the manager, much relieved in spirit, and marveling greatly at the unexpected phases of the feminine nature, goes back to the box office to "count up the house," and the play goes on. At the fall of the curtain he is again in the prompt entrance with one hand on the electrician's arm. After the entire company has taken three recalls, he waves the minor members off the scene with his disengaged arm, the curtain goes up again, and the star herself comes forward, pale, lustrous eyed, and triumphant, yet on the verge of collapse. Then the pent up enthusiasm of an audience that has really been deeply moved, and no longer needs the leadership of the manager's faithful henchmen, breaks forth.

The curtain falls, the lights are suddenly turned on, and there is another

scamper for the lobby, some of the critics taking their overcoats with them, and going into the manager's office to begin their work. It is half past ten, and their matter must be in the printer's hands soon after midnight; besides which many of them, notably the veterans, would like to go home and go to bed.

There is an eager buzzing throughout the house, for not only the enthusiastic well wishers of the star, but the other auditors as well, realize that a strong impression has been made by the slender woman with the pale face and deep, lustrous eyes, and that they are "assisting" at a first night that is destined to take rank as an important one in the chronicles of the New York stage. No one leaves the theater now, except some of the critics and other professional first nighters. The rest are interested in the story of the play, and are anxious to see it to its end. They want to see how the heroine fares, and how she extricates herself from the difficulties which surround her.

There is one critic in the house who remains until the very end of the last act, for he was one of the first to observe the star's genius when she was a young and inexperienced actress, years before. Standing up behind the last row of seats, this man, whose enthusiasm for budding talent has been dulled by thirty years of constant theater going, watches her carefully as she plays the great scene in the third act. He hears the outbreak of applause following close upon the heels of the intense quiet that all true artists love, and which in this case tells unmistakably of the hold this pale faced woman has taken on the sympathies of her audience. Then he slips on his overcoat and hurries away to his office, wondering carelessly what effect success and prosperity will have on this woman in whose career he has had a certain part.

By this time there are no more doubts in the manager's heart. There is no need of the services of the claque or of his friends at the close of the act, when the applause, which has been steadily gaining in volume, culminates in an outburst that seems to make the theater rock. There is no need now for the skilled hand on the lever that regulates the lights and incidentally molds public opinion in the auditorium. The spectators are all on their feet, and again and again, after the whole company has been called out, does the star appear alone, between smiles and tears, to bow her acknowledgment of their greeting. And then the curtain goes down for the last time, the spectators disperse with songs of praise and delight on their lips, and the manager, with his fur trimmed overcoat wrapped about him, and an unlighted cigar between his lips, makes his way back to the dimly lighted stage, and taps on the door of the star's dressing room.

"Well, girl, I rather think we've knocked 'em tonight," he says.

"Yes, I felt it myself," she replies, as a momentary smile of triumph lightens her pale face, and dispels the look of inexpressible weariness and sadness that has settled upon it.

THE WHIRLWIND.

THE morning dawned so bright for me,
I did not dream of cloud or rain;
A bird sang in the locust tree,
A rose smiled through the window pane.

Then, suddenly, with passion dire
A fearful wind filled all the land;
Within my heart a spark of fire
Into a furious flame was fanned.

Midnight—the storm sped far away,
Cold stars shone where the sun had been;
The bird and rose all lifeless lay,
And I had seared my soul with sin.

Clarence Urmy.

CASEY'S CLAIM.

BY W. M. CHAUVENET.

The forty thousand dollar carelessness of a miner with a ready boot, a warm heart, and a regard for his promise, even to a little red dog.

CASEY was climbing up the steep and dangerous trail on King Mountain to his claim near the divide. His little red dog was with him.

An April thaw was melting the snow and making trickling rills which, with natural perversity, took to the sunken path; but Casey was clad to the hips in rubber boots and didn't mind.

Great fog banks and trailing clouds hung on the face of the mountain and hid its lofty peak from view. Now and then a mass of slushy snow slipped from a heavy laden fir tree and deluged the passing miner. To this, too, he seemed equally indifferent, and plodded steadily upward, his pick and shovel on his shoulder, and a couple of steel drills in his hand.

The drills gave him trouble, for when he failed to balance them exactly they spread apart at the ends, in the form of a letter X, and hurt his thumbs. Then Casey would swear in a quiet way, and drop them end up, to get another hold in the middle.

The little red dog splashed and panted cheerfully behind. He had been the man's inseparable companion since the day when Casey was buried in a snow slide in Dead Man's Gulch and the faithful little friend stood barking above him, locating his grave, until some fellow miners came by and dug him out. Though Casey was kind to the dog, he rarely petted him, but let him take pot luck along with the camp. He called him "Pills" because he had got him from a doctor at Medicine Hat.

Casey's claim was one of the richest in Idaho Gulch. Twenty five thousand had been offered for it when first struck, but Casey wouldn't let go. The shaft had struck the vein at forty feet, and the twenty foot drift at that level was exposing a streak of ore running eighty dollars in silver to the ton. The development thus far had all been done by Casey and by a Welshman named Gilfoyle, whom Casey had hired.

The wet spring had almost ruined the roughly timbered shaft, and the main drift was flooded, covering the vein.

It was a hard climb to the dump, but Casey was a hard climber, and arrived at his shaft only slightly winded, flinging down the drills and other tools in a jingling heap on the ground.

He rapped on the windlass, and a voice answered from below.

"Is it you, Casey?"

"Aye!"

"Is it a mud bath you come for, an' did you fetch along your hot water can?"

"Is it water that's troublin' you, Gilfoyle? It's rare that you're troubled that way."

He took the windlass and brought the bucket up. Gilfoyle emerged, shining with wet, and dripping with oozing yellow mud from head to foot.

"How's she lookin', pard?" said Casey.

"She ain't lookin' at all. She's as blind as a ground hog; just a squirtin' of dirty water and a cavin' and a creakin' of her blasted timbers. Ain't you got a pug mill, Casey, for makin' bricks?"

"Down I go," said Casey, not deigning to notice this slur on his pet claim, as he stepped into the bucket and seized the dripping rope. At this Pills set up a whimpering and scampered about the curb of the shaft, in imminent danger of plunging down.

"Not this time, pup," said Casey, as he disappeared. "You ain't web footed."

Gilfoyle lowered him down, and then

for four hours stood in the slush and mire at the top of the shaft, winding up and emptying the water that Casey sent him from below, while Pills ran to and fro, following the bucket to the edge of the dump and back, and shivering in the cold, raw wind. Hard, cold, wet, miserable work it was, but not as hard nor as cold nor as miserable as that which Casey was doing down below. He stood knee deep in the icy water, with the dripping shaft raining upon him from above and the bulging sides ever threatening to spring and close him in. The candle sputtered in the wet, and now and then was wholly extinguished by a muddy drop. The greasy, ill smelling smoke that wouldn't rise made his eyes run. The bad air made his chest heave and his breath come hard. His boots chafed his heels.

Worst of all, that day he was making but little headway against the water, which trickled down from above almost as fast as the two men could fill and hoist. Casey was feeling discouraged, which was not common with him. At last Gilfoyle carelessly kicked a stone from the edge of the curb. Falling forty feet, it struck Casey in the back as he was bending down. This was the last straw. Had the stone struck the miner's head it would have killed him; as it was, it only bruised him, but it made him angry.

When he came up at noon he was tired, and when Casey was tired he was mean, sometimes dangerous, always profane. He began to swear even before his head appeared above the curb, and the sounds that issued from the shaft warned Gilfoyle that an eruption was threatening.

Pills, whose short tail, like a quick wagging metronome, kept joyful time to Casey's oaths, was the first to realize the violence of the eruption. Having taken the inopportune moment when Casey's head emerged to rid himself of the superfluous mud and water acquired in helping Gilfoyle dump the bucket, he found himself, a moment later, cruelly booted off the dump by a big rubber sole, which sent him howling with pain and surprise into a spruce thicket far below.

"Shame on you, man. You broke his hind leg," said Gilfoyle, as he climbed down and gathered the whimpering dog in his arms.

"Gimme my dog," said Casey, taking Pills rudely from his partner's arms, but nestling him more gently within his own. "It'll take a thousand dollars to put that shaft in workin' shape, and we ain't got it."

Without further words he began the descent of the trail. He had been long out of sight when Gilfoyle, who understood Casey too well to oppose him, took up a coil of rope that needed splicing and began to follow down the mountain. The mists had cleared away, and the treeless, snow clad crown of King Mountain was gleaming in dazzling sunlight against the deep, clear blue of heaven. The green spruce timber reached upwards with dark encircling arms and embraced the mountain, while aloft in the infinite depths of air long streamers of cirrus clouds stretched their delicate and graceful forms across the sky.

Gilfoyle was not indifferent to all this beauty of form and color, and walked slowly, looking overhead more often than underfoot—a dangerous thing to do on such a trail. He didn't much care about Casey's quitting work at noon, for he saw the hopelessness of trying to unwater the shaft until the snow was off the mountain, since to expose the vein one day was to find it under water the next; so he came down willingly enough, loitering here and there to look about.

At last, on turning a sharp projection in the steep path, he caught sight of Casey, below him, seated on a rock, with his little dog still in his arms, and talking earnestly.

Gilfoyle dropped quietly down through the bushes unobserved, and stood behind a clump of cedar, listening.

"Poor little pleasant faced cuss," said Casey, "you got a heart like a man, an' I can feel it beatin' in your breast. You jest keep on a smilin' that a way, whatever damn chap kicks the wind outen you; a lickin' the foot that done you dirt. Yes, you keep right on a smilin' in that dernation pleasant faced way, no matter what comes against you. It's only a black brute as would kick a poor little innercent red pup that a way. Look in

my eyes, you poor little broken leg cuss, and see if I ain't plumb sorry I done it. Derned if I ain't. I'll make it good to you yet; don't you be a whimperin'. That's right. Go on a lickin' the hand that's goin' to be your best friend from this very day on. Tears in your eyes, too, and a smilin' yet; jest as forgivin' as a woman, I'll be swiped if you ain't, an' a mighty tender and lovin' one at that. A waggin' your stumpy tail all the time!"

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of running waters and dripping snow.

"I knowed it was the left hind leg, 'cause of the twitchin' and danglin' down like. But you don't have to walk a step. I'd carry you plumb to the shack; if it was a hundred mile. You ain't allowed to walk, an' you ain't allowed to pay your way. I'll put you in my own bunk and tuck you in same like I was your mother, derned if I don't. I ain't ever kicked nothin' that hurt me so much in all my life. I promise on my oath to make it up to you. I solemnly swear before God to treat you same as if you was my sweetheart and got hurt, you poor little tender hearted, smilin' cuss."

The big hand stroked the little wet head tenderly, and Casey rose and continued the descent of the mountain down toward Idaho Gulch.

He was as good as his word. Arrived at the shanty at the end of the settlement's miry street, he made a careful examination of the hurt leg, while Gilfoyle helped him to locate the break. They found the bone broken below the knee joint, and Casey set to work to bind it in a splint. Clumsy as he was, the little red dog licked his hand all the time, till Casey laid him on his bed, talking to him continuously.

That night there was a great excitement in Idaho Gulch. Two Boston mining men had offered a hundred thousand dollars for the Idaho Queen, a mine only a thousand feet beyond Casey's claim, and on the same lead. Casey had long been known to hold the best end of the extension of the vein to the east, though there were promising prospects on the same lead to the west.

Just as Casey laid Pills down, there was a knock at the door, and the two Boston men entered and introduced themselves. They had come to talk of Casey's claim, and so began by talking of anything else. They thought of buying the Captain Kidd, they said. That was the extension of the Idaho Queen to the west. They listened to Casey and Gilfoyle, and ended by offering thirty thousand for the claim, if the miners could actually show them the four foot vein of ruby silver ore by the next afternoon.

Casey knew the value of his strike, and soon got from the speculators a forty thousand bid on his representations of wall and vein filling. He guaranteed to show it up with six hours' work on the water.

Gilfoyle was waked next morning by Casey talking to his dog.

"I ain't half kep' my promise, you poor little cuss," he said. "Snoring all night, and you jest a sufferin' with this yer bunglin' thing come off and danglin' down and hurtin' you worse than nothin'. Easy, now, easy. I ain't a hurtin' you a purpose. That's all right. I'll fix you up to stay this time. Keep right on a smilin'. Surgeon plaster don't come off, and it's better than splints, a heap sight. Round and round she goes, snug as a snake's skin. Don't cry, pup; it'll be all right in a minute. There you are—neat as a buckskin leggin', and sticks to stay, like Injemima's plaster—the more you try to get it off the more it sticks the faster."

Casey sang the last words, holding the dog at arm's length by the light of the dim lantern, the better to admire his work. Then he laid the little fellow on the bed again, placed a pan of cold meat beside him, and, with Gilfoyle, went away to the boarding house to breakfast, where their offer was soon the talk of the room.

By seven o'clock the two miners were at work at the shaft. Casey had got his price, and was eager to sell; and as for Gilfoyle, he was coming in for a big tip, at least, so both worked eagerly, Gilfoyle taking his turn below.

The morning wore away. A hundred buckets had gone up, and things were looking promising.

The water that covered the ore in the

cross cut was retreating. Twenty more buckets, and the vein would stand exposed. Gilfoyle filled and Casey wound up and spilled; but as the one hundred and second bucket stood full, Gilfoyle heard a sudden exclamation from Casey, and got no response to his signal to hoist away. He waited patiently, not knowing what was the matter above. He called again, but there was no answer. He waited below half an hour, and then climbed out, only to find that Casey was gone. To stop work was fatal to the sale of the mine, and Gilfoyle was afraid of foul play. The idea struck him that Casey had been kidnaped to prevent the sale, and seized with a sudden panic, he started on the run for town.

He arrived breathless, but nobody had seen Casey since morning, when they had started off together. Then Gilfoyle shouted his fears aloud.

He was soon surrounded by an excited crowd, some mounted, some on foot, and all starting for the hills in search of Casey's trail.

From three o'clock until sunset the scouting parties ranged the hills, climbing to remote claims and plunging into mud holes in the gulches; interviewing the owners of the Captain Kidd, whom they suspected, but getting no news of Casey before darkness came. The night closed down with heavy, sullen, persistent rain, and the first real thunder storm of early spring. It was Saturday, and on Saturdays the settlement was always crowded. One by one and two by two the men came down from their fruitless hunt. The miners gathered in the gambling hells and squalid resorts, to drink and quarrel half the night away; but Gilfoyle was not in a drinking mood. He was down on his luck and went back to the shack to think it over.

As he approached, he was surprised to see a light in the window. When he opened the door he was dumfounded.

There on the floor, by the red hot stove, with a pan of warm water and a sponge, sat Casey, tenderly soaking the last of the surgeon's plaster from the broken and swollen leg, while the tears were running down his rough cheeks at every twitch and painful whimper of the little red dog.

Gilfoyle sat down on the bed, too much disgusted to say a word or ask a question, while Casey, who seemed to think himself called on for some sort of an explanation, began talking to his patient.

"You poor little undeserving cuss! A contemptible brute, without no manners, kicked you clean off your own claim and broke your standin' up leg. Then he got powerful smart, he did, an' like a derned pill doctor tied you up with this yer tarnation sticky stuff, and you a swellin' all the time. Then the ignorant coward shet you up an' left you torturin', an' after promising on his oath to watch you same as if you was his sweetheart! Hold on, hold on, pup. Don't git impatient on me. It's a coming now, if it has took two mortal hours, an' if it is a bringin' the skin along. An' then the miserly fool went to digging for gold, till all of a suddent he remembered how he onced put a yellow plaster round his own sprained ankle, an' how he yelled when he woke at night an' tried to git the derned stuff off. There you are, pup, it's all done, an' you still a smilin' like an angel, and the doctor a comin' to do a decent job an' put to shame the derndest ignoramus that ever swung a pick!"

Gilfoyle waited to hear no more. The thought of his lost tip was rankling in his mind, and he went out to drink down his sorrow.

Next day it was newsed about the camp that the Boston men had paid forty thousand for the western extension of the Idaho Queen, since Casey's shaft had filled with water during the night.

At three o'clock Gilfoyle was sobered up, and came back to the shanty. Pills was asleep on the bed, with his leg nicely splinted and bandaged, while Casey sat beside him smoking calmly.

"A forty thousand dollar splint," said Gilfoyle sarcastically. "You lost your claim in forty feet of mud an' water."

Casey took his pipe out of his mouth, slowly tapped the ashes out on his heel, and, rising, turned a smiling face toward Gilfoyle.

"Let her sputter, pard," he said. "I wouldn't give a paper cent for a chap who couldn't keep his promise, even to a little broken leg dog."

STORIETTES

A FABLE FOR WOMEN.

THERE was once a man who was charged with a crime of which he was innocent; but so overwhelming was the proof against him that none could doubt his wickedness. As he stood to receive his sentence, the multitude cried out against him, and as he left the court, an exile and an outcast, all faces were turned away, even that of the woman he loved. Bitterness overflowed his heart as he strode forth in impotent despair, hoping to find death among the sands of the desert.

But another woman stepped forth, one who had also loved him, and she spoke to him, saying, "Though all the world ring with your guilt, I believe you innocent. Though the city banish you, yet shall I be honored in sharing your disgrace." Her people strove with her and mocked her, but she followed the man towards the desert.

Here they lived for many years, and she tended and served him, so that his burden lay less heavily upon him. Her faith sustained the man, and she promised him ever that this wrongful sentence would pass, and that the city would yet make amends for the evil done him. And in his gratitude he wept, and made vows of the honors he would pay her then. But she answered always, "I ask no honor but your love."

Now, it came to pass that, in the course of years, the truth was made known. Messengers were sent from the city to recall the wanderer to honor and reparation. Once more the man stood in the great court, and those who had sentenced him now knelt, saying, "Great have been your sufferings; great shall be your reward. To atone for the past, all the city shall be yours to choose from. Speak and let us know your desires."

And the man replied, "Honors and riches you have restored to me sevenfold, and length of days to enjoy them, but one thing I desire still—a woman to share my greatness." The multitude applauded, and all eyes were turned on her who had followed him to the desert, and had helped him to endure his hardships and disgrace.

But the man said, "These many years has the yoke of gratitude galled my neck, and I hold it greater to forgive than to be forgiven. Give me, therefore, the woman who turned from me in my hour of need, that I may pardon her unbelief, and be my own man again."

And they led forth her who had held good repute higher than love, and gave her to the man with rejoicing and acclamations. And the other turned away, and her face was gray and old. But the man saw her not at all, for his eyes were with his wife.

The outcast cried to the heavens, saying, "What was my sin?" And a voice answered: "Hast thou looked for reward? Toil and sacrifice were thy choice; toil and sacrifice shall be thy recompense; and in what thou hast given lies thy comfort for what has been taken from thee."

And she passed on towards the desert again, calling to death.

E. Gardner Bentley.

"CONGRATULATIONS."

AND so it had come too late!

A month before I had been hastily summoned to England to the bedside of a dying uncle, who peacefully shuffled off this mortal coil, leaving me his blessing and his worldly goods. Then I heard Lou was engaged, and I hurried home again a rich man, a thankful man, and a yet very miserable man, for I knew that it was too late!

At first I railed at the fickleness of womankind in general and of one woman in particular; but, on sober second thought, it occurred to me that perhaps I was unjust.

You see, I had never really asked her to marry me. Of course, I knew I should some day, when the right moment came, and I felt instinctively that "yes" would be my reward. We had been such good chums, Lou and I. For two consecutive Augusts we had been together at the seashore—and you know what that means! Then, in town, during the season, we were always meeting, and we regularly did the theaters together, and—well, I did not see why things should not drift along as they were for some time longer. We were both young, and until my recent inheritance my income, though it did nicely for a bachelor, was not just what I wanted to ask a wife to share, especially when she was a girl like Lou Bradford; and so, in my easy going fashion, I had let things drift until they were far beyond my control.

"Yes," I said to myself; "I will call this afternoon and offer my congratulations, and—and see how the land lies."

I rose and searched through the drawer containing my scarfs until I fished out of the

chaos a rather dilapidated tie, and tied it in an execrable bow under my chin. There was nothing particularly attractive about the tie, but it had certain sweet associations for me.

Half an hour later I was ascending the broad steps of the Bradford mansion. Miss Bradford was at home, the butler informed me, as he opened the door and ushered me into the drawingroom.

Presently there was audible a light step on the stairs, the portières were parted, and Lou entered. She was dressed all in white. I thought she looked rather pale; but that might have been merely the contrast to the sunburned faces I had grown accustomed to on the steamer.

"Why, Mr. Norris, how do you do? It is really an age since we last met. When did you return?" This in a tone of voice that was meant to express dignified cordiality—only it expressed more; it expressed nervousness, which was corroborated by the cold little hand she gave me.

"I arrived yesterday," I replied, rather stiffly. I did not like that "Mr. Norris." It sounded so deuced formal. She never used to call me "Mr. Norris."

"I suppose you have heard the—the news?" remarked Lou, as she seated herself.

"Yes—oh, yes!" I said, with great calmness; "and I have come to offer my congratulations."

"I am sure it is awfully kind of you. Edward—Mr. Mackenzie will be so pleased," replied Lou, her voice trembling a bit.

"Yes?" I murmured aloud. To myself I said, "Hang Mr. Mackenzie!"

"I believe you also are to be congratulated—on your recent good fortune."

"No," I said, rather shortly; "I don't think I am."

Lou opened her blue eyes wide and stared at me.

"Why, you always used to say that you wished you had wealth, and——"

"Yes," I interjected; "but that was before—when things were different."

"How are things different?" asked Lou sharply.

"I ought to have said people, not things," I rejoined.

There was a slight pause. Then I remembered something.

"Oh, by the way," I remarked, "I had nearly forgotten. I brought you a little trinket from London—sort of souvenir, don't you know;" and I hauled out of my pocket a small morocco case.

Lou took it with a little gasp of pleasure. The color came in her face, and I thought I saw something glisten in her eyes, but I dare say it was only fancy.

"Oh, Jack—I mean Mr. Norris—how lovely!"

"'Mr. Norris' is exactly what you don't mean," I put in boldly; "what you said first is what you mean. Isn't it, Lou?" I added gently.

"Well, sir," said Lou, with an airy toss of her head, "if you know so much better than I what I mean, why have it your own way!"

"Thank you, Lou," I said humbly. There was a slight pause; then Lou spoke.

"But I am really afraid, Jack, that I—I ought not to accept this. I don't think that—that Edward would like it."

"Well, let Edward lump it!" I muttered.

"What did you say, Jack?"

"Oh, nothing! Has the day been fixed?"

"No, not yet, Jack. I don't want to be—I mean, I don't like short engagements."

"Quite right, I'm sure," said I decidedly. "Always 'look before you leap,' don't you know, and——"

"Oh, it isn't that, Jack. It's all arranged, only—only—I don't believe in hurrying things."

There was a slight pause; then I asked:

"Where are you going this summer?"

"Next week mother and I go to the seashore for a month."

"The same dear old place, Lou?" This in rather a husky voice.

"Yes, Jack," said Lou softly.

"Do you remember what jolly times we used to have down on the beach by that old wreck?"

"Oh, Jack, yes!"

"And do you remember how I used to build up great bulwarks of sand about us to keep off the incoming tide?"

"Yes, and how like a Trojan you worked, rebuilding as fast as the sand was washed away!" cried Lou, with glowing face. I think for the moment we both forgot "dear Edward"!

"And do you remember that last night on the beach? It grew so chilly I had to put my coat about you."

"Yes, Jack!" said Lou softly.

"And—and then I had to hold your hands to keep them warm."

"Jack!"—very softly.

"And, Lou, do you remember how you used to make fun of the way I tied my scarf——"

"Well, you know you never could tie it decently."

"And how you tied it one evening for me, only somehow it wouldn't stay tied and you had to tie it over again?"

"Why, Jack, you've got on the very identical tie now!"

"Why, so I have!" This in a tone of

great surprise, as I looked at it critically in the glass.

"And it is tied as disreputably as ever!" said Lou despairingly.

"Yes," I admitted; "it does look rather forlorn."

"Jack, I'm afraid you're past reforming!"

"I know somebody who could reform me," I said gently.

A pause. Somehow there were an awful lot of pauses in our conversation. Then I remarked casually: "I suppose you arrange Mr. Mackenzie's ties for him now."

"Don't be silly, Jack! Mr. Mackenzie is a more orderly man than you are, sir. He is quite able to tie his own scarf."

Another pause.

"I wonder," I ventured presently, "if Mr. Mackenzie is good at building sand fortresses."

"Why, Jack, how ridiculously you talk. Mr. Mackenzie is not coming to the seashore with us. He is a very busy man. He's very clever and ambitious and"—with a little catch in her voice—"he has too much on hand just now to take a vacation."

"Lou," I said suddenly, "why do you want to marry Mr. Mackenzie?"

"What an absurd question! Why, because—because I want to."

"Why do you want to, Lou?"

"For various reasons, if you want to know," said Lou, with her chin in the air.

"Indeed!" I said ironically.

"And"—defiantly—"if you want to know one reason—I want to be of some use in the world. I've been throwing away my life. I've been wasting my time, always going to this affair or that, or else flirting outrageously with you—so there!"

"Do you mean to say," I cried fiercely, "that those dear old times we used to have together were flirtations?"

"I don't see what else they were, Jack!" said Lou, her lips trembling.

"Why, Lou, didn't you think I meant what——" Then a great light dawned on me. "Do you suppose I would ask a girl to marry me till I could afford to give her what she was accustomed to?"

"You must have a very poor opinion of a girl if you think that would make any difference to her!" she replied, in a low voice.

"Do you mean to say——" I broke in.

"I don't mean to say anything."

"But, Lou, if——"

"Jack, are you aware that I am engaged to be married?" This with tremendous dignity.

"I have no objection," I remarked.

"Oh, indeed!"—very haughtily.

"All I object to is the person you are going to marry."

"Really!"—with withering sarcasm.

"Of course," I began humbly, "a poor devil of a fellow like me—a rolling stone—who isn't clever or——"

"Now, Jack, don't be a goose. Really, there is lots of good in you, only—only it needs bringing out."

"That's it," I cried eagerly. "That's it. It needs bringing out; but who is going to bring it out?"

"Why, I—I don't know," faltered Lou.

"Looking at the matter entirely from an impartial standpoint," I remarked slowly, "it seems to me that a man like Mr. Mackenzie—we'll say—who is as steady as a house, whose future is assured, and who is so wrapped up in his work" (I did not know any such thing, but it did very well for the sake of argument)—"it seems to me that such a man is infinitely less in need of a woman's helping hand than a poor fellow like me, who is likely to go to the devil if he does not get married and settle down." And having delivered myself of this lengthy oration, I paused. There was no reply.

"Lou?"

"Yes, Jack!"—very faintly.

"Lou, you are crying!"

"I—I'm not!" came in tearful accents from the corner where Lou sat. "It's c-cruel and c-cowardly to—to talk to me that way when you know I'm engaged!"

The second hand of the solemn faced clock on the mantel traversed a full half circle. Then I remarked slowly:

"Lou, I came back as soon as I could. I did not even stop for the jubilee, and all during the voyage home I could only think of—what? Lou, I was wondering if a girl who was engaged found out she cared for another fellow——"

"Jack!"

"I am only speaking in a general sort of way. I was wondering if it would not be that girl's duty to break off her engagement, in justice to her fiancé, and in order that she might keep the other fellow from going to the bad."

This argument may not stand analysis; but the truth of the matter is I was desperate.

Lou was standing by the window, apparently looking out. There was silence for some moments. Then I took up my hat and my gloves, and moved towards the door.

"Oh, are you going, Jack?" came from the window.

"Yes—oh, I nearly forgot; give my very kind regards to Mr. Mackenzie. Good by."

I stopped a moment to rub my silk hat with my sleeve.

"When shall I—shall we see you again, Jack?"

"I don't know"—very grimly. "I am going to Africa or China or—or somewhere, and there's no knowing when I shall get back—if I ever do!"

With that I walked slowly to the front door, and opened it with a great rattling of the door knob.

I heard a slight rustle behind me, and looking over my shoulder I saw Lou with a pale, anxious face, her little hands clasped nervously together.

"Jack, if—if you want to go anywhere, why don't you go to the seashore next week? It will do you a lot more good than going to—to Africa."

I looked very thoughtful, as if I were considering the idea. Then I looked up at her.

"Lou," I said, "what would Mr. Mackenzie say?"

Lou gave me one radiant look as she whispered, "I am going to write him tonight, and then—and then it won't be any of Mr. Mackenzie's business."

* * * *

Yes, it certainly was hard on Mackenzie, but "all's fair in love and war;" and I think I managed the affair pretty well. Proposing to an engaged girl is rather a delicate business, you know.

Douglas Zabriskie Doty.

AT DAYBREAK.

THE prisoner glances out of the window with a bored expression on his face, then up at the lieutenant; then he yawns and closes his eyes wearily.

"Did you understand?"

The bored expression deepens as the man lazily drawls:

"Perfectly."

"You are to be hanged at dawn tomorrow."

"So you said."

"The colonel intends to make an example of you."

"Indeed!"

"The full regiment is to be present, and the colonel will make a speech."

"Before or after my elevation?"

"Before."

"Sorry. Do you happen to have a cigarette about you? No? Too bad. By the way, don't you enjoy walking? Good for you, you know—much better than the musty air of this—er—apartment. Pardon my yawning. Not the company, I assure you."

"I must——"

"Be going? Well, good by. Present my compliments to the colonel. Sorry I cannot accompany you to the door. These—er—ornaments interfere. Very kind of you to have called. Good afternoon."

The prisoner closes his eyes again and leans back against the wall, and, half bewildered, half angry, the lieutenant strides out, banging the door of the cell after him. The sound of his footsteps echoes down the long corridor, then grows fainter and fainter, until it finally ceases.

Then the man on the bench opens his eyes. The sleepy expression is gone now, and he raises his head and listens.

From a crack in the floor he brings forth a bit of dingy rag which incloses a long, thin "rat tail" file. He listens intently, but no sound reaches his ears save the footfalls of the sentry pacing back and forth before the cell door. He marks time for a moment till he catches the rhythm of the man's measured tread, and then draws the file across the iron on his wrist in perfect time to the sentry's pacing. Step, file; step, file; step, file. So many steps, so many strokes.

He blesses the cobbler who made the guard's shoes so heavy. Above all, he blesses her whose loving heart and nimble wit have provided him with this bit of rasping steel, which may mean liberty and life to him.

The iron is thick, and four times must the file bite through it. Four times, and there are not twelve hours to sunrise. Step, file; step, file; step, file. Oh, why does the sentry pace so slowly! The time is so cruelly short.

Some one is coming along the corridor now. They are bringing him his supper. It may be his last meal, but he curses the interruption bitterly. He must cease work for the present. He restores the file to its old hiding place, and leans back against the wall drowsily as the soldier enters.

He blinks his eyes and yawns sleepily, as though just awakening; then eats his supper hurriedly that he may the sooner be alone. The soldier stands watching him that he may not try to kill himself with the dull knife, for the colonel does not propose to have his carefully prepared oration rendered useless for the lack of an illustration.

The soldier looks at him pityingly. Only the officers know, as yet, the crime for which this man is to pay the penalty at sunrise. He thinks the prisoner might at least be granted what little mercy lies in a firing squad. But then, he has seen many men die, and, after all, it can make little difference by what road one leaves the world.

As the soldier carries out the empty platter, the prisoner smiles sarcastically. They are taking great pains to preserve his life—until the moment when they have planned to take it from him. They could not be more solicitous for his safety if he were a major general.

Hastily he resumes his work, and labors

ceaselessly, glancing up at the little, barred window now and then to make sure that the dreaded dawn is not yet sending its first messenger of light into the room. His work is nearly finished now, and his hands are raw and bleeding. Step, file; step, file.

Never before has time seemed so precious. For another hour he would barter a year—aye, years—of his life. Feverishly he presses the steel into the iron, no longer measuring the strokes by the sentinel's tread. The edge of the file touches his wrist beneath the iron. *Now!*

Hark! The lock of the cell door clicks. Can it be the squad to escort him to the scaffold? Hardly; he would have heard their footsteps. The door swings open, and as the sentry flashes a lantern into the cell, the prisoner leaps upon him. Clutching the man's throat in his sinewy hands, he stills the cry on his lips, and the next moment the sharp pointed file reaches the soldier's heart.

As he lays his victim down the prisoner hears the steady, rhythmic tread of approaching soldiers. The fatal hour has come.

The soldier on guard at the end of the corridor hears a quick step behind him, and as he turns, a crushing blow from a clubbed musket smashes helmet and skull.

Then a running, dodging figure crosses the courtyard, and disappears in the trees. The next moment, shouts and a few scattered shots indicate that the pursuit has begun.

But a short distance away a girl has been waiting all night with two horses. As she sees the first streak of light in the east she sighs bitterly, and rests her head against her horse's neck. Then she hears the noise of shots, and a rushing, crashing noise coming towards her.

The horses prick up their ears and paw the ground. Then a man's figure breaks into the little clearing. There is a kiss for the girl, a leap on the horse, spurs, a mad ride—freedom—life—love!

And the colonel's oration is spoiled.

J. Frederic Thorne.

HIS MOTHER.

Miss Littlefield was very much perplexed. Two men were in love with her; both had offered themselves, and now the question was, which?

"I must look at it from all sides," she mused. "I have always declared that I would never let my fancy run away with me, and I won't—I won't!" and she pushed the hassock away impatiently.

"I like John the best," she admitted slowly. "I—I think I love him." She blushed guiltily and glanced about lest some one might have heard. "That is why I am afraid to trust myself," she concluded. "He is so different from the other men I've known. I might be horribly ashamed of him, but I never would be of Clyde. Dear me, no!"

She laughed a bit hysterically. Clyde was always so correct. It must be uncomfortable to be always fearing one's fiancé would do the wrong thing. Clyde's family was also most correct. The father was rich, and though a trifle stupid, was secure in his position. And his mother was one of Miss Littlefield's own set. She recalled the pink cheeks, the pompadour hair, and the ultra fashionable attire of this woman of the world.

Yes, everything was satisfactory so far as they were concerned. But John's family? She hesitated, daring hardly to think of them.

"He has 'folks,' I presume," she said slowly. "Good people—oh, painfully good—and John is the apple of their eye! And they have pie for breakfast," she went on, with a groan; "and they'll want to see the girl John 'keeps company with.' They will tell her that he's 'a likely young fellow, with prospects.' His mother will be big and fat and wear a calico wrapper, and sit rocking and looking out of the window. Oh, dear, John, how could you?" And there were tears of vexation in her eyes.

* * * *

"You are sure you won't mind if I run in a moment?" John asked, as the horse stopped of its own accord under the big trees. "I promised to bring this package to mother."

Miss Littlefield did not answer at once. She was surveying the house critically.

"I wish——" she said suddenly, then paused.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"I wish," she repeated, with an effort, "that you would ask me in."

He strode rapidly up the path.

"Mother," he called, in his strong, cheery voice, "Miss Littlefield is here; will you come and ask her in?"

Miss Littlefield watched them as they came down the path, the big son and the little mother at his side. She wore a gray gown, with soft, old lace at the neck and sleeves; her white hair was drawn loosely back from a smooth forehead, and there was a delicate flush on her cheeks. "I am very glad to see you, my dear," she said, in mother tones that went straight to the girl's heart.

The next moment Miss Littlefield felt herself lifted from the carriage by John's strong arms. Her hair just brushed his cheek.

"I want you to like me," the girl said, in

clear tones, as she stood by the side of her lover's mother, almost overshadowing her in her splendid, blooming womanhood. "I want you to like me"—clasping the delicate white hand, and with an almost imperceptible motion towards the man by her side—"because, you know, I am going to marry John."

Harriet Caryl Cox.

ONE WAY TO SUCCEED.

THERE was a time when Dick Van Orden had hundreds of friends, and not an enemy in the world. Everybody said that he was bright and could write excellent fiction—that is, everybody but the magazine editors. He did manage to push his way into one or two of the smaller magazines, but the more important publications would have nothing to do with him; and, like all the rest of us, he was always complaining that the magazines were private property and belonged exclusively to two or three old fossils of writers.

Dick had published one or two of his books, but they had not proven successful, and it had cost him about all his ready cash. That was one of the reasons why we all liked him. If he had made a success, we should have hated him. That is one of the tricks of the trade.

Dick has not nearly so many friends now as he had then. When he made a success a month or so ago, we all talked about him, of course, suppressing praise and belittling him in every way possible, so as to keep him from becoming a greater man than the rest of us.

The meanest thing about Van Orden's success, however, was the way he went about it. First of all, he married—not a frowsy haired woman who smoked cigarettes and called herself a Bohemian. She didn't drink *crême de menthe*, either, which was a further proof that she was stuck up. Miss Jones dubbed her simple, countrified, and unsophisticated, and the newspaper women vowed that they would have nothing to do with her. As a matter of fact, she would have nothing whatever to do with them.

Van Orden didn't introduce his wife to many of us, but those who knew her liked her—until he made his hit. She was a quiet, unassuming little woman, who did not belong to any latter day clubs, and seemed to have but one idea—that her husband was a smart man and bound to succeed. But we all prophesied failure, of course.

It was some months before anything happened to make us hate our rival for literary honors. Then, one day, we read that Richard's bride of but a few months had brought suit for a separation. To say that we were shocked would be to put it mildly. We were simply delighted. We had not had such a choice bit of gossip for years, and we simply reveled in it. The papers all told how Van Orden was a story writer, and mentioned the books he had published. We all laughed quietly when they referred to him as a "prominent young man of letters," and called his books "masterpieces."

The story of the suit for separation lasted three days, and on the fourth came the best part of all. Mrs. Van Orden declared, in an interview, that the cause of all their trouble was her husband's work. She objected, it seems, to the sort of books he wrote. They were too realistic, and she could not be happy with a man who entertained such extraordinary ideas about men and women.

On the first day that the story of the suit for divorce appeared, I noticed a man reading Van Orden's latest book on the Elevated. On the following day I saw half a dozen people with it. On the third day everybody in the car had a copy of the book; and on the fourth I actually bought one myself. I had to wait in a line nearly five minutes to get it, too. But the book was really not half bad.

In a few days everybody was reading it, and a second edition was called for. It was reported that a leading dramatist was at work on it. Men and women began to write to the papers about it, some defending the husband, others declaring that the wife was right, and that no pure minded man could have such ideas. In less than a week, Richard Van Orden was the most talked of man in New York. In short, he was a success!

The publishers ordered more books from him, and paid for them in advance, and as for the magazine editors, they were simply wild about him. But Dick was ready for them. He had a trunk full of old stories written and rejected in past years, and he simply did what every one else does under similar circumstances—unloaded them on an unsuspecting public.

As for the suit for separation, it never came to trial. Then my suspicions were aroused, and I began a quiet little investigation. No matter what I discovered. Richard Van Orden was once a friend of mine, and I refuse to reveal what I learned. Besides, I may want to use the trick myself some day.

Dick is now so thoroughly hardened that he has no hesitation in laying all the blame on his wife. He declares that the suit for separation was her idea, and he owes to her his newly acquired fame and fortune. I also learned, by the way, that her father was formerly one of the best known advertising agents in New York, and that Barnum once paid a fabulous sum for his services.

Warren McVeigh.

THE STAGE

"OH, SUSANNAH!"

Critics on both sides of the Atlantic have soundly berated this English farce comedy, which took three men to put it together. And the critics are right; as a specimen of play making, "Oh, Susannah!" is mighty bad sort. The ingredients are there, but the overplus of cooks has evidently spoiled the broth in the mixing.

So much for the critical point of view. The box office end tells an altogether different story. More than four months is the record of the run at the Royalty in London, with the finish not yet sighted, and from the peals of laughter heard at Hoyt's, the piece will have a similar vitality here. For the people have found the fun in it, interlarded as it is between trite talk and strained situations. And Josephine Hall's *Aurora*, another slavey rôle similar to her *Ruth* in "The Girl from Paris," is a magnet in itself of big attracting power. The part is played in London by Louie Freear, who was also the *Ruth* there, and in both cities the impersonator of this character has been credited with saving the play.

Fritz Williams is the leading man, an impecunious young doctor who has to bear up under the loving attentions of *Aurora*. He manages to extract all that is possible out of the part, and is especially clever in doing the funereal on his first entrance.

JULIE OPP AND ROBERT LORAINE.

Last June we printed our first portrait of Julie Opp, in the small part of *Hymen* in "As You Like It." She was, at the time, playing *Mrs. Ware* in "The Princess and the Butterfly" at the London St. James. As those who have seen the play will recall, the character, while important in the development of the plot, calls for only a single appearance; but when he assigned it to her, George Alexander remarked, "You have shown me what you can do"—referring to her sudden assumption of Julia Neilson's place as *Rosalind*. "Be patient; your time is to come."

And her time has come without calling for the exercise of much patience. After playing the *Princess* on several occasions in London, Miss Opp returned to her native America, and in less than six months created the part in New York, making an impression that will go down in the history of the season. She is still under contract to Mr. Alexander, and will probably return to London this spring to appear there in "The Conquerors."

Miss Opp is a woman's woman. Her admirers among her own sex are legion, and during the fourth act of "The Princess," in which she doesn't appear, she holds a regular levee in her dressing room. Her marriage last autumn to Robert Loraine, an English actor, was announced in our January issue. He is a member of the St. James company, and played *Maxime Demailly* in "The Princess." In the forthcoming production of "Much Ado About Nothing" he is to be *Claudio*, and will make a handsome Prussian officer for "The Conquerors." His father is Henry Loraine, a veteran English player.

Miss Opp, by the way, wishes it stated that instead of her husband being almost as tall as herself, he is a few inches taller.

"'WAY DOWN EAST."

Some half dozen years ago an exceedingly pretty curtain raiser was produced at the Lyceum with Georgia Cayvan in the principal rôle. It was called "White Roses," and was written by Lottie Blair Parker. Encouraged by this beginning, Mrs. Parker wrote "'Way Down East," which, after much buffeting by the way, has finally reached the footlights via Joseph R. Grismer, of "New South" memory, who elaborated and produced it, with his wife, Phœbe Davies, as the leading woman. The play has proved such a big success from the financial side that the managers who refused it, thinking the people had had too much of "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" diet, must feel like calling themselves very hard names. And yet that illogical last act would seem to justify the turning down of any play.

It must be that it wins by its atmosphere, which fairly reeks with New England realities. There is any amount of snow, and such a winding and unwinding of mufflers as to make one fairly dizzy. It goes without saying that the characters eat a meal on the stage. They always do in these Yankee dramas, and one can't blame the playwright for introducing the scene. For some unknown reason there is invariably a delicious flutter of expectancy in the audience when chairs are drawn up to the table. Is it, we wonder, because there is a hope that now the players will perforce stop talking for a while?

Frankly, in spite of its time worn devices, "'Way Down East" holds the interest through three of its acts, and as they cover almost the entire evening, the public evidently stands ready to forgive the horse play and absurdi-

ROBERT LORAINE, AS "RUDOLF RASSENDYLL" IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

From a photograph by Sawyer, Newcastle.

JULIE OPP AS "ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN" IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

ties of the fourth. In any event, the piece marks a turning point in the fortunes of the Manhattan Theater, which had such a dismaying succession of failures as to frighten off

ANGELA MCCAULL.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

Mr. Woodhull, who took the management only last August. The new proprietors are William A. Brady, sponsor for the celebrated Corbett, and F. Ziegfield, Jr., introducer to these shores of Anna Held.

A WELL KNOWN MANAGER'S DAUGHTER.

The production of "Clover" by the Castle Square Company recalls memories of its first presentation in this country, nine years ago, by John A. McCaull, who had De Wolf Hopper for his leading comedian, and whose spring season of light opera at Wallack's had come to be one of the theatrical features of the metropolis. The year before, the piece was "The Lady or the Tiger?" and besides Hopper there were Jefferson De Angelis, Alfred Klein, Mathilde Cottrelly, and Madeleine Lucette, now Mrs. Ryley, who draws such handsome royalties from "An American Citizen" and "Christopher, Jr.," that many have forgotten that she was once an actress.

MAUDE ADAMS.

From her latest photograph by Pach, New York.

After riding on the top wave of success for more than a decade, Mr. McCaull met with reverses, and the big benefit given for him at the Metropolitan Opera House was a notable event. He died soon afterwards, leaving his two daughters quite alone in the world. We give a portrait of Angela, the younger, who played opposite to Cyril Scott in the original cast of "The Heart of Maryland," and who continued with the piece until a few weeks ago. Miss McCaull has a keen sense for comedy, and plays with a sprightliness that unending repetitions cannot dull.

GRACE GOLDEN AND POPULAR OPERA.

Novelty is usually considered to be a big drawing card, but the experience of the Castle Square Opera Company would seem to prove that "old things are best." While the house is always well filled—for their New York enterprise is an undoubted and deserved success—such well thrummed works as "Trovatore" and "Martha" crowd it almost to the suffocating point. This showing is a gratifying one at a period when so much is said about the public's degenerate taste for the frothy and the ephemeral. Among the other titles in the grand opera list included in the repertory of the Castle Square organization are "Aida," "Carmen," "Faust," "The Huguenots" and "Romeo and Juliet."

While the excellent results attained by this company are secured by all round good work, Grace Golden fully merits being considered

the star, if star there be. Her versatility is as remarkable as her untiring industry. One week she will be singing *Leonora* in "Trovatore" while rehearsing for *Francesca* in "The Fencing Master," to be sung the next, for as the star's understudy. Then came her association with Marie Tempest, and her frequent singing of Miss Tempest's parts in "The Fencing Master" and "The Tyrolean," which first brought her into real prominence.

GRACE GOLDEN.

From her latest photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

the bill, with very rare exceptions, is changed every Monday.

Miss Golden comes from Indiana. Her parents, Martin and Bella Golden, were both actors, so, gifted with such a voice as hers, it was a foregone conclusion that she should adopt the stage as a career. Beginning in the chorus at the Metropolitan, her first rôle of any consequence was *Cerise* in the revival of "Erminie" at the Casino, in 1889. She soon replaced Pauline Hall in the name part, and later was with the Lillian Russell company She has been with the Castle Square forces since last season, joining them in Philadelphia, where they still continue to crowd the Grand Opera House, just as they do the American in New York.

PURE PLAYS IN THE LEAD.

The present season will pass into history distinguished for two marked characteristics of utterly opposite natures: the great vogue of plays perfectly pure in tone and theme, such as "The Little Minister," "An American Cit-

izen," and "A Virginia Courtship," and the turgid discussions aroused by those of the other sort, of which "The Conquerors" and "The Tree of Knowledge" are the notable examples. And when the balance sheet is struck at the close of the theatrical year, we think it will be found that known purity has outdistanced debatable propriety as a paying investment for managers.

Assuredly there is no close second in drawing power to Maude Adams in Barrie's play, which is a fixture at the Garrick till hot weather sets in. It is also announced that Miss Adams will retain "The Little Minister" throughout the whole of next season, all of which, it is possible, may be passed in New York. We present herewith another portrait of this favorite among the stars, one taken for private distribution among her friends and only recently permitted to be given to the public.

To return to next season's possibilities, "Phroso," from Anthony Hope's novel, may be the play of the Empire stock, and at the Lyceum Pinero's latest, "Rose Trelawny," is already booked for November. Called "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" at the London Court, where it is now being played, this is a bright, breezy story of stage people as contrasted with the nobility, and its atmosphere is happily free from every taint of that element which, in the long run, is inevitably found to be a real drawback to houses of the better class—in that it prevents the "talking up" of the play in drawingrooms and at dinner tables.

FLORENCE WALLACK, LESTER WALLACK'S GRANDDAUGHTER.
From a photograph by Falk, New York.

Rose Trelawny, by the way, will suit Mary Mannering admirably. It is being played on the other side by Irene Vanbrugh, sister to Mrs. Arthur Bourchier.

STARS OF THE SIXTEENTH MAGNITUDE.

It is to be hoped that the year 1898 will witness the final disappearance from the

GERTRUDE GHEEN AS "LADY SPILLSBY" IN "BYEWAYS."
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

American stage of that style of "farce comedy" with which it has been infested for several years—the farce comedy that is so called because it is neither farce nor comedy and is generally nothing more than a vehicle for the display of the eccentricities or "specialties" of the variety actors for whom it is constructed. No sooner does a variety "team" make a hit with some amusing ten minute absurdity than they are seized with a desire to "star" and thereafter know no rest until they have secured something that they call a play which will enable them to do in two hours and a half precisely the same things that have amused variety audiences when condensed into ten minutes.

It is doubtful if any more terrible example of this craze can be found than that of Messrs. Ward and Vokes, who came into prominence a few years ago in a very funny sketch in which, attired as ragged and bearded tramps, they pretended to be English gentlemen of title. As a ten minute sketch nothing could have been funnier than this, but they must needs go "starring" in a play which not only introduces in an amplified form their own specialty, but also proves conclusively that they are absolutely unable to do any-

GRACE FILKINS AS "CELIA PRYSE" IN "THE ROYAL BOX."
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

thing else that is worth the while. After all, acting is an art capable of infinite variety and the true exponent of it should be able to entertain an audience during an entire evening without once repeating himself.

A PROMISING PLAYER.

Robert Hilliard's revival of his old play "Lost—24 Hours," under its new and much poorer name, "A New Yorker," served one good purpose in introducing to American audiences Gertrude Gheen, who played *Mildred Swift*, the hoodwinked wife. Her impersonation was so convincing, and her stage presence so devoid of all affectations, that the critics forthwith singled her out for special mention.

Although she came from London to take this part, and though no one would guess her nativity from her accent, Miss Gheen is not English, but American, hailing from a little town in Pennsylvania. Her brother, Frank Gheen, is one of the two lieutenants in "Secret Service."

Miss Gheen has been abroad for some time, and did good work in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

a big melodrama which was thought too essentially English to stand importation. Last autumn she played in "Byeways" at the London Comedy.

A CREDIT TO THE SEASON.

The success of Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box" is one of the most gratifying events in a season notable for divided opinions and acrimonious discussion. For this success is due wholly and without question to artistic merit, depending neither on the personal following of the star nor on any sensational features in the performance. The utilization of a proscenium box in a serious play, after the burlesques and reviews have thrashed all novelty out of the device, was to be considered in the nature of a hazard rather than a bid for favor.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Coghlan has broken his usual rule, and read what the critics have said about him. Their notices everywhere have been so deservedly complimentary that it would be a pity the subject of them should not taste the joy of such judicious praise.

We give a portrait of Grace Filkins, who fills the important and difficult rôle of *Celia Pryse*. To present a love lorn maiden, eating out her heart because of supposedly unrequited affection, and keep the character within the serious bounds of a piece that is not a comedy—this is a task of no mean dimensions, and that Miss Filkins does it so happily is a distinction that will carry her a long step forward in her career.

She will be remembered as one of the series of *Nells* in "Shore Acres," and last season made a brief incursion into the vaudeville field.

"ONE SUMMER'S DAY."

Young Mr. Esmond evidently became so imbued with the atmosphere of "The Princess and the Butterfly" while he was playing a part in it that he could not keep himself from writing a weak imitation thereof. For in "One Summer's Day" we have the hero who considers himself already laid on the shelf, and who is bringing up his deceased brother's child—this time a dutiful small boy at school instead of a harum scarum young lady addicted to clandestine masquerades. Perhaps if his conscience had permitted him to carry the imitation a little further, the actor author might not have made such a sorry mess of things. As it is, "The Courtship of Leonie" was a classic beside this latest output, which by some hocus pocus has managed to please Londoners for so long a time as to induce John Drew to come a cropper with it.

"I never saw such a collection of dull people," observes one of the characters at the dreary picnic which covers most of the piece, and the bored audience appreciatively echoes the sentiment. Because Pinero and Jones, Grundy and Carton, can make plays "go" on talk, young Mr. Esmond fondly imagines he can do likewise, and to help matters out he throws in the senseless chatter of an impudent small boy by way of variety. In fact, the play runs to boys, there being two that appear, besides one who doesn't appear, but is so constantly in the major's mouth that *Maysie* deservedly fines the middle aged enthusiast sixpence every time "kiddie" is mentioned.

John Drew is the major, and puts as much backbone into the preposterous creation as it can stand without collapsing beneath the strain. As *Maysie*, Isabel Irving does good, honest work, causing the spectator to wish he could take the very amateurish playwright in hand and give him the sound drubbing he deserves for wasting the time of capable people on such drivel.

"THE MASTER."

The critics have united in a pean of praise for Henry Miller and his new play. But as the people have differed from them in one direction in the case of "Oh, Susannah!" it seems to us probable that they will differ from them in the other as regards "The Master." It is refreshing, to be sure, to find a piece turning on a man's violent temper rather than on lovers' quarrels or marital indiscretions, but there is no denying that Mr. Ogilvie's play becomes monotonous. Furthermore, in order to make his points he has in at least one instance hammered probability all out of shape; and again, having devised a neat bit of business or repartee, he spoils the symmetry of his work by repeating it later on.

Then the preponderance of business terms and references will militate against the lasting popularity of "The Master." "We women know little of stocks and bonds," remarks one of its characters, and as women are the principal support of the better class of theaters, a drama overladen with the commercial element is not likely to be a winner.

There are some strong scenes in "The Master," Henry Miller does excellent work in the part, and now and then genuine emotion is aroused by an expressive touch on the chords of nature, but judged both as a well balanced piece of dramatic workmanship and as a play that is likely to attract money to the box office, we cannot agree with the reviewers who have eulogized it. John Hare has the English rights—Mr. Ogilvie is an

Englishman—and we await the London verdict with interest.

Among our portraits this month is one of the granddaughter of the man who two decades ago stood at the head of things theatrical in New York—Lester Wallack. Florence Wallack is still very young, having made her first appearance on the stage last season, when she played with Margaret Mather. This year she is in Richard Mansfield's company, and has parts in "A Parisian Romance" and "The Merchant of Venice." Her real name is Sewell, her descent from the famous actor manager being through her mother.

* * * *

A young man who is likely to make a name for himself in the line of play writing is Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, who dramatized "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." He is at present engaged on a stage version of "Vanity Fair," which will probably be produced next season with Minnie Maddern Fiske in the rôle of *Becky Sharp*. Those playgoers who were disappointed in Mrs. Fiske's *Tess*, because it failed to fill their preconceived ideas of Mr. Hardy's rustic heroine, will undoubtedly derive much satisfaction from the knowledge that this actress bears a striking resemblance in all her physical aspects to Thackeray's own pictures of the woman whom he drew with such a brilliant pen.

* * * *

College theatricals are not subjected to so severe an ordeal of criticism as obtains for the professional stage. But of late years the Columbia University output has been so good that one is almost tempted to point out wherein it might be made better. "In Vanity Fair" is the title of the present season's production, a musical comedy by Arthur Augustus Powers, '97, and Donald MacGregor, '96, some of whose work (from "Cleopatra") is utilized in Rice's "French Maid," as was noted in this place last November. The music of "In Vanity Fair" is certainly "catchy," and no more reminiscent than that which furnishes forth many more ambitious scores, while Mr. Powers' lyrics all possess a swing that makes them easy singing. The Mask and Wig college club of Philadelphia, and the Paint and Powder amateur society of Baltimore have secured the right to present the piece.

Mr. MacGregor is an architect, and Mr. Powers a journalist. Whether they are also De Kovens and Smiths in embryo the future must tell us.

* * * *

The present season has seen some particularly striking posters. Reference has already been made in this place to the really beautiful one advertising Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality." Another effective "twenty eight" sheet is that devoted to "A Virginia Courtship." It shows a hunting scene, with hounds and red coated horsemen, and is pleasantly realistic in spite of the absence of green, to indicate grass and shrubbery, this being an interdicted color, owing to a superstition of Mr. Crane's.

Apropos of posters, Mr. Hoyt had a bright inspiration for one with which to herald his "Stranger in New York." Shakspere was represented as just arrived in the metropolis, striding down the middle of a street, and gazing with horrified eyes on the billboard announcements of the theaters, among which his own plays were conspicuously absent.

* * * *

There is a good deal of talk these days about the "commercial spirit" entering into the theatrical world to the detriment of the artistic side of the drama. Plays that will run are what the managers are after, cry the disgruntled, not plays that are of real worth, that will "live" whether they run or not.

It may be so, but self preservation is the first law of nature. Being without a subsidized theater, the manager must live by what he can draw to the box office, and the expenses of production are increasing with every year. The public expects realism in scenic effects, and is quick with the laugh at makeshift devices. The time has gone by when a woodland back drop will answer for a forest, and a few gilt chairs furnish the illusion of a palace. The "commercial spirit" must of necessity enter into calculations behind the footlights when exacting spectators sit in front of them.

* * * *

Although the regular stock season at the Lyceum closes on April 2, the attraction secured to follow on Easter Monday will bring back to its stage three faces that will seem of right to belong there. Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, and W. J. Le Moyne are to appear in their new play by Clyde Fitch, "The Moth and the Flame." The action takes place in fashionable society circles and includes the interruption of a marriage service in presence of the "smart set" in a church scene. Miss Shannon is the bride, Mr. Kelcey the villain, and Mrs. W. J. Le Moyne also has a part, that of a grass widow who makes horrifying speeches. It will recall the "good old days" of "The Charity Ball" and its companion pieces, "made in America," all of them, and each playing the season through in spite of hard knocks from the critics. The people liked them because they put the story foremost and left repartee and epigram to take care of itself.

LITERARY CHAT

LITERARY MEN'S LETTERS.

Now that authorship has become a trade, an author's correspondence is no longer a thing to be dealt out to an eager public before the crape is off his door. It has lost its literary value.

The modern author turns to his correspondence when he is out of humor for writing, since a really live, inspired literary mood must always be cashed up for business purposes. He throws into a letter the fag ends that he could not use elsewhere, or struggles through dreary commonplaces of news, turning out what some one has described as a Mother's-better-we're-expecting-Jim-on-Friday-do-tell-me-all-about-yourself product.

Or else, if he does squander a fresh, bright hour on a friend, his cleverness is self conscious, and the letter screams biography on every page. He posts it with a comfortable feeling that, even if he has not made any money that morning, he has added a spark to his own posthumous glory.

The letters that should be published are those of the people who make writing their pastime, not their business, and who put their best selves into their correspondence. These people lavish upon their letters all the little points and big ideas that come into their heads and would otherwise go unexpressed, and they spin along without posturing or affectation, since there is little chance that their winged words will rise again in print.

As for the author's little fag end scrawls, publishing them is a frank brutality, in spite of the gossip lovers that clamor for them. They are pretty sure to show us that a great man is great only in spots; that, instead of being permeated with genius, he carries it merely as an excrescence, like the camel's hump, and is, beneath it, very much like other mortals. Our illusions are going quite fast enough as it is. Do let us keep a few pedestals.

Walt Whitman's recently published letters may be a revelation of the man, but we loved him as a genius, and we have lost something. Here is a fair sample of his epistolary self:

I received your second letter today—also the *Star*. I sent you a letter Tuesday evening, which I suppose you have received. As I am now sitting in my room and have no desire to go to bed yet, I will commence another. Give my best respects to ——

BRET HARTE AND HIS BOOKS.

Bret Harte is a facile and prolific writer, and his books issue from the press with a fair degree of regularity. His recent work, "The Three Partners," is welcome, for it shows the author in his happiest vein. Moreover, it is a pleasure to meet again in this book some of the characters of his earlier stories.

Bret Harte has always had a large audience. Indeed, the extent of his popularity is scarcely realized by many people, because of late there has been little of that newspaper furore over his books which stands too often for the gauge and guarantee of literary merit. He is one of the very few American authors who are popular in Germany. His aggressive Americanism, and the intensely and distinctively American characteristics of his work compel the respect of Englishmen, who, themselves strong in the love of country, recognize and applaud the same trait in people—particularly literary people—of other nationalities.

The accidents, if one may call them so, that led to Bret Harte's sudden accession to fame are easy to follow. When the California gold craze was at its height he left Albany, his native city, and went West. He was a mere lad, and with his inherent nicety and love of refinement he did not make a success of gold digging. He became in turn an express messenger, a school teacher, a typesetter, and an editor's assistant; and all the while he was treasuring up the picturesque scenes and episodes around him for future "copy."

When he was twenty nine, the *Overland Monthly* was established under his editorship. In the first number appeared "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and many stories from his pen followed. The "Luck" was reviled by Western reviewers and critics, but was received with such marked favor in the East that the author's reputation was soon established. He had portrayed the human aspect of the new West fearlessly and uncompromisingly, and out of this novel and unconventional material he had made a tale of the strongest interest. Such work was no less rare in those days than it is now, and his genius received wide and instant recognition. Plain and directly put as his stories are, they have always borne evidences of sincerity, and have showed a sense of freedom which is strongly characteristic, for Mr. Harte has never knuckled to the conventions of a literary clique.

An interesting episode in his career was his association with the author of "Huckleberry Finn." It was Harte who first suggested to Mr. Clemens that he should write for pub-

lication some of the humorous stories he used to tell, and Clemens, profiting by the advice, came to world wide fame as "Mark Twain."

Bret Harte is still in his prime, a gentleman of unusual polish, exhibiting a nicety of dress and manner which would be taken for foppishness if such a blemish could exist in a nature so frank and sincere. His personality is as unconventional as his work, and he is as witty in conversation as in his writings, so that he has always been a favorite with his friends in England and America.

TWO MARK TWAINS.

The Mark Twain we used to know, the Mark Twain of "The Innocents Abroad," of "A Tramp Abroad," of his short stories, isn't in existence any longer. In his place we have a man who writes books, but we wish that he would write what he wants to, instead of what he fancies the world wants him to write.

"The Innocents" was the spontaneous fun of a young man with a gift of humor. Real humor of the early Mark Twain variety is not only a fine thing in itself, but it is an indication of something infinitely finer. It goes to the very root of human nature.

It is altogether probable that had Mr. Clemens never met with reverses of fortune, he would have taken the time to sit down and put upon paper the book he wanted to write. He did something that pleased him in his "Joan of Arc," but that was not the best in him. His last book, "Following the Equator," is interesting; but it would have been a thousand times more interesting if Mr. Clemens could have forgotten, and the world could have forgotten, that he had written a funny book of travels before. His sense of observation is keen and cultured now. He sees into the real heart of things. When he began writing, he was a boy who saw the incongruities of life, and presented them humorously. Now, with his clearer vision, he is obliged to put himself into a mental position to catch his old point of view, and then—we are glad he doesn't succeed, and we wish he would not try. In all these years Mark Twain has become a lovable personality to the English reading world. We have laughed with him in his youth, and we have been sorry when he was sorry, and we wish he wouldn't think he had to make us laugh.

"Following the Equator" is a delightful book of travels, nevertheless. Mr. Clemens sees the plain truth as we understand it, and he tells it admirably. Here and there are little scraps of a disposition toward bitterness, some people might say, but these are outcroppings of a deep understanding of the tragedies of existence. Most of us dullards grow so accustomed to the usual course of life that it has no power to move us or make us wonder. The humorist is the one who seizes upon the every day happening and shows it to us. By his very nature he must see the tragedy as well as the comedy.

Mr. Clemens has reached the time when it is the serious side which appeals to him. Why not give us a great book in which he would let us see it, too?

THE IMMORTAL COOGLER.

More than a year ago we introduced to our readers a budding genius. We could not identify the bud, but we recognized the genius; and now our bud of last year has blossomed.

We have no forty immortals in America; we have only one, and his name is Coogler—J. Gordon Coogler. Inspired to prophecy we once called this man the "Poet Laureate of America," and the laurel is even now upon his brow. His fifth volume of "purely original verse" has come to hand, so that we have now his complete works up to date—an adjunct to our library that we would not exchange for any other publication of the year.

The lofty purpose which animates J. Gordon Coogler in his poetical work, and the supernal beauty of the lines themselves, are vividly shown in the following passage:

'Tis better this hand was silent,
This *mind* obscure and weak,
Than *it* should pen a single line
These lips would dare not speak.

There are passages in Mr. Coogler's pure and original verse to which we would gladly direct the critical attention of our readers, but the poet's warning makes us hesitate:

Oh, you domestic critics who always quote,
But cannot e'en compose a readable letter;
I defy you with all your self blown wisdom,
To write a decent line of verse—or make mine better.

No, no, Mr. Coogler, we cannot possibly make your verses any better; we certainly shall not attempt anything of the sort. The poet laureate of America is a modest man, and disavows all responsibility for his surprising feats of versification. His destiny seems to be as much in the hands of fate as that of the novice who starts down hill on a brakeless bicycle. We apologize for dragging in this figure of speech, but it was suggested by Mr. Coogler's pathetic introduction to his fifth volume:

The path is old and well beaten I know
That leads away o'er the hills to fame;
I've started thereon and I cannot turn back,
I've naught to regret and no one to blame.

None is to blame, assuredly; not even Mr.

Coogler himself. Every one knows that it is hard to stop when you are well agoing, and Mr. Coogler's only mistake was in not starting out with a brake—and putting it down hard.

We are watching the rider, his mount, and the hill. Where Mr. Coogler is coming out we cannot say, for we have never essayed that hill and we are not familiar with his particular make of Pegasus. We can only echo the words of the bard himself :

Farewell, ye milk white dove, farewell !
This parting gives me pain ;
To think, perhaps I ne'er shall see
Thy gentle form again !

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

In a recent monthly an article appeared exposing the frail foundation on which the yellow journalism rests, and proclaiming that its downfall is near at hand.

The author makes the tail wag the dog in a most ingenious manner, for he attributes the wide sale of the atrocity mongers not to an indigenous love of the gruesome, but to the editorial dictum, "Sensationalism is what the people want." The newspaper, he argues, makes people think they want a certain person for mayor, a certain government for Cuba, a certain standard for currency. Why should it not be equally powerful to make a man think he wants a certain nastiness in his daily journal? The people do not think for themselves, he claims; they buy their opinions and preferences at from one to three cents a day. This, then, is the situation :

YELLOW JOURNAL—"You want sensationalism !"

AMERICAN PEOPLE (surprised)—"Why, by gum, so we do !"

Result—Five hundred million circulation.

This is granting the newspaper an alarming degree of power. What if some enterprising journal should start the cry, "You want a wife"—or, more alarming yet, "You don't want one"? What a commotion there would be among the maidens !

When it comes to personal appetites, we are strongly inclined to think that men know their own wants and distastes, and act on them, instead of meekly acquiescing in an editorial edict. Take a crowded car when the evening papers are out, and notice what the people around you are reading. Then look at their faces. There is nothing ungenuine in that absorbed interest. "Throttled Her Lover," "Burned His Mother with Kerosene," "Butchered His Three Children"—such head lines ought to revolt the people, to turn them away forever from a sheet that reveled in the foul details; but they don't.

The ugly truth is that the great mass of the people has a morbid love of a thrill. The yellow journal is an abomination on the face of the earth, but we cannot fight it with an untruth.

Our optimistic author argues in all good faith. His creed is, "We do not want sensational journals : we are only made to think that we do." If he can make us think that we don't, he will have proved his point and won a glorious victory; but we fear he can't.

CONCERNING NATIVE SLANG.

It is doubtful if slang plays a more important part in the vernacular of any city than it does in that of New York, with the possible exception of Paris, which is constantly coining new words for its own exclusive use.

Nearly all American slang comes either from the stage, the gaming table, or the race track, and all of it literally reeks of the native soil. None originates with the educated classes, though they are willing to make use of it in a supercilious sort of way when it is furnished to them by those of inferior scholastic attainments. Moreover, it is not from prosperity, but from hard luck. that most of our slang expressions arise. Even the technical phrases of Wall Street are those which relate to losses rather than to gains.

It is easy to see why slang should proceed from the uneducated rather than from the educated strata of society. The man of learning can always find in the English vocabulary words that will adequatelv express his thoughts, but the unlearned man, confronted by some new situation or sensation, is likely, on the spur of the moment, to coin a word or a sentence apt enough to pass into the language.

For example, a theatrical manager once applied to a circus proprietor for a female rider who could be taught to play the leading juvenile part in a drama dealing with life in a circus tent. To this request the proprietor made answer that it was difficult to find a good rider who was capable of playing a part on the stage, "but," he added, "you might take one of them actorines of yours and learn her how to ride." He probably regarded "actorine" as the obvious feminine of actor, and the word came so naturally to his lips that he used it without any idea of saying anything humorous or odd. A college professor would, of course, have employed the proper word, but it is safe to say that his reply would never have been worth quoting as an illustration of anything in particular.

It would be impossible to enumerate here the various sorts of slang with which gamblers and players have enriched our language, or to make any comparison of the products of the two sources. It may be said in a general way,

however, that the gambler's slang is superior to that of the actor, because the latter comes from the lips of men who have, or ought to have, some familiarity with good literature.

In illustration of this we may take the expression "playing to the gallery," which, of course, comes direct from the theater, and is intended to signify a low, sensational quality of dramatic art. The phrase is not a good one. It is distinctly untrue, for the judgment of a gallery is usually a very correct one, so far as acting is concerned, and is never inferior to that of the boxes or orchestra chairs. It is not difficult to comprehend the reason for this. Every seat in the gallery is filled by some one who has paid for it with hard earned and frugally husbanded money, and who is there because he is a genuine lover of the drama and anxious to get his full money's worth of entertainment. In the more expensive parts of the theater, on the other hand, there may be found many who have received free tickets, and others who are there simply because they have nothing better to do. The proportion of real lovers of the stage among them is extremely small in comparison with the gallery, a region which the habitual "dead head" scorns to enter. For these reasons, if the phrase "playing to the gallery" were changed to "playing to the boxes," it would more truthfully convey its intended meaning.

The sporting equivalent of this expression is a far better one, namely, "making a grand stand play." It was used originally to refer to jockeys who made sensational finishes, often at the risk of losing the race, for the purpose of impressing the occupants of the grand stand with their extraordinary skill in horsemanship. Jockeys are well aware of the fact that the proportion of people who are ignorant of horse racing is much greater in the grand stand than in those portions of the field where the humbler classes of spectators are to be found. A jockey would be laughed at if he were to attempt to impress with his bizarre riding the great mass of shrewd and crafty followers of the turf who stand in the cheap places. Hence it has come to pass that the term "grand stand play" has crept into common usage to signify a direct appeal to ignorance or credulity.

A BUSY IDLE FELLOW.

It is a long time since Jerome K. Jerome christened himself "an idle fellow," and made us one and all vote him a charming fellow. We put his "Idle Thoughts" next to the "Reveries of a Bachelor," because the book was so like our own Ik Marvel's creation, and yet so different. We paired his "Three Men in a Boat" with Frank Stockton's "Rudder Grange," and laughed to scorn his self accusation that when he sat down to write something original he couldn't think of anything worth saying. To thousands of appreciative readers he is always amusing. His latest book, "Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green," does not contain a dull line, though the title smacks a little too strongly of the literary color school to be strictly original. His short story in last month's number of MUNSEY'S was a characteristic specimen of his fiction.

Not long ago Mr. Jerome relinquished the editorship of *The Idler* and *Today* for the purpose of devoting more time to book writing. He is now at work upon a short novel, which, needless to say, is humorous. His "Letters to Clorinda" are to be published in book form, with additions to the original series.

KIPLING'S FEMININE READERS.

Reviewers have a way of summing up their Kipling notes with the general remark that his works have a peculiar delight for men, which women miss. Do they mean that a woman cannot appreciate brawn and bone and muscle, because she is born somewhat puny fisted? Surely that is one reason the more for her to delight in the Kipling sledge-hammer, for fine fingered weakness is always ready to worship crude strength.

As a matter of fact, this giant has as many fervent women at his heels as he ever will number men—women who glory in his tread, and are above the matinée girl gush that is dribbled over smaller men. There is but one instance of sentimental adoration on record. A feminine relative of the author was presented to a young woman, who took her hand with a little gasp of ineffable feeling.

"You're related to him, really related?" she exclaimed. "Oh, won't you let me kiss you?"

KANSAS CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY

A MARIE CORELLI MYSTERY.

A London daily newspaper, or one of its "bright young men"—for the American press does not monopolize the entire visible supply of this charming article—has been doing some literary detective work. The mystery it claims to have unraveled is as deep and dark as any of Gaboriau's. It began some five years ago, when there was published an anonymous book, "The Silver Domino," which consisted of a series of articles upon the literary lights of the day. Among these lights was numbered Miss Marie Corelli, and it was noticed that while every other criticism was a scathing one, in her case the tone was rather that of faint praise. Suspicious people at once suggested

that Miss Corelli had written the book herself, but she emphatically denied the charge.

Now comes the clue. A second edition of "The Silver Domino" was printed, and in it the anonymous author printed the following letter received from Tennyson:

ALDWORTH, Haslemere, Surrey.

MY DEAR ——— I thank you heartily for your kind letter and welcome gift. You do well not to care for fame. Modern fame is too often a mere crown of thorns, and brings all the vulgarity of the world upon you. I sometimes wish I had never written a line. Your friend,

TENNYSON.

Now, in a recent magazine article, the writer, presumably a friend of Miss Corelli, quotes a letter addressed to her by the late laureate:

ALDWORTH, Haslemere, Surrey.

DEAR MADAM—I thank you very heartily for your kind letter and your gift of "Ardath," a remarkable work and a truly powerful creation. You do well, in my opinion, not to care for fame. Modern fame is too often a crown of thorns, and brings all the coarseness and vulgarity of the world upon you. I sometimes wish I had never written a line. Yours, TENNYSON.

The detective argues that these two epistles must be one and the same. It is not likely, he urges, that Tennyson would send his author friends a letter which, while it appeared to be a strong expression of a strong man's strong feelings, was really nothing but a circular masquerading as an intimate note; and the other circumstances of the case point to the same conclusion—which the reader can readily draw.

A SEQUEL TO "VANITY FAIR."

The desire to know "what became of them" after the last page of a novel has been read is an instinct which the scientific modern writers who disapprove of interesting stories would no doubt condemn as primitive and childish. Like a good many other primitive things, however, it is shared by a great many people.

There was recently published a letter which Thackeray wrote to the late Duke of Devonshire in 1848, shortly after the last monthly part of "Vanity Fair" had appeared. The duke, it seems, had expressed his regret at parting with *Becky Sharp* and *Amelia Sedley* and *Dobbin* and the rest, and the obliging novelist—who, for all his keenness in scenting snobbery, dearly loved a duke, as he once said himself—lifts the curtain for him and brings the history up to date.

MY LORD DUKE:

Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her "in happier days," she said, with a sigh, by Smee, the Royal Academician.

Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of opinion that she is a *most injured woman*. There is no *sort of truth* in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas, the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley (who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, 1832; Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform bill) does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. "If it were not for *higher things*," she says, "how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falseness, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child? But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward *elsewhere*." The italics are Mrs. Crawley's own.

She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death, in 1832; but it turned out that Col. Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed. The late Joseph Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal civil service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practices of piety and benevolence before mentioned.

Col. and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was godmother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The colonel's "History of the Punjaub" is looked for with much anxiety in some circles.

I think these are the latest particulars relating to a number of persons about whom your grace was good enough to express some interest. I am very glad to be enabled to give this information, and am

Your grace's very much obliged servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

P. S.—Lady O'Dowd is at O'Dowdstown arming. She has just sent in a letter of adhesion to the lord lieutenant, which has been acknowledged by his excellency's private secretary, Mr. Corry Connellan. Miss Glorvina O'Dowd is thinking of coming up to the castle to marry the last named gentleman.

P. S. 2.—The India mail just arrived announces the utter ruin of the Union Bank at Calcutta, in which all Mrs. Crawley's money was. Will fate never cease to persecute that suffering saint?

A SOLDIER'S MANUAL.

Every American citizen has a constitutional right to bear arms, and to regard himself as a possible soldier in case of need. The word

"militia" has often been officially used to denote the entire fighting force of the nation's manhood—an army more vast than any that ever took the field.

It would not be strange if Captain Charles A. Smylie's "Points of Minor Tactics," recently published as a manual for the National Guard, should find many readers and students outside of that organization. It is a brief, clear, and remarkably readable summary of the soldier's duties, beginning where the routine of drill regulations and guard manual ends, and stopping short of the wide field of strategical operations. Between these limits it covers the equipment of the "three arms," the movements of armed bodies, outpost and patrol work, fire tactics, field fortifications, and the simpler intrenchments —details of the art of war on which success or failure constantly turns, as the author abundantly proves by the historical instances with which he illustrates every point he makes. It will be seen that the title of the book is a decidedly modest one.

Captain Smylie is an officer of one of the best New York militia regiments—the Twelfth. He is a director of the company that is preparing to bridge the Hudson River, and has other large business interests, but soldiering is a hobby to which much of his life has been devoted. He is a man who is welcomed in any social company, and in military circles he is known as one of the most promising of the younger officers of the National Guard, who is destined to rise to the highest posts it has to offer. He thoroughly believes in the value and importance of our citizen soldiery, and in "Minor Tactics" he earnestly combats the idea which, in the piping times of peace, has found expression in the sneering remark: "After all, we are nothing but a glorified police force." To this Captain Smylie replies:

> A sentiment like the above is usually to be explained by a desire to excuse inefficiency, or is the result of an underestimation of the value of thoroughness in detail and all round mastery of the less obvious duties of the service. The fact that the National Guard is frequently called upon to do duty against a domestic enemy on the occasions of rioting during strikes, etc., does not affect the other fact that it is primarily intended to act against an external enemy.

When rumors of war are in the air, this last consideration is by no means a merely nominal one.

ZOLA IN THE DREYFUS CASE.

The outcry concerning Zola's interference in the Dreyfus scandal has been sarcastically referred to as a means of advertising his new book, "Paris."

Now in the first place, no book of Zola's needs any advertisement except the announcement of its publisher in these days. The fact that he never sought sensational advertisement for his books in the early years when he could not sell them should certainly free him from such an imputation when the orders come in a year ahead of publication.

The point lies in the fact that a man of letters, particularly a novelist, is supposed never to be a man of action, or to have the liberty to come forward in any great emergency. He isn't supposed to have any partisanship, with the liberty of using his talent on the side he favors —at least, not as an individual. If he writes for a certain journal whose owners take up a cause, he may speak, but not as himself. If any other man who had reached Zola's eminence—a great soldier or a famous doctor— had espoused the cause of the unfortunate Dreyfus, he would not be called an advertiser.

Literary people are too often considered simply as onlookers in life, the note takers, who have nothing whatever to do with the show. Whatever the outcry against Zola, whatever the disapproval of his methods of novel writing, nobody can accuse him of lacking definite purpose. He has not written what he did not believe. His books are valuable because he has had a serious purpose.

The hard work that he has gone through, the study of his subjects, would have outfitted hundreds of money spinners. He came up to Paris and suffered and went unpublished for years. He belonged to that little coterie made up of Daudet, the Goncourts, Turgenieff, and the rest of them, all of whom came to fame.

As one of the great men of France, a man of ripe experience and trained intellect, he has a right to speak upon public questions without being put down as a cheap jack calling attention to his wares.

SOCIETY IN FICTION.

The dialect habit was bad enough, but the atmosphere of social supremacy that is smeared over so many recent stories is infinitely worse. There has arisen a whole class of light fiction infested with wearisome little toy swells, about as much like the real thing as a little girl with a shawl pinned on the back of her gown resembles the grown up young lady she personates with her small strut. A brougham, a butler, and a maid are as inevitable to a certain sort of modern heroine as personal charms, and they are relentlessly tacked on to her even when she betrays in a hundred ways that she was born to trolley cars and second girls, and to the coiling of her own fair locks with her own hands.

The young writer who wishes to picture a woman of fashion does not recognize that he must have known that realm personally to do it passably well. He seizes a few of its outer symbols, and tacks them on at random, never realizing that fine feathers do not make fine birds in fiction any more than in life. His creation bears the same relation to what he thinks he has built as a scarecrow does to a man; and none but the jays are impressed.

He is a brave writer who puts his heroine avowedly in the great middle class, where maids are unknown and footmen impossible; where the mother lets slip an occasional "he don't," and the grandmother frankly says "ain't"; where people are well bred without being good form, well dressed without being smart, and well behaved without knowing all the little laws and precedents that control what we call society. In nine cases out of ten it is to this class that the writer belongs, and this that he is best qualified to describe. But his inborn snobbery makes him shrink from confessing it in cold print, and he seeks to surround himself, through his characters, with the glittering social haze so dear to the American heart.

THE NEW ENGLAND STORY.

Go for the first time into a queer old room, full of quaint furniture and heirlooms, big and little, and you will not want any other amusement than that of wandering about, examining each thing in detail. You will come out enthusiastic about the good time you have had; but, after a great many visits, the novelty will wear off. You will still feel the charm of the atmosphere, but you will want to do something while you are there, instead of merely poking around. You will grow restless in spite of delft and spinning wheels.

That is the pass we have come to with the New England story. The minute setting is no longer enough, since we already know it by heart. The gaunt characters in themselves cannot hold our interest now, for we know them, too; and after one glance at their thin lips or shambling knees, we can describe them with our eyes shut. The time has come when things must happen in the queer old room, if we are to stay there. The gnarled men and hopeless women must move about, must please, anger, frighten, and thrill us, instead of merely posing before the camera.

We have looked our fill. Unless we can be made to feel, the room will be deserted.

Mr. Kirk Munroe, whose books for boys—which grown people read—are popular publications, both here and in England, belongs to a literary family. His wife is a daughter of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the novelist. His eldest sister married Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, and his youngest is the wife of Mr. Putnam, the librarian of the Boston Public Library. He has a delightful home in Florida, on Biscayne Bay, but he and his wife travel constantly, as he hunts his local color in the places where he locates his stories. As they have no children, and as Mrs. Munroe is as enthusiastic a traveler as himself, they go from North to South, from Maine to the Canadian West, and make holiday trips of their literary tours. They spent last autumn at Annapolis, where Mr. Munroe was getting material for a book with a Naval Academy student as its hero.

* * * *

General Lew Wallace will be able to shut himself off from the world, this summer, as completely as any literary worker could wish, and that without seeking seclusion in some remote mountain fastness. He has had a study built among the beech trees of his Crawfordsville garden, and he is having a moat dug about it, which will be filled with water, and presumably fitted with a drawbridge of the most approved medieval pattern. Hither the gallant veteran of the sword and the pen can retreat, and, pulling up his drawbridge, defy the most persistent interviewer.

It is said that at his death he intends to leave his fortified study—which is quite an elaborate building, costing forty thousand dollars—to the city of Crawfordsville for a public library.

* * * *

The discussion aroused by the modest Le Gallienne's assault upon Omar Khayyam has caused an English versifier to express his weariness of the whole subject in a painfully irreverent way:

There was an old person of Ham,
Who wearied of Omar Khayyam;
"Fitzgerald," said he,
"Is as right as can be;
But this club, and these versions—oh, d—n!"

* * * *

During his American travels Mr. Gallienne has doubtless encountered that propensity for asking questions which is said to be a national characteristic. One that has been propounded by some inquisitive native relates to the form of his name, which is an apparent defiance of the ordinary rules of French grammar. It is understood that his euphonious cognomen was not thrust upon him by ancestors over whom he had no control, but was selected for himself by himself. He might just as well have called himself Le Gallien or La Gallienne, and thus have silenced the query that now arises.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE,
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

THE CROP OF FAMILY TREES.

There is something pathetic in the joy of the American people over the recent discoveries in grandfathers. For years these monuments of antiquity had lain unappreciated. Then, all at once, we awoke to the fact that we had an unminted treasure in the house; that these newly unburied ancestors might be worn as jewels to dazzle the humble, humiliate the parvenu, and envelop their possessor in a distinguished glow of inherited respectability.

So the grandfathers were fished out of their forgotten corners, and dusted and polished and reset and formed into buttons and badges and diadems for their exulting descendants. And when the musty hiding places revealed but a cheap rhinestone or a bit of broken glass, or perhaps nothing at all beyond a little dust and a handful of ashes, clever artificers were found who could make even these give forth a lusty sparkle. No one owning a crack where an ancestor might lurk need go undecked, and now all over the land the women have banded together to play this beautiful game of "Button, button, who's got a grandfather?"

Men have rather shrunk back from these fashionable adornments, contenting themselves with the glory reflected from their royal wives and historic daughters. A man is hampered by the wholesome knowledge that, if he makes himself ridiculous, the world will roar in his face; but a holy law forbids that a woman shall be openly laughed at, and she is so used to a decorous respect in the face of her absurdities that she never dreams there may be unlawful snickering in the corners. Her sense of humor will never develop so long as the world loves her too well to discipline her with laughter; and, until humor awakens, she will carry on her pompous nonsense with all the dignity of a child playing princess, and spread her tea table in the shade of a family tree which, like the wonderful shrub of the eastern fakir, has sprung up from bare ground in a single hour.

Even if the tree were the growth of centuries, and the jewels of Aladdin flashed on every branch, an American man would be shy of displaying his joy in it too frankly, knowing that a sharp tongued press would have the world laughing at him day and night for his pride and vainglory; but a woman may put the tree on as a corsage bouquet and strut serenely behind it without catching a smile at the display. It is her feminine privilege to show off unhooted.

CONCERNING CRESTS AND HERALDRY.

Among the many social developments that have come with the latter day increase of wealth, few are more astonishing than the number of carriages now to be seen in the streets of New York emblazoned with elaborate coats of arms, where once a simple monogram was used. Whether this is good taste in the inhabitants of a republic is an open question; but it seems reasonable to demand that if Americans are going in for that sort of thing they should take the trouble to learn something of heraldry.

It is not generally known on this side of the ocean that no woman whatever is entitled to bear a crest. This piece of information should be disseminated far and wide for the benefit of the women who have their notepaper and their spoons engraved with what they are pleased to call their "crest." Furthermore, it is only the eldest son of a man entitled to bear arms who has a right to bear the crest pertaining to those arms. The younger sons may bear the arms, distinguished with the proper "mark of cadency" in each case, but only the eldest son has a right to the crest, and that not in his father's lifetime.

PLAYING LADY.

When several women meet together on a strictly society basis, one is irresistibly reminded how little girls "play lady." The miniature dames, with shawl trains flowing from their pinafores, sit in fashionable attitudes, and in fashionable accents utter the fashionable sentiment of the moment, stopping now and then to giggle at the absurdity of it all. And the grown ups do exactly the same, only they have not humor enough to laugh at it. The old term "playing lady" has been changed for "doing society," but the main elements of the game are the same;

you mustn't talk with your every day voice or move with your every day gait, or forget for an instant to be "charming."

It is that overworked adjective that has caused half the mischief. "Charming" is continually applied to women of picturesque attitudes and surface smiles and artificially sweetened voices, women who always move in the glamour of imaginary footlights and go through their little head tilting and eye shooting acts in serene complacence. For they know that the hurried world will fling them the adjective their outer aspect clamors for, and that their names will always be greeted by the conventional "Oh, yes; charming woman!" which their soul loves. They pin on an adjective as they would a satin bow, without reference to their outward structure, and trust its becomingness to cover its artificiality.

There are two kinds of naturalness, and they lie on either side of the great middle mass of affectation and self consciousness that society has reared up. The first is the naturalness of ignorance, the spontaneous, untrained variety that laughs freely and whole heartedly in a crowded car, points with frank finger and uplifted arm at a pleasing article in a shop window, eats when and where hunger makes the suggestion, shrugs at the word tact, and would inevitably choose comfort before appearances if the two conflicted. It is splendid, untrammeled, and just a trifle gauche.

On the other side of the great self conscious belt lies the region of the higher or trained naturalness, the very perfection of bearing, that has known self consciousness and put it away; that is unaffected, not because it knows no better, but because it knows better than to be anything else. To break a social canon through ignorance is unpardonable. To know all the social code and quietly and deliberately set aside such parts of it as seem to one tiresome or absurd—that marks one as first grade, as a thoroughbred of the highest order. This fine simplicity is a matter of choice rather than of impulse, but, though deliberate, it is not self conscious. It does not contrast so sharply with the middle airs and poses as the untrained variety does; yet, when it passes, the social world instinctively uncovers, recognizing that she to whom it belongs is not playing lady, but was born and bred one, and could not be anything else.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

The women of the past generation were unlucky in their choice of a period. They came in at an age when parents ruled their children, married in a time when the husband was lord of his wife, and are growing old in an era when the children run the earth. They have never known the satisfaction of ruling, the joy of bullying, the sweet scrunch of a neck under a high heeled boot. Faithful, dutiful, amiable, obedient—those were the adjectives they prized, knowing no better.

Perhaps, in their gentle hearts, they harbored little contraband dreams of power. Surely they anticipated with secret satisfaction the day when they should reap the daughterly reverence they themselves had sown, and "Just as you say, dear mother!" should be the household maxim.

But we have changed all that. This is the children's hour. The mother of today is not unkindly treated, but she is held with a firm, daughterly hand. There is little interest in her as a genuine sample of an early issue. She must be edited and revised and brought strictly up to date before she can be considered suitable for publication. Her grammar and pronunciation receive careful attention, and her archaisms of speech are faithfully pointed out—at first tolerantly, then irritably, then with exasperation. For, though she is humbly apologetic on the subject, she is not quick to learn new tricks, and has been known to say "Sa*von*arola" when the De Veres were calling, and to slip from "does" into "doos" in the very presence of the Van Schwaggers.

She cannot now glide comfortably into what has been called her anecdotage, for the young generation has discovered that an anecdote is merely a funny story that isn't funny, and so has relentlessly snubbed it out of the conversational category. Her garments and their adjustment are strictly supervised by her tireless manager, who, as she pins veils and straightens bows, wonders in her heart how her parent ever made a suitable appearance before the present mistress of the wardrobe came into existence. Ah, well, perhaps her husband and her mother between them kept her in shape until the daughter could take the reins. That was their business, in those days. Now the child is mother to the woman, and does her duty by her charge.

Out of all this comes a most significant question. What will be the relation between the daughter and the daughter's daughters? It will take twenty years to answer it, but perhaps even in heaven the well drilled mother will feel a mild satisfaction in that answer.

A NICE GIRL.

"No nice girl would do that."

That is a phrase one hears some three hundred and sixty five times a year, generally

on the lips of a very nice girl. A befuddled man creature, struck with the reiteration, noted down the occasions that led to the remark, and tried to work out a general code of feminine ethics, setting a heading of "No Nice Girl Would——" over a list of offenses tabulated, as far as he could guess, in the order of their enormity. The result was bewildering. Apparently, no nice girl would do anything at all, from powdering her nose to attending a prize fight.

He carried the schedule of forbidden fruits to the nicest girl he knew.

"Tell me," he said anxiously, "don't you ever do a single one of these? Why, it must be awful!"

She took the list, and by the time she had reached item No. 5 she was furiously angry. It was perfectly ridiculous—everybody did that now; any one that condemned it must be a stupid prig who had never been ten miles from home. Nos. 6 and 7 mollified her a little, and 10 brought a nod of approval, but at 13 she smiled distantly and handed back the list, with the remark that it should be pinned up in every well regulated nursery. She had had the misfortune to grow up without it, and so could not claim to be a nice girl. If he wanted to show that he disapproved of her, she wished he would do it frankly and openly, not in this roundabout fashion. And his opinion was a matter of absolute indifference to her, any way.

The next girl to whom he showed it laughed till she cried. It was all right to condemn No. 5 or 13, but as for 8 and 9, there wasn't a girl in town who wouldn't; and though one might not approve of 17 for a steady thing, everybody had tried it at least once, whether she would own up to it or not. A girl who lived up to that list would be simply unbearable; she wouldn't be nice at all.

The third girl colored and looked very uncomfortable. Of course, she quite agreed with most of it, only—sometimes things did seem exceptional, and sometimes—one didn't know that a thing was going to happen; though of course no nice girl would, as a general rule. And her eyes traveled back to 10 with a troubled look. A dozen others tore the code to shreds among them, each reserving a few sections which in her eyes were indispensable, and arguing hotly over the reservations of the rest.

What were these startling theses to be nailed to one's boudoir door? Surely any one who knows nice girls can guess. They involved chaperons and men and millinery, roof gardens and cigarettes and Sunday, and all the little trespasses which show that even a nice girl is human in spots. Though the code was pulled to pieces by the critics to whom it was submitted, the various clauses that were saved out of the wreck and vehemently insisted on would, if put together, reestablish the whole code intact.

The masculine mind is still as muddled as ever, and the problem is still unsettled. What may a nice girl do?

THE LANGUAGE OF CLOTHES.

When a girl has throttled herself with a band of rigid linen that paralyzes her neck muscles and saws a crimson line beneath her chin; when she has cut off her breathing power abruptly at the waist, burdened her back with a ponderous mass of swinging, dragging cloth, poised a winged and ribboned monstrosity on her head, and dazzled her eyesight with fluttering dots and dashes, she looks her very best. She is chic, she is good form, she pleases our distorted vision as no exponent of nature's laws ever could.

Seeing her coming, one recognizes at once that she is "possible"; that is, that there is no outer reason why she should not belong to the sacred inner circle of Vanity Fair. The impossible watch her pass with frank envy, or with a labored indifference that betrays the same feeling. The socially probable (those who very likely belong to that inner circle) lean forward in their broughams to see if she is not a person to be bowed to. Those who rule the social world meet her graciously and give her a fair chance to prove herself worthy of their set, where an equally deserving person with an easy going collar and an unrestricted diaphragm would be passed over indifferently, and must cut her way in through a thicket of pride and prejudice if she is to enter at all.

A girl's outer details form a sort of sign language, and though it takes a social expert to read it with absolute accuracy, no one can miss its general meaning. The more valiantly she has sacrificed personal comfort to the torturing laws of correct feminine gearing, the more the masculine spectator wants to know her, and to have it seen of men that she knows him. A quick pace sets her heart to pounding angrily at its barriers, and a passing wind swirls her into a helpless mass of skirts, but she never has to struggle unaided with a heavy swing door, or push an elevator button with her own fingers, or wait unnoticed at a crowded counter. The world steps aside for her, and she walks unjostled in a glittering social haze. She finds a velvet cloak at every puddle. Surely bodily freedom is not a high price to pay for all this.

THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

Man was created a vain animal. Before he had seen his fellow men, he conceived the

idea that the human form was a thing of great beauty, and he strutted proudly about the earth, enjoying his contours. Woman, too, started out not altogether dissatisfied with her geography, and so, when these two met, each was reveling in the thought, "How very beautiful I must seem to this stranger!" And so, of course, they fell in love with each other.

Being thus blinded, they went along in happy complaisance, praising human beauty. But one day incautious eating brought on a fit of dyspepsia, which cleared their eyes of the love mists in a twinkling, and for the first time they saw each other. Thereupon they shuddered and rushed away, and there was a corner in fig leaves.

Now, man could not give up the glory of his lost illusion, so he draped himself with garments that disguised his ungainly bulk, his strange bifurcations; and woman did likewise. And the more garments they piled on, the more they altered their outer semblance, the louder they bragged of their hidden beauty. To this day they draw it and paint it and carve it, to prove their boast, but for all that each keeps his own jealously guarded, lest the dyspeptic eye of his disillusioned fellows finds him out. Maidens, ruffed and pinched and humped and frilled out of all human semblance, stand adoringly before canvas "altogethers," fortified by the knowledge that these are "all the rage now"; yet inwardly they quiver under the mortifying betrayal of their own ugliness.

Mankind has done more than hide and sham to preserve the beauty fable. It has even had the audacity to condemn its God to the same image.

A THANKLESS TASK.

Every little while one sees a woman walking triumphantly down the street, head up, shoulders back, skirts swishing, grandly unconscious that some heartbreaking little calamity has befallen her gearing. It may be that two white waistbands, never meant to show, are outlining themselves against her dark tailor skirt; it may be a gaping pocket, a dangling tape, a misplaced switch that is ridiculing her proud bearing, and reading to the amused bystanders a satire on human complacency.

Some humane being, wishing to shorten the hour of her humiliation, draws close to her with a low toned, "I beg your pardon, but did you know that your——" the rest being a tenderly worded account of the disaster.

And the woman thanks her unknown benefactor with grateful effusion? Not a bit of it. She gives her one short glare, the scorching, dangerous look of a tiger whose young have been threatened, and turns away without a word. Her glance would translate into: "Worm of the dust, how dare you hint that anything could be wrong with me? What business is it of yours if I don't choose to hook my waistband? You meddling, officious ——" etc., etc.

The luckless philanthropist shrinks back covered with mortification, and the insulted one stalks into a shop, whence she presently emerges properly readjusted. She has been saved blocks of humiliation by some one whose act was entirely disinterested. Why isn't she grateful?

The only explanation comes from that never dying root of all evil, feminine vanity. This insists that she shall seem flawless in the world's eyes, and she is unconsciously exulting in her completeness when the innocent stumbling block brings her pride to earth. And some of us are still undisciplined enough to kick the thing we trip over. She has had a bad tumble, and it hurts her so that she wants to hurt back.

What is one to do? Let her make a spectacle of herself all the way down Broadway? Or save her in spite of herself and accept one's snubbing philosophically?

THE "PAYING GUEST."

A great many people utterly fail to grasp the significance of the phrase "paying guest," which occurs so frequently in stories of modern English life. In plain English it is nothing more nor less than a boarder, thus politely designated as a sop to the feelings of those who need the money paid for his entertainment, and yet do not wish to be known as keepers of a boarding house.

In America we have polite ways of our own for expressing this peculiar relationship:

"We're expecting a few friends to spend the winter with us—some nice people from Ohio, who have been very highly recommended."

"Maw's so fond of company that we've got the house full, as usual. That's the reason Uncle Jabez is sleeping in the haymow and the children have gone over to their grandmother's."

"Of course, sir, we wish you to distinctly understand that we don't keep a boarding house. No De Sneister ever did such a thing as that. But the winter evenings are so long, and my husband is away so much of the time, that at last we made up our minds to rent a few rooms."

In England, where there seems to be less variety and picturesqueness of speech than we have here, all this and much more is summed up in the terse and readily understood expression, "We have a paying guest."

ETCHINGS

MEN, MARRIAGE, AND WOMEN.

WHEN a man marries the girl he loves he thinks he's got everything he wants, but he soon finds out she hasn't.

IN choosing a husband always leave him to do a fair share of the choosing.

MARRIAGE is a lottery in which many of the prizes are drawn by men that never find it out.

MANY a married man is kept from wishing he were single again through fear that his wife will find out about it.

MARRYING a woman for money is generally a trifle risky, for you always get the woman and not always the money.

H. C. Boultbee.

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.

"OH, dear!" sighed Mrs. Darley, "I become so frightened when I think that I must read the report of my committee at the next meeting of the club."

"Then don't read it, my dear," advised Mr. Darley.

"Oh, but I must!"

"Is it so very important, then?"

"No, I don't think it is especially important, but I must read it just the same."

"Why not remain away that day and send the report for the secretary to read?"

"Oh, that would never do at all!"

"Why wouldn't it do? Don't you think she can read your handwriting?"

"How absurdly you talk!"

"If you think she can't, I'll take it to the office and have it typewritten."

"No, you needn't have it typewritten, for I shall go and read it myself."

"But, my dear, if you become frightened at the very idea of reading——"

"That doesn't make the slightest difference, Frank Darley! I must read it myself, because I've got the loveliest new tailor made gown to wear that afternoon. It will be the first time I've been out in it!"

William Henry Siviter.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"WHAT is your fad, Mrs. Newlywed?"
One of the up to date sisterhood said.
"Have you no ology, ism, or cult,
Poet to annotate, quote, or consult,
Theosophical problem to chew,
Archæological vein to pursue,
Science or sport that you chiefly affect,
Body of doctrine to probe or dissect,
Theoretical hurdle to vault,
Artist, or school, to exploit and exalt,
Mystical worship of Isis or Brahm
That wraps the vexed soul in its infinite calm?
Well, then, perhaps of statistics you're fond,
Or travel—*le monde outre mer* ('cross the pond)?
A sociological bent you may own,
With plans for extraction of bread from a stone?
No, you reply! Then explain, I implore,
What *is* the fad that you most adore?"
Blushing, the young wife raised her head.
"My hobby's my hubby, ma'am," she said.

Paul Pastnor.

A TARANTELLA.

LIKE liquid fire the music ran,
And so the dance began;
Framed in the terrace's low white wall
And purple sweep of the shining bay,
Forward and backward in swift accord
The dancers bend and the dancers sway;
Tinkling earrings and flashing teeth,
Rhythmic swing to a measured beat,
Springing and turning with supple grace,
Lithely poised on their bare brown feet,
Ever and ever a quickening pace—
A dizzy whirl and a mad, wild maze—
Presto!—the end. A silence falls
On the opal glow of the noontide haze;
A shadow seems to dim the sun,
Because the dance is done.

Grace Hodson Boutelle.

THE PURITAN MAID.

HANGS her picture on the wall,
Where the sunbeams lightly fall;
O'er her seated at the wheel,
Softly, tenderly, they steal;
'Neath her cap so plain and white,
Shine her curls of golden light.

Face of rose leaf tinted hue,
Eyes like violets kissed by dew
Gravely, shyly gazing down,
Shaded by the lashes brown;
So they looked that fair spring day
When one stole her heart away.

Leal to Stuart blood was he,
And of Roundhead lineage she.
Ere the years around her flew,
Shadows dimmed those eyes of blue;
Ere her baby girl could speak,
Death had claimed the mother meek.

Now she lies 'neath moss decked stone,
All with lichen overgrown,
Still the letters you may see,
"Phyllis, Sixteen Fifty Three,"
There the sunbeams gently play
Round the grave of Phyllis Grey.

Pattye L. Bletchford.

DAFFODIL TIME.

Oh, it's daffodil time! You can hear from the hills
The lyrical lilt of the winter freed rills;
You can catch, if you will, a faint flushing of fire
On the maple bough buds and the tips of the briar;
And the meads are released from the thrall of the rime,
For it's daffodil time, oh, it's daffodil time!

Oh, it's daffodil time! And the tender hues blend
In the skies like the love lighted eyes of a friend;
And the voice of the wind, as it whispers, beguiles,
Bearing hints of the joy of the opulent isles;
And sown with content is the path that we climb,
For it's daffodil time, oh, it's daffodil time!

Oh, it's daffodil time! How old memories start,
And love is renewed in the pulse of the heart!
How the blood, like the sap, seems to leap as it knows
A sudden relief from the thrall of the snows!
How life flows again like the beat of a rhyme,
For it's daffodil time, oh, it's daffodil time!

Clinton Scollard.

LEAVES.

They body April's ecstasy—
The young buds greening on the breeze—
And May exultant sets them free,
To swarm about the orchard trees.

Let loose upon a branching stair
Between the low world and the high,
The leaves ascend the middle air
Like birds that lift themselves to fly.

The river of the wind they stem,
And choke it with their merry crew,
My spirit leaps and laughs with them,
And drinks with them the rain and dew.

Whether against the grass they lean,
Or to the farthest branches flee,
Their living presence comes between
The burden of the day and me.

And if they wither in the heat,
As poets fade when praise is hot,
They make e'en withered lives seem sweet,
And drouth almost as it were not.

So with an airy covering
Around the summer's woodland wall,
Or wreathing all the dews of spring,
Or painting all the paths of fall,

They go their brief and lovely ways,
With naught to ask, with all to give,
And make for me the empty days
Of winter lonelier to live.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

APRIL.

'Tis said that maiden April's eyes are wet;
Grant that the saying's true, it then appears
'Tis but the dew upon the violet—
Beauty the fairer through a veil of tears!

Clinton Scollard.

THE SENTIMENTAL POET.

When to the stars this poet sings
His thoughts are on far different things:
His stars are found not in the skies,
But—in his sweetheart's eyes!

When to the roses turn his lines
His thoughts are not concerned with vines:
His roses' honey no bee sips—
They are—his sweetheart's lips!

When to the night his fancies go
His thoughts are not of shadows—no!
His night is everything that's fair,
That is, of course—her hair!

Oh, wondrous potency of love!
Sing he of earth or what's above,
A poet's quite like other men—
It is his sweetheart then!

Felix Carmen.

AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.

The rounded case shows age's tinge
And just a trace of mold;
The back displays a broken hinge
That still contrives to hold;
The pictured face within is faint,
The dust away you wipe
And see the limning of a saint—
An old daguerreotype.

The while she posed, a winsome lass,
The soul of girlish grace,
An artist prisoned 'neath this glass
The beauty of her face;
The curls that crowned her maiden brow,
The cheeks as cherries ripe—
A legacy from Then to Now,
An old daguerreotype.

'Tis meet that such a face, so pure,
Should with its smiles live on,
In hearts of later growth endure,
Though she herself be gone.
Her grave with grass is grown about,
Around it plovers pipe,
But she still lives and smiles from out
An old daguerreotype.

Roy Farrell Greene.

HIS PRAYER.

On Easter day Priscilla goes
To meetyng in her Sabbath clothes,
Her flowered gowne with ribbands gaye,
I woulde her eyes woulde bid me staye
Among her galaxy of beaux.

Her face is sweete as May Day rose;
I marvele if ye texte she knows,
"Behold, the stone was rolled awaye,"
On Easter day.

The clerke intones it through hys nose;
The ardent bloode withyn me glows.
Priscilla, woulde it were my parte
To rolle the stone that locks thy hearte.
Sweete, for thys miracle I praye,
On Easter day.

Theodosia Pickering.

TO AN APRIL GIRL.

As breaks the sun through the clouds and mist
And tinges the rain drops with heaven's hue,
So may the tears in your life be kissed
By the sun of happiness, shining through.

Winthrop Packard.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A "DEN."

Here dwells the phantom called Delight:
Come, seek her, friend, by day or night.
The lack of luxury she deems
Less of a drawback than it seems;
Where friendship is, and welcome bides,
Her smiling face she never hides.
Some care for comfort and for ease
Suffices her fine taste to please;
A shaded light, a cheerful book,
A title to the lounging nook,
Some pictures, not from bargain sales—
On these her senses she regales.
Add, then, for those not overproud,
The freedom here to blow a cloud,
And leave to broach, for homely cheer,
A measure of plebeian beer;
Perhaps a chatty game of whist,
Where points are lost and never missed—
So none may fear to sit and take
An evening's ease for friendship's sake.
For here shall form an outlaw be,
And voice and hand and heart be free;
Here dignity shall lose his poise,
While mirth has leave to make a noise;
Here we, as dull reserve unbends,
May name the virtues of our friends,
And brag of what we have in life,
On every score from wealth to wife.
So come and sit, and leave your blues
To wait outside for future use;
Seek here the phantom named Delight:
Her door swings in by day or night.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

WORTH.

The rarest gem earth's bosom holds,
Unpolished, half its worth conceals;
The lapidary's skill unfolds
That hidden wealth nought else reveals.

So, too, it is that powers innate,
Unwrought, must needs unnoticed stand,
As gems there are that only wait
The touches of a master hand.

John Troland.

HER FIRST SORROW.

As when the tender violet
First bows with summer rain
And thinks, because her cap is wet,
The sun will never shine again;

So for my little maid of four
Was quenched the light of Sol,
When trickled out upon the floor
The sawdust stuffing of her doll!

James Buckham.

SORCERY.

Outside I heard the muffled beat
Of wintry rain and rising sea,
While in the cozy window seat
She read forgotten tales to me.

The yellow page upon her lap
Was lighted by such evening glow
As lit the dead man's theme, mayhap,
Who sang a thousand years ago.

Her voice in even cadence fell,
Her hand lay gently on the page
That told life's endless miracle
And love's eternal heritage.

While subtle fragrance filled the air
Like incense of a vanished day—
Some strange enchantment lingered there
About that sweet old poet's lay.

'Twas not alone the mystic spell
Of love lit rhyme and bygone age,
But of the voice and hand as well
That lingered o'er the dead man's page.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

MRS. GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY, OF NEW YORK.

From the portrait by George Burroughs Torrey.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

French pictures and oriental porcelains in America—Notes on native and foreign painters, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.

A GREAT SALE OF PORCELAINS.

It takes a sale like that of the celebrated collection of ceramics made by the late Charles A. Dana to show how close together the art lovers of the world are. During the days of the exhibition, the rooms of the American Art Association were crowded with people, most of whom knew each other. It was more like a society event than a public exhibition.

The results of the sale were a little amusing to those who understood. It brought the Dana heirs a large percentage upon the money Mr. Dana invested in his ceramics; and considered purely as an investment, he could hardly have made a better one. But the public did not buy with a discrimination that said much for their knowledge of the subject. Some of the pieces brought about ten per cent of their real value, others sold for fifty times as much as they were worth.

"THE BRETON FISHERMAN'S WOOING."

From the painting by Alfred Guillou.

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"WATER LILIES."

From the painting by Gabriel Max—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

It was to be regretted that the collection was scattered, as there is no other which equaled it from an educational point of view. In it there could be found an object lesson in the history of the world, quite apart from the artistic value of the plates and jars. Here were porcelains which had been dug up in Madagascar, Ceylon, or the Malay Archipelago, taken from graves and the sites of former dwellings. These were shown by the side of the early products of China, and were seen to be by the same hand. They told how the trade of China was carried in ancient times to the shores of India, to the Red Sea, and to the coast of Africa.

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"GOT AWAY."

From the painting by Fritz Schürmann—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

"A ROMAN GIRL AND HER BOOKS."

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by Diana Coomans.

It was said by connoisseurs that if one would know Martabani, that rare old green porcelain mentioned in the "Arabian Nights," he must come to New York to Mr. Dana's collection.

A great deal of interest centered about a peachblow vase which was said to be the famous one sold in New York a few years ago for eighteen thousand dollars. Mr. Dana's was a very famous piece, although disappointing to any but a collector; but it was not the vase of whose sale so much of a mystery was made. That went to Baltimore. It was supposed, until the death of Mr. Walters, that he owned it; but it was another

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"SONGS OF OTHER YEARS."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

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"CHICKS."

From the painting by A. J. Elsley—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

Baltimore collector who paid the astonishing price.

THE FULLER AND DANA PICTURES.

With the Dana porcelains were exhibited a small group of paintings, part of them being the property of Mr. Dana, and the rest belonging to Mr. William H. Fuller. These pictures were almost every one famous. Corot's "Dance of the Loves," one of the best classic compositions of the great landscapist, and

"The Turkey Herder," by Millet, were the gems of Mr. Dana's small collection. Mr. Fuller had only three which may be said to excel these. They were Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," a slightly different treatment of the same subject as that of the world famous "Blue Boy" belonging to the Duke of Westminster; Rousseau's "Charcoal Burner's Hut," and Troyon's "Cows at Pasture."

Mr. James Ellsworth, of Chicago, who is said to be about to bring his pictures to New York, was the purchaser of the Troyon. This picture is one of the finest examples of atmosphere in painting to be found in the world. It has been in some famous collections. It was one of the masterpieces of the Vienna Exposition in 1873, went from there to Baron Liebermann, and then passed to M. Secrétan. The French government has long coveted it, and it is said that an agent was sent to New York on the Champagne to purchase it; but the ship met with an accident, and he arrived too late. Rumor adds that he brought two hundred and fifty thousand francs with which to secure it.

Constant Troyon was the son of a china decorator at the Sèvres factory and began to learn to paint there. Two of his companions were Narcisse Diaz and Jules Dupré, who also decorated china. In a short time Theodore Rousseau joined the group, and these friends, all of whom were to become famous, never lost their love and close confidence in one another until death. They were their own instructors, and each man had three geniuses for critics. Troyon found early fame. He exhibited in the Salon in 1832, when he was twenty two. When he was twenty nine, the French government purchased his Salon pictures, and a little later he received the cross of the Legion of Honor. But it was not until 1848 that Troyon's visit to Holland put into his works those elements for which we call him great today.

His three friends became factors in that Barbizon group which we hear spoken of as a "school" today. Few of the people who look at the Millet pictures, and the thousands of good, bad, and indifferent reproductions of them which flood the world, know much of the Barbizon group beyond the fact that Jean François Millet was its genius; and yet it was not Millet who was its leader, but Rousseau. Before these men, the classic and romantic schools of art had always been quarreling. One set believed what the other set did not; and French art had become a battleground of conflicting theories and traditions, all of which were more or less artificial. It was Rousseau who led Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Dupré, and Millet to Barbizon, in the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, and set them to painting what they saw. It is small wonder that they sold their pictures for little more than bread to keep them alive, and just as little wonder that a new generation buys their canvases for fabulous sums.

Rousseau, perhaps the greatest landscapist that ever lived, the man who marked his time, died without knowing his fame. But he knew that his pictures were the truest art, and, like Millet, he went on painting in defiance of the world. Dupré lived to see his work appreciated. Diaz had an element of romanticism, of color, of mystery, in his work which was attractive to the crowd, and he was always able to sell his pictures, and honors came to him. He was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor as long ago as 1851, and at the dinner given him then he arose and drank to "Rousseau, my master," to whom he was ever loyal, although at that time the French Salon would not accept that master's pictures.

AN AMERICAN LANDSCAPIST.

At the Tooth galleries on Fifth Avenue, an exhibition of the recent works of Mr. Henry W. Ranger has been going on. If we have a living American landscapist worthy to hang beside the Barbizon painters, it is Mr. Ranger. He has no doubt been influenced by their work, though he is in no sense an imitator. His pictures have wonderful charm and color, and their composition is harmonious and full of poetic feeling.

Mr. Ranger's work has grown tremendously in the past few years. He went to France years ago, and came home with many pictures which were frankly painted in the Corot manner. But each year his

work has grown better as it has become more individual. He paints American atmosphere now, and his opulence of tint is in the color scheme known to our fields and woods. Many of the pictures he exhibited were the property of well known collectors, showing that the best judges are gathering in Mr. Ranger's work while it is still being produced in quantity, and before the general public has come to realize its value.

MISS MARY CASSATT AND HER WORK.

We hear a good many opinions as the people who attend the Fifth Avenue exhibitions go up and down before Miss Mary Cassatt's paintings, which have been hanging on the walls of the Durand-Ruel gallery. The collection consists of a number of pictures in oil, several in pastel, and a double row of small etchings, about half of which have been tinted in water color.

Miss Cassatt is an amateur artist whose work has taken on the importance of a professional. One of the pictures she exhibited in New York was painted years ago, and excited some comment at the time. Another, that of a peasant mother and child, is said to have been desired by the French government. They have some things in the Luxembourg which are no better. Some of the others seem to have no possible reason for existence. The kind critic may talk of virility, color, and charm, but the fact remains that they are hideously ugly, without the excuse of strong technique. We do not care particularly for prettiness, but we do ask for something a little more interesting than much of Miss Cassatt's work. Her pictures are striking, but they leave an effect of eccentricity rather than one of pleasure or admiration.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Many attempts have been made to illustrate the Bible, but none of them has been very satisfactory. There have been editions with pictures by several great artists, and others illustrated by a single pencil—Doré's, for instance—but none has quite touched the heart of the subject.

Mr. F. V. Du Mond expressed the difficulty when he said that the painter who took up religious subjects in these days too often tried to be realistic, when, as a matter of fact, the only value of such work lay in expressing the universality of the theme by connecting it with the lives of the people of each particular country. That is what the old masters did. Their virgins were women of their own time and land; the universal spirit of motherhood was the thing depicted.

Mr. James Tissot, who is now in this country, is soon to bring here from London a collection of more than five hundred paintings which he made in the Holy Land as illustrations of the story of Christ. They are very clever pictures, brilliant of color and full of truth, but they make the life of Christ more remote instead of bringing it nearer. Mr. Tissot went to Palestine and spent months there painting the scenes of Christ's life on the very spots where they occurred, and at the proper season of the year. He has made a most careful and exhaustive study of architecture, racial features, and costume. For instance, instead of the symbolically clothed Virgin, with her angel face, and robes of white and blue, we have a Jewish girl in a gaily striped dress. His work has been tremendously praised, but it makes the life of Christ simply the story of the life and sufferings of an ancient Jew, living in conditions which we do not readily understand.

Dagnan-Bouveret, with his modern figures introduced into his picture of Christ at Emmaus, is much more religious. He brings the story into today. Tissot pushes it away from us. But for all that, America has seen few more interesting collections of pictures for a long time.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, who has been called "the artist laureate of the street arab,' had a peculiar training for her particular sort of work. She began to study with Sir Edward Poynter when she was very young, and then went to Paris, where she spent three years with Henner. It was Jules Bastien-Lepage who finally gave her talent its bias, just as he did with Marie Bashkirtseff, whose work so strongly resembled Mrs. Stanley's. Bastien spent a winter painting in Mrs. Stanley's little studio, and there he finished his "Flower Girl" and his "Shoe Black."

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BY LYMAN J. GAGE,

Secretary of the United States Treasury.

How positions in the Treasury Department are procured and retained now, and how it was done in the days before the civil service law—The application of business principles and common sense to the machinery of the government.

THE history of the government departments at Washington should furnish the strongest defense of the civil service law. To go back to the days when there was no "civil service reform" is to find a condition of affairs which might be characterized in sensational language. Some of my predecessors in the office of Secretary of the Treasury were the victims of that state of affairs, and I do not propose to make any comparison between the work now being done in the Treasury Department for the enforcement of the civil service law and that which was done before my time. Since the law was passed every Secretary of the Treasury, I suppose, has done what he thought was best for its enforcement. What I am trying to do represents only my interpretation of the law's intent.

The rules made by President McKinley and his immediate predecessors have extended the scope of the civil service law so greatly that the conditions of today differ widely from those of any period of the past. The law now covers most of the civil service. A few years ago it protected only a small percentage of the Treasury employees. Now almost the entire force is in the classified service.

In this administration, too, an important step has been taken toward enforcing the spirit of the law. An order has been issued by the President requiring that no removal be made except on charges carefully and fairly considered. Before this rule was made, the employee in the classified service had but one safeguard against the capriciousness or unfairness of his chief. That safeguard was negative. When a removal was made, there was little chance that the head of the bureau or department would be able to give the place left vacant to any particular applicant. It was thought, when the law was passed, that for this reason removals would be made for cause only. As a matter of fact, they have been made from mere caprice, or for the purpose of giving promotion to persons having political influence.

Before civil service reform began, the chief cause of removals was the desire of men to get appointments through political influence. To this the man who held a clerkship had to oppose other influence. If he was a political appointee, he had to keep alive his relations with the man or men who recommended him to place, or to ingratiate himself with others, so that their influence might keep him in his office. If his Senator or Representative, or whoever his sponsor might be, died or lost his influence, or if the political complexion of the administration changed, the clerk was sure of his position only so long as no one having a friend of importance in the ruling party wanted the office.

The pressure for patronage was at all times so great that the appointment clerk was kept continually on the alert to learn when any man had lost his backing, so that he might safely be dropped to make room for some one of the many applicants on the waiting list. The clerk, in self defense, had to curry favor continually with men in power. He had to cultivate friends, not only in one, but in both political parties, so that at all times he could have recommendations on file which would assure his retention in place.

Who can imagine anything more pathetic than the position of one of these clerks, watching the death lists in the newspapers in constant fear that some man whose influence was helping to keep him in place might die; scanning the election news anxiously to see whether his friends had been returned to power; and finally sitting in nervous dread day after day, awaiting the time when his place should be demanded for some henchman of the party which had triumphed at the last election? Nor could there be anything more demoralizing to the efficiency of the public service than the servility of some of these men to those in power, unless it was the arrogance of others, who, knowing the importance of their political influence, defied even the heads of bureaus to disturb them or to demand of them more work than they chose to render for the salaries they drew.

It may surprise some people to hear that under the spoils system, with every change of administration, many clerks were recommended for retention, not by their friends who had just been defeated at the polls, but by the leading men of the triumphant party. For these men, no doubt, they had rendered personal service in anticipation of just such an emergency. It is easily understood of how little value these clerks were to the government, since their allegiance was first to the men who might have a voice in their retention or removal.

As to the independence of the clerk with "influence," it is illustrated by the large number of sinecures known to exist in the departments before the extension of the civil service law. Countless well authenticated stories are told in the Treasury Department of clerks under the spoils system, both men and women, who came and went at their pleasure, and did as much or as little work as they chose, secure in the knowledge that Senator This, or Representative That, or this or that political leader in the States from which they came, would support them in whatever they chose to do.

Under these conditions, the clerk without political influence did not only his own work but that of his fellow employee. He did this double work in fear and trembling, until there came a demand for his place from some influential quarter. Then, in spite of his faithful service, he went out of office to make way for a political place hunter, whose knowledge or experience of office work was at best small.

When the civil service law was passed, it was thought that, with the political pressure for appointments removed, men would be permitted to remain in the service during good behavior. But it was found that the clerk, while secure against the pressure for place, was not protected from the pressure for promotion nor against the whims of an unfair superior. The man with political influence who had secured a place before the civil service law was extended to cover it, or who had got into the departments through civil service examination, was free to use his influence to gain promotion over men who had perhaps been working faithfully and well for many years before he got his first appointment. And the captious superior who took a personal dislike to a clerk was able to dismiss him from place without giving a reason.

President McKinley's order has given to the men and women in the civil service an assurance of fairness in the matter of removals. It requires that charges should be filed in writing against any man recommended for dismissal, and that written copies of these charges should be submitted to him. If the clerk answers the charges, and his superior, who preferred them, finds the answer satisfactory, they go no farther. If the answer is not satisfactory the charges and the defense are sent to the head of the department, and on his judgment the clerk is removed or retained.

So far as this rule has been applied in the Treasury Department it has worked satisfactorily. It has given the clerks assurance that the government is going to deal fairly with them, and in return I trust to find in them a disposition to do fairly by the government. If they do not, we shall have to find some one else who will.

The new rule is not intended for the protection of the clerks as individuals. It is meant for the protection of merit, and merit only. If a clerk shows by his

work that he is unfit for the place he holds, he will be removed or transferred to a place for which he is fitted. If he shows a disposition to shirk his work, and not to render a full equivalent for the salary he receives, he will be subject to dismissal.

The same rule applies to promotions. If a clerk is seeking a promotion, he must earn it. If he wants to keep his place, he must show that he is better fitted to hold it than any one else in the office.

I spoke of the political promotions which were possible before the President's order was made. When I took charge of the Treasury Department, I found that officials of long experience and of great worth had been displaced to make room for men who were of the party last in power. In some cases, the work of the places they held was so much beyond these men that the old incumbents of the offices, though holding minor clerical positions, were virtually the bureau chiefs, and earned the salaries which their supplanters drew. In these cases, no *ex parte* judgment was taken. A competitive examination was ordered wherever it was reasonably to be supposed that the bureau chiefs were not so competent to perform the duties of their offices as were the men under them. In every case, the man who gained the highest average in the examination was made chief of the bureau, wholly without regard to his politics.

The principle of competition has been carried into the whole question of promotions. Whenever a vacancy has occurred, a promotion to the position is made only after an examination has been ordered, and, wherever practicable, this examination has been made open to all the clerks in the department. In every case the man who made the most creditable showing in the examination has won the place. In this way one of the most important offices in the department went to a Democrat, a man who had not even entered the department through a civil service examination. There have been many other promotions of Democrats.

It has been customary for a long time to hold examinations for promotions; but these examinations, when I took charge of the department, were so easy that any one who had ordinary intelligence and a slight familiarity with the department work should have been able to pass them without difficulty. There was practically no competition. Under these conditions, the examinations became a mere formality. The examination now held in the Treasury Department is thorough and practical. No man who has not a good knowledge of the department work can hope to pass it; and it requires also a wider range of information, which I believe every clerk should possess.

In the preparation of these examinations, and in the revision of the department's system of dismissal and promotion, I have had the assistance of a commission composed of one of the assistant secretaries of the department, Mr. Vanderlip, the chief clerk of the department, and the appointment clerk—the last two old employees, and thoroughly familiar with all that has been done in this line during the last twenty five years. To this commission I delegated the work of revising the clerical system, with the following instructions:

Treasury Department,
Office of the Secretary,
Washington, D. C., April 23, 1897.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, Private Secretary,
MAJ. FRED BRACKETT, Chief of Appointment Division, and
THEODORE F. SWAYZE, Chief Clerk.

GENTLEMEN:

You are hereby constituted a special committee to consider, on my behalf, all applications for reinstatements to service in the Treasury Department from those who by previous service are eligible under the civil service rules.

You will also consult with the various auditors, deputy auditors, and chiefs of division, for the purpose of determining the character, habits, and efficiency of all employees whose names are now on the pay rolls of the department, and as to where and how greater economy and efficiency may be inaugurated.

You will keep strictly in mind the provisions of the civil service law and rules which forbid any consideration of the political or religious opinions of those who now serve and of those who seek reinstatement in the service.

It is alleged that these restrictions have heretofore been violated, and that political influences have operated to remove worthy and capable employees, and that vacancies thus created have been filled with appointees of lesser merit and efficiency. To the degree that this is true, it is

an example to be shunned and not imitated. The good of the service is to be our only guide. With this, bear in mind that it is our duty to cure past injustices, so far as it may be done.

You will now have to consider a list of some four hundred names of persons seeking reinstatement, and new names are daily added to that list. It is quite impossible for you to determine by general or particular inquiry the fitness of these applicants, or their relative superiority, both as compared with one another and as compared with employees now in the service; nor will it do to trust entirely to friendly testimonials, either verbal or written.

You are, therefore, authorized to prepare a method of examination sufficient to enable you to determine the relative qualifications of the applicants for reinstatement in the several grades and classes of the service, and suitable to determine the qualifications of such employees now in the service as your inquiries may lead you to believe should be subjected to such inquiry. In doing this you will give proper weight to their respective records for diligence and efficiency while employed in the department. Persons who have been reduced without any reason for their reduction being stated, but who are still in the service, should, if they desire it, have their cases carefully investigated.

This whole purpose, you will of course understand, is a temporary expedient to ascertain the relative fitness of persons reduced or separated altogether from the service, compared with others now in the service, and has nothing to do with the ordinary promotions, which should always be made with regard to the relative merit of those who are in point of service directly in line for promotion.

Your findings and conclusions in the particulars enumerated you will from time to time report to me.

Respectfully yours,
L. J. GAGE, Secretary.

The task set before the commission has been well executed, but the work of reorganizing the clerical force of the department is slow, and we cannot hope to see it completed within the four years of this administration. There are many obstacles in the commission's path. They show the difficulties under which the heads of departments have always labored in their efforts to apply the civil service law. In the first place there is the pressure for appointments, which has been very great in spite of the well known fact that the civil service law now extends over ninety per cent of the department employees. Then there is the exception in the law in favor of veterans. More than five hundred veterans of the late war, who had been discharged from their places during the last administration, applied to me for reinstatement; and public opinion would, no doubt, have upheld me in removing the men who had supplanted them. Believing that that would be a violation of the civil service law, and unjustifiable, I have found places for these veterans only as vacancies arose from natural causes. Their reinstatement has been slow, and at the same time it has prevented the introduction of any fresh blood.

Another difficulty which we had to face was the accumulation of superannuated employees in the service. This condition has existed for fifty years. It has never been relieved, because no head of the department has been willing to turn out of office men so old that they were unable to earn a livelihood elsewhere. I have not thought it wise to remove these old employees, because I consider that their experience and their knowledge of department affairs renders them of great value to the government; but, that they may not be a clog on the service, I have transferred those who are too old or feeble for active service to a "roll of honor." There they will be carried as clerks of the lowest grade at $900 per annum, and required to render only an equivalent service.

Another obstacle, which I think will become less serious when the policy of the department is better understood, is the disposition of clerks to feel that under the law they are secure in the places they hold, and that they need not render any more service than is dragged out of them by their immediate superiors. Every bureau chief will be held responsible for the work of those under him. If any one of them shows a disposition to shirk, I expect that charges will be preferred against him, and that he will be removed to make room for some one who is more honest and more ambitious. If this is not done because of the inefficiency or indifference of the bureau chief, charges will be preferred against him, and his place will be taken by some one more competent or more conscientious.

What the department greatly needs is vigorous, active, and ambitious men and women. If this material cannot be found in the department, it can be found outside; for the government pays better for the work required than any other employer. I hope that when it is under-

stood generally that promotion in the department is to depend on merit, and that every clerk is assured of retention so long as he earns it by honest work, we shall be able to recruit a class of men and women that will give a healthier, more active tone to the department work.

We have today in the Treasury Department an assistant secretary who began at the bottom round of the ladder, coming into the Treasury Department as a messenger boy. I have chosen for my private secretary a department clerk who entered the civil service as a laborer, and that in spite of the fact that the place was an excepted one and I could have filled it from the outside. These cases are an example of what can be done in the department service. Any young man of intelligence and aptitude who enters the service with a determination to work his way up may hope for a reward.

It has been stated by opponents of the civil service law that if the matter could be submitted to a vote of the people of the United States, the law would be repealed. I am confident that this is not so. The law could not live without the support of the people. There is a certain class, composed in large part of disappointed applicants for office, which is dissatisfied with its workings. Every change of administration develops a fresh outbreak of antagonism among those people. This feeling undoubtedly has influence—it had even stronger influence under the spoils system—in determining the State elections in the first and even the second year of a new administration, when the vote is comparatively small, and a larger proportion of it than usual is cast by politicians. I would recommend to these men the consideration of the fact that if the law was repealed, and the "rascals" were turned out regularly with each change of administration, not two per cent of the men who voted could hope to hold office under the government.

But however loudly these men may clamor, and however great an influence they may exert at the polls in an "off year," they do not represent the judgment of the people. They are not business men, nor are they, as a rule, men doing clerical work for salaries. These two classes form a majority of the voting population of the United States. It is from them that the civil service law gets the support which not only keeps it on the statute books, but upholds the extension of its usefulness every year. Without that strong moral support from the people, as I have said, the law could not last. And I suspect that even the members of Congress who say the least in its favor have a hidden admiration for it. They should have; for it relieves them of much of the duty of office seeking which, before the civil service law went into effect, must have been a heavy burden.

I am a business man, and have been for a great many years an employer of clerical labor. If the two hundred clerks in the bank of which I was president had been shifting every four years, or even with every change in the administration of the bank, I could not have answered for its prosperity. Suppose that when I resigned the presidency of the bank to come to Washington, my successor had discharged the cashier and the tellers and the clerks, many of whom had been with the institution fifteen or twenty years, to make places for other men who were entirely without experience, not only in that bank, but in any bank—possibly strangers to any kind of clerical work; in some cases men who could not add a column of figures correctly or write with accuracy. The whole concern would have been turned upside down. The accounts would have been hopelessly mixed, and the natural result would have been the withdrawal of the accounts of our customers.

Suppose that only fifty per cent of the employees had been dismissed by my successor. The bank's business would not have been damaged one half, perhaps, because the clerks remaining would have helped their new associates to the performance of their duties; but its usefulness would have been seriously impaired.

Go a little farther, and suppose that the president of that bank was elected every four years, and that there was a reasonable assurance that, with every new incumbent, the clerical force would be revolutionized. That would give each clerk a four years' tenure of office. Only in a very exceptional case could he hope for continued employment for more than

that period. What amount of energy would each employee put into his work?

On the other hand, what amount would he put in if he was assured of employment during good behavior, with the certainty of gradual promotion if he fulfilled his duties honestly and intelligently? I will venture to say that the efficiency of each clerk would be at least twenty five per cent more.

I say this with some positiveness because my own progress in life has been by gradual promotion, gained not through favor, but supposably as a reward of hard and efficient work. I can say from my own experience that if I had not believed that there was advancement ahead of me, I should not have labored half so well. No man of any ambition —and few men are without it—is going to give his best effort to employment which promises nothing better than itself, or which has no stability.

If these things are true of a great banking establishment and its employees, why not of the government? We have at Washington a huge business machine, with branches all over the United States, performing a great variety of functions, and employing not less than sixty thousand men and women all the time. There is only one thing to prevent the perfect operation of this machine as a business institution—the fact that the responsibility of the employer is shifted to the shoulders of a great many men who stand in the relation of trustees. They will discharge their trust in most instances conscientiously, but without the personal zest which a man puts into the management of his own business affairs. No man can have the same feeling about spending the government's money that he has about spending his own; or about requiring a fair return of labor for salary that he would have if the clerks were working for him individually. It is for this reason that the government clerk is asked to work only six and a half hours a day, when the clerks of business houses invariably work for eight hours, and sometimes for ten and twelve.

But with this exception, business principles can be applied to the management of the government's affairs. Some of these principles are embodied in the civil service law.

In the demand for a modification of the law which comes from some quarters, it is argued that appointments should be made on political grounds, but with the requirement of a non competitive examination. Under such a system, the examinations might very easily become a farce, as the examinations for promotion have often been.

Why should the government be satisfied with anything but the best? It pays good wages for labor; it should get the best labor that can be had. There is only one practical way of selecting the best —by competitive examination. A man's allegiance to the Republican party or the Democratic party is no certificate of his ability to do clerical work satisfactorily; and if he gains an appointment through political influence, it is likely that he will give more of his time and thought to politics than to the work for which the government pays him.

Lyman J. Gage

SWEETHEART MINE.

Oh, sweetheart mine, the breezes blow
For you their bugles clear and fine.
Around you all the graces grow,
Oh, sweetheart mine!

You have a May day half divine
Of murmuring leaves, with light aglow—
The gold of youth's ungathered wine.

A poet with soft locks of snow
Close to your feet has found a shrine,
But madcap Cupid bids him go,
Oh, sweetheart mine!

William Hamilton Hayne.

A GOOD SITUATION.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

A young author's ingenious method of obtaining material for his stories, and how his literary Pegasus ran away with him—A love story demonstrating the truth of an old adage concerning edged tools.

THIS is a love story—not pure and simple. Things weren't apt to be that when Carrol Marks was mixed up in them.

Carrol wrote stories. You could have forgiven him for that if he hadn't insisted on living them, too. When a "good situation"—that was his everlasting battle cry—came into his head, he knocked together a few necessary properties, sunk himself in the hero, and tried it on the nearest girl or man, to see how it worked and where it came out, and what people people really did under given conditions. Where another fellow would have gone on a bat, Carrol went off on a plot, and the results were much more disastrous to the community. People—girls especially—weren't apt to understand that they were just so many chessmen to him.

Carrol never could be brought to see the mischief he did. When the climax was reached, he dropped his pawns and tumbled headlong into the writing of his story, and while that was going on the whole community might have been wiped out and he wouldn't have noticed or cared. Life was all fiction to him, and he couldn't or wouldn't grasp the fact that to others—such as poor little Marguerite Dale, for instance—it was brutal reality.

We were sitting over my fire one howling November night when Carrol began to grow absent minded, to lean forward in his chair and stare into the coals, winking rapidly. My heart sank as that of a Kansan must when he sees a funnel shaped cloud on the horizon. When Carrol began to paw the air with his bony fingers, working them as though checking off facts on them, and to move his lips with little nods at intervals by way of punctuation, I knew that it was all up with somebody.

In about fifteen minutes he came back to the present, giving a satisfied thump on the arm of his chair.

"Here's a good situation," he said.

"God help the women and children," I muttered unheeded. Nothing short of a yell of "Murder!" would have penetrated Carrol's ears at that stage.

"A man," he continued, "has for three years heard people rave about a certain girl. If he said anybody was pretty or clever or fascinating, it was always, 'Oh, you ought to know Miss Soandso!' or, 'She isn't in it with Louise——'"

"Louise!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"Well, Mary Jane, anything. They're always telling him that he and she are just made for each other, and she gets to be a part of his life without his ever having seen her. In his mind he holds long conversations with her, he saves her life, he makes love to her, he marries her, all without so much as a photograph to give him a clue. When he's sitting like this by the fire, he pulls her down on the arm of his chair and leans his forehead against her sleeve. Half in fun, he has made her a part of his life. You see?"

I nodded. That "Louise" still lay heavily on my mind.

"Well, finally he meets her."

"And is dreadfully disappointed," I put in.

"No; this is the hundredth case. He falls desperately in love with her within the first five minutes. Outwardly she fits exactly into this place he has made for her. He has fame of some kind, so that he is important to her, and they go it rather hard that first evening. At the end of it he kisses her."

"Good work," I put in.

"No; she's a nice girl. I'll prove that absolutely," he insisted. "She is

furious, but before she can do anything he blurts out the whole thing, half humorously, yet deadly sincere—how he has been making love to her for three years, so that this seemed like the climax rather than the beginning. And mind, he is an important person. No girl could resist that."

"No," I had to admit; but the whole thing antagonized me.

"As they go on, they find that they belong to absolutely different spheres—they don't talk the same language. Their traditions, everything, are hopelessly different. If they were not in love with each other, they would not have a thing in common. In this one thing they fit each other exactly, but it is their only point of contact. Their relations to each other all this time—well, if you met a person from Mars, I don't suppose you'd feel bound by the social laws of either planet."

"Well?" I said impatiently, after a long pause.

"It would have to work itself out," he answered, getting up to go. "Mind, she's absolutely nice. I suppose it would end badly."

"Well, don't name her—what you started to," I said, trying to make my tone jocose.

"Oh, the name doesn't matter!" he answered dreamily. He was beyond actualities by that time.

A few nights later I came in to find Carrol stretched on my divan smoking at the ceiling.

"That's going to be a great story of mine," he announced presently.

I had been so busy that I had forgotten his incipient plot. I didn't want to hear about the thing, and said so, without the slightest effect on Carrol.

"I've a good idea for that first scene," he went on, smiling to himself in a way that made me want to hit him. "When he tells how he has been in love with the idea of her all these years, she doesn't give a hint that she has ever even heard of him. As he is going, something is said about the time, and she pulls a watch out of her belt. The back flies open, and out falls—this." He held out to me a small square of paper. It was a portrait of himself cut from some magazine.

"What did she do?" I asked.

"Ran," answered Carrol, more complacent than ever.

"How vivid it all is to you!" I said. "I suppose you almost feel as if it had really happened."

He straightened up, looking decidedly self conscious.

"Oh, well, I've thought it over a good deal," he said evasively.

For a week or so Carrol bothered the life out of me with the progress of his tale. Some days he was ludicrously depressed.

"She doesn't go all at once, as he does," he complained. "She hedges—makes him plan and besiege, giving in just enough to keep him at it. It's more interesting, but it delays the dénouement."

"What is the dénouement?" I asked, with a yawn.

"Take two people who are intensely in love, yet clever enough to realize that they could never be anything but lovers—that a real friendship was impossible—and see where they work out. That would be the dénouement."

"Mind, she's absolutely nice," I quoted.

"Well, she is," he answered with sudden anger. I never knew him to resent being teased before.

Late one afternoon I came to an unexpected lull in my work, and that meant just one thing for me, day or evening—a glimpse of Louise. But I was destined not to get it, for a polite "Not at home" closed the door in my face. I was waiting on the corner for a down car when I saw some one swing off an up car in front of her house and run up the steps. As the vestibule light fell on him, I saw with surprise that it was Carrol Marks. What was he doing there? He barely knew Louise, and she was not at all the kind of girl he—— And there I broke off, with a sickening memory of his accursed story.

I let my car go by, determined to have it out with Carrol as he came away. The door opened, I saw his courteous bend of inquiry; the stream of light from within broadened. Then he stepped forward, and the door closed behind him, leaving me alone in the November darkness.

Late that night there was a joyous whistling in the corridor, and a head was poked into my room.

"You here?" called Carrol's voice. "That dénouement is coming on finely. Want to hear about it?"

I kept obstinately silent, and with a laugh he went across to his own quarters. Carrol's moods were never affected by the surrounding atmosphere. Other people's depression could not dampen his cheerfulness any more than their gaiety could drive away his blues.

Miserable days followed for me, and they were not improved by the little rumors that began to fly around about Carrol and Louise. I was terribly tempted to warn her, for I had not forgotten the look in the eyes of poor little Marguerite, the girl who had given Carrol the idea for his most successful novel. But what good would it do? Louise would say I was jealous—and, heaven knows, I was—and refuse to believe in any other motive. Besides, my pride was too badly hurt by that little episode at her front door for me to make any move just yet. If Carrol, too, had been refused admittance, I could have fought it out with him then and there, but as it was, I could only hold myself aloof. I was too proud to let him see how sore his victory had left me.

I made one little attempt to set things straight, for I wrote her a note asking her to go with me to the opening day of Merriam's pictures. She wrote back—prettily regretful—that she had promised to go with some one else; but hoped to see me soon; was sorry to have been out when I called; and a dozen other friendly little phrases that would have sent me up there flying a month before. As it was, I tore the note into shreds and threw it into the waste basket. The fact that I went down on my knees and patiently fished the fragments out again has no bearing on this story.

The day after the exhibition, Carrol came in radiant with a fresh chapter.

"See here," he began. "Take two people who are utterly uncongenial underneath, and make them fall in love with each other—don't you think that the love could conquer the uncongeniality—develop them into the same kind of people?"

"No, I don't," I answered shortly. "And they wouldn't after they'd been married three months."

"I've got some good dialogue for the story," he went on. Carrol never paid the slightest attention to what one answered him. "I want a light scene to balance—what may come. They are at a picture exhibition, and she stands in front of a big painting, her hands on the rail that protects it. 'They're beautiful, and they're strong; don't you think so?' she says. 'Beautiful, yes; but not so strong as these,' he answers, putting his hands beside hers on the railing. 'I meant the pictures,' she protests, moving hers away an inch. 'I don't know. I haven't looked at the pictures,' he says. 'Don't you love them, real ones, like these?' she queries. 'Um. But I love other things better.' 'Me?' she says. 'Yes, you.' His hands have almost worked their way along to hers. 'I'm so glad. I love to have you love me,' she says, half under her breath. Her fingers brush his as she lifts them off, and he sees stars, but she whirls him into the middle of the crowd. She doesn't give him——"

His voice, which had grown vague, suddenly ran down. He sat staring into space, my presence quite forgotten. I gave an exasperated kick that sent a chair flying, and he pulled himself together, but he did not go on with the story.

For the next few weeks Carrol, dimly realizing my unfriendliness, yet too absorbed to bother about the cause of it, left me alone, and I plodded drearily through my days. He came to the surface once to tell me I looked seedy, and to invite me to a small New Year's tea—just a dozen girls and men—in his rooms. I refused as rudely as I knew how, and he forgot all about me again.

New Year's afternoon I came in wet and tired and cold, for the snow had turned into rain, and I had walked a mile or so before I noticed the change. The sound of voices and laughter from across the corridor doubled the forlornness as I shut the door on myself and began to fling off my soaked clothes. After a few minutes a strange odor that had been puzzling me ever since I came in asserted itself and became a definite question. A sense of something feminine was on me. I lit up, to discover on my divan a soft, dark heap of fur and cloth, delicately odorous. Several elaborate umbrellas leaned against it, and a pair of absurd little overshoes

stood pigeon toed on the rug. Carrol had annexed a dressing room in honor of his tea.

There was no mistaking the fur jacket that lay on top, with a bunch of violets pinned on one side, and I had pushed her sleeves into it so often that it made a fool of me. Remember, I was lonely and chilled and unhappy, and had not had a breath of anything feminine for six weeks. I don't know how long I had been driveling over that precious coat when the sound of voices brought me to my feet with a sudden realization that a shoeless, shirt sleeved man was not an addition to a ladies' dressing room. I had barely time to step behind the portière of my closet when the door opened.

"Just till the others go," Carrol said.

"No, I can't," said another voice, that set my heart pounding. "Besides," with a slight drawl, "don't you think you've gathered material enough by this time? I'm sure there is a bookful. Really, I've taught you all I know about girls in love."

They were still standing in the doorway. He turned and grasped her shoulder.

"Louise! Have you been playing with me?" he said, with a note in his voice no one had ever heard before.

"Why, to be sure. Wasn't that the idea?" she said, drawing away with a careless shrug. Then, in another tone she added, "You see, I knew Marguerite Dale very well." There was a silence that stung as no words could have, then, "You'd better go back," she said, and without a word he left her.

She picked up her coat, and stood for a moment looking around the room. Her face softened, and, moving very cautiously, she straightened the curtains and pillows. Then, unfastening the violets from her fur, she tucked them under the little red cushion, and slipped away.

In three minutes I was coated and booted and tearing down the stairs. Two or three carriages in a convivial bunch testified to the general tone of the affair within, but the light at the corner showed a little figure in a sealskin coat, waiting for a car. She flushed as I came up, but greeted me gaily.

"Is this a New Year's resolution to be nice to old friends? I thought you had forgotten me," she said.

"It's a New Year's resolution to make you love me, no matter who's in the field," I blurted out, still holding her hands.

"I'll see that you don't break it," said Louise, letting me look clear down through her eyes to the secret that lay beneath.

Later she told me all about it.

"For the first hour or two, he dazzled me," she confessed. "Why, he simply carried me off my feet. I don't wonder that girls—— But just before the end of the evening I suddenly remembered what I knew and realized what he was trying. For a second, I was furious. Then I made up my mind to go on and teach him a lesson. I think I have."

"It was pretty rough on me," I complained, "to see him admitted when I got 'Not at home' in the face."

"How could I dream you would come that particular afternoon?" she protested. "I expected Carrol and didn't want any ordinary callers. When I found that you had been turned away, I could have howled. It spoiled everything for days."

"But that picture in your watch," I said jealously.

"Why, you saw me put it there yourself," she said. "I cut it out of a catalogue—don't you remember?—because I liked his chin. It was ages ago. I thought of it barely in time to let it fly out."

"In Carrol's story," I hinted, "he kissed her that first evening."

"And you think I'm that kind of a girl?" said Louise in a hurt tone—and that was as much of an answer as I could ever get out of her on that subject.

"It was a dangerous game," I said, with a long breath of relief. "He deserved it, but—what if you'd made yourself care, too?"

"I had a safeguard against that," was the satisfying answer.

When I went to my room that night, I found Carrol stretched on the divan in the dark. He had not even been smoking.

"Well," I began cheerfully as I lit up, "how's the novel?"

He sat up, looking so desolate that I felt an unexpected pang of pity for him. He had stumbled into real life, at last.

"I don't think I'll write that story," he said, going heavily back to his own room.

THE PRAISEMONGERS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

An arraignment of the practice of indiscriminate and insincere commendation—Its disastrous influence in all branches of art—How flattery has ruined many a career that honest criticism would have helped.

A GREAT many eloquent sermons have been preached, and a great many more will be preached in the years to come, on the sin of malicious speaking and backbiting, but I have yet to hear of the apostle of moral philosophy who will choose for his theme the iniquitous practice of speaking well of everybody.

This subject is one that commends itself with peculiar force to the men and women who are engaged in artistic pursuits, and in whose lives praise and blame constitute a much more important element than in the lives of persons cast in more commonplace grooves. There is scarcely one of these artistic professions that cannot show scores of pitiable human wrecks, but I defy any one to point out from among the whole number an even half dozen who can trace their fall to adverse criticism or even malicious personal abuse. At the same time, I will venture to say that nine tenths of these failures have been brought about by the exertions of the jolly, good hearted praisemongers who have undermined them with their insidious, insincere flattery.

Personally, I am a profound believer in outspoken and even merciless criticism, provided it come from an honest heart through a competent pen. The man who enacts a part on the stage, or exhibits a picture in a gallery, or places a book on the publisher's counter, invites criticism of his work, and the sooner he is told the plain truth the better it will be for him. As for the "feelings" that so many mushy philosophers are afraid of hurting, they are seldom more than an outer cuticle of personal vanity, which any capable surgeon in moral philosophy will recommend for total destruction.

There is scarcely a great literary work that has survived the test of time which does not contain an attack on something or somebody. The New Testament, for example, was not designed to flatter those to whom it was addressed, nor did Martin Luther change the course of history by good hearted praise of existing institutions. Dean Swift, Savonarola, Shakspere, Thackeray—which one of these made himself famous by going about administering soothing sirup? And yet I doubt not that each one of them, as he carried on his work in behalf of humanity, was encompassed about by a buzzing swarm of objectors who softly deprecated, when out of his hearing, the cruel things he was saying about living people who had "feelings" to hurt.

It is by no means unlikely that while St. Paul was addressing himself to the Romans there were good hearted, kindly people who wagged their heads and deplored the fact that such language could be used toward such perfect gentlemen as the Romans. Indeed, it is safe to say that there were praisemongers waiting to slap Judas Iscariot on the back and remark, "Judas, you done just right"—that is to say, so long as his thirty pieces of silver held out.

The literature of the present day is prepared, to a great extent, with special reference to the sensibilities of readers, who must not be annoyed or wrought up, say the publishers. And that is one reason why it is not making as deep or as broad a mark across the face of civilization as it did under better and freer conditions, although there is more of it now than ever before. As to criticism, it is a lost art. When we are told by our grandsires that in the old days there were published

in London, and even in Edinburgh, quarterly reviews whose opinions carried sufficient weight to literally make or mar a writer or a book, we think how strangely the world must have wagged in those days, and smile sardonically as we try to imagine the effect that a "notice" in the *Critic* or *Bookman* can exert on the career of a young author of today. For my own part, when I read of the curious conditions of life just prior to the Byronic invasion, I wonder how the quarterlies got along without the publishers' advertisements.

Surely, then, it is time to expose to the contumely of an awakened world that parasitical humbug the praisemonger, who has for years enjoyed a high reputation, especially among women, because of his worthless cowardice and insincerity, traits which in the course of time harden into a most dangerous form of dishonesty.

"There is one thing I like about that man. In all the years that I have known him, I have never heard him speak ill of a single human being."

That is the sort of praise on which this particular variety of rascal has fattened ever since he came into the world—the sort of praise that has not only become his meat and drink, but has also served as a buckler of defense when some one who had suffered through his cowardice or dishonesty has turned again with the intention of rending him.

For my own part, I do not like a man who can go through the world—especially this corner of it—and always speak well of everybody. Of course he need not always tell all the truth about all the people he knows to everybody else in his acquaintance. But if he persistently speaks well of everybody he must be either a fool, a knave, an architect, or a doctor—or, in short, some one whose dealings are largely with women.

My remarks are not directed against the man who tries to be charitable, nor have I any wish to speak well of the sour, envious, disappointed churl who thinks and says evil of every one, especially of those who have been successful. They are intended for the man who deliberately attempts to acquire popularity by speaking highly of worthless characters in the hope that his comments will be bandied about from one to another of them. He exclaims, in his open hearted, genial manner, "What I like about that man Ferdinand Ward is his incorruptible honesty;" or "That Jesse Pomeroy is a fine young chap. I like him because he is always so kind to the little ones." Mark you, this man does not speak so highly of Ward and Pomeroy after they have been put in jail and can be of no further use to him; but he has no scruples in recommending them while they are at large, no matter what he may know about them.

What is worse, no one will dare to attack the praisemonger for his dishonesty. If he were to accuse an innocent man of thievery, or go about intimating that some reputable citizen had made away with little children, he would be rounded up with a short turn, and compelled to either retract or make good his assertions. But let us suppose that on the strength of his genial, cordial words of commendation some credulous mother—who likes this man because he always speaks well of everybody—should entrust her savings to the care of an unscrupulous thief, or select Jesse Pomeroy as a playmate for her little girls, would any one ever dream of holding this man of kindly encomium accountable for the effect of his dishonest words?

And yet, is it not just as wrong to knowingly speak well of a rascal as it is to speak ill of an honest man?

It is impossible to estimate the injury that has been sustained by every artistic calling that is liable to the ruinous attacks of insincere flattery. The very moment that a man makes a successful beginning as a writer, artist, or actor, the praisemongers gather about him to pat him on the back and assure him that he is the greatest man of the age. He thinks that they are his stanch friends. It is impossible to convince him—we are all of us willing to believe good of ourselves—that they are merely a band of unscrupulous wreckers who are willing to scuttle the ship of his achievements for the sake of whatever flotsam and jetsam in the way of loans, drinks, and cigars may drift their way.

A great many years ago, just as I was beginning to "take notice" in the world

of arts and letters that was unfolding around me, it was the fashion, as I well remember, for men and women of even the slightest artistic achievement to wear a sort of halo on the brow whenever they took their walks abroad. I remember also that as I came to know them more familiarly these halos faded and finally disappeared altogether, and now there is scarcely one of my acquaintances who possesses one. The truth is that the halos began to lose their luster about the time that I discovered the sort of company that their possessors kept. I can well recall my amazement on more than one occasion when, having made the acquaintance of some man whose work I had long admired, I found him hobnobbing with a swarm of utterly worthless characters whose company he seemed to find entirely to his liking. I have learned since then that the scores of little buzzing, adulatory groups that I have encountered from time to time, in my little journeys to the homes of the great, were composed, if not of the same men, at least of men of precisely the same class.

There was a time when I regarded these sycophants with easy tolerance, because of their unfailing good nature and inexhaustible fund of anecdote. But now I should look upon them merely as birds of carrion, were it not that these have the decency to wait until after death has put its final seal on a career before beginning their foul meal, while the human vultures hurry in with greedy beak at the birth of genius.

I know of no daintier morsel for the maws of these oily tongued birds of prey than the young actor or actress who has just achieved success, perhaps after years of conscientious, up hill work, and stands blinking with unaccustomed eyes just within the outer rim of the great white light of fame. There is no better chapter in Mr. Joseph Jefferson's autobiography than the one in which he urges the young members of his profession to be content with legitimately won tributes to their art, and not to yield to the craving for what he calls "the second round of applause," meaning the worthless commendation of club and café followers.

Let us suppose the case of a young actor who has just leaped from obscurity into prominence. The very breeze that wafts the tidings of his triumph through the town will also fan the cheeks of the praisemongers who are lying in wait for a fresh victim, and by the time he has read in the daily papers the printed accounts of his performance of the night before—he won't read anything else that morning—they will be upon him in a ravenous flock with, "Old man, you're great! I never saw a house as still as it was in your scene in the second act, but honestly, I thought they'd take the roof off at the close of the third. Did you see me standing there pounding away for dear life with my umbrella? I broke it all to smithereens rooting for you!"

Naturally enough the young actor looks upon all this as a spontaneous tribute to his genius, and a direct confirmation of last night's applause and this morning's papers. He is glad that these jolly, good hearted fellows, who had never before evinced any particular fondness for him, are really so deeply attached to him that they will cheerfully accompany him into any café or restaurant for the purpose of telling him what a great man he is. I am free to confess that I know of no tale that sounds pleasanter in our ears than that which recites our own achievements, and it is not surprising to find that men and women of artistic temperament are willing to listen to it in countless repetition.

This is what Mr. Jefferson meant by "the second round of applause," and it is such a pitifully easy thing for a young artist to fall into the agreeable habit of buying refreshments for all who join in it. Let him make a vow never to reward flattery with a drink, a cigar, or a loan, and before long he will be able to breakfast by himself in any café in town if he wishes to.

The successful young actress is also exposed to the ravages of the praisemongers, but they are of a different sort. The friends who have watched her career with interest, and perhaps with disapproval, are certain to be proud of her now, and all of their friends will desire to know and to flatter her. Impressionable young men, who are "crazy to know her," will be presented, and each one in turn will

assure her of the extraordinary effect that her acting has had on them. Her rooms will be redolent with the odor of flowers, her picture will glisten in the illustrated periodicals, her praises will be sung by myriad honeyed tongues. She may very likely believe everything that is told her, but somehow flattery in her case will be, at the worst, nothing more than a light complaint, while with her brother in art it will take the form of a malignant disease. I am aware that in saying this I am violating one of the most cherished traditions of that twopenny cynicism of which certain modern satirists of the lunkhead school have been so prolific; but I am speaking the truth, and in confirmation of my words I would call attention to the number of actors, as compared with that of actresses, who have been literally flattered down from their high estate within the past dozen years.

The sort of flattery to which young writers of fiction are subjected is of a most dangerous variety, because so much of it is administered by women—who are perfectly conscienceless in such matters. Nor am I disposed to blame them, for, after all, they are not our appointed guardians. It is so much easier, when they have nothing at stake, to say pleasant things to the young men who are so much sought after because of their fresh bays, than to burden their lips—which were intended for something very much prettier—with mere idle truths.

There is but one way in which the evil effects of insincere praise can be avoided. Let the victim who finds himself subjected to it keep his eyes firmly fixed on the very pinnacles of his art—those remote, glittering slopes which he should always hope to climb. If he be an actor, let him seek the quiet of a library rather than the bustle of a café, and read and think, not of himself, but of those who are far above him. Let him watch the leaders of his profession and study his art in a proper spirit, and he will detect a hollow ring in the flattery that will be addressed to him at his club that night. If he be a writer, let him spend an evening with Thackeray or Nathaniel Hawthorne, and it will perhaps occur to him that his own little book of stories—so full of local color, so openly admired by the gushing women of his acquaintance—is not worthy of a place on the same shelf with the works of the people who knew how to write and exercised that function freely.

James L. Ford.

JUST TO BE ALIVE.

BUDS of brimming sweetness bursting everywhere,
Rippling notes of rapture breaking on the air,
Swallows round the barn eaves—how they whirl and dive!
Oh, the joy in spring time just to be alive!

Hillsides starred with silver, meadows gemmed with gold;
Woodland full of music—more than it can hold;
Fleet winged, pulsing jewels—how they poise and dart!
Oh, in joy of summer just to have a part!

Dressed in regal splendor—valley, plain, and hill;
Feasts of nature's making spread for all who will;
Wine of King Frost's vintage gladdening every heart;
Oh, in autumn's banquet just to have a part!

Arching skies of azure, vast of spotless snow;
Diamonds by the million in the trees aglow;
Down the sparkling hillside merry coasters fare;
Oh, in joy of winter just to have a share!

In this world of beauty naught goes wholly wrong;
Every sigh of sorrow ends somewhere in song.
Once to feel earth's gladness it is worth the strive;
Oh, the joy in God's world just to be alive!

Emma C. Dowd.

THE WAY OF A MAN.

THERE was many a rose in the glen today,
As I wandered through;
And every bud that looked my way
Was rich of hue!

Yet the one in my hand—do you understand?
Not a whit more sweet,
Not quite so fair,
But it grew in the break of the cliff up there!

Catharine Young Glen.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

TWO AMERICAN ADMIRALS.

No foreign power could successfully invade the United States, and very few are at all open to attack by our soldiers. As has often been pointed out, if we should be involved in war, it is almost certain that the sea would be the chief theater of hostilities. Hence, when the threatening political situation turned all eyes to our national weapons of offense and defense, it was the movements of our warships that were watched most eagerly.

Portraits are given here of two men who, in case of war with Spain, might strike the first blows for the Stars and Stripes—Admiral Sicard, who commands our powerful North Atlantic squadron, now in Southern waters, and Admiral Dewey, our chief officer in the Pacific. The former, unless incapacitated by the ill health from which he has been reported as suffering, would no doubt move straight upon Cuba and the Spanish fleet. The latter, at the time of writing, has rendezvoused his squadron at Hongkong, where he is within striking distance of Manila. To both men the country would look with complete confidence.

THE SON OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Though we have forsworn any hereditary aristocracy, Americans are always

REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDING THE ASIATIC STATION.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

REAR ADMIRAL MONTGOMERY SICARD, UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDING THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

interested in the sons of their famous men. Colonel Robert M. Douglas, who was elected a judge of the North Carolina supreme court last year, is a son of the late Senator Douglas of Illinois, the "Little Giant" of ante bellum politics.

North Carolina was the State of Colonel Douglas' mother, who was a Miss Martin, the grandniece of Governor Alexander Martin, a prominent Revolutionary soldier. Colonel Douglas was born there, and remained there to make his mother's family place his home, and to grow up in a political school opposed to that of his father. His sympathies from the first were with the Republican party. During the war, when he was at school in Washington, the Confederate authorities brought suit to confiscate the property he had inherited, declaring him an "alien enemy." General Grant was a warm friend to young Douglas, and when elected President made him his private secretary.

While serving at the White House, Colonel Douglas married a daughter of Judge Dick, of North Carolina. The judge had been a warm friend of the young man's father, and the only North Carolina delegate who did not secede from the Baltimore convention, in 1860, when Senator Douglas was nominated for the Presidency.

"Douglas is modest and frank, and I like his manliness," General Grant once said. "His education, his truthfulness, and his good habits will bring him success." The young secretary, who was as close to the quiet soldier as Alexander Hamilton to Washington, has verified the prophetic words of his chief by the standing he has gained, during the last twelve years, at the bar and on the bench of his State.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

The "fighting Beresfords" are one of the famous families of England. The head of the house is the Marquis of

Waterford, but the present bearer of the title is a boy of twenty one, and the men who do most to keep the name of Beresford before the world are his uncles, Lord Charles and Lord William, titled only by courtesy. The latter is well known as a soldier and a sportsman, and to Americans as the husband of the former Duchess of Marlborough, *née* Miss Price, of New York. The former is one of the most popular men in England, and recently made a somewhat sensational reappearance in public life by seeking an election to Parliament as a Conservative in a constituency that had been a Liberal stronghold, and by winning, after an exciting campaign, with just eleven votes to spare.

Lord Charles Beresford is a sailor by profession, and has seen plenty of active service both afloat and ashore. The best remembered episode of his naval career was his command of the gunboat Condor at the bombardment of Alexandria, when he took his ship so close under the guns of the Egyptian forts that the rebel gunners could not depress their muzzles low enough to hit him, and his daring elicited the signal of "Well done, Condor!" from the admiral of the British fleet. The Salisbury government's gratification at his recent political success may not be entirely unmixed, for Lord Charles is no docile follower of party. He is a strong advocate of an active foreign policy, and an unsparing critic of the weak points in the British naval and military system. He declared the other day that with international relations in their present critical state, a man of war should be building at every slip on the shores of England.

COLONEL ROBERT M. DOUGLAS, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA, AND SON OF SENATOR STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.

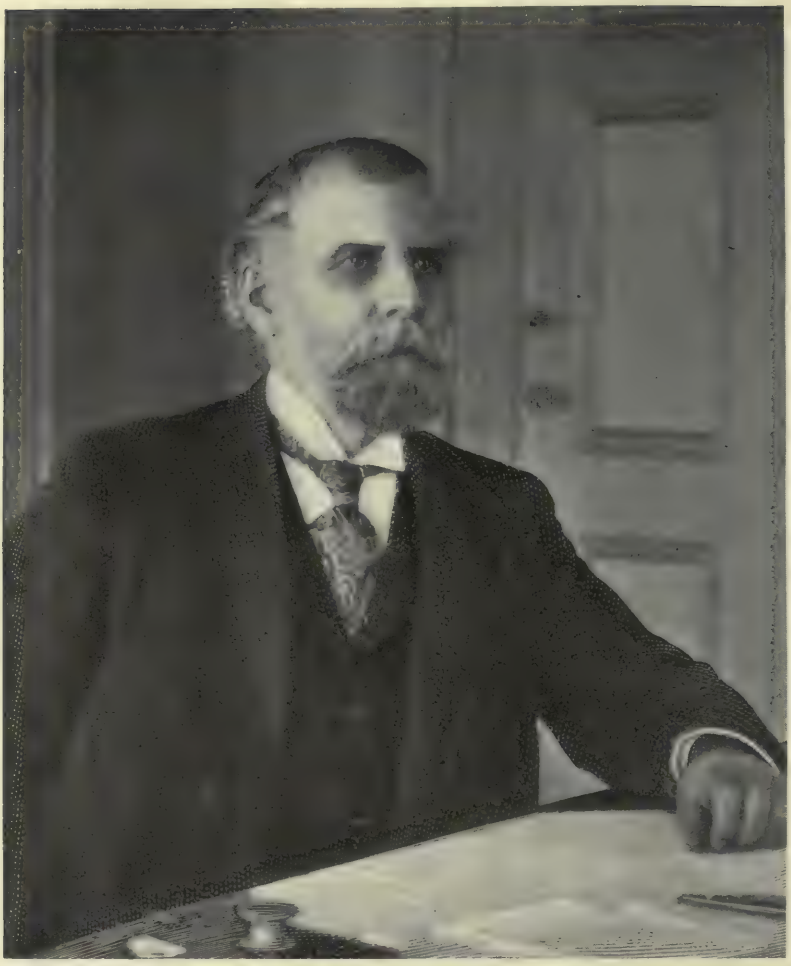
From a photograph by Alderman, Greensboro, N. C.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Lyman J. Gage, the official head of the financial department of the government, has been characterized as a business man first and a statesman afterwards. Of the justice of this description Mr. Gage has

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR YORK, WHO COMMANDED THE CONDOR AT ALEXANDRIA.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.



LYMAN J. GAGE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
From a photograph by Frank Roe Batchelder, Washington.

given evidence in his management of the vast machine under his charge. He is a firm believer in the theory that public business should be conducted upon the lines that make a private concern efficient and successful, and that personal fitness, not partisan politics, should regulate appointments and promotions. How he has carried out these principles in the Treasury Department Mr. Gage tells in an interesting paper published elsewhere in this magazine.

Secretary Gage understands business life from a long, varied, and successful experience of it. He has worked his own way up from the very foot of the ladder. He was ten years old when he left the public school at Rome, in central New York, to become errand boy in a country store, at five dollars a month. "That seemed to me quite sufficient," he says, "and I went to work. The hours were long. I opened the shop at six in the morning and stayed until ten at night. I did all sorts of work—swept out the shop, and ran errands, and sold things."

Later he was a mail clerk, salesman in a drug store and a book store, a bookkeeper in a lumber mill, a porter, and a night watchman. Once he made a business venture for himself, buying a sawmill with three hundred dollars, his entire savings; but it proved a failure. All through his years of struggle he was studying and reading. Finally he found a place in a Chicago banking house, proved his ability, and won steady promotion. Last year, when he resigned the

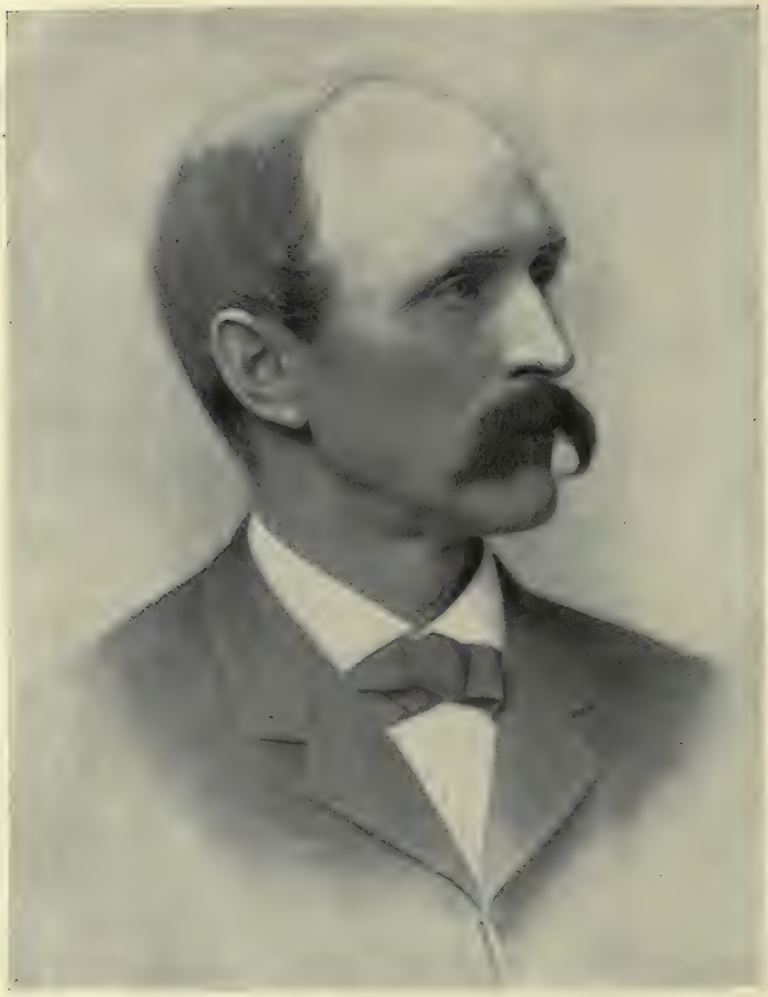
presidency of the First National Bank of Chicago to enter the cabinet, he ended a service of twenty eight years with that one institution.

Mr. Gage first came prominently before the country at the time when the World's Fair project was before Congress. He was one of the four Chicago men whose financial backing secured the exposition for the Lake City.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.
From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.

General Stewart L. Woodford, our diplomatic representative at Madrid during a very trying and important crisis, is a New York lawyer whose career has been full of incident and of useful public service. By a rather curious coincidence, it was he who cast the vote of the Empire State for Lincoln and for Grant, having served as the electoral college's messenger in 1860 and again in 1872. It was he, as a lad of nineteen, who delivered the Columbia centennial oration, when the New York college celebrated its hundredth anniversary in 1854. He saw active service in the war, having resigned a district attorneyship to enlist as a private in the One Hundred and Twenty Seventh New York regiment, of which he rose to be lieutenant colonel. He was brevetted a brigadier general, and acted as military governor of Charleston and Savannah. A few years later he figured in another memorable chapter of metropolitan history, being the Republican candidate for



GENERAL CHARLES J. PAINE, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN YACHTSMAN.
From a photograph by Metcalf, Boston.

the Governorship during the political régime of William M. Tweed. The Democratic nominee, John T. Hoffman, received the certificate of election, but the honesty of the returns was open to question, and Tweed is said to have confessed, before his death, that they had been so tampered with as to reverse the result.

In recent years General Woodford has been quietly devoting himself to his profession, as a member of the firm of Ritch, Woodford, Bovee & Wallace, with an office in Wall Street. He found time, however, to speak and work for sound money during the last campaign, as he had also done some twenty years ago, during the "fiat money" craze. He is a close personal and political friend of Senator Platt, the intimacy dating from the time when the two men were serving together in Congress.

A FAMOUS AMERICAN YACHTSMAN.

General Charles J. Paine was one of Senator Wolcott's associates in last year's unsuccessful attempt to negotiate an agreement with the British government for the increased use of silver coinage; but his failure as a monetary commissioner has not obscured the general's fame as a yachtsman.

The entire salt water fraternity has the warmest regard for the man to whose patriotism and sportsmanship we owe three successful defenses of the America's Cup. It was General Paine who built the

Mayflower and the Volunteer, and who formed the syndicate that constructed the Puritan. He was born in Boston sixty five years ago, and is a grandson of Robert Treat Paine, one of the Massachusetts signers of the Declaration of Independence. He graduated from Harvard in the class of '53, and was admitted to the bar, but has done little or nothing in the way of practice. He inherited a fortune, and is understood to have largely increased it by railroad investments.

GERMANY'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Nearly five years ago Prince Bismarck told a visitor at Varzin that he expected to live no longer than his wife. The Princess Bismarck died about twelve months later, but the grand old man of the Sachsenwald is still in the land of the living, and his physician, Dr. Schweninger, said recently that "if his grace was spared political excitement and all other annoyance, he would probably see the dawning of the next century." And Bismarck leads a very peaceful and serene life nowadays. There is an army of people to guard him against interviewers, and to examine his letters and newspapers in order that nothing that might give him a moment's uneasiness shall reach his eye.

Some inquisitive German scientist has been figuring out the weight of Bismarck's brain, which he says is 1867 grammes. In comparison, it may be interesting to recall that Cromwell's brain weighed 2333 grammes, and Byron's 2238. On the other hand, Frederick the Great's scaled only 1700 grammes, and that of Immanuel Kant was found to be of exactly the same weight as the brain of a hod carrier who died on the same day, and whose body chanced to lie on the dissecting table with that of the great German philosopher.

As the Czar's two children are both girls, his brother George is still Czarevitch, or heir to the throne. A few years ago it was announced that the young prince was a doomed victim of consumption, but he is now reported as being stronger, though still very delicate. He is seldom or never seen in St. Petersburg. His favorite abode in summer is a castle in the Caucasus; in winter he seeks the warm climate of Algiers or the south of France. He is a young man of very quiet and studious tastes. His hobby is wood carving, in which he is very clever. His uncle, the Prince of Wales, has an elaborate bookcase which the Czarevitch carved and put together with his own hands.

* * * *

Among "potentates in business" must be ranked the Pope, who, according to a statement in a European contemporary, regularly sells wine manufactured from the grapes grown in the ample gardens of the Vatican. It is only a part of the the pontifical vintage that finds its way to market; some is reserved for the Pope's own use, and some he sends to various churches, for use at mass. Last year eight hogsheads was the total produce of the Vatican vineyard.

* * * *

Even if it be true that Lord Salisbury intends to resign the British premiership, he will have held that very onerous and responsible post longer than any other of Queen Victoria's ministers except Mr. Gladstone. The Grand Old Man was prime minister for more than twelve years. Lord Salisbury has served for nine, a trifle more than Lord Palmerston. The record is held by Mr. Pitt's tenure for more than seventeen years without a break, from 1783 to 1801.

* * * *

Queen Victoria never rises at daybreak now, as she used to do. In former years she transacted a great deal of her official business before her early breakfast, but at seventy nine—her seventy ninth birthday will be the 24th of this month—she finds this impossible. Her breakfast hour is now the same as the Prince of Wales'—ten o'clock, and she does no work before eleven.

* * * *

The Earl of Rosslyn, an impecunious young British peer who recently went upon the stage, has started a periodical, in the first number of which he announces that "my sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, offers you an interesting story, and among the other writers are the Marquis of Lorne and Ladies Randolph Churchill and Warwick." It will be interesting to see how long this organ of the English nobility will live.

COTTAGE LIFE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

BY EDWIN WILDMAN.

The great northern river and its maze of islands as a summer playground—The fine residences that have been built along the St. Lawrence, its fishing, hunting, and water sports, and the unique charm of its life and scenery.

THE same characteristic of human nature that inspired the old Norman baron to set up a little feudal realm of his own seems to have reappeared in the present generation among the islanders on the St. Lawrence River. The possessor of an island in this magnificent waterway is as absolute and independent a potentate in his domain as ever was the medieval master of some battlemented stronghold.

Nature has given, for the use of man, a bountiful supply of these islands, for they commence above Clayton, where the St. Lawrence first issues from Lake Ontario, and are scattered all along its course as far as Montreal. Some of them are hardly large enough for the solitary crane to rest its single foot upon, while others contain land enough to make a very productive farm.

It has only been within recent years that their beauty, and their advantages as a resort for the summer, have been fully appreciated. Previously, and for years back, the St. Lawrence was looked

ENTRANCE HALL OF THE THOUSAND ISLAND YACHT CLUB HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA BAY.

CANOEISTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

MANZANITA ISLAND, CHIPPEWA BAY, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES G. KNAPP, OF OGDENSBURG.

upon as nothing more nor less than a good hunting and fishing ground. Fishing and hunting are still the chief pastimes of the islanders, and men and women who spend their summers upon the St. Lawrence, and know how to reap the full measure of its enjoyment, become thoroughly in love with the sport its waters afford. They abound with many kinds of fish, from the little trout, like perch, the sweetest of all St. Lawrence fish, to the great forty pound maskalonge, with whom it is nip and tuck whether he pulls you into the water or you safely land him in your boat.

Shooting is almost as favorite a sport as fishing on the St. Lawrence. The larger islands and the wild woodland shores shelter an abundance of game. Of course the season opens too late for the transient resorter, but it is not with them that we are most concerned. They fly by like birds on the wing, in thousands, on the great steamers and on private yachts, but they are mere transient sightseers, and do not and cannot comprehend the real charm of the river. It is true they fish a bit, and perhaps shoot a couple of times, but the guides lead them into easy waters where undesired game or fish abounds, and they go away with a very superficial idea of the region and its life.

In the St. Lawrence there are probably more than two thousand islands, the majority of which are inhabited, particularly the American Islands, as our government gives absolute possession, while the Canadian grants only a ninety nine years' lease, reserving the right to occupy for purposes of defense at any time.

There is a charm and fascination about island life that is almost indescribable, and that affects all kinds of temperaments. Whatever one's occupation or profession, every one at times courts absolute rest and independence, and these two attributes can be more nearly realized on these water girt bits of earth than anywhere else. From Clayton down to Ogdens-

Hopewell Hall. Castle Rest. The Thousand Island Yacht Club Launch. Nobby Island.

VIEW FROM THE THOUSAND ISLAND YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

THE INTERIOR OF CRAG SIDE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. H. A. LAUGHLIN, OF PITTSBURG.

burg the St. Lawrence is broad, at places being as much as six miles in width, and most of the islands are in this stretch. When the thermometer stands at ninety in city and country, the fresh, never failing breezes of the river keep the islander in a delightful temperature.

It is early in June, if he is wise, that the islander shakes the dust of the city from his feet as he alights from the club train at Clayton. "Kelly" and the servants are there with bundles, dogs, bird cages, and all the paraphernalia of domestic economy. There are numerous ways of reaching his summer home, and the method the islander takes depends upon his belongings on the river. If he is the owner of one of the many little yachts that are a part of river life, it awaits him at the dock, and the trip is simple. If not, he and his lares and penates board the Massena, or the Wanderer, and if he possesses an island with a dock of sufficient size, the river steamer lands him at his own door, bag and baggage.

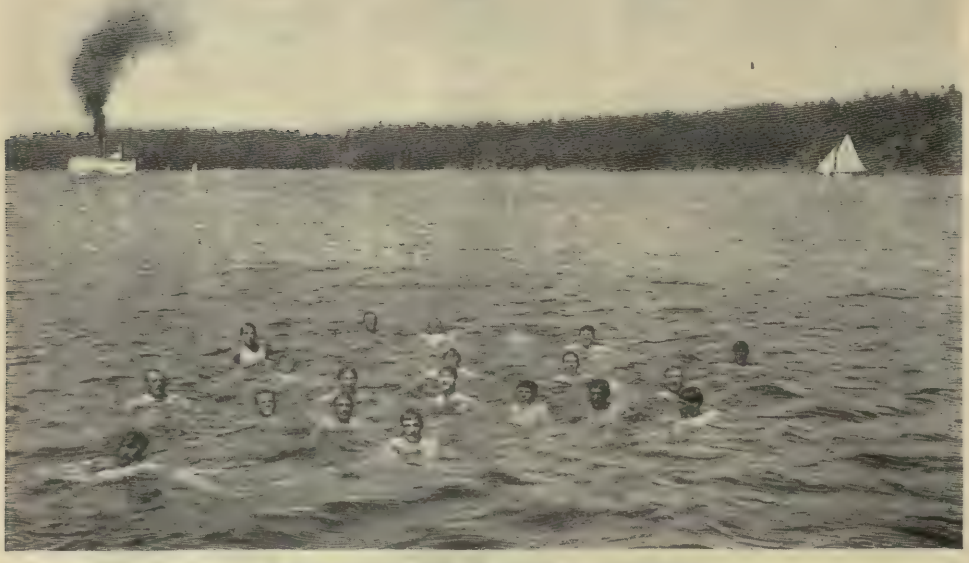
It does not take long to settle the average river house, and within a day or so a stranger peeping in might think the occupants had been there for a month. Every islander has his little skiff or cat boat, at least, if not both; and some have from one to three steam yachts beside. The islander usually devotes his first week to an absolute and unqualified loaf, in which he is joined by every one in the family. Then the fishing commences. After an early morning plunge in the river, tackle is made ready, and it is a poor islander who can't bring in a mess for breakfast.

From Clayton well down to Chippewa Bay, and beyond, the river is like a fairyland. Each of the thousand and one islands is lighted up in fantastic imagery, according to the fancy of its occupants. Some are brilliantly illumined with designs in electrical effects. Plying over the waters, dodging here and there, the scores of yachts and rowboats scud hither and thither, carrying merry parties aim-

VIEW DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM CRAG SIDE.

lessly up and down the river, or perhaps to or from some porch party or water carnival.

Then there are the races, the competitors in which are all amateurs, made up from the islanders who own river craft. The first race usually comes off at Ogdensburg, and is under the patronage of the Ogdensburg Yacht Club. Here



A SWIMMING RACE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

half raters, cat boats, and St. Lawrence skiffs usually form the classification.

Brockville, Ontario, is the next trysting place. Here is located the Brockville Rowing Club, a patron of all kinds of water sports. At this meet are held four oared, eight oared, and two oared races, sailing and paddling canoe races, obstacle canoe races, skiff races, without rudder or centerboard, cat races, half rater races, and all sorts of grotesque water sports. This program is repeated at Alexandria Bay some two weeks later, with variations, including an exciting steam yacht race. Then the round of sport is carried on at Chippewa Bay, with the added novelty of clay pigeon shooting, rowboat racing, greased pole walking, and so on.

Following the races there are often as many as twenty private yachts. Many of these are of very handsome build, some being seagoing crafts, with flush decks and powerful engines, carrying crews of eight or ten men. Mr. H. A. Laughlin, of Pittsburg, is the owner of the "Vesta," one of the largest and fastest yachts on the river. Mr. Laughlin's place is Crag Side, Wells Island. Mr. George C. Boldt, of New York, manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, is the owner of Heart Island, and has two or three handsome little yachts, particularly the Heart, which is the fastest naphtha of its size in the district. Other places that rank among the finest on the river are Hopewell Hall, the residence of Mr. W. C. Browning, of New York; the Isle Imperial, that of Mr. Rafferty, of Pittsburg; and The Calumet, which belongs to another New Yorker, Mr. Charles G. Emery, whose yacht Nina is one of the prettiest of the steam fleet on the St. Lawrence. Keewaydin is a castle-like place that provokes a query from every tourist. It is the home of Mr. J. W. Jackson, of Plainfield, New Jersey.

Castle Rest, the residence of the late George M. Pullman, is a large and stately structure which stands high upon the

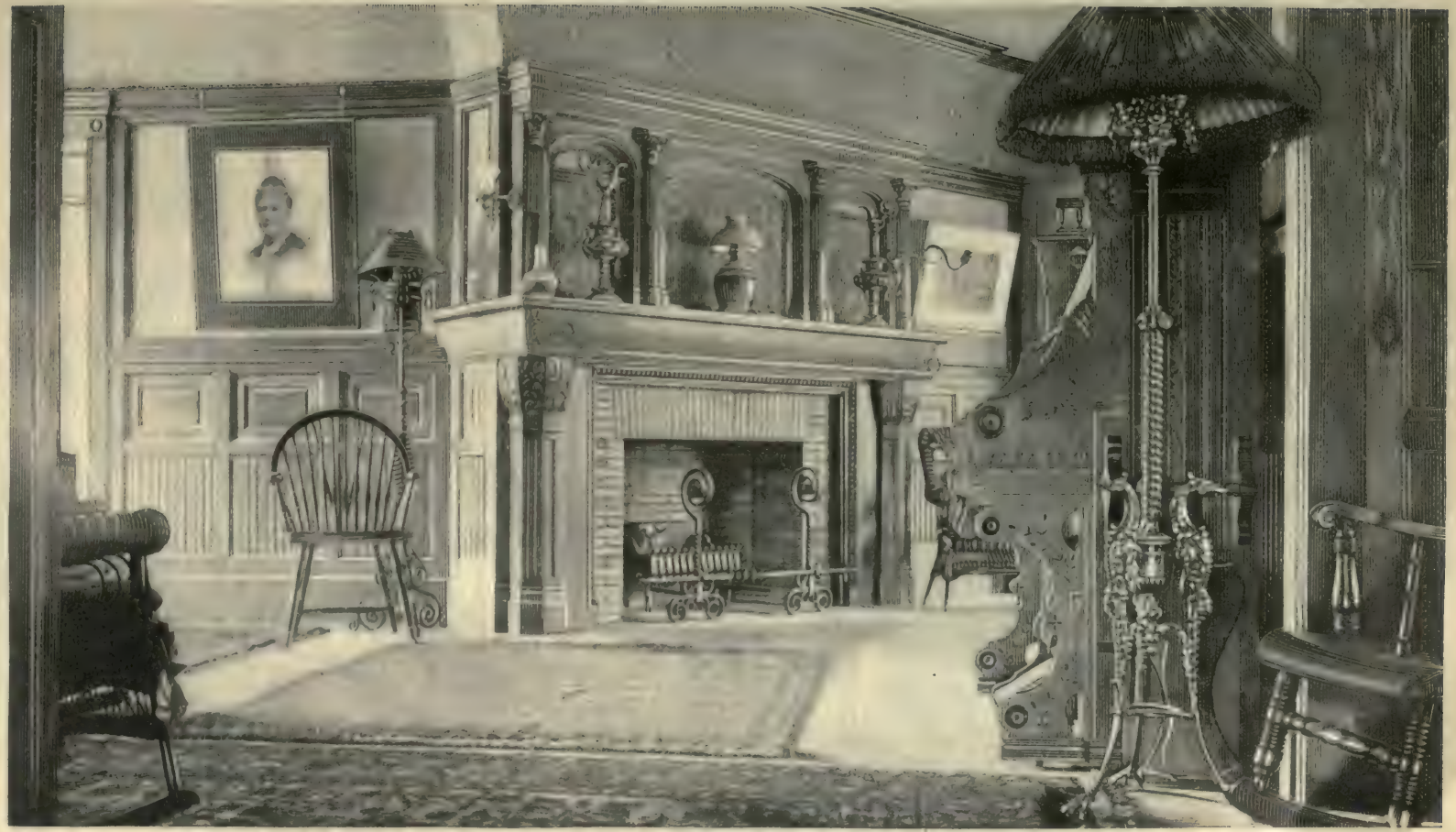
HEART ISLAND, ALEXANDRIA BAY, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE C. BOLDT, OF NEW YORK.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND YACHT CLUB HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA BAY.

rugged side of one of the most conspicuous islands in the American channel above Alexandria Bay. A little naphtha launch that plied back and forth from the bay to his island satisfied Mr. Pullman's modest wants.

The home of the late J. G. Holland, Bonnycastle, is just below Alexandria Bay, on the main shore, and is a great show place. Mrs. Holland still lives there. Among the other well known places in the same neighborhood are Fairy Land, which, with two steam yachts, the Louise and the W. B., belongs to Mr. Charles H. Hayden and Mr. W. B. Hayden, of Columbus, Ohio; Sport Island, owned by Mr. E. P. Wilbur, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and Comfort Island, the property of Mr. A. E. Clark, of Chicago. Another Chicagoan, Mr. D. R. Holden, is the owner of the Lotus Seeker, the swiftest steam yacht on the river. Manzanita, a typical island home, picturesquely situated in Chippewa Bay, belongs to Mr. James G. Knapp, of Ogdensburg. Miss May Irwin, the actress, has a pleasant domain of her own, which she has christened Irwin Island. There are liter-

A BATWING SKIFF RACE AT BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO.



THE INTERIOR OF CASTLE REST, ALEXANDRIA BAY, THE SUMMER HOME OF THE LATE GEORGE M. PULLMAN, OF CHICAGO.

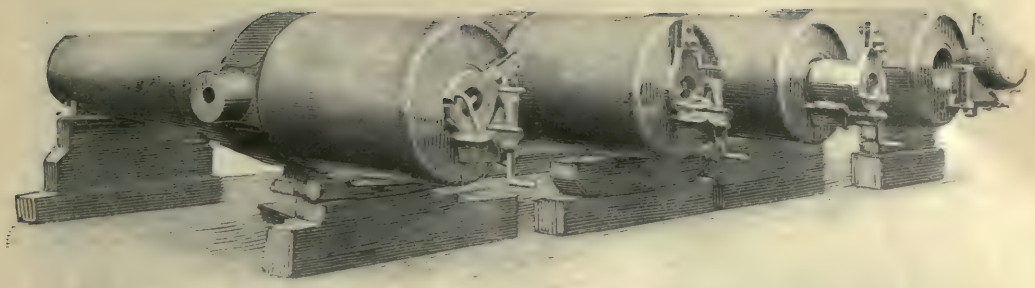
AN EXCURSION YACHT GOING DOWN LOST CHANNEL IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

ally hundreds of other places, each of which possesses some more or less distinctive charm, scattered along the great river from Kingston to Montreal.

Naphtha launches and small sailing craft are as numerous on the St. Lawrence as fireflies on a warm night, and are an important element in the islanders' amusements. There is almost always a breeze, and it is a splendid place for boat sailing.

The Thousand Island Yacht Club is a recent organization which last year built a large and handsome club house at Alexandria Bay. Besides a roomy café, the building has a large ballroom beautifully finished and decorated, where there is a dance every Saturday night. The club has been the means of establishing closer social relations than have heretofore been enjoyed by the islanders, and has proved a very popular organization.

Poets have rhapsodized about the St. Lawrence, artists have painted it, and every one who knows the northern river has waxed enthusiastic over its beauties. It gives a life of its own, comparable to which, in the writer's mind, all other "outings" must pale into lesser attractiveness; but to know what it is, and what are the allurements that year after year bring thousands to the river, one must have summered on its bosom, drunk in the sweet delights of its heavenly nights, plunged into its tempestuous waves, or skimmed over their placid depths in a dainty canoe. One must have held the tiller of its swift little skiffs, or reveled in the romance of its gorgeous sunsets as the old king of day fell far off to the westward and lost himself amid robes of purple and gold behind the Laurentian hills.



TWELVE INCH BREECH LOADING MORTARS FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY—LENGTH, 12 FEET; WEIGHT, 14 TONS EACH.

AMERICA'S BIG GUNS.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

How the introduction of the high power rifled cannon made the problem of coast defense a pressing one, and how it is being met by the building in the United States of some of the finest and largest of modern guns.

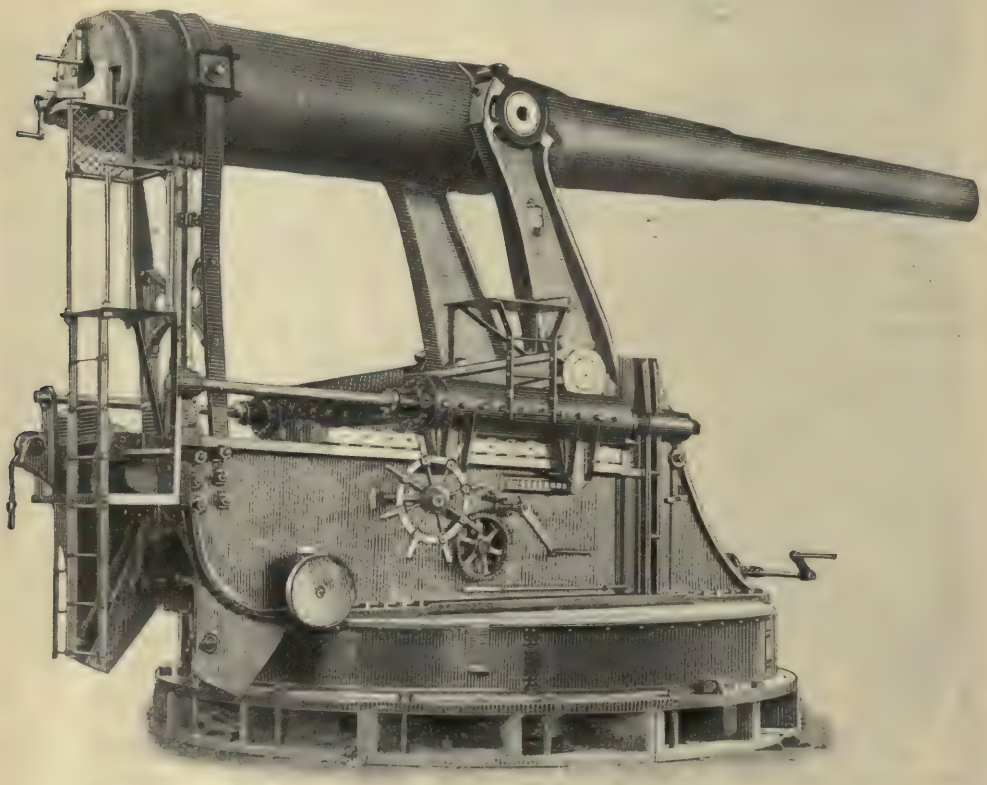
THE problem of defending our shores in time of war was created with the invention of the modern rifled cannon of the "built up" type. When the civil war closed, our coast was well prepared for defense against the smooth bore cannon then in general use; but with the improvement in naval ordnance new needs arose. We found that our forts, which were strong enough to stand against the bombardment of 1860, were no better than blockhouses before the guns of 1875, that the cannon mounted in them were no more effective than popguns against the modern rifled weapons with which the navies of the world were being armed.

Science and invention, which had lent so much of terror to the guns of the world's navies, had been no less active in devising means to resist naval assaults. Torpedoes which could be controlled from the shore, submarine mines, and floating batteries had been created to repel an attack at close range; and guns as great as those of the navy, or greater, with mortars of immense power, had been planned to keep the enemy at a respectful distance.

The nations of Europe, always anticipating the possibility of war, had discarded their old naval armament, and were providing their navies with the most modern armor and the heaviest of the new steel guns. Their ships were a menace to us at any time when we should happen on a quarrel with them. What that quarrel might be no one could foretell. No one foresaw the Venezuelan difficulty, which suddenly threatened to involve us with England. But Washing-

TEN INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY—LENGTH, 30 FEET; WEIGHT 34 TONS.

ton's injunction, "In time of peace prepare for war," was reason enough, in the judgment of many men, for equipping ourselves against all possible danger; and so these men urged on Congress the necessity of rebuilding the navy and reconstructing our coast defenses. They met strong opposition among the members whose districts were in the interior and safe from naval attack, but they prevailed in the Forty Ninth Congress to the extent of getting the first appropriations for the reconstruction of the navy, and an order for the appointment of a board to investigate the subject of seacoast defense. This board, which was known as the Endicott Board, was appointed by the President, by authority of Congress, in 1885. It was composed of officers of the army and navy.



TEN INCH RIFLE AND DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE, BUFFINGTON-CROZIER SYSTEM, IN POSITION FOR FIRING.

In 1886 the Endicott Board reported a scheme of coast defense, calling for an expenditure of nearly $100,000,000; or, including floating batteries, mines, and torpedoes, of about $125,000,000. The defense of New York State alone, it estimated, would cost $23,000,000.

"It is of no advantage," said the board's report, "to conceal the fact that the ports along our coasts—a length of about four thousand miles not including Alaska—invite naval attack, nor that our richest ports, from their great depth of water and capacity to admit the largest and most formidable ships, are, of all, the most defenseless. The property at stake, exposed to easy capture and destruction, would amount to billions of dollars, and the contributions which could be levied by a hostile fleet upon our seaports should be reckoned at hundreds of millions."

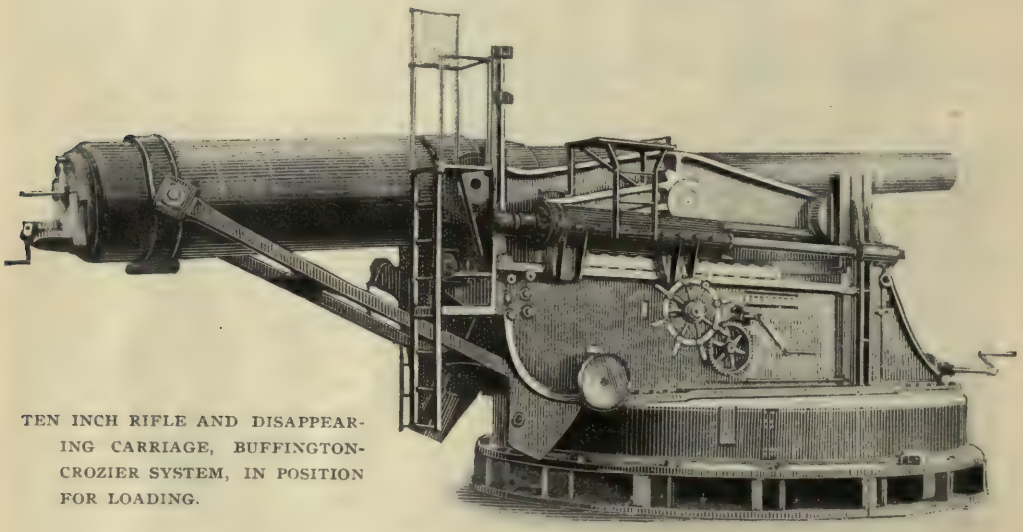
The board recommended the appropriation of $9,000,000 a year for this work until completion. But Congress, which had been awakened only momentarily to the gravity of the situation, did not give a cent until 1888; and in the eight years from 1888 to 1895 it appropriated only

CASTING FOR A SIXTEEN INCH RIFLE, THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

This casting is now being forged in the Bethlehem Iron Works, where the photograph was taken. It will be sent to the Watervliet Arsenal for finishing, and will be ready in 1899.

$4,700,000; when, if the board's recommendations had been followed, supplemented with an extra appropriation in the first year, the whole plan of fortification might have been carried out. The appropriations made since have been on a more liberal scale; but even at the rate of speed of recent years it would have been half a century before the coast defense system was perfected according to the plans of the Endicott Board, if the threat of war with Spain had not caused had a partial equipment of modern guns, and at all of them the old guns were still in place, covering the torpedo fields and protecting them from attack.

The most important feature of the coast defense system is the great modern steel rifle. The largest of those now in service on our coast has a bore twelve inches in diameter. It requires a charge of 520 pounds of powder, and it sends a thousand pound projectile to any point within a range of twelve miles. Even the very



TEN INCH RIFLE AND DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE, BUFFINGTON-CROZIER SYSTEM, IN POSITION FOR LOADING.

Congress to be unexpectedly liberal. By that time, the scheme of attack and defense might have been revolutionized as it has been in the last fifty years.

The plan of the Endicott Board provided for fortifications at twenty seven ports. At these were to be mounted 677 guns and 824 mortars. It was estimated by a Senate committee two years ago that the amount of property which could be put under tribute by the fleet of a well equipped enemy at these seaports was worth at that time $10,000,000,000.

When the Spanish American crisis threatened in February last, the government had reason to congratulate itself that Congress had not been altogether remiss in providing money for fortifications. Though a comparatively small part of the plans had been carried out, the chief ports of the United States were prepared against attack. All of them heavy steel armor with which battleships are protected will not resist its attack. But there is under construction for the War Department a greater gun than this. Its bore will be sixteen inches in diameter, and it will weigh, when completed, a hundred and forty two tons. "If we can get one shot with a sixteen inch gun," General Flagler said to a Senate committee, "the vessel is certainly destroyed. It is not a question of armor any longer. We would smash in the side of the ship."

It has been estimated that a shot from the sixteen inch gun will cost the government a thousand dollars, counting wear and tear as well as the price of powder and projectile. But that shot would be a profitable investment, in time of war, if it sank an enemy's two million dollar ship.

The making of a sixteen inch gun is like the making of a ten inch or a twelve

inch gun in plan, but it requires heavier machinery and more material, and is far more costly. The assembling of the parts and the machining of the gun are done by the government at its gun factory attached to Watervliet Arsenal; but the casting and forging are intrusted to contractors.

Gun castings are made from open hearth steel. The molten metal is drawn off from the furnace into a traveling tank, from which it empties into a mold. When the mold is full, it is put into a hydraulic press, where, under enormous pressure from below, the gases are expelled from the metal, and the ingot is made homogeneous. It is then allowed to cool, and the top and bottom of the casting, which contain all the impurities, are cut away. A hole is bored or punched through it where the bore of the gun will be, and it is brought to a high temperature for forging.

The forging of a casting is a kneading process carried on in a great hydraulic press. A round steel bar, called a mandrel, is run through the bore, and on this the glowing steel is pressed out to a larger diameter and a less thickness, being turned as the jaws of the press release it. When it has been squeezed to the right dimensions, it is heated again, plunged into an oil bath to temper it, and heated in a wood furnace for annealing. Then it is cooled once more, and is ready for machining. Every one of the eleven main parts of a big gun goes through this process of forging.

When the forging is complete, the pieces are put on railroad cars and shipped to the Watervliet Arsenal. The forging for the tube of the sixteen inch gun needed three freight cars of special build to take it from the furnace to the factory.

The machining of the great guns requires enormous power and tools of tremendous strength. The forging for the tube of a sixteen inch gun weighs forty two tons; but there is machinery at Watervliet capable of handling that great weight with ease. Steam cranes will lift it and carry it from place to place; turning lathes will hold it suspended and make it revolve; boring tools will enlarge its inner diameter, while other tools will pare its outer surface to the dimensions fixed for it. So accurate is the paring that the surface of the completed tube does not vary by the three hundredth part of an inch from the diameter prescribed.

This accuracy is made necessary by the scientific construction of the gun. It is, as has been said, in eleven pieces. On the tube are imposed a steel jacket at the breech, and steel hoops from breech to muzzle. This is what gives the gun its name. It is "built up" from the tube by shrinking these pieces in place. Each of them has been forged and machined as carefully as the tube. Each of them is heated, so that it expands, and is placed in a pit. The cold tube is lowered into the pit until the heated piece is in position, and is held there until the piece cools and shrinks into place. In shrinking, it not only grips the steel monster so closely that they cannot be separated, but it actually compresses the tube, and so adds to its ability to resist the pressure of the exploding powder.

After this the powder chamber is bored out at the breech, the tube is rifled, the breech mechanism is fitted on, and the gun is ready to be mounted.

Putting the gun together is a work of great nicety. So is the forging; and for that reason the making of great guns is slow. It takes seven months from the time when the money is appropriated to complete an eight inch gun; ten months for a ten inch gun; and more than a year for a twelve inch gun. The sixteen inch gun was ordered by Congress more than two years ago, and it is still only half finished. It takes less time to break a great gun up than to make it. With a pressure of twenty tons to the square inch in the powder chamber, it is estimated that after firing five hundred shots its accuracy will be destroyed.

Great guns are mounted at the entrance to harbors. They are protected by massive emplacements of sand and cement, the only effective medium of resistance to the fire of a modern ship of war. The muzzle does not show itself as a mark for an enemy's projectiles. The gun lies behind the emplacement until it has been loaded and aimed, when it rises to the discharge, and it recoils immediately to its place of safety.

ONE OF MANY.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

How the Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers met a trying situation—A story of England's militiamen, showing that precision in drill and spick and span regimentals are not always necessary to the making of good soldiers.

Every British colony has its local citizen soldiery; and, strange to relate, the majority of these corps have seen active service.—REMARKS OF A TRAVELER.

ALONG the waterside street of a distant colonial town went a marching body of men who at first glance might have been mistaken for a detachment of a garrisoning regiment of British infantry of the line. They were attired in the conventional scarlet tunic, with white braided blue facings, and other minor attributes of that special variety of Tommy Atkins; but a second look showed something lacking. The belts were devoid of pipe clay, the buttons of polish, the clothes of individual fitness. Moreover, the charmingly irregular squash of their boots in the black and sticky mud, coupled with the harsh jangling of unaccustomed and consequently badly worn accouterments, still further betrayed their veteran appearance.

"Left—wheel!" cried a young officer, in squeaky and uncertain tones.

Even this comparatively simple maneuver threw the ranks into confusion, and as they turned down towards the harbor front their alignment was enough to make even a drill instructor smile.

"Halt!"

The shuffle of feet upon the wharf planking gradually subsided.

Upon the left hand side of the dock, with steam escaping from every valve, lay a grimy little coastal packet, whose deck was piled high with a bewildering variety of cloth and leather traveling bags. Her entire crew—numbering four, all told—were leaning over the rail nettings, watching the martial proceedings with an enraptured gaze. Connecting the little steamship with the wharf was a single plank some ten inches in width.

"Baggage all aboard the trooper, sir," reported a gray haired sergeant major, coming majestically forward to the commandant, and bringing his hand to the salute with an air that only one with his two score years of service in the regular army could have acquired.

"Thank you, Mr.—er—Billson," replied Colonel Moriarty. Then, taking a red bound volume from under his arm, he stepped forward a pace or two—a movement which well nigh caused the gallant officer's downfall, for, having neglected to hook up his sword scabbard, it swung between his legs.

As the sergeant major caught the tottering commandant in his arms, he whispered in his ear: "Don't 'ee smile or laugh, sir. It'll just kill the little discipline we've got."

"Silence in the ranks!" bellowed Colonel Moriarty, as the first faint snicker became audible, and at the same time he fixed his eyes majestically upon his own young son, who in the capacity of drummer boy was attached to the expedition

"P'raps you'd better front the men, sir," meekly suggested the old soldier, as he looked compassionately towards the little column, still in "fours" and with rifles at the shoulder.

"Thanks—just what I was about to do," murmured the commandant apologetically, and perhaps not altogether truthfully; then to his company: "Front—er—stand at ease—no, I mean right dress first. Yes, right dress. Now—stand at ease!"

In spite of the somewhat contradictory nature of their commander's orders, the little body of clerks, shopkeepers, and mechanics quickly adjusted themselves to the required conditions; and as the movement was one of the very few which

they had practised, they now presented a a thoroughly warlike and inspiring appearance to the assembled crowds of relatives and friends.

"Good fer yees, byes. Oi've seen worser dhrillin' wen I wuz in the owld Louth militchee," yelled the Hibernian engineer of the little leaky pot which Sergeant Major Billson had dignified by the name of "trooper."

At this left handed compliment the crowd guffawed tumultuously, and even the warriors themselves unbent so far as to smile. But the commandant picked his way gingerly towards his veteran subordinate, his index finger pointing to the red bound book under his other arm.

"Look here, Billson," he commenced in a guarded undertone; "I haven't been able to find anything about the embarkation of troops in the regulations. How do they usually manage it?"

"Well, of course, if we were a reg'ment o' the line, sir," loftily answered the sergeant major, "we'd have our colors to troop, an' our band to play us over the gangway. But bein' as we are only a single comp'ny—or squad p'raps would be even nearer right—without either colors or music, we might just as well march aboard without ceremony."

"Er—much obliged, I'm sure, sergeant," muttered the colonel, but nevertheless he gazed about in a despairing manner, first at the single plank connecting the steamer with the dock, and then at the men alongside.

At this moment the civil justice of the peace who had called them out came bustling up to the colonel, and, taking hold of his arm familiarly, drew him a little to one side. Realizing that the moment of actual parting was very near, the wives, parents, sweethearts, brothers, sisters, and friends of the citizen soldiery now broke through all conventional restraints, and to the extreme dismay of the old sergeant major, he beheld his entire squad literally engulfed in a torrent of sympathetic and excited humanity.

"Do your duty whatever comes, Charlie. I shall pray for you unceasingly," sobbingly murmured a widowed mother, as she hung upon the arm of her only hope in life.

"Don't go on about it, mother," replied the youth in tenderly jovial tones. "There is no occasion for you to worry. It's just going to be a little holiday outing, and——"

"Forty rounds of ball cartridge apiece," his rear rank comrade was saying to an envious younger chum. "We'll make short work of those rioters, if they only give us a chance."

As soon as Justice Brown and Colonel Moriarty had finished their little confab, the latter mounted an empty cart which stood near, and, to the horror of the strictly disciplined sergeant major, commenced to make a speech to his troops and the townspeople.

"Gentlemen—er—and officers of the Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers," was his rather infelicitous beginning, "as well as citizens and ladies of Greensborough: I thought—at least, Justice Brown and I both thought that—of course you all know what has taken place. The workmen of the Garford mines are—er—officially reported to be in open rebellion on account of their grievances. Life and property are unsafe in the settlement there. In fact, considerable blood has been shed already, and a number of valuable lives lost. As private citizens we may have our own ideas about whether they have been—er—well treated—or not—by the company which employed them; but as peaceful and law abiding soldiers"—here some slight outbreaks of mirth in the crowd rather discomposed the speaker—"as soldiers, our duty—when called upon in due form by the civil authorities—is to put down rioting and rebellion—no matter by whom or what for. I need not say, fellow citizens, that I am proud of the company which I have the honor to command for her majesty. The Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers—under the skilful tutelage of Sergeant Major Billson—late, as you all know, of the regular army—have done their duty before now—and they are ready to do it again, I know."

Under the impression that the colonel had concluded his speech, the throng of spectators broke forth into a tumult of noisy cheering. The officer gesticulated and his lips kept moving, but his voice was completely overwhelmed in the turmoil. Suddenly the keen eyed sergeant

major stalked majestically clear of the swaying mass of humanity.

"*'Shun!*" The rasp-like sound of his order brought the uniformed ones to a ramrod erectness in their ranks, and caused the civilian element to melt away like snow from a steam pipe.

"And now"—the colonel's voice again became audible—"we bid you—er—good by; and we hope that you will have the pleasure of welcoming us back again safe and sound inside of two weeks."

The applause once more broke forth as the colonel warily caught up his sword scabbard and jumped off the cart. Then, after much blowing of the steam whistle upon the little packet, the dock was partially cleared for the embarkation.

Once more the worthy colonel found himself facing the seeming difficulty of getting two ranks of men across a single plank at one and the same time. How to bring them into single file was something he did not know, and he had been so dependent upon the sergeant major during the past few hours that he felt it necessary to do something, in order to retain the latter's respect. Just at this critical moment a bright idea flashed through his brain.

"Front rank—front rank only, mind you, boys—right turn and follow me," he cried, placing himself at the head of the designated files. "Rear rank—right turn and follow the sergeant major. Mr.—er—sergeant major, will you kindly lead the rear rank over the gangplank, after I have crossed with the front?"

And in this ignominious fashion—without a single strain of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or "Annie Laurie"—did the gallant Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers embark upon the little steamship "Ocean Belle," and set out to dare, do, and die—if need be—in the service of their country and their queen.

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If ever a steamship belied her name, that steamship must have been the "Ocean Belle." Built at Glasgow—where colonial superstition hath it that this type of vessel is constructed in mile lengths and cut off in sizes to suit purchasers—and brought across tumultuous seas in a fashion positively miraculous, she had hitherto served all desired purposes. But her passenger carrying capacity was severely strained by the presence of the forty two members of the Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers—staff, company officers, non commissioned, and rank and file, together with a somewhat dubious musician in the person of the small drummer boy.

Even the sergeant major gave over his original intention of establishing a main guard amidships, and posting deck sentries in true trooper style, when he realized that life and limb were both in peril unless one clung fast to some friendly smoke stack stay or bulwark netting.

To add to their discomfort eight hours steaming brought them head first into a howling hurricane, and about midnight—during a perfect salvo from heaven's artillery—Colonel Moriarty found himself up to his neck in rushing water. With a mighty effort he reached the open scuttle and got on deck, where he steadied himself by means of the cabin coamings. Almost simultaneously a figure came towards him.

"The master reports propeller shaft broken—ship on a lee shore—and God have mercy on our souls in less than twenty minutes, sir!" shouted the newcomer, loud enough to be heard above the roar of wind and waves.

The man who received this startling intelligence, almost simultaneously with being rudely awakened from a sound slumber, blanched visibly; but he returned his warrant officer's salute in approved style, so far as a badly bruised shoulder and the violent motion of the craft would permit; for your Anglo Saxon catches no disease quicker than that of soldiering.

"Ve-ver-y go-good, s-s-sir," he replied, in tones not nearly so tremulous as his knees. "Kind-kindly—er—order all the men on deck. Do you thin-think we can get the boats launched?"

The sergeant major turned about without any reference to his usual heel and toe procedure, and his parting words were ominous:

"After Delhi and Lucknow and Rorke's Drift, to be drowned like a cat in a bag with a lot of play soldiers—damn it!"

The colonel heard every word—no doubt it was intended that he should—

but weightier events called his attention elsewhere. When he was again at leisure, he found himself almost at the other end of the deck. The steamer had hung herself upon a ragged reef, and the rending noises below were far from comforting.

The members of the Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers scrambled about the deck very much after the fashion of a herd of frightened sheep, and the crew of the vessel were scarcely better. All about them was thick, pitchy darkness, illumined at brief intervals by ghastly flashes of lightning.

One of these flashes showed Colonel Moriarty standing erect upon his feet, pointing with his drawn sword to the small expanse of open deck.

"Take your rifles and fall in!" he shrieked.

Without a murmur of dissent the little body quickly stood at parade.

"Married men—one pace to the front!" came the next quickly uttered command.

Over half of the little corps obeyed the order. The colonel glared angrily at the sergeant major.

"You're married, Billson!" he bellowed. "Step forward!"

"Yes, sir, and so are you," replied the warrant officer meekly.

"That's neither here nor there. The two boats are the only chance. Even the married men of the company—and the sailors to guide them—will overcrowd the boats. If they reach land and can come back for more, well and good. If not—well, there'll be but a few mourners in Greensborough tomorrow."

The sergeant major answered never a word, but, after punctiliously saluting, climbed into the pilot house. He emerged a few seconds later with a small bundle under his arm, which he unrolled and tied to the only available support—a grimy iron stay. The mysterious bundle was only a poor tawdry ship's flag—a red ensign—such as is graciously permitted to be flown by ordinary British subjects. However it was he only "colors" that the Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers could boast of.

A cheap theatrical move, this of the old sergeant major's, you think? Ah, when you have fought and starved, through sunshine and shadow, amid the clamor of the conflict and the still more trying monotony of the bare floored barracks; when you have realized the utter loneliness and helplessness of your own single individuality, and have known the cheering thought that around your "colors" was a tangible earth center, in which you would never lack a comrade's brawny arm; when you can begin to imagine what his "colors" means to the British soldier—then, and not till then, can you appreciate the glow of satisfaction that filled Sergeant Major Billson's heart as he stepped back alongside of his commandant after knotting the bit of bunting to the wave washed stay.

Never before—so far as local tradition runs—had two wooden skiffs carried twenty three men and one boy to safety upon that rugged coast, and such a thing will probably never occur again.

But it took time.

When Colonel Moriarty felt the settling of the vessel and saw a mountain of raging foam bearing down upon them, he knew quite well what was coming. Moreover, he had no occasion to refer to either the sergeant major or to his pocket copy of the queen's rules and regulations for the army in order to find out what was the proper thing to do under the circumstances.

"*'Shun!*" he called, in tones that would have sent envy to the heart of a field marshal. The little band of Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers who were so unfortunate as to be unmarried—something less than a score in number—with their sergeant major upon the right flank, straightened up and dressed far more accurately than they had ever done at annual inspection.

"Soldiers, salute your colors! Present—arms!" The colonel's sword hilt came with a sweep to his lips in perfect harmony with the clank of the rifles falling to the armed salute. And the sergeant major's rugged old face glowed with pride as the deck was swept from under their feet.

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For even such an unheard of colonial corps as the Greensborough Volunteer Fusileers sometimes brings no dishonor upon the blue facings and scarlet tunics of a line regiment.

GETTING ON IN JOURNALISM.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

An address delivered at Ottawa, on the 10th of March, 1898, at the annual meeting of the Press Association of Canada.

A FEW generations back the American, and especially the New Englander, was dominated by two great, overshadowing purposes in life—getting on in the world, and getting into Heaven. Everything centered in these two ideas. They were so great, so broad, so far reaching, that they were his very life. They were the first thoughts that confronted him on waking in the morning, and the last thoughts in his mind before falling asleep at night. No sacrifice, no deprivation, no hardship, was too great if it would help him to get on in the world; few sacrifices were too great if they would insure his getting into Heaven. They were serious problems, and he faced them as a strong, brave man faces serious problems. He had no time for amusement; his nature did not require it. His pleasure—and perhaps it was as satisfying to his temperament as the pleasure we get from life today—was found in constantly lifting himself by his own innate energy to a higher level. In the language attributed to an eminent statesman, this serious, sturdy old American "seen his duty and he done it."

A desire for strict accuracy in this definition compels me to emphasize the order in which I place these two great life purposes. Getting on in the world, it will be observed, is first.

Today our views of life are not quite like those of the early American. We are dominated by a wider range of purposes, chief among which are getting on in the world, getting a good time out of the world, and some way, somehow, getting into Heaven. We are quite as keen in the matter of getting on in the world as were our ancestors. I assume, too, that this purpose is equally strong with the people of Canada—with the journalists of Canada in particular. And it is on the problem of getting on in journalism that I have jotted down a few random thoughts. I could hardly discuss seriously the problem of getting into Heaven.

My own theory of getting on in journalism is a very simple one. In a word, it is to give a bigger value for a given sum of money than can be had for a like sum of money in any other publication anywhere. This theory is not one that would make all of you gentlemen rich, and for the reason that many of you, I assume, are to a greater or less degree competitors. But this theory followed out to a fine conclusion would make some of you rich beyond all question. Any policy that will materially help one journal is pretty apt to do so at the cost of a competing journal.

The publishing business as a whole is not taken seriously in the sense, for instance, that railroading is. No man ever expects to get his original investment out of a railroad. He couldn't do it if he tried to. The money that goes into building the road bed has gone beyond recovery. The railroad builder knows this, and still he goes on with his work. He goes on with it because he has faith in the enterprise. It is something to last throughout time—to be a permanent, substantial, dividend paying investment. He does not put out his capital with a string attached to it with which to draw it back. He knows that it will never come back, and yet he has the faith to invest it, to plant it, bury it.

The newspaper man, on the other hand, rarely sends out a dollar without a string attached to it. He is unwilling to invest anything until he has figured out pretty clearly just how he can get back the original dollar, and with it a profit. He hasn't the faith to bury it as the railroad

man buries it. If he had he would reason precisely as the railroad man reasons, and would build precisely as the railroad man builds.

Most men, it seems to me, are too much afraid of making mistakes. I like men who make mistakes, who have the dash, the energy, the warm blood in their veins, to make mistakes. Everything in life is more or less of a gamble. Timidity never accomplished anything in this world. Faith is the mainspring of enterprise. Mistakes make the game interesting. They lift it above the dead level, stimulate imagination, and keep hope young.

More good thoughts have perished than have ever seen the light of day. It is the easiest thing in the world to reason the merit all out of a new idea. The man who "gets there" is the man who has the courage to make the plunge when the thought is fresh in his mind—to strike while the iron is hot. Ideas, like time and tide, wait for nobody. They must be taken at the flood. The man who attempts to argue all the way to the finish is lost. Difficulties are at their worst in the perspective. The plunge is the vital thing—the beginning, the life. Faith and experience will take care of the rest. The world's real benefactors are its brave men, the men who have the soul to do and to dare, to risk everything, fortune, reputation, and life itself.

I don't believe at all in the sure thing theory; I don't believe at all in the theory of getting something for nothing. The man who seeks big rewards should take big chances, should give up an ample equivalent in brain force, thought, energy, money, for everything he gets. The man who rises above the surface makes no end of mistakes; the drone, alone, makes no mistakes.

One of the worst mistakes the world makes is its horror of making mistakes. This very thing is one of the greatest possible menaces to intelligent, conscientious legislation. The legislator is so trammeled by the feeling that he must never make a mistake, that he must always be consistent, that a large percentage of his value to the state is lost. The straitjacket of public opinion, narrow, unwise, intolerant public opinion, that does not allow its representatives the freedom of the man of affairs, blocks the wheels of progressive, businesslike legislation. The lawyer and the doctor and the business man make mistakes. Why, then, shouldn't the legislator make mistakes? Why shouldn't he vote tomorrow to repeal the act for which he votes today, if tomorrow brings him additional light upon the subject, if tomorrow's experience demonstrates to him that his reasoning of today was wrong? Imagination does not carry with unerring accuracy. Experience alone determines whether a thing is right or not.

There are certain eternal principles that enter into the wise conduct of business—certain lines that must win out. Get your business on these lines and hold strictly to them regardless of what this one or that one may say, regardless of what is or what has been, and hold to them with the faith and the grasp that know no weakening, and you will win out.

To sit in your office and resolve to give a bigger, better publication for a given sum of money than your competitor gives is easy. To put this resolution into practice, and still win out, is the rub. It can be done in only one way, and that is by a broad, aggressive, generous policy—a policy that looks wholly to the future and knows no present. The best equipment will break the heart of any competitor. It sets a pace that he cannot follow. Make your equipment as perfect a machine as money and brains and experience can make. By equipment I mean not only your printing plant, but your entire organization—editorial, counting room, circulation, advertising—one great big modern engine, all parts of which work in perfect harmony. With such an equipment you can issue at a profit a brighter, bigger, abler journal than it is possible for your competitor, with an inferior equipment, to issue and live.

The people have a keen sense of comparative values. They can be deceived for a time, but not all the time. The publication that gives them what they want, and gives it to them in largest measure for a given sum of money, will have their support. It may not come in

a day, or a month, or a year, but it will come in the end to an absolute certainty.

It is every man's duty to his family and to himself to buy where he can buy the lowest, to buy where his dollar will bring him the biggest value. This holds equally true in the non essentials as with the essentials of life; equally true with the luxuries as with the necessities. It applies to newspapers and magazines as it does to groceries and to dry goods. The day for big profits has gone by. Volume is the modern theory. The old idea of seeing how much profit the people will stand without open rebellion is out of date. Big profits invite competition, and are almost certain to bring it. Small profits are sure to lessen competition. Indeed, it is possible to reduce competition to a point where it does not compete.

There is no grasp like the grasp of lower prices. These are the cords of steel that bind a community alike to a shop or to a publishing house, and all the favoritism in the world, and all the relationship in the world, and all the force of established custom in the world, and all the political pulls and all the other pulls of one kind and another in the world, cannot live a minute beside lower prices.

An increase in value for the same price is, in fact, a reduction in price. Make it possible for the consumer's dollar to do the work of a dollar and a half, and you have enriched him and made him your friend. He is not slow to recognize it. You have done something for him, something for the world.

It is wise to think all the way around the circle. The man who simply looks ahead and pays no attention to the fellow behind him is taking long chances. The world moves constantly forward. Everything in all lines is getting to be better and better. The people expect more and demand more. The newspaper that is as good this year as it was last must be better than it was last year. It may be that the fellow in the rear has a clearer appreciation of this fact than the man in the lead. If so, it would be easy to guess the latter's finish.

As I look over the field of journalism, I am impressed with the feeling that many publishers—I had almost said most publishers—have a far too sacred regard for the advertiser. He is a little tin god in their eyes. They bow down to him, worship him. They yield to his imperious demands, and truckle to his eccentricities. Independence, dignity, the publication itself, all fall down before him. The best space is given up to him. The reader is nothing; the advertiser everything.

What a pitiable mistake; what a short sighted, weak, unwise policy. The true journalist knows no advertiser in the editing of his journal. He knows only the reader and the reader's interests. The news has the best place in his paper. It is not sunk beneath some ugly pill advertisement. It has the top of the column and all the desirable columns.

The reader should be first, last, and all the time in the thoughts of the editor. A newspaper should be made for the people—not for the advertiser. And the newspaper that is made for the people will have the circulation, and circulation compels the recognition of the advertiser. The advertiser has no sentiment. He buys advertising space as he would buy wheat. He spends his money where he can make a profit, and he makes his profit where he reaches the people.

I would not wish to be understood to mean that the advertiser should be treated cavalierly or indifferently. There would be no sense in this, no business in it. The advertiser is as important to the newspaper as the newspaper is to the advertiser. But the first duty of a publisher is to make a newspaper in the best possible sense, and then give the advertiser the best possible treatment consistent with the first rate editing of his publication.

I wonder if you have ever noticed how the people tie to the successful journal. They won't have the bankrupt journal. It doesn't so much matter to them whether the manufacturer of the boots they wear is making or losing money, but it does matter a good deal to them whether the newspaper on which they rely for news, and to a greater or less extent rely for guidance, is a successful business enterprise. The impression somehow gets hold of them that the unsuccessful publication cannot afford to buy the best news, cannot afford to have

the best talent on its editorial staff, and at a hundred points is at such a disadvantage that it cannot be as reliable as the profitable and well established journal. To secure public confidence, then, a publication must be made a financial success.

The most dangerous condition a publication can be in is to be on the verge of paying. On such propositions I have seen fortunes wrecked, hopes burned out, and youth turned to old age. They are men killers, heart breakers. To keep on paying deficits week after week, month after month, and year after year, is dense folly. A million dollars is squandered annually at this sort of thing in New York City alone. It would not surprise me if the figures could well nigh be doubled. And in our entire country I should estimate that the annual loss—the money absolutely squandered—in paying deficits on periodicals that are on the verge of paying, mounts up to the enormous figure of perhaps ten million dollars, possibly a great deal more.

There are but two things to do when a publication is in this condition: either kill it outright at a single stroke, or at a single stroke spend money enough on it to force it over into the paying column. Money put into paying deficits is lost forever; money put into intelligent, aggressive management is capital well invested.

I don't quite know how it may strike you, but it strikes me that it is better to pursue a proposition to the very finish and lose than to abandon it with yet so much as one possible move left. In the one idea there is the stuff that moves the world—bravery, courage, sincerity; in the other there is disappointment, timidity, failure. In the one men become like iron; in the other like lead.

I have no faith in freak journalism. It suggests a disordered, impracticable, irrational mind. The people don't want it, and won't have it. It belongs to the "long felt want" class—where the "want" is felt only in the mind of the publisher. Too much good, sound common sense cannot be put into journalism. Freakishness will go better in other things than in journalism. A man does not so much mind if the grocer puts up his pound of coffee in a square or an oblong package, but he does mind a good deal about having a knock kneed, wall eyed, grotesque, inane newspaper.

I cannot speak intelligently of the journalism of Canada. I have not had the time nor the opportunity to study it. But of our own journalism, on the other side of the border, I can speak from pretty deep convictions. I should not wish to be regarded as a dreamer, a dyspeptic, or a mugwump, when I say that the journalism of today lacks seriousness. It has become to a great extent purely a commercial proposition—business journalism. And on these lines competition has been so fierce that every conceivable method has been resorted to for circulation building. Individuality has counted for nothing. The counting room has dominated everything. The policy of the paper has given way to it. The editor has been subservient to it. Everything for the columns of the paper, news and editorials alike, has been weighed and measured by the counting room scales.

That making money should be the first principle of doing business may well hold good in journalism as in other things, and yet journalism can hardly be put on the same plane. There is a responsibility on the editor from which the manufacturer is free. A plow, a steam pump, or a locomotive does not mold public opinion—brings no influence to bear upon the trend of popular thought. It sets no standard of taste, preaches no phase of ethics; but not so with the newspaper. However much he may wish to do so, the editor cannot free himself from exerting an influence upon the minds of the people. His columns are accepted by thousands as their guide and oracle.

Counting room journalism was not known to William Cullen Bryant, Henry J. Raymond, Sam Bowles, or Horace Greeley. Greeley, in particular, did not know that he had a counting room. He gave no thought to that side of journalism. He studied the people; he studied principles, and according to the light he had, he aimed, through his journal, to lead his fellow men to a higher and better plane of life. He was always serious, always honest. He never weighed in the balance a bit of news, or an editorial, or a sugges-

tion, to see whether it meant the loss or the gain of a subscriber. With him it was a question of what was right, of what made strong, honest, serious journalism.

Where are the Greeleys today? Where are the Bowleses and the Raymonds and the Bryants today? The personality in journalism—the man whose individual personality stood out for his newspaper—the bold, fearless, actual personality of flesh and blood, of courage and principle—practically disappeared with the passing of these men. Dana was the last of national stature, the last of the old school, whose editorial work was characterized by ripe scholarship, and whose policy was independent of all counting room influences.

I think it is safe to say that the elder Bennett was the founder of counting room journalism—I do not mean counting room journalism in its latest and most extreme form; but with him began the theory, in America, at least, of business journalism. To Pulitzer belongs the credit of developing counting room journalism as we know it now. It can hardly be supposed that the elder Bennett's mind reached out to the "yellow" journalism of today. Measured from the commercial standpoint, and from the standpoint of a great newspaper in the news sense, James Gordon Bennett, Sr., had the finest newspaper instinct of any man of his day, and perhaps of any man either before or since his day, in America.

But Pulitzer as a business journalist pure and simple, as an exponent of counting room journalism in its perfection, is the greatest genius in the history of newspaper men on this side of the Atlantic, if not in the entire world. There are few leaders, and a world of imitators; success is always imitated. Pulitzer's remarkable financial success was the beginning of a new era in our journalism. It is a kind of journalism that will not last. It will not last, because it is not serious. It is hysterical, sensational, untrue. It will not last, because the people know it is not true; and only sincerity, and the reflection of life as it is, can last in journalism as in anything else. With the passing of the new journalism we shall have a better journalism than we would have had if there had been no new journalism. The new journalism, grotesque and absurd as it sometimes is, is better than stagnant, stupid journalism. In the one there is growth; in the other there is no growth, nothing but sluggishness and decay.

I am not at all disposed to believe that the journalism of the world is going to the "demnition bowwows." "Yellow" journalism has gone about as far as it can go. There are few sensations that it has not worked up. It cannot well be made more bulky; it cannot, without enlarging its pages, increase the size of its scare heads, and it cannot make its illustrations more horror stirring. If, however, the people have not had enough of it they will continue to demand it. When they have had enough they will take the matter into their own hands and regulate it as they regulate everything else. I am a firm believer in the serious, sober sense of the people. "Bluffs" go for a little while, and they sometimes go more easily, more quickly, than serious, sound common sense, but serious, sound, common sense is in at the finish, and "bluffs" never.

If I interpret the feeling of the people at all accurately, there is today a strong, certain demand for a better class of journalism—a journalism that shall be serious, honest, straightforward, concrete—a journalism with a Greeley at the head of it.

I don't quite know when the custom of elaborating news began, but it has been carried to such a point that a trivial item can easily be padded out to a three column sensation with heartrending scare head. The fact itself—and the fact is what the reader wants—is lost, and the whole thing becomes garbled, distorted, inaccurate, dishonest.

It seems to me that beyond everything else, beyond every other consideration, news should be strictly accurate, and should be told in the briefest possible space. I do not mean so brief as to give a mere outline, an imperfect idea, but with just words enough to present a faithful picture in a graceful and pleasing way.

One of the worst menaces to true journalism, it seems to me, is the system of paying reporters on space. It can mean nothing else but prolixity, elaboration,

and padding. No busy man can read a great metropolitan paper in a day; no one could read a Sunday paper in a week.

All that I have said could well be set down as mere theory. Anybody can theorize—everybody does. To talk of myself is not a pleasant thing to do; I have always aimed to avoid it. I have never advertised myself; I have given all my thought, all my energy, to my business. What I have done means little to me; what I hope to do means everything. The past is dead; the future is full of mystery, hope, aspiration, victories to be won. But to give life, vigor, virility, backing, to what I have said to you, gentlemen, I must say something about my own experience in the publishing business.

Fifteen years ago I went to New York from Augusta, Maine, to begin the publication of a boys' paper—THE ARGOSY. My capital consisted of a very large stock of enthusiasm, a grip partially filled with manuscripts, and forty dollars in my pocket. An acquaintance of mine in Maine had agreed to join me in the enterprise and to put into it twenty five hundred dollars. I had already spent five or six hundred dollars of my own money for manuscripts. I had kept my plans a pretty close secret. They were not published until the very day I left for New York. Then it was that everybody shrugged his shoulders, everybody said there could be nothing but failure, everybody said I was a fool, and everybody was right. The unanimity of opinion on this point was so unbroken, was so outspoken, that my partner became alarmed, and when I wrote him to send on the money in accordance with his agreement he simply ignored the whole matter.

My experience in the business world was small at that time. I knew that whatever I agreed to do would be done at any cost, and I supposed that other men had the same regard for their word. I was not unaccustomed to thinking. I had perhaps done more thinking than most very young men. But never until then had I been brought face to face with a problem that demanded quite such concrete thinking. There was no way to convert my grip of manuscripts into cash at any price. There was no turning back, and I would not have turned back if I could. I engaged a little room for an office, bought an eight dollar table and a couple of wooden chairs, paper, pens, and ink. I had a basis to work from now, and I took up the problem with all seriousness. At the end of a few days, or a week at most, my plans were well perfected. As I saw it then, I needed only capital. I was rich in inexperience—the very vastness of this inexperience, as I look back upon it, appals me even now. One day I met an ambitious publisher. I told him what I was doing. He proposed that I let him bring out the publication, and that I manage it for him. I accepted the proposition.

At the end of five months the publisher failed, not, I fancy, wholly because of my extravagance or inexperience. I had turned over to him all my manuscripts, and one day when the financial situation became a good deal strained with him he came to me and borrowed whatever money I had saved in excess of my living expenses, and my living expenses at that time were not excessive When the crash came he owed me a thousand dollars. Again I found myself thrown upon my own resources, and my available funds were about the same as my cash capital when I landed in New York—at best not over fifty dollars. The outlook was appalling. THE ARGOSY was to be sold or stopped altogether All my hopes were centered in it. The upshot was that I gave my claim of one thousand dollars for it. It had made little headway. By means of prizes of one kind and another the publisher had got together quite a list of subscriptions, which had to be carried out. The money had come in and had been used up. The weekly sale on news stands amounted to little or nothing. I had no credit, and the failure of my predecessor placed me at once at a disadvantage. I borrowed three hundred dollars from a friend, and then began such a struggle for existence as few publishers have ever faced.

It was summer, when the publishing business is at its worst, when reading is at its lowest ebb, when advertising is not moving. It would be a long story to tell the details of this frightful period. I did every-

thing myself, was office boy, porter, editor, art editor, bookkeeper, circulation manager, advertising manager, and financier. But it was during these days that I learned the fundamental principles of the publishing business—learned all sides of the business—learned it as no man can learn it without a similar experience. I was not influenced by conventionality. My methods were all my own. After a few months I began to get just a little bit of credit. I guarded it sacredly. I never allowed a promise to be broken. I met every engagement. Gradually my line of credit grew. At the end of three years I found myself owing about five thousand dollars. My credit was my capital. It came slowly, and therefore I moved slowly. During all this time I had given up my entire life to the business. I rarely, if ever, went out in the evening. I spent the time in my room writing. I had already written and published one long story. It was well received. I did not write stories because I preferred to do so, or because I thought I could write better stories than those of the established authors. I wrote them because I had to have them, and I had little money with which to buy them.

During all these desperate days there was one thought of which I never allowed myself to lose sight—one guiding, eternal principle—*first life and then growth*, but life at all hazards.

I now began another long story, and I made it as strong as I could make it in the opening chapters. I burned a good deal of midnight oil on it. I believed that I had in it the elements that would appeal to boys, and I felt that at last my credit had reached the point where I could afford to put it to the test. Up to this time the business had been losing ground a little each year. During the winter it would forge ahead a trifle, but in the long, hot months of summer it would drop back more than it had gained.

On this new story I distributed about one hundred thousand sample sheets giving the opening chapters, and spent considerable money in newspaper advertising. The total outlay for advertising and sample sheets ran my indebtedness up to fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars, but the result of this advertising so far increased the circulation of THE ARGOSY that it now paid me a net profit of something like one hundred dollars a week. This was the first genuine success I had had, the first time the business was legitimately in the paying column, and hope bounded and broadened.

At last I had a tangible success, and I saw the way to a greater success. I finished that story during the summer, and in the fall, with the opening of the reading season, I began a business campaign that in its intensity crowded a life work into a few months.

I had reduced my indebtedness at this time to about twelve thousand dollars. This indebtedness, then, constituted my cash capital, if you will so regard it, for the campaign ahead of me, during which time I spent ninety five thousand dollars in advertising. I put out eleven million five hundred thousand sample copies. I covered the country with traveling men from Maine to Nebraska and from New Orleans to St. Paul. Beyond Nebraska I used the mails. I kept on the road fifteen to twenty men, and every man employed from one to a dozen helpers in putting out these sample sheets. I had no organization at the time, no editorial force, no bookkeeper, and until then I had never indulged in the luxury of a typewriter. I laid out the routes for the men, determined just how many sample sheets should go into each town, and wrote every man a letter every day that was designed to fill him with enthusiasm and renewed energy. I not only wrote these men, but I wrote newsdealers everywhere as well. I did my own editorial work, I kept my own accounts, I looked after the manufacturing, I bought all the paper, I attended to the shipping, to freight bills, and with all, did the financiering—ninety five thousand dollars in financiering in five months.

The expenses of men on the road, shipping expenses, office expenses, and manufacturing expenses literally burned up money. The cry was money, money, money, all the time. But some way, somehow, I always managed to get it together. I had no backer. I have never known such a luxury. I bought paper

on time, I gave notes, I discounted notes. I had a bank account in Maine, one in New York, and another in Chicago. I kept thousands of dollars in the air between these three banks. All in all, it was a dizzy, dazzling, daring game, a game to live for, to die for, a royal, glorious game.

It was during this fiercely dramatic period that I wrote "The Boy Broker"—a story that sent the circulation of THE ARGOSY bounding forward to the tune of twenty thousand. It was midnight work. I closed this campaign early in May. It had lasted five months. I went into it with a net income of a hundred dollars a week; I came out of it with a net income of fifteen hundred dollars a week.

I felt now that there were great big possibilities before me. I didn't buy a steam yacht, I didn't set up a racing stable, I didn't indulge in any skyrocket display that so often follows a somewhat sudden success. My ambition was to build bigger. I devoted the summer to strengthening the publication, and made my plans for a yet greater campaign during the coming winter. As soon as cold weather came I began advertising again. I spent twenty thousand dollars and stopped suddenly. I had expected to spend five times this amount, but twenty thousand dollars told the story just as well as two hundred thousand dollars would have told it.

The tide had turned, the weekly paper was doomed, but I did not know this, I did not recognize the truth. I hadn't paid the price. Truth comes high—the truth that a man digs out of the solid rock. I thought it was the juvenile paper in particular that was doomed. I had a great big income still. I did not care anything for money. I wanted to be a factor in the publishing world. I reasoned that if I could use my income to establish an adult publication I should have something permanent, and would not care what became of THE ARGOSY. I had been in the publishing business long enough to know the fallacy of tying to a juvenile publication.

Acting on my reasoning I began the publication of an adult journal, which I called MUNSEY'S WEEKLY. I published it for two years and a little more at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars in cash. But the cost in disappointments, in wear and tear, in gray matter, in lost opportunities, can never be estimated, could never be made up if I were to live a thousand years. There are some things men can never get back.

I began to discern the truth now. At last it was plain that the trouble with THE ARGOSY two years before was the doom of the weekly publication in America rather than the doom of juvenile journalism in particular. I believe I was one of the first men to recognize this fact; many men have not recognized it even yet. The great big daily with its illustrations and fiction, and the mammoth Sunday issue screaming with pictures, together with the syndicate system, had practically driven the weekly of national circulation out of the field. To be sure, there were then, and there are still, a few old strong weeklies that hold on mainly from a large advertising patronage, and because they have been household companions for generations. Such publications, however, cannot be taken as true criterions.

When I had become convinced beyond all question that I was pulling directly against the tide I changed MUNSEY'S WEEKLY to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Though the weekly had cost me a small fortune it was worth little or nothing in dollars and cents as the foundation for a magazine, but in sentiment it represented all that it had cost me. I converted it into a magazine that I might save it. To have lost it, with all that it represented to me, would have been like losing my life. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in point of sentiment, then, started with a great big capital, and sentiment to some natures is about as tangible as anything else.

The magazine business was new to me. I knew nothing of it. All my experience had been in the weekly field. I started the magazine at the conventional price of twenty five cents. I continued it for two years at this price, and I continued it at a loss. During this time I studied the magazine situation pretty thoroughly; I studied magazines and I studied the people. I became convinced that twenty five cents was too much money for a

magazine. I saw only one obstacle in the way of making and marketing a first rate magazine at ten cents. That obstacle was the American News Company—a colossus which no one had ever yet been able to surmount or circumvent.

However, I made so bold as to discuss the matter with the management of the American News Company—not once, but half a dozen times. They said that the idea was preposterous; that a first rate magazine could never be published in this country at ten cents; that the conditions of trade were all against it; that it was utter folly and nonsense to attempt it. They did not say in so many words that no magazine should ever be published in America at ten cents—it was not necessary to put it quite so baldly. They held the entire periodical trade of the country tightly in their grasp. They were absolute dictators in the publishing field. They made whatever price to the publisher pleased their fancy. There was no appeal, no opposition, no way to get around them. It was accept their terms or abandon the enterprise.

This was the situation when I discussed the ten cent price with them. Their ultimatum was that they would pay me but four and a half cents for my magazine. At the close of this final interview I went to my office, and at once wrote the American News Company a letter, in which I said in substance:

> The next number—the October number—of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will be issued at ten cents, the price I have discussed with you. Inasmuch as there is so wide a difference between the price you are willing to pay me for the magazine and what I regard as a right price, there is little likelihood of our doing business together. Should you have occasion, however, to fill any orders for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the price to you will be six and a half cents. Kindly make a note of this fact.

I then sent out about ten thousand notices to newsdealers, stating that the price of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE would be changed from twenty five cents to ten cents beginning with the October number, and that there was little likelihood that they could get the magazine from their news company, but that it could be had direct from the publisher at seven cents net in New York, transportation to be paid by the dealer. I supplemented this notice with a good many personal letters to dealers whom I happened to know, but the whole ten thousand circular letters and the personal letters to dealers did not result in bringing in orders for one hundred copies of the magazine. Notwithstanding this, at the end of ten days or two weeks after my first letter to the American News Company, I wrote them again, saying:

> Inasmuch as I am getting up a good deal better magazine than I had at first intended, I find that it will be necessary to make the price to you, should you have occasion to fill any orders, seven cents instead of six and a half cents, the price named in my last letter to you.

My first letter had received no response; my second letter received a very prompt response in the person of a high official in the American News Company. I was a good deal surprised at the promptness of this response. I did not know then what I know now—namely, that the American News Company had received orders from dealers from all over the country for thousands and thousands of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at the new price. This representative from the news company came to make terms with me. He was a very charming man, and he handled his commission diplomatically. He said that we had done business for a good while together, and that his people were anxious to avoid any break between us; that they had gone over the situation with great care, and had decided to meet me on a higher price. I never learned what that price was. I did not care what it was. My answer was that the American News Company had had a chance to make terms with me, but that they wanted it all and had forced me to take the position I had taken, and having taken it I thought I would see what there was in it.

I should not wish to give the impression that the management of the American News Company are all tyrants. On the contrary, they are all good fellows—clever, clean cut business men. But they stood for a great big monopoly, and in monopoly there is always tyranny. Everything is from the point of view: With no opposition in the field, and none possible, oppressive prices were but natural prices. I make this reference to the American News Company, not to pic-

ture them as unnaturally monopolistic, but to give you a mere suggestion, and without going into lengthy details only a mere suggestion can be given, of some of the difficulties in pioneering the ten cent magazine.

But the controversy was not alone with the American News Company. Every dealer protested at the price. He said he was buying weekly papers for six and six and a half cents, and that seven cents plus transportation for a magazine meant ruin and an advance all along the line on weekly papers. He declared he would not handle MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE unless he could get it through his news company as he got his other publications; that he would not go to the trouble to send direct to me for it.

I took no issue with him on these points. I simply told him what I had for him and left the rest to the people. All I had to say I said to the people. I came out with large, strong advertisements in all the daily papers and magazines. I told the people what I had for them. Day after day these advertisements appeared in the daily press, and each one stated that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE could be had from all newsdealers. I knew, of course, that the magazine was not on sale at any news stand, but I knew with equal certainty that it would be on sale at all news stands. The price and the bold advertising excited curiosity. There was at once a strong, unyielding demand from the public. Dealers had to have the magazine. They wrote to their news company for it once, twice, three times, but could get neither magazine nor any response whatever to their letters. All orders for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE were totally ignored. This was the line of warfare. Finally the dealers came to me for it.

I had printed as a first edition at the new price twenty thousand copies. With no visible market this might have been regarded as a trifle reckless, but at the end of ten days I was compelled to go to press on a second edition. Before the month was over I printed four editions, running the circulation up to a total of forty thousand for October. I printed sixty thousand for November, one hundred thousand for December, one hundred and twenty five thousand for January, and one hundred and fifty thousand for February. The circulation bounded forward at this tremendous pace until a total of seven hundred thousand was reached.

This was the beginning of the ten cent magazine. It was our success in our effort to deal direct with the trade that made it possible. At four and a half cents it was not possible. Somebody would have had to do just what I did do, or the people would not be reading a ten cent magazine today.

As soon as it was demonstrated that I had won on our lines, then the American News Company sought to foster opposition, and instead of paying four and a half cents, the maximum price they would pay me, they began paying five and a half cents, and are today paying from five and a half cents to perhaps as much as six cents a copy for ten cent magazines. They pay me for whatever number they take seven cents, the same price at which we sell to the retailer—seven cents net in New York. This is our price per copy for one copy or a million, for the retailer and the wholesaler alike. We are today, as we were at the outset, our own wholesalers. We own our own news company, and pay tribute to no one.

To make the situation more dramatic, it so happened that during this campaign I was again writing a serial story—"Derringforth." It was appearing in the magazine. The work on this story, as on "The Boy Broker," was midnight work after long, fierce days at my office.

I wish to say here that it was not the ten cent price alone that commended MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to the people. It was the magazine itself. The price merely gave it an audience. Conventionality had given place to fresher ideas. The people saw in it what they wanted, and they always buy what they want when they can buy it at a right price. Ten cents was a right price—a wonder, a marvel, at the time.

That was four years ago. Today MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has a circulation in excess of the combined circulation of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century* multiplied by two, and but for the other ten cent magazines in the field, all fol-

lowers of MUNSEY'S and made possible by reason of MUNSEY'S, we should have more circulation on MUNSEY'S alone than all the other legitimate magazines of the country put together. A single edition of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE today weighs more than three hundred tons, and to my best belief we are the largest consumers of book papers of any one publishing house in the world.

From a magazine of about one hundred reading pages at that time we have gradually enlarged it to one hundred and sixty reading pages. It is now the size of the thirty five cent magazines. In enlarging the magazine from time to time I have had two distinct purposes in view: First, to give more and more, and always more, for the money; and second, to get beyond competition. At one time ten cent magazines were springing up everywhere like mushrooms; they are not springing up so numerously now. The road is a bit rocky, and the climb a bit forbidding.

I did not go into this contest with the American News Company without due appreciation of what it meant. I knew their power, with their millions of capital and their forty to fifty branches. I knew the history of the wrecks on the beach—the men who had attempted to ignore them and deal direct with the trade.

My capital was all on the wrong side of the ledger, and it was very much on the wrong side of the ledger. I had been facing losses—great, big, heavy losses—for four, solid, unbroken years, but there are times when combinations, conditions, decision, can do what capital cannot do, and I felt that with the ten cent price, and with the magazine I had in mind, and with the experience I had had both in publishing and in business, the combinations were in my hands which would enable me to win out. I believed then, as I believe now, and as I have urged upon you gentlemen, I believed in the sober sense of the people. I relied on them, banked everything on them; you can rely on them, bank everything on them.

TIDINGS OF THE PAST.

I THOUGHT as I leaned from my casement,
And felt the wind coolingly blow,
That it blew fresh to me
From far over the sea,
The sea of the long, long ago.

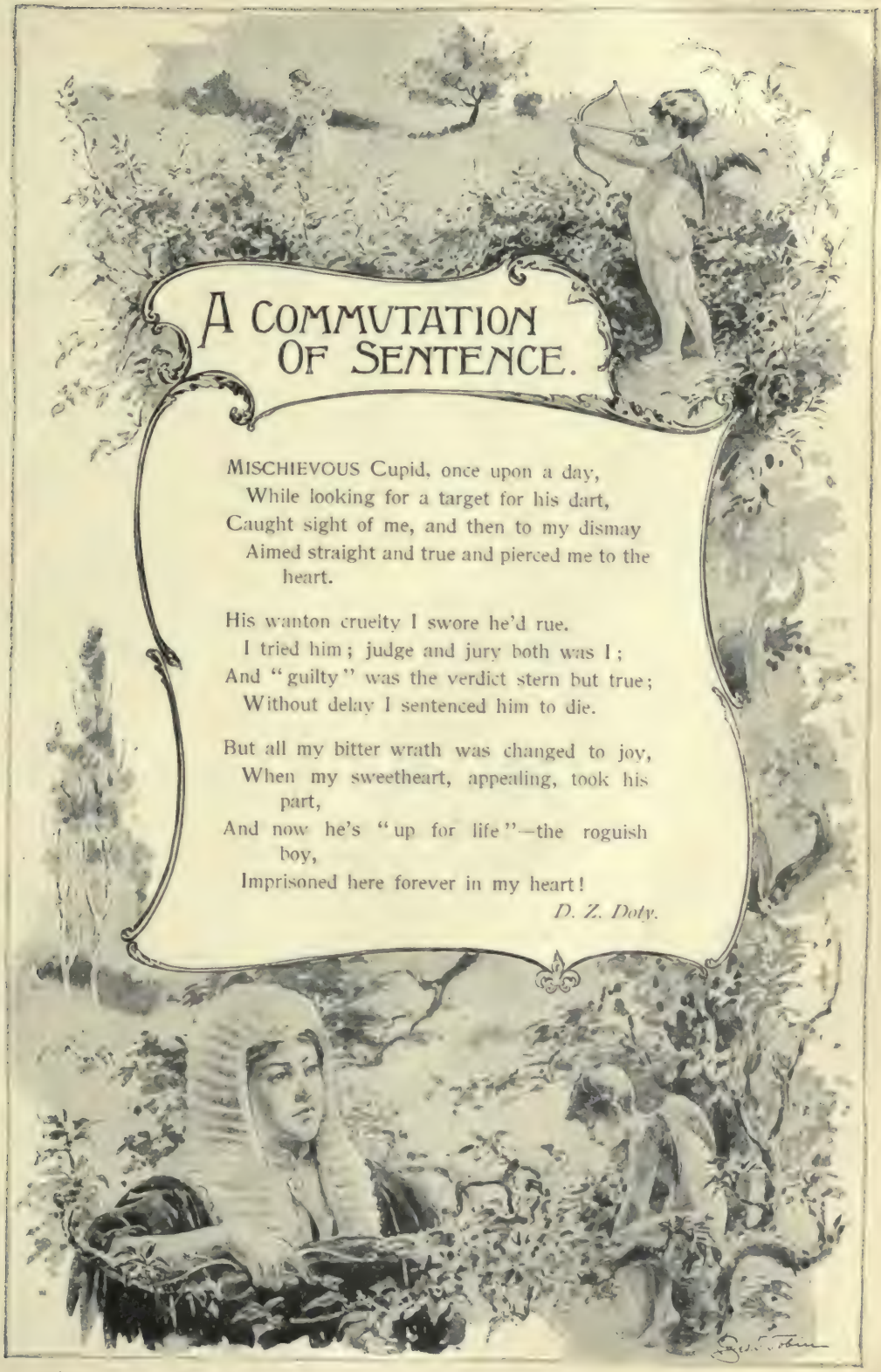
And through the white line of the breakers
Which dashed on the rocks of today
With a dissonant roar,
There came to the shore
A message for me from youth's May;

That it brought me the tidings I longed for,
Which had in the past been delayed,
Of the days that had flown
Ere their glories were known,
And lost were the splendors displayed.

There came the glad sound of youth's laughter
That followed the e'er ready jest,
And the song sung by Love
To a window above
As his heart throbbed with hope in his breast.

But came, too, a feeling of sorrow—
Aye, grief follows joy!—for I know
That the billows now bound
O'er my youth, which was drowned
In the sea of the long, long ago.

Wood Levette Wilson.



A COMMUTATION OF SENTENCE.

MISCHIEVOUS Cupid, once upon a day,
While looking for a target for his dart,
Caught sight of me, and then to my dismay
Aimed straight and true and pierced me to the heart.

His wanton cruelty I swore he'd rue.
I tried him; judge and jury both was I;
And "guilty" was the verdict stern but true;
Without delay I sentenced him to die.

But all my bitter wrath was changed to joy,
When my sweetheart, appealing, took his part,
And now he's "up for life"—the roguish boy,
Imprisoned here forever in my heart!

D. Z. Doty.

A PORTRAIT STUDY.
From an etching by Paul C. Helleu.

A PARISIAN ETCHER.

The clever dry point etchings of Paul C. Helleu, who has made his mark in the French art of the day by the beauty of his work and its originality of theme and style.

LAST spring the French government purchased from the exhibition of the National Fine Art Society a painting that was much talked about by artists. It was one of three exhibited there by Paul C. Helleu, all of them showing views in the grounds of Versailles. The one the authorities selected was a poetic treatment of the old pond, given with all the delicacy of the eighteenth century feeling—the feeling we know in Watteau's pictures—illuminated by the keen intelligence which we call essentially modern. It was painted by a man who, although still young, has made himself representative of a certain class of art in France.

The National Fine Art Society, whose exhibition is known as the Salon of the Champs de Mars, to distinguish it from the Salon in the Champs Elysées, broke away from the older body on a question of aims. In the beginning there was a good deal of feeling between the two sets, each of which includes men of first rate fame; but as years have gone by, they have come to see that each has its place. The difference between the two bodies might be widely defined as the difference between the romantic and the classical. The old Salon clings to form, the new to color. To the new body belong men like Puvis de Chavannes, who only needs the

"THE SIESTA."

From an etching by Paul C. Helleu.

"OFFENDED DIGNITY."

From an etching by Paul C. Hellen.

"CLEMENTINE."
From an etching by Paul C. Helleu.

calm gaze of the future to show him as great a man as any. Zorn, whose portraits were one of the sensations of our World's Fair, and Tissot, widely known for his realistic pictures of the life of Christ, belong to the younger society. Helleu, who was a pupil and friend of Tissot, naturally went there as well, although as an etcher he has the power of both schools.

For several years he has been known in France for his work in this field, but it was not until an exhibition of his prints was given in England, not long ago, that he became popular outside of his own

"A SCHOOLGIRL."

From an etching by Paul C. Helleu

"IN THE LOUVRE."
From an etching by Paul C. Helleu.

country. Then the critics, finding him, as they had found Whistler years before, a young man who had done a great number of plates, every one with its own peculiar distinction, called all the world to come and look at them. They said: "Here is a modern of moderns, a man with a new way of looking at the world."

Nearly all of Helleu's etchings are of figures, and the character of his work can

hardly be understood without some knowledge of his medium. Almost all of it is what is known as dry point etching. The dry point is a steel instrument which is used for scratching directly upon the copper plate. It is commonly known to the casual reader that etching proper is produced by covering a copper plate with wax or varnish, drawing the picture upon this surface, and then using a corrosive acid to eat away the exposed lines. The dry point was originally used by men like Rembrandt to enliven and sharpen their work after the acid had done its work. Helleu does not touch his plate with wax or acid, but engraves directly upon the copper. Naturally, where the needle goes it leaves a tiny, rough ridge by its side, and this, taking the ink, prints a velvety black. When the artist desires to give the gray tone which can be so often noticed in Helleu's plates, he wipes this away.

"WAITING."

From an etching by Paul C. Helleu.

No work that an artist can do is more fascinating to a lover of form and brilliant effect than this. M. Helleu began it for his own pleasure, and in it has found fame. He has finished almost a hundred plates, any one of which is full of beauty and style. Working as he does, rapidly—a dry point etching can be finished like a sketch—he is able to

grasp effects impossible to the painter. Before he began this work, or at least before the public was taken into his confidence, he had made a great many portraits in pastel. When he took up etching, he retained the tricks and manners of a portrait maker, so that his plates give you the vivid impression of an individuality.

A great deal about the artist is told by the subjects he selects. He always takes beautiful, refined interiors, and each of what we may almost call his characters is well bred and natural, and possesses all the spontaneity of an arrested action. He has a dash which places every one of his people in the center of an incident. He is the farthest from the "literary artist," the man who must tell a story by his picture, but he does something a great deal better. He suggests a thousand stories, according to the mind of the looker on.

Notwithstanding its effect of brilliant style, his work can be analyzed. It is done by the most approved and solid methods, the scientific and logical methods, which command the admiration of his fellow artists. He is not a trickster, with meretricious brilliancy, but a man whose work will live. His lines are full of a seeming simplicity, which is in truth a delicate and most subtle art. His arrangement of color effects, or what corresponds to them in these etchings, is as studied and careful as in a painting. For example, in the etching reproduced on page 230, the jar behind the head of the young girl gleams as softly in its untouched whiteness as if it had been the product of hours of work instead of hours of thought.

Sometimes, in the treatment of detail, there is a suggestion of Ingres. But always Helleu is original and full of charm, not only to the artist, but to the multitude of people who are not educated in art, but who, after all, being ignorant of fads and fashions in art, are the great jury which gives a man fame.

PEACE.

SHE is forging heavy armor, she is casting mighty guns;
On the anvils of her sword smiths half a thousand hammers fall;
From the mother arms that hold them she persuades her noblest sons,
To teach them to be leaders of the legions at her call.

Her ships are on the ocean with her word to all the world;
Her fortresses are arming, though their fronts are green with turf;
They fly her gorgeous flag that's now a hundred years unfurled;
And they speak a common language, on the shore or on the surf.

In her secret laboratories she is toiling day and night;
She is mixing, grinding, burning, seeking some more deadly force
That shall heed not space nor substance, yet perform her work aright
When she speeds her dreadful messengers of order on their course.

And her smile is on the wheat field, and her promise moves the loom;
In the miner's humble cabin she sets plenty on the board;
On the cheeks of budding maidenhood she paints a richer bloom;
And the miser grows more careless of his closely cherished hoard.

So she makes her children happy, and she smiles when they rejoice;
But she wastes no hour nor moment, on the gundeck or the field;
She is busy, busy, busy, and her sweet and gracious voice
Has a ring of sterner purpose than her words have yet revealed.

Love and life and laughter fill our days with sweetness and delight,
While she works and watches, smoothing all the pathways where we plod;
She will fashion out our future, and we trust it to her might
Like as children trust a mother, for her mission is from God.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

"THE ANGEL OF DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE SCULPTOR."

From a photograph by the Carbon Studio, New York—Copyright, 1894, by Daniel Chester French.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR.

A typical representative of the younger school of American sculpture—French's most notable statues and monuments, and the striking originality and variety of his work.

JUST out of the city of Boston, amid the seclusion of Forest Hills Cemetery, there stands the most striking and original piece of sculpture yet created by an American. Perhaps the youth whose burial place it marks did not accomplish his ambition in life, but Martin Milmore did not live in vain if the world only remembers him by the monument over his grave—"The Angel of Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor," by Daniel Chester French.

Martin Milmore was a young Boston sculptor whose most notable work was the Soldiers' Monument, which stands on the Common of his native city. Possessed of a steadily growing talent in his profession, this artist seemed likely to attain high rank in the plastic art of his country. Death, however, stayed his hand and he dropped his chisel with his ideals unfulfilled.

A glance at the engraving of the group on this page shows the feeling and sentiment of Mr. French's conception, and the power and beauty of the completed work. The *motif* of the group is the pathos and mystery of death. We see the youth full of virility and enthusiastic in his art. He is working on a low relief, a sphinx, the personification of mystery. Then Death approaches the boy. The sculptor has not portrayed her as a hideous and dreadful monster. Rather, she comes as a beautiful woman in full maturity to perform her allotted and inevitable duty with

a sense of tender sadness. Her hand does not snatch the chisel from the youth. She tempers the sting of fate with gentle sympathy. Would that we might know why she calls the worker to a new task. But her face is shaded by somber folds of drapery, and its expression, as we can discern it, portrays only the accomplishment of her duty. The dark angel calls the youth home as the wistful mother

"GALLAUDET AND HIS FIRST DEAF MUTE PUPIL."
From the Gallaudet Monument in Washington.

seeks her child; but whither he is going we know not.

This memorial to Martin Milmore has an international reputation. It was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1891, and, although it was very unfavorably placed, it received a gold medal of honor at the hands of the judges, and the most unstinted praise from artists and critics, as it justly deserved.

"PATRIOTISM," "ERIN," AND "POETRY."
From the John Boyle O'Reilly Monument in Boston.

Mr. French is a New Englander by birth. At eighteen he went from his native town, Exeter, New Hampshire, to the famous old village of Concord, near Boston, and there he first developed the idea that he wanted to be a sculptor. He was most fortunate in possessing the close friendship of that friend to all young people, Miss Louisa Alcott, who was one of his neighbors. The author of "Little Women" saw the boy's real worth, and encouraged him in the profession he would choose. It was at her suggestion that he entered the Boston School of Fine Arts. Then young French met J. Q. A. Ward, the well known sculptor, and became his pupil; and although he studied but one month with Mr. Ward, it was there that he laid the foundation of his success.

But the desire to accomplish something great burned within the young artist's heart. The love he bore his adopted town of Concord, coupled with the feeling of patriotism, which had been enhanced by living amid the scenes of the first struggle for American freedom, prompted him to offer as a gift a statue of "The Minute

STATUE OF THOMAS STARR KING, ORATOR AND AUTHOR.

Modeled by Daniel Chester French and erected in San Francisco.

"CHILD ANGELS."

From the Clark Monument, Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston.

Man," to be placed on the very spot where the shot was fired that was "heard round the world."

On his twenty fifth birthday, the statue was unveiled before a representative gathering of New England people. French had done his work without any remuneration, but the people of Concord were so well pleased with the monument to the memory of those who fell at the old bridge, that they voted its designer a thousand dollars.

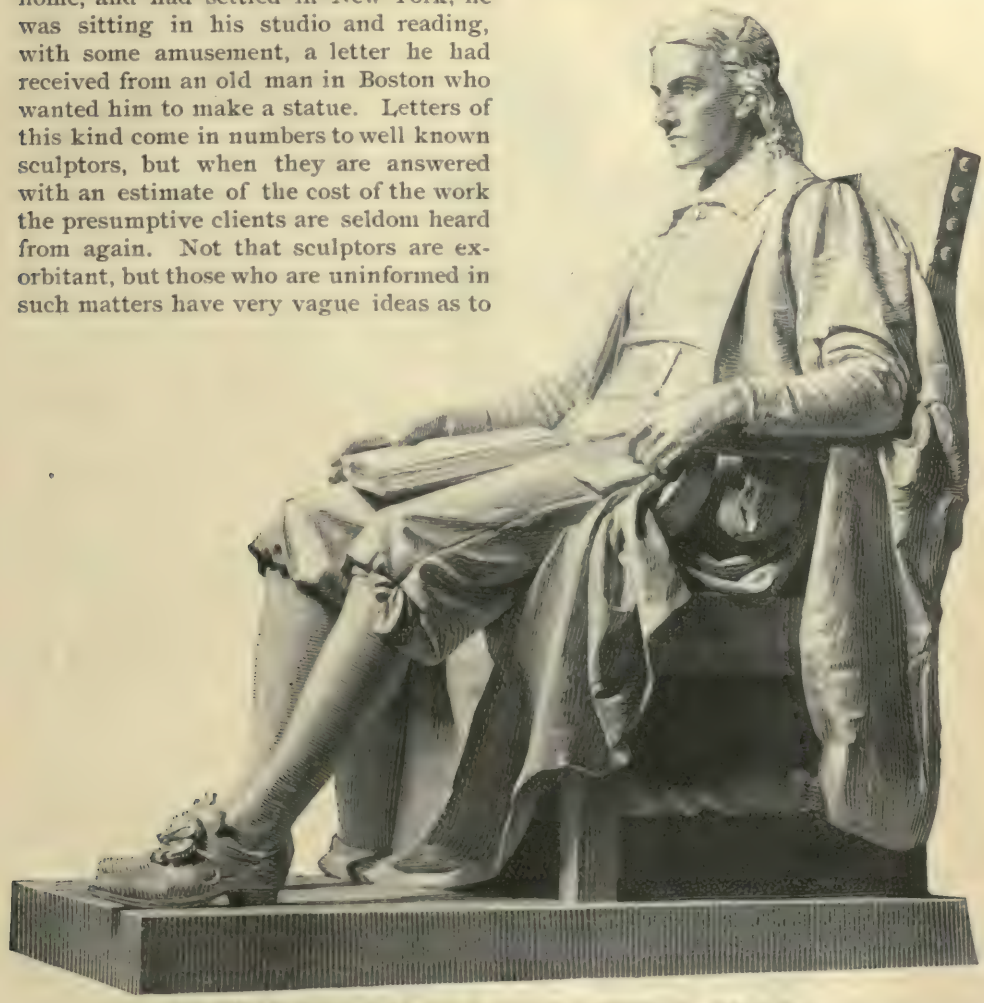
French went to Florence after this, and had the good fortune to study under two of his famous countrymen, Thomas Ball

"INDIAN CORN."

Modeled by Daniel Chester French for the Chicago World's Fair.

and Preston Powers. His foreign studies, however, were brief. "Altogether," he says, "I have spent only three years abroad, and I'm proud to say that I'm an American artist."

One day, after Mr. French had returned home, and had settled in New York, he was sitting in his studio and reading, with some amusement, a letter he had received from an old man in Boston who wanted him to make a statue. Letters of this kind come in numbers to well known sculptors, but when they are answered with an estimate of the cost of the work the presumptive clients are seldom heard from again. Not that sculptors are exorbitant, but those who are uninformed in such matters have very vague ideas as to the expense involved, and fail to realize the far cry between the artist and the artisan, the genius and the ordinary stone pointer. Mr. French had replied to his Boston correspondent, and thought that negotiations would probably end there; but he happened to pick up the letter again, and was looking over it when he heard some one coming slowly up his studio stairs. Presently the labored footsteps ceased, and a timid knock came at the door. On its being opened, he saw an old man, whom he invited in, and asked to what he could attribute the pleasure of this call. The aged visitor proved to be the correspondent from Boston, who had been asked by Mr. French to come to New York if he really wanted a statue and cared to pay the price asked.



STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE.
Modeled by Daniel Chester French, and presented to the University by Samuel J. Bridge.

The sequel to this story is soon told. By the side of Memorial Hall, in Cambridge, there is a seated statue of the founder of the university, John Harvard. The visitor to Mr. French's studio was Samuel J. Bridge, and this was his gift to his alma mater.

Another of French's statues is of a man who in his way was as much of a libera-

tor as the immortal Lincoln. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet struck the shackles from our unfortunate fellow creatures whom fate has sentenced to an earthly solitude—the deaf mutes. The work to which this noble man gave his whole life is splendidly immortalized in the group of the teacher and his first pupil. The master has his arm about the poor little unfortunate, and with his other hand is showing her the letter A of the sign language. The wistful expression on the child's face seems to bear with it the eager look of an explorer who from the heights sees before him a new country opening to his view.

ANGEL FROM THE CHAPMAN MEMORIAL, MILWAUKEE.
Modeled by Daniel Chester French.

Five years ago the Chicago World's Fair showed to the whole world, and to ourselves, the tremendous physical resources of our country, and, at the same time, it proved that America is taking her proper stand in the arts. To the painter there was given his due, of course, but it was the two kindred arts of architecture and sculpture that made the White City what it will ever remain in the minds of all who saw it, the most beautiful spot that has been created by man since the coming of Christianity.

Our native sculptors wrought many works for the Fair; and now, when it has taken its place in history, and is only an epoch in the story of America, a few of the statues which beautified this fairyland are fortunately preserved to us. Foremost among the gems of sculpture from the great exposition are the works of Daniel Chester French. His "Republic" of the Peristyle is as famous as the Bartholdi statue in the harbor of New York. The Columbus Quadriga is another of Mr. French's most representative works. Every one remembers the group—Columbus riding in honor in the chariot, the maidens leading the horses. The whole work is full of what the Westerners called "snap and go." At the same time, it does not lose any of the creator's art of dignified and graceful grouping and posing of the various figures.

Four other statues by the same sculptor stood about the Court of Honor, and all were much admired. "Indian Corn," engraved on page 238, was one of them. The animal figures in these groups, and in the Columbus Quadriga, are the work of Mr. Edward C. Potter, with whose coöperation Mr. French has had great success, the one modeling the animals and the other the human figures.

Another memorial designed by Mr. French is the Boston monument to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet and man of letters. In this, as in the relief of "Death and the Sculptor," Mr. French has created a work of art that will keep alive the name of O'Reilly when the

writings of the Irish American littérateur are read no more.

Thomas Starr King, the well remembered citizen of San Francisco, whose war time oratory and writings did much to keep alive California's loyalty to the Union, is the subject of one of Mr. French's statues, which was set up in his honor by the Golden Gate City.

Among the notable features of the decoration of the new National Library at Washington is French's statue of Herodotus. The best artists of America were called in to beautify this splendid building, and the resulting works of architecture, sculpture, and mural painting, grand as they are, do not overshadow the figure of the Father of History, which by its individuality of pose and handling discloses the identity of its creator.

The two basreliefs on page 238, representing kneeling child angels, are parts of the Clark memorial in the Forest Hills Cemetery. The other angel figure on page 240 is from the Chapman memorial, both of which works are French's.

So much for what the artist has accomplished. A visit to the sculptor's studio discovers a man on the bright side of forty five, who welcomes you with a genial, quiet manner, and chats about his new commissions without the slightest evidence of pride in his success. His latest completed work was a statue of Rufus Choate, which will shortly be unveiled in Boston. He now has in hand a monument to Grant, to be erected in Philadelphia. Another, to which Mr. Edward C. Potter will add the strength of his animal modeling, is the gift to the Paris Exposition of 1900 by the women of America, an equestrian statue of Washington. Mr. French is also working upon three bronze doors for the Boston Public Library, which will represent nearly life sized figures of "Wisdom and Knowledge," "Truth and Fiction," and "Music and Poetry."

Finally the sculptor refers to a work into which he is entering not only with the interest he takes in all his commissions, but with a tender affection for the man in whose memory the monument is to be erected, Richard M. Hunt. The memorial to the famous New York architect will combine architecture and sculpture, and Mr. Bruce Price has been chosen as the sculptor's collaborator. It will be a notable addition to the public monuments of New York.

To the mind of an artist of Mr. French's temperament this factor, a city's adornment, is most important. A metropolis should not bend all its energies to money getting. Yet we must do something more than erect schools and colleges, libraries and museums, for the people's education and moral advancement. We must adorn these buildings and our parks and squares with monuments to the nation's great, which will inspire in the American heart a true appreciation of patriotism and artistic beauty.

"HERODOTUS."

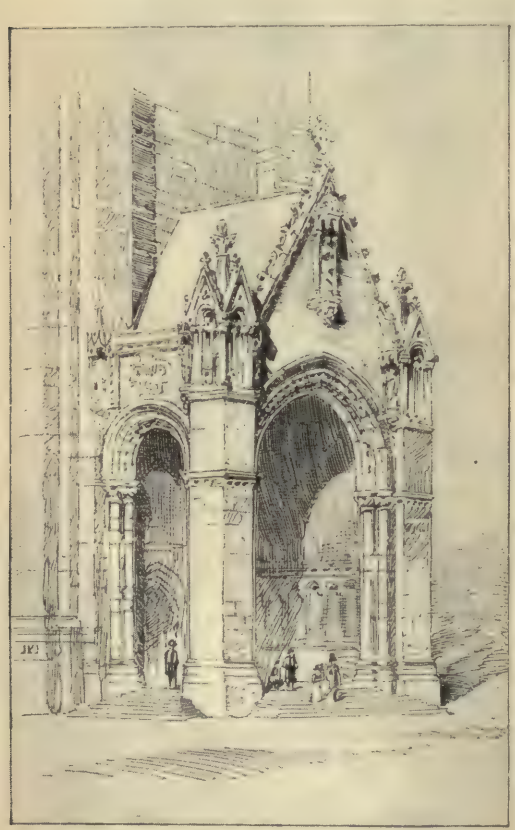
Modeled by Daniel Chester French for the Congressional Library, Washington.

AN AMERICAN CATHEDRAL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D.,
BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Bishop Potter points out that America has fine dwelling houses, gorgeous hotels, and huge, commercial structures, but almost no worthy churches—The great cathedral now building in New York, and what it will stand for in the life of the metropolis.

THE story of a nation may be written in various ways; for the life of a nation is made up of many elements. For a long time a great share of any people's history was to be found in its wars. In ages when peace and progress were mainly dependent upon physical prowess, the records of battles and conquests, the long and bloody roster of territory overrun and tribes conquered and subdued, made up a large part, if not the largest part, of a nation's annals. Then, after it had vindicated its rights to be, it began, first, to till the soil; and then to build its houses, and shops, and then sanctuaries of religion and philanthropy. The order has not always been precisely the same, but it is along lines such as these that civic, municipal, national activities have been wont to move.



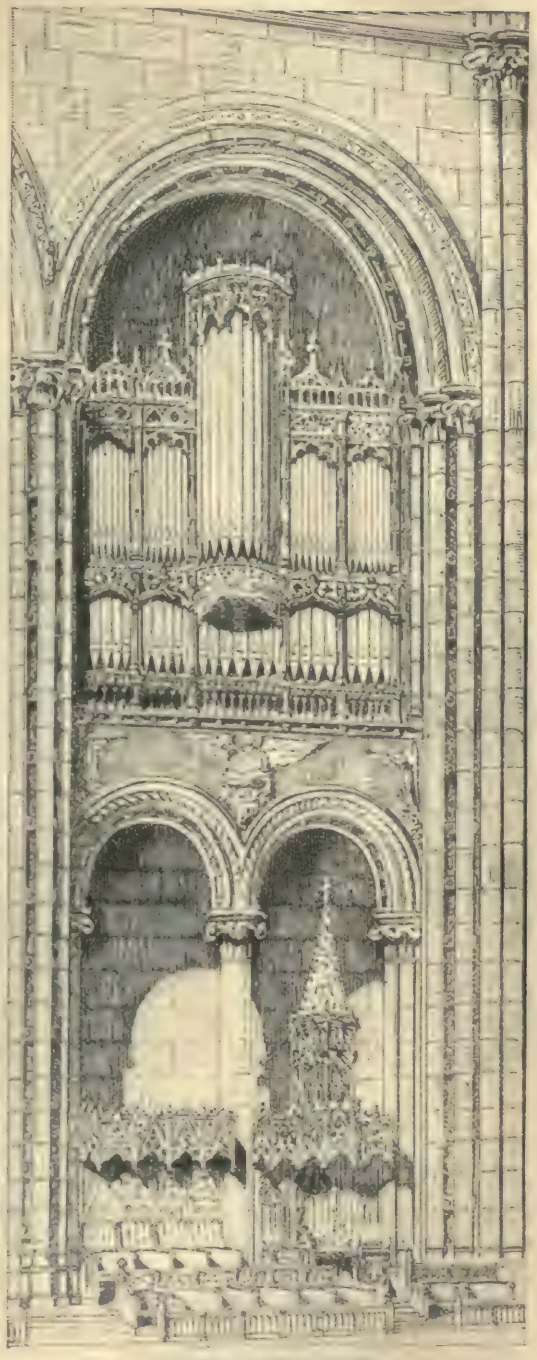
PORCH AT THE NORTHWEST ENTRANCE.

It has not been greatly different in such a nation as ours. The early history of the founders of the republic was one of struggle and privation. Out of savage hands, out of the hard grasp of adverse conditions of climate and soil, they snatched their farms and gardens, and then they built their modest homes, and, as characteristic of our more modern civilization, created their mills and factories and steam and water roads. Along with these, but not often abreast of them, there went the building of schools and churches; but for a long time the schools were very cheap, and the churches were very plain.

So far as the latter were concerned, there was undoubtedly one very potential

reason, which has not even now ceased to be influential, and which largely explains a bareness and barrenness of grace and ornament that in some aspects is almost pathetic. Our fathers—at any rate, the earliest and the sturdiest of them—came to these shores in a mood of strong recoil from externalism in religion, of which, here at any rate, they declared they would have none. They were Puritans, they were Quakers, they were Huguenots; but whatever they were, they were weary and impatient of a conception of religion which made it to consist largely in costly and splendid ceremonial, and in a pampered and indolent hierarchy. From these things, and from everything that seemed to them to be identified with these things, their revolt was vehement, if not extravagant. And so we have, or have had, in America, whether in Puritan New England, or Presbyterian Virginia, or among the Methodists and Baptists of the South and West, a certain stern impatience of the decorative in church architecture, and of all, or almost all, that was stately or splendid or costly in the structure and adornment of places of worship.

Meantime, a change had been going on in the land, whose signs today are manifold on every hand. The wealth of the nation had grown by leaps and bounds; and, not unnaturally, its first structural manifestations were in the people's homes. We can all remember when, in our inland communities, the first imposing structure was the dwelling house of the rich man of the place. In ornamental and pretentious characteristics, its relative proportions often eclipsed those of the village meeting house or the town hall. These were plain to austerity, and bleak in their destitution of any structural enrichment.



ONE BAY OF THE CHOIR.

The advance has moved, since its first beginnings, and is still moving upon much the same lines. Foreigners who have visited this country have been chiefly impressed, thus far, with our domestic architecture. In that they have seen, they think, very interesting and unique illustrations of a felicitous adaptability to climate and the various conditions of modern life, and a clever ingrafting of earlier types of household architecture upon certain features which are distinctly

AN EXTERIOR BUTTRESS.

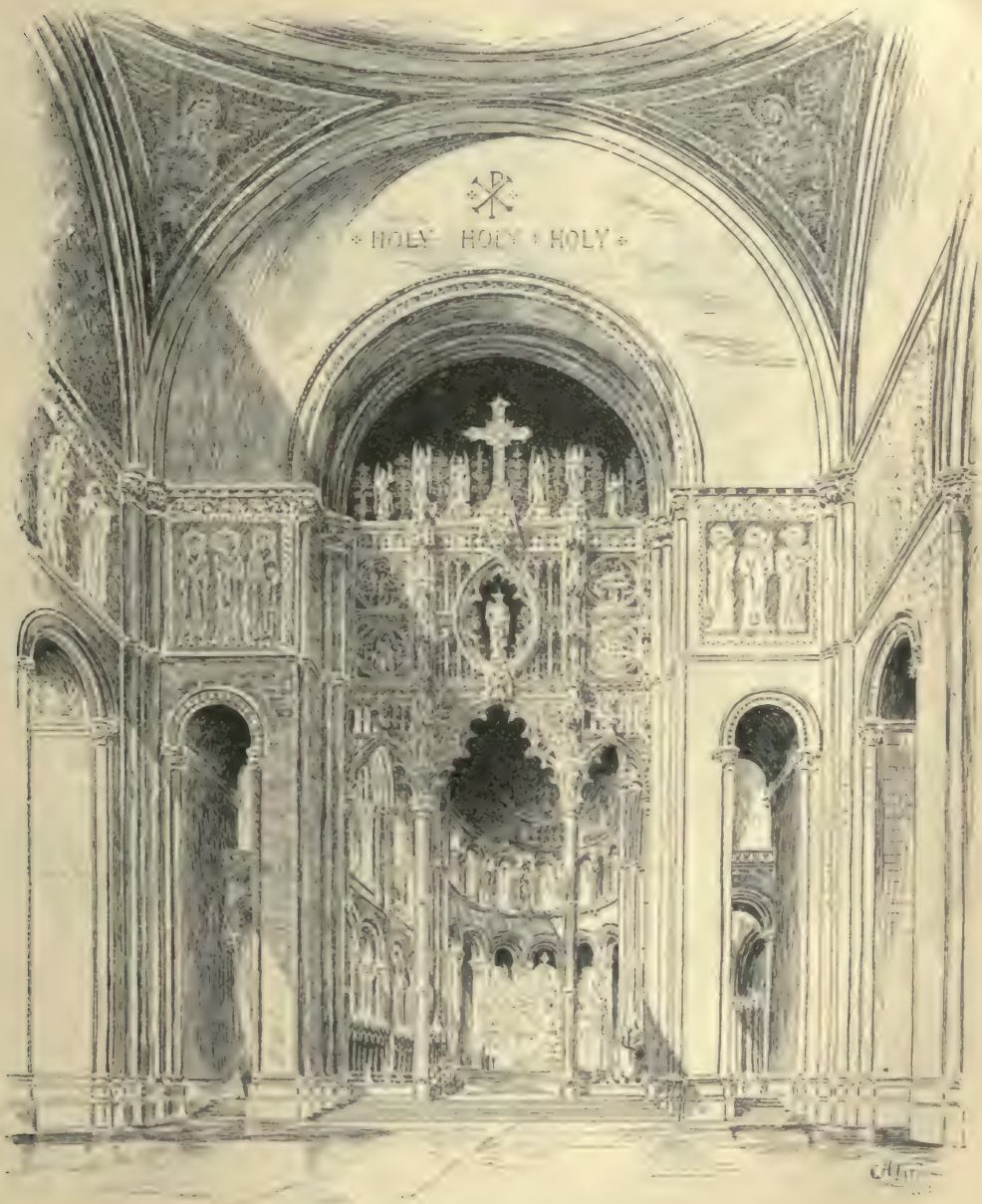
our own. Grace, substance, utility, and a presiding good taste have dominated much that we have done, and have made it distinctively our own.

Less can be said for our architectural achievements in other fields, though in some of these the note of excellence is not wholly wanting. Buildings dedicated to the purposes of trade and commerce began by being ugly, and have proceeded in many instances only to become huge. There has been in numerous cases, and lately more and more conspicuously, a tendency to costly ornamentation, especially as to their interiors, which often seems incongruous and sometimes vulgar. This is conspicuously true of buildings where, under our modern modes of living, families are herded together in what are known as apartment houses, and in hotels. In these latter, in our greater cities, the strife to excel in glitter and splendor has been almost grotesque and often melancholy. For it cannot be denied that even the temporary housing of people, the large majority of whom are wholly unwonted to them, in huge caravansaries where the marble halls and corridors, the frescos and hangings, and ornaments of every kind, are of almost palatial splendor, has educated men and women to impatience with modest surroundings, to extravagance, and to wanton and reckless living. Some day some thoughtful person will find it worth while to trace the story of those who are housed in palatial hotels, and to show what is the reflex influence upon them of their surroundings.

Meanwhile the competition in architectural achievement has affected our public buildings, though not in so large a degree nor with such striking results. The best of them is the late Mr. Richardson's court house in Pittsburg, and perhaps Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's public library in Boston. Some fine collegiate buildings we have, though here our architectural glories are not many; and we have one or two noble churches — not more.

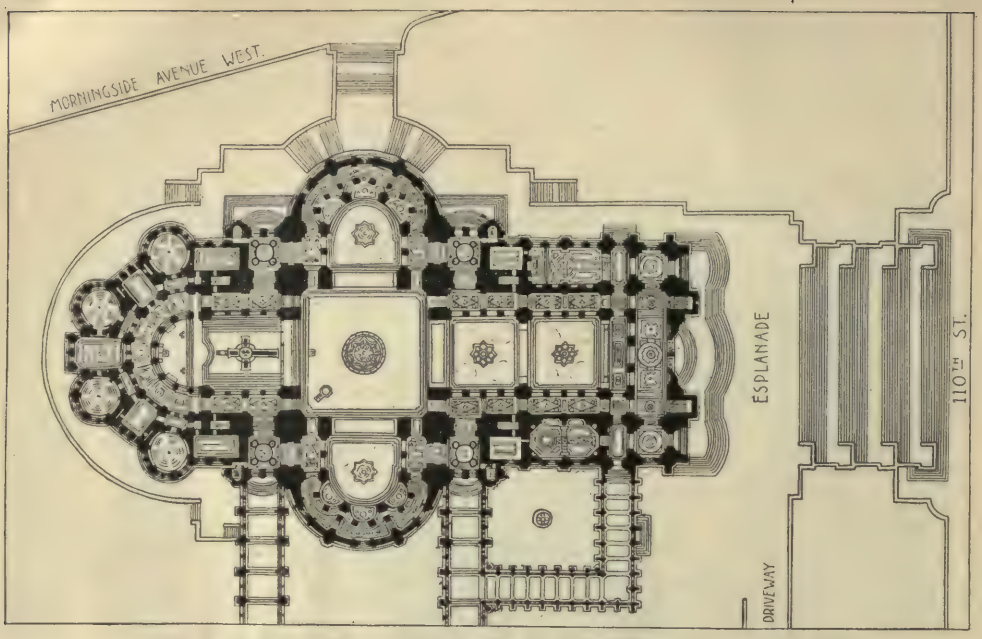
But as yet religion waits for its worthy expression in material form, and has nothing of which we may boast. We have been too busy—or, we may say, too hard pushed—to rear anything noteworthy or memorable for God, though we have made it up, many people think, by raising a great many cheap church buildings, and a great many hospitals, orphan asylums, and refuges for all sorts and conditions of halt and blind and otherwise disabled human beings. These have not been beautiful, perhaps, but they have been useful; and it is an open question with many whether they are not all that we need to build.

They would be if man were made up only of brain and body. But the sources of nourishment that feed and succor these have not thus far proved sufficient for higher than I;" and they never will have any. A race without a religion is an inconceivable anomaly, and a grotesque impossibility. There never was one,



THE CHOIR, SEEN FROM THE CENTER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

humanity; and they never will. Our splendid homes, our stately libraries, our costly asylums, have no message to that in man which wrung from David the cry, "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord!" "Lift me to the Rock that is there never will be one. Faith in the Divine Fatherhood, and fellowship in the Divine Brotherhood, have made the world what it is today in all its best and most benignant attitudes, and, like everything else of enduring value and influence, it



GROUND PLAN FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK.

must have its visible expression in worship, in creeds, in structures.

And hence the necessity—there is no other word, and I use it advisedly—for a cathedral. Am I misrepresenting what I may call the public or social manifestations of religion, its organized expression, as it widely prevails among us, when I say that the church, in the popular conception, consists mainly of a huge auditorium, with a platform and a more or less dramatic performer, and a congregational parlor, and a parish kitchen? I recognize cordially the earnest purpose to get hold of people out of which most of this has come. But it is well to recognize something else, and that is that religion has never survived anywhere without the due recognition and conservation of the instinct of worship. That lies at the basis of it, always and everywhere. First there must be something that moves us to that upward reaching thought out of which comes penitence, and prayer, and

THE CHOIR, WHICH IS TO BE COMPLETED FIRST.

faith, and all the rest. But a diet kitchen will not do that, nor anything that appeals only to the utilitarian side of life.

I appeal to any candid experience whether there is not, on the other hand, something else that does. I ask those who remember Rouen, or Durham, or Salisbury, whether, when first they entered some such noble sanctuary, there was not that in its proportions, its arrangements, its whole atmosphere, which made it, in a sense that it had never been before, their impulse to kneel? We may protest that this is mere religious estheticism, and in one sense it is; but until we have divorced the soul and the body, the eye and the mind, the imagination and the senses, we cannot leave it out of account.

We Americans are said to be the most irreverent people in the world, and of the substantial truth of that accusation there cannot be the smallest doubt. But did it ever occur to us to ask how it has come about? It is time to stop talking about the influence of Puritan traditions to descendants who are so remote from those traditions as to be unable to distinguish between the austerity that hated ceremonialism, and the debonair indifferentism that dismisses the simplest elements of religious decorum.

We have little reverence because we have but a poor environment in which to learn it. The vast majority of church buildings in America are utterly unsuggestive of the idea of worship. There is nothing in them to hush speech, to uncover the head, to bend the knee. And, as a matter of fact, they were designed for nothing of the sort. They are expedients devised for a certain use, and that use is one which, under any honest construction of it, involves an utterly fragmentary conception of the Christian religion.

Surely about one thing there can be no doubt, and that is that the noblest ideas should have the noblest expression. But what are the noblest ideas if they are not those which ally man to a nobler and diviner future? It is in vain that a clever skepticism—comic and, forsooth, textually critical in the latest and noisiest exhibition of it among us—it is in vain that such a skepticism dispenses with God, and tells us that it has looked into the bottom of the analytical chemist's crucible and found no soul. Out from the despair of the present the heart travels as by a mathematical law along the ascend-

A STAIRCASE TURRET.

ing arc of faith until it reaches the vision of the kingdom that is to be. And the witness of that kingdom—its visible expression in stone and color, in form and dimensions, in position and dignity—is *that* not of the smallest possible consequence, while you are taking infinite pains with your child's bedroom that it shall have its face to the sun, or with your stables that they shall be well drained?

There is something, when we stop to think of it, in the relative cost and thought that men spend on the places in which they sleep, and eat, and lounge, and trade—on a club, a hotel, a theater, a bank—on the one hand, and on a house for the worship of the Arbiter of one's eternal destiny on the other, which must strike an angel, if he is capable of such an emotion, with a sense of pathetic humor. And we are, many of us, so entirely clear about it. "Yes," we say in effect, "let us have churches which are cheap expedients, and that in the poverty of their every attribute express the poverty of our conceptions of reverence, of majesty, of worship. But let us build our own palaces as if, indeed, we ourselves were kings."

I submit that in such a situation the cathedral, instead of being an anachronism, is a long neglected witness which we may sorely need. The greatest ages of the world, the greatest nations of the world, have not been those that built only for their own comfort or amusement; and it is simply inevitable that a great idea meanly housed, and meanly expressed in those forms in which we express reverence for our heroes and love for our dead, and loyalty to our country—in which, in a word, we express toward our best and greatest among our fellow men, or toward human institutions, veneration and affection and patriotism—it is inevitable, I

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

say, that a great idea thus meanly treated will come to be meanly esteemed.

We are fond of speaking, on the one hand, of what is archaic and superannuated, and of our cisatlantic wants and conditions as being, on the other hand, somehow absolutely unique and exceptional. But they are not. America wants, I suppose, honesty and integrity and faith quite as much, and indeed rather more, than she wants electric railways and a protective tariff. And if so, she wants the visible institutions which at once testify to and bear witness of these things, and that in their most majestic and convincing proportions.

It would be an interesting question, if a foreigner were asked where in America he had seen any visible structure which impressively witnessed to religion, and which compared worthily with the enormous buildings reared for other purposes, or with similar structures in other lands—it would be interesting, I repeat, if somewhat humiliating, to hear what he would say. For, in fact, there are not five church edifices in the United States which for dignity, monumental grandeur, and nobility of conception or proportion are worthy of being mentioned. And it would seem to be worth while to consider whether, the country having spent the first four hundred years of its existence in making itself extremely rich and extremely comfortable, it might not be well to set about building at least one noble structure which did not weave, or print, or mold, or feed, or lodge, save as it wove the garment of an immortal hope, and fed, and formed, and housed those creatures of a yet loftier destiny who are immortal. In one word, it can hardly be urged that a cathedral is out of date until it is admitted that it is out of date to believe in God and to worship Him.

The illustrations which accompany this article will help to tell to the eye something of one effort which is making, in the city of New York, to give visible expression to that belief and worship. Within the past few years three blocks of land have been secured and paid for, near the northwest corner of the Central Park, lying between One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Thirteenth Streets, and between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Park, for this purpose. It is a site of preëminent dignity and ample proportions, overlooking the whole city, and yet close to those "Harlem flats," as our fathers called them, which are likely one day to be, with their vast apartment houses already accumulating upon them, the most densely populated portion of the city. On this site, excavations have been made for the Choir and Tower, and the walls of these are slowly rising into space. The architects of the structure are Messrs. Heins & La Farge, and their vast and impressive designs—the building will be between four and five hundred feet in length—have won wide recognition and appreciation.

They do not depart radically from the accepted *norm* or type of a cathedral, and yet they include features of individual and original interest. In accordance with a suggestion of the writer, seven Chapels of Tongues will surround the great Choir, in which on each Lord's Day will be a service in seven different languages; so that the stranger and the foreigner may worship "in his own tongue wherein he was born," until, as it were, over that bridge he passes into the great cathedral itself, to join there in the worship and tongue of his adopted land.

In this connection, the wide grounds of the cathedral will afford a breathing and resting place for mothers and their children, workmen and their wives, and all others who may come up out of the more crowded life of the great city below them. In the midst of that, in its most congested neighborhood, already stands the pro cathedral, with its schools, gymnasium, community house, and other agencies for reaching and helping the manifold life about it. For, for these supremely—the people, all of them, of whatever kindred and tongue and condition who will turn their feet thitherward—the new cathedral is rising, to be, so far as it may, the worthy and enduring witness of Him Who came to transform and ennoble human society, and Who, speaking through His first disciples to all men everywhere has said: "Come unto me—I will give you rest;" and "All ye are brethren!"

Henry C. Potter.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

In the spring of 1767, on his way from Bath, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, stops at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, where he is detained by an attack of the gout. While here he sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. Sir George arrives in time to find Lady Dunborough, the mother of a man whom he has recently wounded in a duel, vehemently denouncing as impostors a party of three who have taken possession of Soane's rooms. Sir George recognizes them as Julia Masterson, a young girl reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, her mother, and an attorney named Fishwick, who once rendered some slight professional services to him. Though ignorant of the cause of their presence, the shrewish viscountess is repugnant to him, so, to her great disgust, he sides with the humbler travelers, and relinquishes his rooms to them.

As if to annoy Lady Dunborough still further, her son now comes to the Castle in search of Julia, of whom he is deeply enamored, and her attempted interference so enrages him that, when he finally secures speech with the girl and she refuses him, he vows he will carry her off by force. In the mean time, ignorant that she is the mysterious claimant and his uncle's heir, Soane also falls in love with Julia, and asks her to be his wife; but she tells him that she will give him her answer on the morrow. Sir George goes to his estates at Estcombe in the early morning, and when he returns to the Castle he finds the house in an uproar, for the girl has been abducted. Then, for the first time, Soane learns who Julia is and why she is there. To avert suspicion from her son, Lady Dunborough strives to have Sir George detained, but her efforts prove futile, and accompanied by his servant and Mr. Fishwick, the young knight sets out in pursuit. A clue he finds indicates that the abductors are making for Bristol, and they follow the road in that direction, drawing rein in Chippenham.

XVIII *(Continued).*

A COACH—one of the night coaches out of Bristol—was standing before the inn at Chippenham, the horses smoking, the lamps flaring cheerfully, a crowd round it; the driver had just unbuckled his reins and flung them either way. Sir George pushed his horse up to the splinter bar and hailed him, asking where he had met a closed chaise and four, traveling Bristol way at speed.

"A closed chaise and four?" the man answered, looking down at the party; and then, recognizing Sir George, "I beg your honor's pardon," he said. "Here, Jeremy"—to the guard, while the stable man and helpers paused to listen, or stared at the heaving flanks of the riders' horses—"did we meet a closed chaise and four tonight?"

"We met a chaise and four at Cold Aston," the guard answered, ruminating. "But 'twas Squire Norris' of Sheldon, and there was no one but the squire in it. And a chaise and four at Marshfield, but that was a burying party from Batheaston, going home very merry. No other, closed or open, that I can mind, sir, this side of Dungeon Cross, and that is but two miles out of Bristol."

"They are an hour and a half in front of us!" Sir George cried eagerly. "Will a guinea improve your memory?"

"Aye, sir, but 'twon't make it," the coach-

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man answered, grinning. "Jeremy is right. I mind no others. What will your honor want with them?"

"They have carried off a young lady," Mr. Fishwick cried shrilly—"Sir George's kinswoman!"

"To be sure!" ejaculated the driver, amid a murmur of astonishment; and the crowd, which had grown rapidly since their arrival, pressed nearer to listen. "Where from, sir, if I may make so bold?"

"From the Castle at Marlborough."

"Dear me, dear me, there is audaciousness! If you like! And you ha' followed them so far, sir?"

Sir George nodded, and turned to the crowd. "A guinea for news!" he cried. "Who saw them go through Chip'n'am?"

He had not long to wait for the answer. "They never went through Chip'n'am," hiccuped a thick voice from the rear of the press.

"They came this way out of Calne," Sir George retorted, singling the speaker out, and signing to the people to make way so that he might get at him.

"Aye, but they never—came to Chip-'n'am," the fellow answered, leering at him with drunken wisdom. "D'you see that, master?"

"Which way, then?" Soane cried impatiently. "Which way did they go?"

But the man only lurched a step nearer. "That's telling!" he said, with a beery smile. "You want to be—as wise as I be!"

Jeremy, the guard, seized him by the collar and shook him. "You drunken fool!" he said, "d'ye know that this is Sir George Soane of Estcombe? Answer him, you swine, or you'll be in the cage in a one, two!"

"You let me be!" the man whined, struggling to release himself. "It's no business of yours. Let me be, master!"

Sir George raised his whip in his wrath; but he lowered it again with a groan. "Can no one make him speak?" he said, looking round. The man was staggering and lurching to and fro in the guard's grasp.

"His wife, but she is to Marshfield, nursing her sister," answered one. "But give him his guinea, Sir George. 'Twill save time, maybe."

Soane flung it to him. "There!" he said. "Now speak!"

"That'sh better!" the man muttered. "That's talking! Now I'll tell you. You go back to Devizes corner—corner of the road to De-vizes—you—you understand? There was a car-car-carriage there without lights an hour back. It was waiting under the hedge. I saw it and I—I know what's what!"

Sir George flung a guinea to the guard, and wheeled his horse about. In the act of turning his eye fell on the lawyer's steed, which, chosen for sobriety rather than staying powers, was on the point of foundering. "Get another," he cried; "and follow!"

Mr. Fishwick uttered a wail of despair. To be left to follow—to follow alone, in the dark, through unknown roads, with scarce a clue, and on a strange horse—the prospect might have appalled a hardier man. Fortunately he was saved from it by Sir George's servant, a stolid, silent man, who might be warranted to ride twenty miles without speaking. "Here, take mine, sir," he said. "I must stop to get a lanthorn; we shall need one now. Do you go with his honor."

Mr. Fishwick slid down and was hoisted into the other's saddle. By the time this was done Sir George was almost lost in the gloom at the farther end of the street. But anything rather than be left behind, so the lawyer laid on his whip in a way that would have astonished him a few hours before, and overtook his leader as he emerged from the town. They rode without speaking, until they had retraced their steps to the foot of the hill and could discern a little higher on the ascent the turn for Devizes.

It is possible that Sir George hoped to find the chaise still lurking in the shelter of the hedge, for as he rode up to the corner he drew a pistol from his holster and took his horse by the head. If so, he was disappointed. The moon had risen so high that its cold light disclosed the whole width of the roadway, leaving no place in which even a dog could lie hidden. Nor, as far as the eye could travel along the pale strip of road that ran southward, was there any movement or sign of life.

Sir George dropped from his saddle and, stooping, sought for proof of the toper's story. He had no difficulty in finding it. There were the deep, narrow ruts which the wheels of a chaise long stationary had made in the turf at the side of the road, and south of them was a plat of poached ground where the horses had stood and shifted their feet uneasily. He walked forward, and by the moonlight traced the dusty indents of the wheels until they exchanged the sward for the hard road. There they were lost in other tracks, but the inference was plain. The chaise had gone south to Devizes.

For the first time Sir George felt the full horror of uncertainty. He climbed into his saddle and sat looking across the waste with eyes of misery, asking himself whither and for what! Whither had they taken her, and why? The Bristol road once left, his theory was at fault; he had no clue, and presently felt, where time was life and more than life,

the slough of horrible conjecture rise to his very lips.

Only one thing, one certain thing, remained—the road; the pale ribbon running southwards under the stars. He must cling to that. The chaise had gone that way, and though the double might be no more than a trick to throw pursuers off the trail, though the first dark lane, the first roadside tavern, the first solitary farm house, might swallow the unhappy girl and the wretches who had her in their power, what other clue had he? What other chance but to track the chaise that way, though every check, every minute of uncertainty, of thought, of hesitation—and a hundred such there must be in a tithe of the miles—racked him with fears and dreadful surmises?

There was no other. The wind sweeping across the downs—on the western extremity of which he stood, looking over the lower ground about the Avon—brought the distant howl of a dog to his ears, and chilled his blood heated with riding. An owl beating the fields for mice sailed overhead; a hare rustled through the fence. The stars above were awake; in the intense silence of the upland he could almost hear the great spheres throb as they swept through space! But the human world slept; and while it slept what work of darkness might not be doing? That scream, shrill and ear piercing, that suddenly rent the night—thank God, it was only a rabbit's death cry, but it left the sweat on his brow. After that he could, he would, wait for nothing and no man! Lanthorn or no lanthorn, he must be moving. He raised his whip, then let it fall again as his ear caught far away the first faint hoof beats of a horse traveling the road at headlong speed.

The sound was very distant at first, but it grew rapidly, and presently filled the night. It came from the direction of Chippenham. Mr. Fishwick, who had not dared to interrupt his companion's calculations, heard the sound with relief; and looking for the first gleam of the lanthorn, wondered how the servant, riding at that pace, kept it alight, and whether the man had news that he galloped so furiously. But Sir George sat arrested in his saddle, listening, listening intently, until the rider was within a hundred yards or less. Then, as his ear told him that the horse's speed was slackening, he seized Mr. Fishwick's rein and, backing their horses nearer the hedge, again drew a pistol from his holster.

The startled lawyer discerned what he did, looked in his face, and saw that his eyes were glittering with excitement. But having no ear for hoof beats Mr. Fishwick did not himself understand what was afoot until the rider appeared at the road end and, coming plump upon them, drew rein.

Then Sir George's voice rang out, grim and ominous. "Good evening, Mr. Dunborough," he said—and raised his hat. "Well met! We are traveling the same road and, if you please, will do the rest of our journey together."

XIX.

Under the smoothness of Sir George's words, under the subtle mockery of his manner, throbbed a volcano of passion and vengeance. But this was for the lawyer only, even as he alone saw the faint gleam of moonlight on the pistol barrel that lurked behind his companion's thigh. For Mr. Dunborough, it were hard to imagine a man more completely taken by surprise. He swore one great oath, for he saw at least that the meeting boded him no good; then he sat motionless in his saddle, his left hand on the pommel, his right held stiffly by his side. The moon, which of the two hung a little at Sir George's back, shone only on the lower part of Dunborough's face, and by leaving his eyes in the shadow of his hat gave the others to conjecture what he would do next. It is probable that Sir George, whose hand and pistol were ready, was indifferent; perhaps he would have hailed with satisfaction an excuse for vengeance. But Mr. Fishwick, the pacific witness of this strange meeting, awaited the issue with staring eyes, his heart in his mouth, and he was not a little relieved when the silence, which the heavy breathing of Mr. Dunborough's horse did but intensify, was broken on the last comer's side by nothing worse than a constrained laugh.

"Travel together?" he said, with an awkward assumption of jauntiness. "That depends on the road we are going."

"Oh, we are going the same road," Sir George answered, in the mocking tone he had used before.

"You are very clever," Mr. Dunborough retorted, striving to hide his uneasiness, "but if you know that, sir, you have the advantage of me."

"I have," said Sir George; and laughed rudely.

Dunborough stared, finding in the other's manner fresh ground for misgiving. At last, "As you please," he said contemptuously. "I am for Calne. The road is public."

"We are not going to Calne," said Sir George.

Mr. Dunborough swore. "You are damned impertinent!" he said, reining back his horse. "And may go to the devil your own way. For me, I am going to Calne."

"No," said Sir George, "you are not going to Calne. She has not gone Calne way."

Mr. Dunborough drew in his breath quickly. Hitherto he had been uncertain what the other knew, and how far the meeting was accidental; now, forgetful of what his words implied and anxious only to say something that might cover his embarrassment, "Oh," he said, "you are—you are going in search of her?"

"Yes," said Sir George mockingly; "we are going in search of her. And we want to know where she is."

"Where she is?"

"Yes, where she is. That is it: where she is. You were to meet her here, you know. You are late and she has gone; but you will know whither."

Mr. Dunborough stared; then in a tempest of wrath and chagrin, "Curse you!" he cried furiously. "As you know so much, you can find out the rest!"

"I could," said Sir George slowly; "but I prefer that you should help me. And you will."

"Will what?"

"Will help me, sir!" Sir George answered quickly—"to find the lady we are seeking."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" cried Dunborough, raging.

"You'll be hanged if you won't," said Sir George, in a changed tone; and he laughed contemptuously—"hanged by the neck until you are dead, Mr. Dunborough—if money can bring it about. You fool!" he continued, with a sudden flash of the ferocity that had all along underlain his sarcasm. "We have got enough from your own lips to hang you; and if more be wanted your people will peach on you. You have put your neck into the halter, and there is only one way, if one, in which you can take it out. Think, man, think before you speak again," he continued savagely; "for my patience is nearly at an end, and I would sooner see you hang than not! And look you, leave your reins alone, for if you try to turn, by God, I'll shoot you like the dog you are!"

Whether he thought the advice good or bad, Mr. Dunborough took it, and there was a long silence. In the distance the hoof beats of the servant's horse, approaching from the direction of Chippenham, broke the stillness of the moonlit country; but round the three men who sat motionless in their saddles, glaring at one another and awaiting the word for action, was a kind of barrier, a breathlessness born of expectation. At length Dunborough spoke.

"What do you want?" he said in a low tone, his voice confessing his defeat. "If she is not here, I do not know where she is."

"That is for you," Sir George answered, with a grim coolness that astonished Mr. Fishwick. "It is not I who will hang if aught happen to her."

Again there was silence. Then in a voice choked with rage Mr. Dunborough cried, "But if I do not know?"

"The worse for you," said Sir George. He was sorely tempted to put the muzzle of a pistol to the other's head and risk all. But he fancied that he knew his man and that in this way only could he be effectually cowed, and he restrained himself.

"She should be here—that is all I know. She should have been here," Mr. Dunborough continued sulkily, "at eight."

"Why here?"

"The fools would not take her through Chippenham without me. Now you know."

"It is ten now."

"Well, curse you!" the younger man answered, flaring up again, "could I help it if my horse fell? Do you think I should be sitting here to be rough ridden by you if it were not for this?" He raised his right arm, or rather his shoulder, with a stiff movement; they saw that the arm was bound to his side. "But for that, she would be in Bristol by now," he continued disdainfully; "and you might whistle for her. But, Lord, here is a pother about a college wench!"

"She is Sir George Soane's cousin!" cried the lawyer, scarcely controlling his indignation in the wretch's presence.

"And my promised wife," Sir George said, with grimness.

Dunborough cried out in his astonishment. "It is a lie!" he said.

"As you please," Sir George answered.

At that a chill such as he had never known before gripped Mr. Dunborough's heart. He had thought himself in an unpleasant fix before, and that to escape scot free he must eat humble pie with a bad grace; but on this a secret terror, such as sometimes takes possession of a bold man who finds himself helpless and in peril, seized on him. Given arms and the chance to use them he would have led the forlornest of hopes, charged a battery, or fired a magazine. But the species of danger in which he now found himself—with a gallows and a silk rope in prospect, his fate to be determined by the very scoundrels he had hired—shook even his obstinacy. He looked about him; the servant had come up with his lanthorn, and was waiting a little apart.

Mr. Dunborough found his lips dry, his throat husky. "What do you want?" he muttered, his voice changed. "I have told you all I know. Likely enough they have taken her back to get themselves out of the scrape."

"They have not," said the lawyer. "We have come that way, and must have met them."

"They may be in Chippenham."

"They are not. We have inquired."

"Then they must have taken this road. Curse you, don't you see that I cannot get out of my saddle to look?" he continued ferociously.

"They have gone this way. Have you any devil's shop down the road?" Sir George asked, signing to the servant to draw up.

"Not I."

"Then, we must track them. If they dared not face Chippenham, they will not venture through Devizes. It is possible that they are making for Bristol by crossroads. There is a bridge over the Avon at Leckham, somewhere on our right, and a road to it through Pewsey Forest."

"That will be it!" cried Mr. Dunborough, slapping his thigh. "That is their game, depend upon it!"

Sir George did not answer him, but nodded to the servant. "Go on with the light," he said. "Try every turning for wheels, but lose no time. This gentleman will accompany us, but I will wait on him."

The man obeyed quickly, the lawyer going with him. The other two brought up the rear; and in that order they started, riding in silence. For a mile or more the servant held the road at a steady trot; then, signing to those behind him to halt, he pulled up at the mouth of a by road leading westwards from the highway. He moved the light once or twice across the ground, and cried that the wheels had gone that way; then got briskly to his saddle again and swung along the lane at a trot, the others following in single file, Sir George last.

So far they had maintained a fair pace, and lost little time. But the party had not proceeded a quarter of a mile along the lane before the scene changed; the trot became a walk. Clouds had come over the face of the moon; the night had grown very dark. The riders were no longer on the open downs, but in a miry, narrow by road, running across wastes and through low coppices, the ground sloping gently to the Avon. In one place the track was so closely shadowed by trees as to be as dark as a pit. In another it ran, unfenced and scarcely traceable, across a fen studded with water pools, whence startled ducks squattered up unseen. Everywhere they stumbled; once a horse fell. Over such ground, founderous and scored knee deep with ruts, it was plain that no wheeled carriage could move quickly; and the pursuers had this to cheer them. But the darkness of the night, no less than the dreary glimpses of wood and water which everywhere met the eye when the moon for a moment emerged, the solitude of this marshy tract, the absence of house or village, the gloomy plash of the horses' feet, the very moaning of the wind among the trees, suggested ideas and misgivings which Sir George strove in vain to suppress. They would recur and beset him. Why had the scoundrels gone this way? Were they really bound for Bristol, or for some den of villainy, some thieves' house or low tavern, in the old forest?

At times these fears stung him out of all patience; and he cried to the man with the light to go faster, faster! Again, the whole seemed unreal, the dragging, wearying pursuit a nightmare; and the shadowy woods and gleaming water pools, the gurgling noises of the marsh, the stumbling horses, the fear, the danger, all grew to be the creatures of a disordered fancy. It was an immense joy to him when, at the end of an hour and a half of this anxious plodding the lawyer cried, "The road! The road!" and one by one the riders emerged with grunts of relief on a sound causeway that appeared to run in the same general direction. To make sure that the pursued had nowhere evaded them, the tracks of the chaise wheels were sought and found; and forward the four went again, the heart of one, at least, lighter in his breast. Presently they plunged through a ford, a mill race roaring in the darkness on their left; then they rode a mile through the gloom of an oak wood, a part no doubt of old Pewsey. But, this passed, they were on Leckham bridge almost before they knew it, and across the Avon, and mounting the slope on the other side by Leckham church.

There were houses abutting on the road here, black overhanging masses against a gray sky, and the riders looked, wavered, and drew rein. Before any spoke, however, an unseen shutter creaked open, and a voice from the darkness cried, "Hallo!"

Sir George found speech to answer. "Yes," he said. "What is it?" The lawyer was out of breath, and clinging to the mane in sheer weariness.

"Be you after a chaise driving to the devil?"

"Yes, yes," Sir George answered eagerly. "Has it passed, my man?"

"Aye, sure, Corsham way, for Bath most like. I knew 'twould be followed. Is't a murder, gentlemen?"

"Yes," Sir George cried hurriedly, "and worse! How far ahead are they?"

"About half an hour, no more, and whipping and spurring as if the old one was after them. My old woman's sick, and the apothecary from——"

"Is it straight on?"

"Aye, to be sure, straight on—and the apothecary from Corsham, as I was saying, he said, said he, as soon as he saw her——"

But his listeners were away again; the old man's words were lost in the scramble and clatter of the horses' shoes as they sprang forward up the hill. In a moment the stillness and the dark shapes of the houses were exchanged for the open country, the rush of wind in the riders' faces, and the pounding of hoofs on the hard road. For a brief while the sky cleared and the moon shone out, and they rode as easily as in the day. At the pace at which they were now moving Sir George calculated that they must come up with the fugitives in an hour or less; but the reckoning was no sooner made than the horses, jaded by the heavy ground through which they had struggled, began again to flag and droop their heads. The pace grew less and less; and though Sir George whipped and spurred, Corsham Corner was reached, and Pickwick village, on the Bath road, and still they saw no chaise ahead.

It was now past midnight, and it seemed to some that they had been riding an eternity; yet even these roused at sight of the great western highway. The night coaches had long gone eastwards, and the road, so busy by day, stretched before them dim, shadowy, and empty, as solitary in the darkness as the remotest lane. But the knowledge that Bath lay at the end of it—and no more than nine miles away—and that there they could procure aid, fresh horses, and willing helpers, put new life even into the most weary. Even Mr. Fishwick, now groaning with fatigue and now crying, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" as he bumped in a way that at another time must have drawn laughter from a stone, took fresh heart of grace; while Sir George settled down to a dogged jog that had something ferocious in its determination. If he could not trot, he would amble; if he could not amble, he would walk; if his horse could not walk, he would go on his feet. He still kept eye and ear bent forward; but in effect he had given up hope of overtaking the quarry before it reached Bath, and was taken by surprise when the servant, who rode first and had eased his horse to a walk at the foot of Haslebury Hill, drew rein and cried to the others to listen.

For a moment the heavy breathing of the four horses covered all other sounds. Then in the darkness and the distance, as if on the summit of the rise before them, a wheel creaked as it grated over a stone. A few seconds and the sound was repeated; then all was silent. The chaise had passed over the crest and was descending the other side.

Oblivious of everything except that Julia was now within his reach, forgetful even of Dunborough, by whose side he had steadily ridden all night—in silence, but with many a look askance—Sir George drove his horse forward, scrambled and trotted desperately up the hill, and, gaining the summit a score of yards in front of his companions, crossed the brow and drew rein to listen. He had not been mistaken. He could hear the wheels creaking and the wheelers stumbling and slipping in the darkness below him; and with a cry he launched his horse down the descent.

Whether the people with the chaise heard the cry or not, they appeared to take the alarm at the same moment. He heard a whip crack, the carriage bound forward, the horses break into a reckless canter. But if they recked little, he recked less; already he was plunging down the hill after them, his beast almost pitching on its head with every stride. The huntsman knows, however, that many stumbles go to a fall. The bottom was gained in safety by both, and across the flat they went, the chaise bounding and rattling behind the scared horses. Now Sir George had a glimpse of the black mass through the gloom, now it seemed to be gaining on him, now it was gone, and now again he drew up to it and the dim outline bulked bigger and plainer, and bigger and plainer, until he was close upon it, and the cracking whips and the shouts of the postboys rose above the din of hoofs and wheels. The carriage was swaying perilously, but Sir George saw with a cry of triumph that the ground was rising, and that up the hill he must win; and, taking his horse by the head, he lifted it on by sheer strength until his stirrup was abreast of the hind wheels. A moment, and he made out the bobbing figure of the leading postboy, and, drawing his pistol, cried him to stop.

The answer was a blinding flash of light and a shot. Sir George's horse swerved to the right, and, plunging headlong into the ditch, flung its rider six paces over its head.

The servant and Mr. Dunborough were no more than forty yards behind him when he fell; and in five seconds the man had sprung from his saddle, let his horse go, and was at his master's side. There were trees there, and the darkness in the shadow where Sir George lay across the roots of one of them was intense. The man could not see his face, nor how he lay, nor if he was injured; and calling and getting no answer, he took fright and cried to Mr. Dunborough to get help.

But Mr. Dunborough had ridden straight on without pausing or drawing rein; and finding himself deserted, the man wrung his hands in terror. He had only Mr. Fishwick to look to now, and he was still some way

behind. Trembling, the servant knelt and groped for his master's face; to his joy, before he had found it, Sir George gasped, moved, and sat up, and, muttering an incoherent word or two, in a minute had sufficiently recovered himself to rise with help. He had fallen clear of the horse on the edge of the ditch, and the shock had taken his breath; otherwise he was more shaken than hurt.

As soon as his wits and wind came back to him, "Why—why have you not followed?" he gasped.

"'Twill be all right, sir; all right, sir," the servant answered, thinking only of him.

"But after them, man, after them! Where is Fishwick?"

"Coming, sir, he is coming," the man answered, to soothe him, and remained where he was. Sir George was still so shaken that he could not stand alone, and the servant did not know what to think. "Are you sure you are not hurt, sir?" he continued anxiously.

"No, no! And Mr. Dunborough? Is he——"

"He went on after them, sir."

"Went on after them?"

"Yes, sir; he did not stop."

"He has gone on—after them?" Sir George cried. "But——" and with that word it flashed on him, and on the servant, and on Mr. Fishwick, who had just jogged up and dismounted, what had happened. The carriage and Julia—Julia still in the hands of her captors—were gone. And with them was gone Mr. Dunborough! Gone far out of hearing, for as the three stood together in the blackness of the trees, unable to see one another's faces, the night was silent round them. The rattle of wheels, the hoof beats of horses, had died away in the distance.

XX.

It was such a position as tries a man to the uttermost, and it was to Sir George's credit that, duped and defeated as scarce any man ever was, astonishingly tricked in the moment of success, and physically shaken by his fall, he neither broke into execrations nor shed unmanly tears. He groaned, it is true, and his arm pressed more heavily on the servant's shoulder, as he listened, and listened in vain, for sign or sound of the runaways. But he still commanded himself, and in face of how great a misfortune! A more futile, a more wretched end to an expedition it was impossible to conceive. The villains had outpaced, outfought, and outmaneuvered them, and even now were rolling merrily on to Bath; while he, who a few minutes before had held the game in his hands, lay belated here without horses and without hope, in a wretched plight, his every moment embittered by the thought of his mistress' fate.

In such crises—to give the devil his due—the lessons of the gaming table, dearly bought as they are, stand a man in stead. Sir George's fancy pictured Julia prisoner, trembling and disheveled, perhaps even gagged and bound by the coarse hands of the brutes who had her in their power; and the picture was one to drive a helpless man mad. Had he dwelt on it long and done nothing it might have crazed him. But in his life he had lost and won great sums at a coup, and learned to do the one and the other with the same smile—it was the cultus and form of his time and class. Therefore, while Mr. Fishwick wrung his hands and lamented, and the servant swore, Sir George's heart bled indeed, but it was silently and inwardly; and meanwhile he thought, calculated the odds and the distance to Bath and the distance to Bristol, noted the time, and finally with sudden energy called on the men to move on. "We must get to Bath," he said. "We will be upsets with the villains yet. But we must get to Bath. What horses have we?"

Mr. Fishwick, who up to this point had played his part like a man, wailed that his horse was dead lame and could not stir a step. The lawyer was sore, stiff, and beyond belief weary; and this last mishap, this terrible buffet from the hand of fortune, left him cowed and spiritless.

"Horses or no horses, we must get to Bath," Sir George answered feverishly.

On this the servant made an attempt to drag Sir George's from the ditch, but the poor creature would not budge, and in the darkness it was impossible to discover whether it was wounded or not. Mr. Fishwick's was dead lame; the man's had wandered away. It proved that there was nothing for it but to walk. Dejectedly the three took the road, and trudged wearily through the darkness. They would reach Bathford village the man believed, in a mile and a half.

That being settled, not a word was said, for who could give any comfort? Now and then, as they plodded laboriously up the hill beyond Kingsdown, the servant uttered a low curse and Sir George groaned, while Mr. Fishwick sighed in sheer exhaustion. It was a strange and dreary position for men whose ordinary lives ran through the lighted places of the world. The wind swept sadly over the dark fields. The mud clung to the squelching, dragging boots; now Mr. Fishwick was within an ace of the ditch on one side, now on the other, and now he brought

up heavily against one of his companions. At length the servant gave him an arm, and thus linked together they reached the crest of the hill and, after taking a moment to breathe, began the descent.

They were within two or three hundred paces of Bathford and the bridge over the Avon when the servant cried out that some one was awake in the village, for he saw a light. A little nearer and all saw the light, which grew larger as they approached, but was sometimes obscured. Finally, when they had come within a hundred yards of it, they discovered that it proceeded not from a window, but from a lanthorn set down in the village street, and surrounded by five or six persons whose movements to and fro caused the temporary eclipses they had noticed. What the men were doing was not at once clear; but in the background rose the dark mass of a post chaise, and seeing that—and one other thing—Sir George uttered a low exclamation and felt for his hilt.

The other thing was Mr. Dunborough, who, seated at his ease on the step of the post chaise, appeared to be telling a story, while he nursed his injured arm. His audience, who seemed to have been only lately roused from their beds—for they were half dressed—were so deeply engrossed in what he was narrating that the approach of our party was unnoticed; and Sir George was in the middle of the circle, his hand on the speaker's shoulder, and his point at his breast, before a man could move in his defense.

"You villain!" Soane cried, all the misery, all the labor, all the burning fears, of the night turning his blood to fire, "you shall pay me now! Let a man stir and I will spit you like the dog you are! Where is she? Where is she? For by heaven, if you do not give her up I will kill you with my own hand!"

Mr. Dunborough, his eyes on the other's face, laughed.

That laugh startled Sir George more than the fiercest movement, the wildest oath. His point wavered and dropped. "My God!" he cried, staring at Dunborough. "What is it? What do you mean?"

"That is better," Mr. Dunborough said, nodding complacently, but not moving a finger. "Keep to that and we shall deal."

"What is it, man? What does it mean?" Sir George repeated. He was all of a tremble and could scarcely stand.

"Better and better," said Mr. Dunborough, nodding his approval. "Keep to that, and your mouth shut, and you shall know all that I know. It is precious little at best. I spurred and they spurred, I spurred and they spurred—there you have it. When I got up and shouted to them to stop, I suppose they took me for you, and thought I should stick to them and take them in Bath. So they put on the pace a bit, and drew ahead as they came to the houses here, and then began to pull in—recognizing me, as I thought. But when I came up, fit and ready to curse their heads off for giving me so much trouble, the fools had cut the leaders' traces and were off with them, and left me the old rattletrap there."

Sir George's face lightened; he took two steps forward, and laid his hand on the chaise door.

"Just so," said Mr. Dunborough, nodding coolly. "That was my idea. I did the same. But Lord, what their game is I don't know! It was empty."

"Empty!" Sir George cried.

"As empty as it is now," Mr. Dunborough answered, shrugging his shoulders. "As empty as a bad nut! If you are not satisfied, look for yourself," he continued, rising that Sir George might come at the door.

Soane, with a sharp movement, plucked the door of the chaise open, and called hoarsely for a light. A big, dingy man in a wrap rascal coat, which left his brawny neck exposed and betrayed that under the coat he had nothing on but his shirt, held up a lanthorn. Its light was scarcely needed. Sir George's hand, not less than his eyes, told him that the carriage, a big, roomy post chaise, well cushioned and padded, was empty.

Aghast and incredulous, Soane turned on Mr. Dunborough. "You know better," he said furiously. "She was here and you sent her on with them!"

Mr. Dunborough pointed to the man in the wrap rascal. "That man was up as soon as I was," he said. "Ask him, if you don't believe me. He opened the chaise door."

Sir George turned to the man, who, removing the shining leather cap that sufficiently marked him for a smith, slowly scratched his head. The other men pressed up behind him to hear, the group growing larger every moment as one and another, awakened by the light and the hubbub, came out of his house and joined it. Even women were beginning to appear on the outskirts of the crowd, their heads muffled in hoods.

"The carriage was empty, sure enough, your honor," the smith said. "There is no manner of doubt about that. I heard the wheels coming, and looked out and saw it stop and the men go off. There was no woman with them."

"How many were they?" Sir George asked sharply. The man seemed honest.

"Well, there were two went off with the horses," the smith answered, "and two again slipped off on foot by the lane 'tween the houses there. I saw no more, your honor, and there were no more."

"Are you sure," Sir George asked eagerly, "that no one of the four was a woman?"

The smith grinned. "How am I to know?" he answered, with a chuckle. "That's none of my business. All I can say is, they were all dressed man fashion. And they all went willing, for they went one by one, as you may say."

"Two on foot?"

"By the lane there. I never said no otherwise. Seemingly they were the two on the carriage."

"And you saw no lady?" Sir George persisted, still incredulous.

"There was no lady," the man answered simply. "I came out, and the gentleman there was swearing and trying the door. I forced it with my chisel and you may see the mark on the break of the lock now."

"Then we have been tricked," Sir George cried furiously; "we have followed the wrong carriage."

"Not you, sir," the smith answered. "'Twas fitted up for the job, or I should not have had to force the door. If 'twere not got ready for a job of this kind, why a half inch shutter inside the canvas blinds and the bolt outside's well as a lock? Mark that door! D'you ever see the like of that on an honest carriage? Why, 'tis naught but a prison!"

He held up the light inside the carriage, and Sir George, the crowd pressing forward to look over his shoulder, saw that it was as the man said. And something more Sir George saw—and pounced on it greedily. At the foot of the doorway, between the floor of the carriage and the straw mat that covered it, the corner of a black silk kerchief showed itself. How it came to be in that position, whether it had been kicked thither by accident or thrust under the mat on purpose, it was impossible to say. But there it was, and as Sir George held it up to the lanthorn—jealously interposing himself between it and the curious eyes of the crowd—he felt something hard inside the folds and saw that the corners were knotted. He uttered an exclamation.

"More room, good people, more room!" he cried.

"Your honor ha' got something?" said the smith; and then to the crowd, "Here you, keep back, will you!" he continued—"and give the gentleman room to breathe. Or will you ha' the constable fetched?"

"I be here," cried a weakly voice from the skirts of the crowd.

"Aye, so be Easter!" the smith retorted gruffly, as a puny atomy of a man with a stick and lanthorn was pushed with difficulty to the front. "But so being you are here, supposing you put Joe Hincks a foot or two back, and let the gentleman have elbow room."

There was a laugh at this, for Joe Hincks was a giant a little taller than the smith. None the less the hint had the desired effect. The crowd fell back a little. Meanwhile, Sir George, the general attention diverted from him, had untied the knot. When the smith turned to him again, it was to find him staring with a blank face at a plain black snuff box, which was all he had found in the kerchief.

"Sakes!" said the smith, "whose is that?"

"I don't know," Sir George answered grimly, and shot a glance of suspicion at Mr. Dunborough, who was leaning against the fore wheel.

But that gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "You need not look at me," he said. "It is not my box; I have mine here."

"Whose is it?"

Mr. Dunborough raised his eyebrows and did not answer.

"Do you know?" Sir George persisted fiercely.

"No, I don't; I know no more about it than you do."

"Maybe the lady took snuff?" the smith said cautiously.

Many ladies did, but not this one; and Sir George sniffed his contempt. He turned the box over and over in his hand. It was a plain black box, of smooth enamel, about two inches long.

"I believe I have seen one like it," said Mr. Dunborough, yawning; "but I'm hanged if I can tell where."

"Has your honor looked inside?" the smith asked. "Maybe there is a note in it."

Sir George cut him short with an exclamation, and held the box up to the light. "There is something scratched on it," he said..

There was. When he held the box close to the lanthorn, words rudely scratched on the enamel, as if with the point of a pin, became visible; visible, but not immediately legible, so scratchy were the letters and imperfectly formed the strokes. It was not until the fourth or fifth time of reading that Sir George made out the following scrawl:

"Take to Fishwick, Castle, Marlboro'. Help! Julia."

On that it would be difficult to describe Sir George's emotions. The box, with its pitiful, scarce articulate cry, brought the

girl's helpless position, her distress, her terror, more clearly to his mind than all that had gone before. Nor to his mind only, but to his heart; so that he scarcely asked himself why the appeal was not made to him, or whence came this box—which was plainly a man's and still had some snuff in it—or even whither she had been so completely spirited away in a night that there remained of her no more than this and the black kerchief, and about the carriage a fragrance of her—perceptible only by a lover's senses. A whirl of pity and rage—pity for her, rage against her persecutors—swept such questions from his mind. He was shaken by gusty impulses, now to strike Mr. Dunborough across his smirking face, now to give some frenzied order, now to do some foolish act that must expose him to disgrace. He had much ado even not to break into hysterical weeping or into a torrent of frantic oaths. The exertions of the night, following on a day spent in the saddle, the tortures of fear and suspense, this last disappointment, the shock of his fall—all had told on him; and it was well that at this crisis Mr. Fishwick was at his elbow.

For the lawyer saw his face and read it aright, and, interposing, suggested an adjournment to the inn, adding that while they talked the matter over and refreshed themselves a messenger could go to Bath and bring back new horses; in that way they might still be in Bristol by eight in the morning.

"Bristol!" Sir George muttered, passing his hand across his brow. "Bristol? But—she is not with them. We don't know where she is."

Mr. Fishwick was himself sick with fatigue; but he knew what to do and did it. He passed his arm through Sir George's, and signed to the smith to lead the way to the inn. The man did so, the crowd made way for them; Mr. Dunborough and the servant followed. In less than a minute the three gentlemen stood together in the sanded taproom at the tavern. The landlord hung a lamp on a hook in the whitewashed wall; its glare fell strongly on their features, and for the first time that night showed the three clearly to one another.

Assuredly, even in that poor place, light had seldom fallen on persons in a more pitiable plight. Of the three, Sir George alone stood erect, his glittering eyes and twitching nostrils belying the deadly pallor of his face. He was splashed with mud from head to foot, his coat was plastered where he had fallen, his cravat was torn and open at the throat. He still held his naked sword in his hand; apparently he had forgotten that he held it. Mr. Dunborough was in scarce better condition. White and shaken, his hand bound to his side, he had dropped at once into a chair; and sat, his free hand plunged into his breeches pocket, his head sunk on his breast. Mr. Fishwick, a pale image of himself, his knees trembling with exhaustion, leaned against the wall. The adventures of the night had let none of the travelers escape.

The landlord and his wife could be heard in the kitchen drawing ale and clattering plates, while the voices of the constable and his gossips, drawling their wonder and surmises, filled the passage. Sir George was the first to speak.

"Bristol!" he said dully. "Why Bristol?"

"Because the villains who have escaped us here," the lawyer answered, "we shall find there. And they will know what has become of her."

"But shall we find them?"

"Mr. Dunborough will find them."

"Ha!" said Sir George, with a somber glance. "So he will."

Mr. Dunborough spoke with sudden fury. "I wish to heaven that I had never heard the girl's name!" he said. "How do I know where she is?"

"You will have to know," Sir George muttered between his teeth.

"Fine talk!" Mr. Dunborough retorted, with a faint attempt at a sneer, "when you know as well as I do, that I have no more idea where the girl is or what has become of her than that snuff box. And damn me!" he continued sharply, his eyes on the box, which Sir George still held in his hand, "whose is the snuff box, and how did she get it? That is what I want to know! And why did she leave it in the carriage? If we had found it dropped in the road, now, and that kerchief round it, I could understand that! But in the carriage! Pho! I believe I am not the only one in this!"

XXI.

The man whose work took him that eventful evening to the summit of the Druid's Mound, and whose tale aroused the Castle Inn ten minutes later, had seen aright, but he had not seen all. Had he waited another minute, he would have marked a fresh actor appear at Manton Corner, would have witnessed the second scene in that act, and had that to tell, when he descended, which must have allayed in a degree not only the general alarm, but Sir George's private apprehensions.

It is when the mind is braced to meet one emergency that it falls the easiest prey to the unexpected. Julia was no coward. But as she loitered along the green lane be-

yond the churchyard in the gentle hour before sunset, her whole being was set on the coming of the lover for whom she waited. As she thought on the avowal she would make to him, and conned the words she would speak, her cheeks, though she believed herself alone, burned with happy blushes; her lips breathed more quickly, her body swayed involuntarily in the direction whence he who had chosen and honored her would come! The soft glow which overspread the wolds, as the sun went down and left the vale to peace and rest, was not more real than the happiness that thrilled her. She thanked God, and her lover. Her heart overflowed in a tender ecstasy. In the peace that lay round her, she who had flouted Sir George, who had mocked and tormented him, in fancy kissed his feet.

In such a mood as this she had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the coming of her lover. Reaching the corner, and jealous that none but he should see the happy shining of her eyes—nor he until he stood beside her—she turned to walk back, in a very luxury of anticipation. Her lot was wonderful to her; blessed was she among women, she sang in her heart.

And then, without the least warning, the grating of a stone or the sound of a footstep, a violent arm clutched her waist from behind; something thick, rough, suffocating, fell on her head, enveloped and blinded her. The shock of the surprise was so great and complete that for a moment breath and even the instinct of resistance failed her; and she had been forced several steps, in what direction she had no idea, before sense and horror awoke together, and, wresting herself by the effort of a strong woman from the grasp that confined her, she freed her mouth sufficiently to scream.

Twice and shrilly; the next moment, and before she could entirely rid herself of the folds that still blinded her, a remorseless grip closed round her neck, and another round her waist; and choking and terrified, vainly struggling and fighting, she felt herself hurried along. Coarse voices sounded in her ears, imprecating vengeance on her if she screamed again—and then for a moment her course was stayed. She fancied that she heard a shout, the rush and scramble of feet in the road, new curses and imprecations. The grasp on her waist relaxed, and, seizing her opportunity, she strove with the strength of despair to wrest herself from the hands that still held the covering over her head. Instead, she felt herself lifted up bodily, something struck her sharply on the knee; the next moment she fell violently and all huddled up on a yielding surface—it was the seat of a carriage, but she did not know that.

The shock was no slight one, but she struggled up breathless, and with scarce the loss of an instant; and heard, as she tore the covering from her head, a report as of a pistol shot. The next moment she lost her footing and fell back. Fortunately she alighted on the place from which she had just raised herself, and was not hurt. The jolt, however, which had jerked her from her feet, no less than the subsequent motion, informed her where she was. Even before she had entirely released her head from the entangling folds of the cloak so as to look about her, she knew that she was in a carriage, whirled along behind swift horses; and that the peril was real, and not of the moment, momentary.

This was horror enough. But it was not all. As soon as her eyes began to penetrate the gloom of the closely shut carriage, she shrank into her corner. She checked the rising sob that preluded a storm of rage and tears, stayed the frenzied impulse to shriek, to beat on the doors, to do anything that might scare her captors; and she sat frozen, staring, motionless. On the seat beside her, almost touching her, was a man.

In the dim light it was not easy to make out more than his figure. He sat huddled up in his corner, his wig awry, one hand to his face; gazing at her, she fancied, between his fingers, enjoying the play of her rage, her agitation, her disorder. He did not move, but, in the circumstances, that he was a man was enough. The violence with which she had been treated, the audacity of such an outrage in daylight and on the highway, the closed and darkened carriage, the speed at which they traveled, all were grounds for alarm as serious as a woman could feel; and Julia, though she was a brave woman, felt a sudden horror come over her.

(To be continued.)

INCARNATION.

FROM fields of amaranth and asphodel
An angel hand let drop a bud to earth;
Within a poet's heart the blossom fell,
When lo, a sweet and deathless song had birth!

Clarence Urmy.

OPPORTUNITY'S BALD SPOT.

BY CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR.

How a susceptible college man emulated a storied hero, and dared death for his lady's favor—To all of which there is a dénouement showing that history sometimes repeats itself.

"What is thy name?"
"Opportunity, controller of all things."
"Why wearest thou thy hair long in front?"
"That I may be seized by him who approaches me."
"By Zeus! And thou art bald behind?"
"Because once I have passed with my winged feet, no one may seize me there."

WHEN Rawley first came to Salem he was of an unspotted innocence that gladdened one's heart—and the sophomore class—to contemplate. He suffered many things of many students, in consequence, and spent all he had; but he was nothing worse for that, but rather bettered, for character is formed in this little village hid away in the heart of the West Virginian hills, and students learn there many things besides Latin and Greek.

Salem is a little world in itself, and its life centers in the college towering on the slope above it, toward which the eyes of the village are turned as the sunflower to the sun. The honor men are honored and the baseball pitcher adored on its single street, and a college man is more of a figure here than any minister or Congressman on the streets of the nation's capital. The most thorough and lasting training which the undergraduate received, however, in the old days when Rawley was a student there, was at the hands of Miss Cordelia March, the daughter of the professor of mathematics, and a thoroughly seasoned college belle. "Adjunct professor of courtship," Ballinger called her—she had discarded Ballinger in his junior year—and the name clung to her, because the young men went through a course of love making under her tuition—and graduated from her classes—as regularly as they did from her father's.

Miss Cordelia was a large, blond, splendid creature, with eyes that seemed to melt by their own fire, and a voice that searched out the weak spot in every man's nature and made one cry before he knew it. She looked over the field at the beginning of each session and picked out her men, and she brought them down with a certainty that no amount of glass ball or clay pigeon practice could assure to any other marksman.

To this day there are grizzled planters in Virginia and the blue grass region of Kentucky who carry an old daguerreotype of Cordelia March in some inner pocket—her reign was before the days of photography—and who never meet a Salemite anywhere without leading the talk round to her. For, once she had captured a man, he was hers for four years or for life, according to her fancy—that is, all but Rawley; he was the only one who ever slipped through her fingers. You can hear the story of how it all happened today, if you chance to visit Salem, and talk to any of its old inhabitants.

Rawley was no trouble at all to catch; he surrendered at sight, and she seemed to undervalue him from that moment, as though his worth was measured by the ease of his conquest. For two years she made him a spectacle to the gods and such fishes as swam in Tuscora Creek and took any interest in the matter.

There was never a self respecting dog who would fetch and carry as Rawley did for Miss Cordelia; there never was a cat as ingenious in torturing a mouse as was Miss Cordelia in making Rawley suffer. He sang serenades under her window when the thermometer was at zero, and she only laughed at him and explained to his classmates how he caught cold. He sent her flowers, which she gave to the orators of the debating societies. He wrote her pitiful little verses, which she read aloud to a roomful of students, who set them to music and sang them under his window. He made engagements with her for the various college festivities weeks in advance, and at the last moment she threw him over for some other man.

As a result of this constant dancing attendance upon her whims and caprices, Rawley was most disgracefully pitched at the end of his sophomore year, which brought him a delightful interview with the faculty, and another with his father a few days later. Salem shook its head dubiously over him when he went home that vacation, and predicted that a wise parent would send him elsewhere; but he came back in the fall, looking a little more serious, perhaps,

but otherwise unchanged. Being very much occupied with a certain long haired Virginian—men wore long hair in those days—Miss Cordelia had no time to notice him, so he crept out from between her paws a little, and devoted himself to Greek roots with unwonted assiduity.

As the weeks passed she seemed to miss the incense of his devotion, and called him back imperiously; and he came, though with a certain reluctance.

"You don't really want me," he pleaded. "There are so many others, and you like them all better. The old man was awfully cut up about my marks last year, and I promised I would try to study."

Now, if there was any one thing Miss Cordelia resented more than a failure to capture a man, it was his escape after conquest; so she put Rawley through his paces ruthlessly, and exhibited him for the benefit and entertainment of the college. Indeed, she doubled his labors to pay for his brief vacation.

Such a surfeit of flattery and devotion caused her appetite to lose its edge apparently, for she was continually inventing things of a high and unusual flavor to tempt it again. She liked to hear—for she seldom read—stories of the beautiful women of the past, and what men had done for love of them, but it hurt her to think that any woman had ever tasted a sweeter triumph or drained a cup of deeper devotion than she daily drank. To those who watched the game with interest, she seemed to be putting Rawley upon his mettle, like a rider who urges his horse to take a higher leap than any other steed has ever attempted. But for once she raised the bar a little too high.

It was in the year of the "big freeze," which old Salemites still recall with a certain pride, as if they were indirectly concerned in it. The snow fell and froze, and fell and froze again, till there was such sleighing as the meteors may enjoy when they skate over a well beaten cloud bank. Women walked about the village with their long dresses trailing behind them—they wore long dresses then—and shook off the dry particles of snow when they came in, as if it had been sand. The Ohio River was one block of ice from Pittsburg to Cincinnati; men drove across it and up and down it in wagons as if it had been a dirt road.

But in February came a thaw. It rained for days, and then the sun came out bright and warm. The hillsides streamed with water, and McCulloch's Run and Tuscora Creek broke up in a crash of snow and ice and went tearing down to the Ohio, dashing their muddy waves and ice blocks against it till its coat of mail heaved and gave way, with a roar and a rush that could be heard for miles.

That was long before the railroad on the Virginia side of the river, and for a time the people of Salem were cut off from the rest of the world as completely as if the waters had risen and engulfed it.

Salem is several miles from the river, and upon one of the balmy, spring-like days which followed the rain, a party of young people rode down to the Belle Rivière to see it. Miss Cordelia was one of them, and so was Rawley, though he did not ride with her. She had chosen for her escort the long haired Virginian, who amused her with tales of fair women and gallant knights—tales that fired her imagination and made her heart burn with envy.

That day he had told her the story of De Lorge and his lady's glove.

"When he had brought it back from the arena," concluded the Virginian, "he flung it in her face. But if it had been your glove, Miss Cordelia"—he gave her a tender glance—"I think he would have thought it well worth the price to be permitted to kiss the hand that threw it."

Miss Cordelia smiled a pleased smile, but for all the Virginian's smooth tongue she did not believe he would risk his life for any glove of hers. Rawley might—yes, she believed Rawley would—she would like to put him to the test and outdo the beauty of King Francis' court.

They heard the voice of the river crying and groaning long before they reached it; but when they skirted the base of the last hill and came suddenly upon it, grinding against its banks, and turning huge blocks of ice over and over as a child trundles a hoop, they reined their horses and stood gazing mutely at the monster writhing and struggling before them.

Then suddenly an idea occurred to Miss Cordelia.

"Do you think any one would dare to cross on that heaving, crashing mass of ice?" she said.

They all looked at her.

"One might, for a great stake—a man's life, perhaps," one said.

"Or a woman's love," she added, below her breath.

Rawley had been drawn irresistibly to her side when the party stopped, and he heard her.

"Would you go if I sent you?" she whispered; and at the look in his eyes she turned to the little company.

"There is something in that old station over there"—she pointed with her whip across the river—"something that I want

very much. It has been waiting for me there ever since the ice broke up."

She turned as she spoke, and looked at Rawley.

"I will go and get it for you," he said, dismounting.

They all cried out at him, and the men tried to catch at the skirts of his coat; but like a flash he eluded them, disappeared over the face of the bluff upon which they stood, and presently appeared again, running, jumping, leaping, from block to block of the treacherous ice.

The river is narrow at that point, though it runs swift and deep, and the floating ice heaps were separated by smaller spaces of open water than below, where the river widens. It was not long, though it seemed hours, that they watched him with fixed eyes, and no sound, save occasionally a long drawn "Ah!" as he stumbled, fell, and caught himself again. Then they saw him climb the bank on the opposite shore, and disappear into the low wooden station.

When he started to cross again, the man nearest the river put his hand to his mouth, trumpet-wise, and called to him to go back, and all the others shouted and waved their hands. But he did not see them, or, if he did, he did not heed; it is certain that he did not see what they saw; a huge mass of ice urged rapidly down the river, sweeping all obstacles before it, and leaving a broad path of open water in its wake.

It was passing swiftly through the narrow point where Rawley had crossed, to the more open water beyond, and he was upon it, leaping, jumping, as before, when suddenly he saw the danger he was in. He ran with might and main, stumbling, staggering, almost falling, toward the spot where the thread of open water between him and the shore ice was widening into a ribbon—a band—a broad stream. He reached it, hesitated, looked back, then stooped for a spring. The watchers on the bank closed their eyes in horror.

Then there was a cry, and they looked—to see the huge mass nearing open water, the river trundling its ice blocks as before, and Rawley—nowhere.

The men made a rush for the bank, and the women screamed and wrung their hands—all but Miss Cordelia, who sat as if frozen in her seat—when some one gave a shout and pointed down stream. There they saw him, clinging to the shore ice, a quarter of a mile below.

When the riders reached the point—running, shouting, cheering, and most of the women crying—Rawley was slowly making his way to land. They drew him up the bluff and would have carried him in their arms, but he laughed and shook them off, dripping like a great Newfoundland dog. Then, going up to Miss Cordelia, he placed a package in her hand.

She took it without a word, but her eyes shone. She tore off the wet wrappings, opened the velvet box they contained, and drew from it a slender bracelet, set with brilliants.

"You have brought me this," she said, and there was a ring of triumph in her voice, "and yours shall be the hand to clasp it on my wrist."

She leaned from her saddle, holding out to him the jeweled trinket, as he stood there dripping with water, his clothing torn and his face and hands cut by the sharp, jagged ice.

He obeyed her in silence; but when he had fastened the bracelet he left a stain of blood upon her hand.

* * * *

Afterwards, people said that this was only the last straw with Rawley; that for weeks his manhood had stirred within him, as the swollen waters of the river had stirred beneath their coat of ice; that this was the final breaking up of her mastery over him, as the river had broken the ice that held it chained. Others believed that when he sprang over the cleft in the ice, and felt the rotten mass give way beneath his feet, he had looked death in the face and seen things in their true light. And there were others, still, who said that when he saw his blood upon her hand he had come to himself, knowing that at heart she was all but a murderess.

* * * *

At first Miss Cordelia only laughed. "He'll come back," she said; "they always do."

But this time Miss Cordelia reckoned in vain, for Rawley paid absolutely no attention to her. And then a strange thing happened. Miss Cordelia laid aside her pride and sought him—secretly at first, then openly, at last desperately, as a drowning man clutches at straws. Her eyes would follow him about with a wistful, eager look that cut one to the heart, and Rawley was the only man in all the world who did not seem to see it.

When he graduated, which he did rather brilliantly, at last, he bade her a careless good by before a whole roomful, and people turned away their faces, for they could not bear the look in her eyes.

"After all," they said, "she has had her chance of happiness, and she has thrown it away. It is no use clutching at the bald spot on Opportunity's head."

BALTIMORE BELLES.

What the Maryland city can show to prove its claim to preëminence for the beauty of its daughters—A group that is representative of fair American womanhood.

THERE is one subject which men and women can never discuss with frankness, and that is woman's looks. If the woman talking has definite, acknowledged beauty, then to dilate on its power sounds like self glorification, while to depreciate it seems like an affectation, as when the millionaire leans back in his carriage and sighs that money doesn't amount to much. Perhaps it doesn't, in the abstract, to the angels, but the millionaire keeps a good business grip on his dollars, even as he sighs; and beauty shudders when the mirror begins to grow brutal.

The girl whose good looks are uncertain, depending somewhat on the color of her gown and the eyes of the beholder, must talk constrainedly on the subject, since there is no knowing on which side she herself is being rated at the moment, and very few who are young enough to be good looking can talk quite impersonally on the subject. The man, of course, will take the first chance of showing, delicately and indirectly, that he considers her an authority on what beauty can accomplish. Being young enough to be pretty, perhaps she is young enough to believe him, but, if she is out of short dresses, she is too old to betray the fact, or to assume intimacy with the ways of beauty.

It is hardest of all for the girl who is distinctly plain to canvass this mighty topic. No man of intelligence will admit the marvelous power of human beauty in her presence. Beautiful women are generally stupid, he proclaims; talking to them is a weariness. They are spoiled and put on airs and bore one with their queenship. Give him a woman whose charm is on the inside of her head rather than the outside. She may wish impatiently that he would meet her with frankness, since she attacked the subject in all sincerity, with no intention of putting the burden of denial on him. Nevertheless, he is very wise, for he is on the most delicate ground a man can tread, and though many of us are willing to be quite frank about ourselves, very few are educated up to the point of wishing others to be so. We may proclaim our poverty, but we do not enjoy hearing others proclaim it. We may even admit that we are badly dressed, but we do not thank any one else for agreeing with us. A woman may say to herself in all honesty, "I am irredeemably ugly," but she cannot help hoping that the rest of the world is less clear sighted.

The only comfortable way to discuss beauty is behind the shelter of print, where mind may speak to mind without being hampered by the troublesome, self conscious body. There we may admit that, whatever their theories, ninety nine women out of a hundred would choose it above any earthly gift, if it were placed in front of them. Power over other created beings is the most alluring of all the beautiful pictures that hang upon vanity's walls, and to this beauty is the short cut. It is crown and scepter and throne, and all that is needed is wit enough to take possession. "Skin deep," saith the Preacher. "Shine before men," says Beauty demurely, and that is the end of the argument, for her.

Half the cities in the United States are fond of boasting that their girls are the prettiest, but there is one which really seems to have some foundation for the claim, and that is Baltimore. It has given us dozens of famous beauties, and every year among the débutantes one sees repeated the exquisite coloring, the natural grace and refinement, that have given one of the loveliest roses the right to call itself "Baltimore Belle."

Beauty in Baltimore sometimes runs

MISS CHAMPE ROBINSON, OF BALTIMORE.

From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

MRS. J. RAMSAY BARRY (MISS AGNES ROBINSON) OF BALTIMORE.

From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

MRS. RICHARD MORTON, JR. (MISS NELLY ROBINSON) OF BALTIMORE.
From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

through a whole family, not leaving out one of its members. Take the Robinsons, for instance, four beautiful daughters of a more beautiful mother, descended from a grandmother who was a toast and a belle in her generation. Mrs. Robinson, who, as Miss Champe Conway, was well known in Richmond, Virginia, has been a brilliant figure in Baltimore since her marriage. Both her town and her country houses have been the scene of many brilliant entertainments, none of them more charming than the three weddings that took away three of her daughters.

The mother has been copied in form and features by Nelly, now Mrs. Morton, more closely than by any of the other daughters. After a very gay time as a girl, she married Richard Morton, Jr., two years ago. She has an unusually fine soprano voice, which was carefully cultivated in Paris, and has many a time sung

MISS ADELE HORWITZ, OF BALTIMORE.

From a portrait by Hallwig.

MISS LAURA JENKINS, OF BALTIMORE.

From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

MRS. ALAN P. SMITH, JR. (MISS MAY MCSHANE) OF BALTIMORE.

From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

MRS. JAMES E. MCSHANE (MISS FLORENCE ROBINSON) OF BALTIMORE.
From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

the dollars right out of tightly buttoned pockets for the sake of charity.

The next sister, Florence, was married in the winter that had been set apart for her coming out. She found the social world no less attractive because she entered it as Mrs. McShane rather than Miss Robinson, for her classic beauty and perfect figure put the rod of power into her hands in spite of her wedding ring.

Another sister, Agnes, now Mrs. Barry, is still little more than a bride. She is petite, with the delicate complexion of the South, dark hair, expressive eyes, and a musical temperament that has led her to make herself a skilful pianist. Miss Champe Robinson is striking, brilliant, and is as popular for her quick wit as for her brunette beauty.

In Miss Laura Jenkins we find another

type of Baltimore belle, a tall, blond, striking woman, with an air of chic that is born, not made. She has a right to all that blue blood can give, for through her father, George C. Jenkins, and her mother, who was Miss Key, she is allied to some of the most prominent families of Maryland. Among her ancestors was Francis Scott Key of "Star Spangled Banner" fame.

MISS MILDRED MORRIS, OF BALTIMORE.
From a photograph by Jeffres & Rogers, Baltimore.

The picture of Miss Adele Horwitz is taken from a portrait recently painted by Hallwig. Miss Horwitz has the name of being one of the best gowned women of Baltimore, and as if that were not enough glory for anybody, she is also called one of the wittiest girls in town. Mrs. Alan P. Smith, Jr., was formerly Miss May McShane, and is the sister in law of Mrs. James E. McShane. Her chief beauty lies in her coloring, which is exquisitely blond. Her husband is the son of the well known physician, Dr. Alan P. Smith. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. McShane are close companions, and make a striking picture with their contrasted coloring.

Miss Mildred Morris, sister of Mrs. Frederic Gebhard of New York, is brown haired and gray eyed, less striking than her sister, but wonderfully attractive.

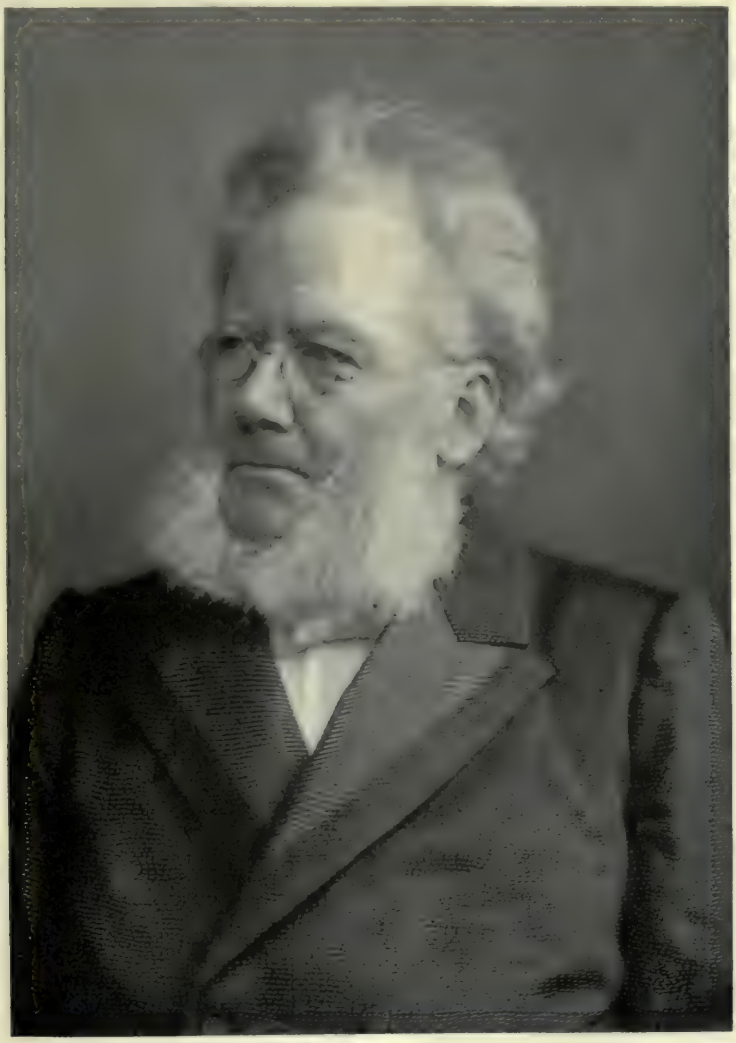
Frederic Taylor.

LITERARY CHAT

THE INFLUENCE OF IBSEN.

For the past ten or twelve years the name of Ibsen, the Scandinavian apostle of stage realism, has been associated in the popular mind with the sort of progressive culture that had previously found its only adequate expression in Emerson readings and Browning clubs. There was a time when one of whom it could be said, "She has read Ibsen," moved among her fellow worshipers at the shrine of the graven image of culture as a being endowed with almost supernatural attainments. It was not even necessary that she should understand Ibsen, provided she was known to have read one or more of his dramas. In short, the peculiar distinction enjoyed by the northern playwright a dozen years ago, some of which still clings to him, would lead any one to suppose him to be a writer of inscrutable mysticism, instead of one whose preachings have always been marked by absolute simplicity and naturalism.

Henrik Ibsen was born in Norway just



HENRIK IBSEN.

From his latest photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

seventy years ago last March. He was employed for many years as the salaried dramatist in one of the principal theaters in his native land, where he had charge of all the productions, and was expected to write one play a year himself. It was in this way that he acquired that remarkable knowledge of stage effects, and of the technique of acting and play building, which enabled him to present the most commonplace phases of domestic life and sorrows in a convincing and interesting manner.

BROOKS ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF CIVILIZATION AND DECAY."

From a photograph by the Notman Photograph Company, Boston.

The best known of all his dramas, so far as America is concerned, is "The Doll's House." It is simply the story of a young wife whose character and surroundings suggest the title of the drama, and who eventually becomes dissatisfied and leaves her husband's home. The pictures of domestic life presented in this play, and the utter absence of anything like the dramatic climaxes that have always been regarded as necessary to a successful drama, are well calculated to awaken the ridicule of those who have found in the stage a means of livelihood. And yet the most fervent admirers that Ibsen has in this country are to be found in the ranks of the dramatic profession, for only actors and actresses appreciate the wonderful skill with which he has handled subjects never before deemed worthy the attention of a playwright.

Ibsen's work has unquestionably exerted

EMILE ZOLA.
From his latest photograph by Nadar, Paris.

an immense influence over the present generation of dramatists; and during the century that is so soon to dawn, it may receive that popular recognition which it has never yet enjoyed in this country.

"CIVILIZATION AND DECAY."

The casual book buyer, looking over the crowded tables and shelves on which pretty covers, attractively lettered, call his attention to contents that may or may not be agreeable, might easily pass by a quiet volume with the somewhat somber title of "The Law of Civilization and Decay."

Theodore Roosevelt recently reviewed this book with the warmest admiration, and spoke of its author, Mr. Brooks Adams, as a writer possessing an entirely original point of view, being the first to see clearly things that were nebulous to his predecessors, and writing with a fervent intensity of conviction. It is just ten years since Mr. Adams published his first book, "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," a series of sketches of the various religious persecutions through which his native commonwealth worked her weary and bloody way to freedom of thought and life. It was impossible to deny the force of his facts, or the logic of his deductions, but the Puritans had so long been regarded as saints that people were shocked at having them revealed as inquisitors. In his own community, especially, there was a chorus of protest from those who preferred to believe that their ancestors were as virtuous and single minded as they had modestly declared themselves to be.

Mr. Adams' present work is the result of years of study and thought, and has a far wider range. As he says in his preface, "the

value of history lies not in the multitude of facts collected, but in their relation to each other;" and while some of his views will grieve those who prefer to think that society has gone on steadily improving since the Stone Age, he has succeeded in writing a book which stands almost alone, for it is a scientific outline of history, and at the same time as interesting as a good novel. We give herewith a portrait of Mr. Adams. He belongs to the famous Adams family, being the youngest son of the late Charles Francis Adams. He was born just fifty years ago in the old Adams house in Quincy. While his father was American minister in London he was at an English school there, but he came home to enter Harvard, graduating in the class of 1870. He was his father's secretary during the Geneva Arbitration in 1871, and on his return he practised law for some years, occasionally contributing to the newspapers and reviews historical or political articles which always aroused interest and discussion, as his point of view was generally an original one.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
From his latest photograph by Potter, Indianapolis.

In 1881 he met with an accident which compelled him to give up active work, and he turned his attention to serious historical study, which he has since pursued.

In speaking recently of his last volume he said that it almost wrote itself, as the expression of convictions forced upon him by study and travel. In his own words, "I had very little conscious control over it; I kept moving from one point to another, and when I began to write, the first thing I put down was upon the subject of Palestine. Then I

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.
From his latest photograph by Giorgoni & Bossi, Milan.

wrote my first chapter, and because I had set myself a limit of space I had to condense it unduly. If I had it to do over again, I should give more space to Rome and Byzantium, but if ever any work was written by the second man, the man who works when the body sleeps, that book is mine. I really knew so little how the composition would come out as a whole, that when I saw it in print for the first time I read it as a new book."

THE ITALIAN REALIST.

Gabriele D'Annunzio has become, during the past few months, one of the most talked of foreign writers in America, partly because of the seizure of his books by Anthony Comstock and the subsequent litigation between that censor and the publisher, George H. Richmond, and partly because of the strong hold that his work has taken on the imagination of many American readers.

D'Annunzio is now in his thirty fifth year. Nearly seventeen years ago he published a volume of poems which attracted a great deal of attention in his native country, Italy. For some years afterwards he kept himself before the public by means of various short stories, sketches, and essays, and then conceived the idea of putting into a series of novels a history of the human soul in all its phases. As planned by him, this series is to be divided into three trilogies. The first of these, to be known as "Romances of the Rose," contains "Pleasure," "The Triumph of Death," and "The Intruder." The second trilogy will be called "Romances of the Lily," and will comprise three volumes named respectively "The Maidens of the Rocks," "Grace," and "The Annunciation." The third will be called "Romances of the Pomegranate," and will contain "Fire," "Iron," and "The Triumph of Life."

Of these "The Triumph of Death," "The

Maidens of the Rocks," and "The Intruder" are the best known in this country. D'Annunzio is still at work on the series, and is now writing "Fire," a novel of Italian life which is said to have taken Eleanora Duse, the famous actress, as its heroine.

Signor D'Annunzio lives in a romantic and beautiful village on the shore of the Adriatic, and devotes himself almost entirely to literary work.

PROFESSOR JOHN FISKE, OF HARVARD.
From a photograph by Pach, Cambridge.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

There is no poet in this country whose rhymes have such a strong flavor of the rank, rich soil from which they have sprung as James Whitcomb Riley, originally of Indiana, and now claimed by the whole of these United States as one of our national bards.

We are apt, in our florid American way, to bestow nicknames and titles on the citizens of our republic with indiscriminate and lavish hand, but sometimes we hit upon a name so apt that it sticks; and this is the case with Mr. Riley, who has been christened the "Bobby Burns of America." Not that he is as great as Burns, but he is a poet of the soil, and one who sings sweetly and in tune of childhood, of nature, and of simple emotions. And, like Burns, he sings in the homely words of his own people.

Mr. Riley became a poet from sheer necessity. In early life he was an entertainer and traveled with various strolling bands of players through the sparsely settled regions of Illinois and Indiana. He had so much difficulty in getting good, original matter to recite that he determined to try his hand at writing himself, and so it came to pass that "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin" and many another of his earlier verses were written and recited to bucolic audiences. His first public appearance in New York was in the early eighties, at the authors' readings given in Chickering Hall in aid of the international copyright movement. His success was immediate.

A few years later, at an evening party given by President and Mrs. Cleveland at the White House, Riley recited in the presence of a company that included not only the members of the President's official family and other well known statesmen, but also some of the most famous writers in America. At the close of the evening a friend asked the poet where he found the piece that had received the greatest amount of applause, and

he made answer: "I wrote that myself, years ago, to recite from the steps of a medicine wagon in Indiana."

ZOLA AS A LOVER OF TRUTH.

It is now a little more than twenty years since Emile Zola first made himself known to the public through the medium of "L'Assommoir," which was published in both French and English, and also given in dramatic form by Augustin Daly. It was this play, by the way, which served to introduce Ada Rehan to the New York public. "L'Assommoir" was followed by "Nana," which was a sort of sequel to it, and which excited an even wider and more virulent discussion in the United States than the earlier work. Since then "Pot-Bouille," "La Terre," "La Débâcle," and the rest of those famous portrayals of modern life have enjoyed widespread circulation in this country, and made the name of their author so well known that he required no introduction when his heroic plea for justice to the hapless Dreyfus brought him prominently before the eyes of the civilized world.

Zola is usually termed the creator of the school of modern realism which enjoys such an extraordinary vogue in both the fiction and the dramatic literature of the present day. Certainly, his vivid pictures of life in the slums of Paris, in the coulisses of the theaters, and among the peasants on the farm, have had a powerful influence, and are responsible for many of the so called "realistic" stories which have been given to the world since then.

But Zola does not content himself with brutal descriptions of hideous scenes and phases of life. He has a way of getting at the heart of things, and it was undoubtedly this peculiar bent in his mind that led him

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.
From his latest photograph by Alman, New York.

COUNT LYOF TOLSTOY.

From his latest photograph by Scherer & Nabholz, Moscow.

to make his stand on behalf of Dreyfus. He is convincing, because he gives one the impression that he knows accurately what he is writing about. There is perhaps no better example of his ability to dive into the very core of his subject than the scene in the opening of "Nana," in which the manager of the theater stands in his lobby on the first night of the new piece and greets his friends, the critics, with characteristic remarks as they enter the playhouse. Almost any one could have written the much talked of scene in *Nana's* dressing room during the visit of the prince, but no one who was not thoroughly familiar with the relations that exist between a Paris manager and the critics could have described as Zola does what goes on "in front of the house" on the first night of a new production.

It is believed that M. Zola will turn his years of imprisonment to profitable account by giving the world a true picture of what takes place behind the stone walls of a French prison house.

THE POET OF MANHATTAN.

It has been the custom to allude to Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman as "the banker poet"—and a very annoying custom it must

be to him, too. A more appropriate name would be "the poet of Manhattan Isle," for he is the one bard who during his whole lifetime has sung of New York and its people.

It was many and many a year ago that Stedman, then a young and daring verse writer, celebrated the union of a young American girl with an enormously wealthy Spaniard by a poem called "The Diamond Wedding," which startled the town by its audacity. It brought the young bard prominently before the public, and came very near bringing him into a peck of trouble.

Mr. Stedman has never written anything that has caused as much excitement as "The Diamond Wedding," or awakened so much local interest, but he has written a great many things that are far better from a literary point of view, and worthy of a much higher place in the literature of his country. Perhaps the best of his works is "Pan in Wall Street," which may be described as the thoughts suggested by a wandering organ grinder who is seen playing his tunes in the heart of the money center of the country. "Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call" is another New York poem that has won a deservedly high place in the esteem of that small circle of persons competent to discuss poetry, and a veritable gem is "The Hand of Abraham Lincoln," which was suggested by the bronze model of the hand of the great emancipator.

Mr. Stedman inherited his poetic tastes from his mother, who was a verse writer of some renown in her day. He has spent most of his life in Wall Street, actively engaged in the banking and brokerage business, and finding in literature a diversion for his leisure hours. He lives at present in Westchester County, coming every day to his office in the city, and still retaining an active interest in the literary and artistic life of the great town that he has celebrated so often in song.

TOLSTOY IN HIS OLD AGE.

No other Russian writer has ever enjoyed so wide a popularity in this country as Count Tolstoy, the veteran novelist and student of sociology, whose strange life among the peasants on his great estate has helped to make him famous throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world.

Count Tolstoy has not only preached the doctrine of the great common brotherhood of humanity, but has practised it as well. He has lived among the Russian poor, eaten their simple fare, and worked with his own hands in their behalf. He has given liberally from his own purse to aid them in time of sickness and distress, and in his writings he has directed the attention of the world to the conditions under which they live.

The same spirit of humanity and compassion for the injustices of life animates every page of his magnificent "Sevastopol." Tolstoy saw real fighting in the Crimea, and gave the world such vivid pictures of the battlefield, of flying shot and bursting shell, of the killed and wounded, of the priests and surgeons going about to succor the living and pray with the dying, and of the awful waste of human life and energy that may be summed up under the title of war.

Verestchagin has drawn for us on canvas some of the things we find in Tolstoy's writings, and it is not improbable that the mind of Mr. Stephen Crane received distinct impressions from "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace" before he wrote "The Red Badge of Courage."

It is not likely that the Russian novelist will give much more to the world, as he is now well advanced in years, and has recently devoted himself to studies of the practical phases of life rather than to fiction.

A NEW LINE OF SONG.

Dr. Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet laureate, was once called by Longfellow "the pathfinder of a new line of song." This title he has now handed on to William Henry Drummond, who has opened up an unexplored song region in his new book, "The Habitant and Other French Canadian Poems." We shall have little need for the kale yard hereafter if our own continent can still supply us with fresh discoveries of human nature in dialect, quite equal to anything we could import.

Mr. Drummond has taken the language of his poems directly from the lips of the habitant farmer, not forcibly, in a summer vacation, but by living beside him year after year and collecting it little by little, wherever it best expressed the nature of the man who shaped it. The language is, literally, the English picked up orally by an unlettered backwoodsman whose native tongue is corrupt French. It is humorous, piquant, full of linguistic short cuts and quaint idioms, yet intelligible at the first glance. For the last reason, no doubt, many will deny it the title of dialect, which is to them a thing that can be deciphered only by holding the book at different angles, snatching an eyeful of words, impressionist fashion, and saying them out loud till the meaning starts out from their obscurity. One may peruse Mr. Drummond's poems in the hush of a reading room and not be put out for disturbing everybody else; and yet for all that they are unmistakably in dialect, and a new one at that.

Through the wording one sees the face of the habitant, seamed and browned by weather; in it the childlike simplicity of those who live out of doors, the kindliness of those who notice the sight and scent and sound of growing things, the sympathetic humor that comes from an understanding of children and animals and lovers, the contentment of happy ignorance. He has "plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev;"

—he is happy and feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de woodpile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

He is not ambitious. When *Bateese* wants to go to the States and get rich, the habitant cannot understand it:

I'm very satisfy—
De bes' man don't leev too long tam; some day, ba Gosh! he die—
An' s'pose you got good trotter horse an' nice famme Canadienne
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat—w'at more you want, ma frien'?

But, for all his contentment and naïveté, he is no fool about the outside world, recognizing that it has forces unknown to the habitant. As he warns *Bateese*, "Dere's plaintee feller on de State more smarter dan you be." Only those who live close to the earth can betray such a mixture of shrewdness and innocence.

There will be many poets to follow along this new track Mr. Drummond has blazed, but none will show its people more truly and more intimately.

MR. HOWELLS AND MRS. STOWE.

Mr. W. D. Howells has lately been interviewed, and he has something to say concerning women novelists. He calls George Eliot the greatest English novelist of her century, greater than Dickens or Thackeray or any of the rest. He points out Mrs. Humphry Ward as doing work as good as any that is being done today. And he mentions "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the best novel that has been written in America.

As a matter of curiosity, we should like to know when Mr. Howells last put down "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Some scientific people, some people learned in the tricks of the brain, had a conference the other day, and they proved to their own satisfaction that we do not have long memories, but a long series of linked impressions. For example, Mr. Howells probably read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when he was a boy and the subject was red hot. He lived in Ohio, bordered on one side by Kentucky, and adjacent on another to West Virginia. He was near enough to slavery and the first stations of the "underground railway" to feel every line of Mrs. Stowe's book when he first read it, because he had just the right point of view. To him it was true and great, then. The crudities were all lost in the feeling.

Now Mr. Howells' memory, according to the mental scientists, is not long enough to remember "Uncle Tom's Cabin" itself. For a few years he did; then in the next period, he remembered what he thought of it, and presently the book was entirely gone. He thinks now that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the greatest American novel. And so do thousands of other people. But if they had never seen it until today—well, they wouldn't read it. They would laugh at some of it. There are people who do. It still has a great circulation at the libraries. It appeals to people who love a certain sentimental melodrama, but Mr. Howells is entirely too good a critic to pin himself down to such an extreme laudation of it.

It is difficult for us today to realize anything like the excitement that the book created. It was the first popular serial published in this country, and it grew under Mrs. Stowe's hand while it was being printed in a Washington newspaper. It sent the paper's circulation into undreamed of numbers, and when it came out as a book it was a bomb. Its sale was prohibited in many States, and in some it was a misdemeanor to own it. The daughter of a prominent Southern statesman of that day was so anxious to read it that she bribed a boy cousin to go into another State and get her a copy, and then she was afraid to keep it in the house. She would let a string out of her window at night, and after the book was attached would draw it up, letting it down again before daylight.

Professor John Fiske, perhaps the most eminent of our living historians, takes a deep interest in the immigration question, and is president of the Immigration Restriction League of Massachusetts, as well as a Harvard professor. He believes that while the bill of two years ago failed of passage, owing to President Cleveland's veto, Congress and the country have been educated to regard some such legislation as necessary. The league intends to continue its work until there is upon the statute book a law prescribing a simple educational test, and calculated to exclude from our shore the hopelessly ignorant class of aliens.

* * * *

When a cabinet minister is convicted of blackmail and packed off to the penitentiary, one would naturally suppose that was the end of him. But not at all. He has only to

face his punishment with a scrutinizing business eye and turn his dungeon impressions into copy, and soon he has all the notoriety he can desire.

It is a strange act to carve arabesques on the stick one was beaten with and to hand it back with a bow to those who instigated and applauded the beating. In one unjustly convicted it might argue a noble character, but in a politician who well deserved all he got it suggests a certain lack of sensitiveness.

Nevertheless, Paris has taken a vivid interest in the "Impressions Cellulaires" of M. Baïhaut. The author was convicted of levying blackmail on the Panama Company for the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, and collected the material for his book from the four walls of the solitary cell which the government placed at his disposal. There is a callous impertinence about this that would make M. Baïhaut the glory of a New York newspaper.

* * * *

A literary limbo is to be established in Florence, to which only the condemned may be admitted. All the books the Roman Catholic Church has censured will be gathered together, and the authors she has suppressed will take a bold place in this assemblage of the damned. The heretical, the immoral, and the blasphemous will rub shoulders on the shelves with the indiscreet and the inexpedient. The church's ban will be the only condition necessary for admission.

The Vatican, naturally enough, has protested against this, claiming that it is an outrage against decency as well as against church discipline. The government answers that such a collection would show how the church has grown and broadened, and what wise distinctions it makes in literary matters—a reply so courteous that its possible irony must be ignored. The collection will be a curious one, and not uninstructive.

* * * *

A book's name often has an astonishing influence on its first sale. A title that piques curiosity or suggests excitement or emotion will draw a crowd of readers the moment it appears, while a book soberly named must force its merits on the public. The former has all the advantage of a pretty girl over a plain one; it is given an instantaneous chance to prove itself worth while. A middle aged, unalluring title ("In Search of Quiet," for instance) may frighten people away from what proves to be a mine of wit and human interest. A book headed by a man's name, unmodified and uncommented on—such as "Horace Chase"—is apt to have a dreary, unprepossessing air, unless the name is an incisive one that suggests an interesting personality. Fragments of proverbs and poems are always attractive, as well as Biblical phrases and colloquial expressions, but the magic title is the one that excites and baffles curiosity. The publishers of a recent "Primer of Evolution" received a sudden flood of orders for the book simply on account of a review which had spoken of it under the sobriquet, "From Gas to Genius." Many copies were indignantly returned when the true title was revealed.

* * * *

Mr. Harold Frederic's novel, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," has had an uncommon success. It is now in its twenty eighth thousand, and the publishers report that the present demand is as large as ever. That it was out of print for some time was due to the failure of its former publishers.

The foregoing item, clipped from the literary notes of a New York daily, inspires some strange reflections. That a novel enjoying an uncommon success "should be out of print owing to the failure of its publishers" seems at first blush an anomaly of striking dimensions. Of course business mismanagement must have been at the bottom of the matter, but the casual reader might gain the impression that publishing a successful book was to be classed among the luxuries along with owning a yacht.

* * * *

The history of the old daily *Truth*, the first of the modern crop of one cent New York papers, has a peculiar interest just now, in view of the sensationalism that characterizes certain of our journals. *Truth* was started at a time when the price of white paper was so high that even with a four page sheet the margin of possible profit was very small. It gained steadily in circulation, however, and at the time of the Garfield-Hancock campaign was regarded as a well established and valuable newspaper property. It was in this campaign that it published the famous "Morey letter," which attracted so much attention that it took a week to print all the copies of the issue containing it that were ordered from every part of the country.

The publishers of *Truth* congratulated themselves on their good fortune in obtaining for their sheet such unheard of publicity, and even experienced newspaper men believed that they would reap great benefits. But the Morey letter was shown to be a forgery, the public soon came to despise those who had imposed it upon them, and finally the newsboys got into the habit of ridiculing the paper by calling out, "Here ye are! *Troot*, all full o' lies, only one cent!"

Then began a decline that no power on earth could stop, and after a hopeless struggle *Truth* suspended, leaving behind it a memory which should serve as a warning to those who think that "what the public want is plenty of sensation."

THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

The success of Mr. Pemberton's recent books has gained him a place among the leading novelists of the present day, and "The Woman of Kronstadt" will confirm his literary repute and his popularity—It is a strong story, realistic and novel in its scenes and characters; a story of love, adventure, and intrigue, in which woman's wit and man's courage are matched against the mighty military power of Russia.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

TEMPTED by the large reward secretly offered by the British government for a complete map of the mighty Russian fortress of Kronstadt, on the Gulf of Finland, Marian Best, a beautiful English girl in straitened circumstances, and with a little brother dependent upon her, undertakes the commission. Obtaining the position of governess to the daughters of the commandant of the fortress, General Stefanovic, she has many opportunities to secure information. Captain Paul Zassulic, a Russian artillery officer, falls in love with her, and while she reciprocates his affection, she cannot bring herself to give up her hazardous enterprise. Finally Russian agents in London learn that certain plans have been transmitted to the English government, and when the tidings reach Kronstadt suspicion is directed toward the Englishwoman. Not long afterward, Marian enters the general's cabinet in search of a necessary document, and she is about to copy it when Paul Zassulic enters. The young officer is horrified at his discovery, but when he hears the girl's pitiful story his great love for her overmasters his sense of duty and he resolves not to betray her. But she has been watched, and their conversation is overheard. The following morning Marian is seized and taken before the general for a hearing, and, realizing the futility of denial, Paul bears witness to her guilt. She is imprisoned in Fort Alexander, but some weeks later Zassulic persuades the general to give him an order transferring the girl to Fort Katherine, where she will be less harshly treated. Unable to endure longer the thought of Marian suffering the hardships of a Russian prison, Paul escapes with her on board his yacht, the Esmeralda. When their flight is discovered, warships are sent out to intercept them. Unable to get by the neck of the gulf, they take refuge among the islands off the coast of Finland. Her desire to save the man she loves from the consequences of her folly leads Marian to believe that if he were alone it would be possible for him to return to Kronstadt with some story that would convince the Russians of his fidelity. In consequence, she leaves the yacht in a small boat unseen. After several hours the girl ceases rowing and lands on a small islet, which, however, proves to be quite desolate. When she returns to the shore she finds that the tide has ebbed, and her strength will not permit her to move the boat. In despair she sinks upon the sand and weeps bitterly.

XVII.

THE fit of weeping passed when reason had come to her own again, and Marian sat a long while gazing wistfully over the rippling sheen of the sea. Once she thought that she heard a gun fired in the distance, and this spoke to her of a life being lived around her, of other isles near by wherein men's voices were heard and the laughter of children. She began to argue that she had but to wait for the flood of the tide to put off her boat, that she might come to some neighboring shore which would offer more welcome harborage. Weary and faint as she was, with hope dimmed and courage broken, despair was not for such an hour. She had the idea to go up to the cliff and there to drink at the spring which she had seen jetting forth from the face of the rock. Then she would sleep, and night would bring her food and friends.

While she knew nothing of her situation, of the land upon which she was cast or of its environment, she was in reality upon that place known to Finns as the Island of the Holy Well. In circuit perhaps the third part of a mile, this speck of land lay five miles from that other isle which had

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harbored the Esmeralda from the storm. But it was a kindlier shore, for the cliff reared its head only on the westward side, and elsewhere silver sand made a bed, as of the dust of jewels, for the gentle seas which fell upon it. A few sickly trees stood sentinels about the spring, and heather-like bushes thrived and flourished in the path of the water. Marian sought the scanty shade of these trees so soon as it was plain to her that she must await the will of the sea. She drank long drafts of the fresh water, and bathed her face and hands in the translucent pool. Now that the sun shone gloriously upon the island, her heart was lighter and her hope grew strong. She perceived other isles distant no more than a mile, where she could distinguish the cottages of fishermen. Night should find her sleeping in one of those huts. She would sleep the sounder because she was alone; because she had found strength to give as it had been given unto her.

"I shall live my life with little Dick," she said. "There is always a living in England for those who will work. We will face the world together, he and I, and God will show us the road. I shall forget that it has ever been otherwise; Paul will marry a Russian, and yesterday will be scored out of the book."

She was tearing at the grass vindictively when she said this; and the sheen of the pool glowing radiantly, she beheld her own face in it—a face white and drawn and pitiful, with curls run wild and eyes shining from black rings. Ill as the picture pleased, a little vanity helped her to recall the faces of the Russian women she had known, and therein she found a great content. It was good to tell herself that Paul's wife would have the face of a Japanese; that her figure would be flat like a board; that her skin would be parched and brown, and that her dresses would come from Paris and would not fit her. She said that she hated all Russian women; but the woman who was to be his wife she hated already with a hatred which, when she reflected upon it a little while, compelled her to laugh. And she was still laughing when she saw the apparition upon the beach.

She had been so intent upon her occupation of gazing into the pool that for the time being she lost all memory of the island and of the silent seas about her. When she looked up again and came back to remembrance, her first thought was of the boat lying down there upon the silver sand below her. Quickly her eyes sought it out; but she could scarce trust them when she beheld a strange figure, come she knew not whence, to stand by the sea shore and watch her vain employment.

The figure was that of a man garbed in a flowing robe of brown cloth girdled at the waist with a coarse, knotted rope. Huge in stature, the monk, for such he seemed to be, stood motionless as a pillar of rock. His long, waving hair fell upon his shoulders abundantly and was caught by the gentle breeze, which tossed it over his haggard face so that his features were hidden; the glowing eyes shone cadaverously with a light of fasting and of faith. So old were the leather sandals he wore that they permitted the sharp rock to cut his feet, the sea to wash them. Strange and forbidding, like some wild man of the woods, the apparition stood with folded arms to watch the girl; while she in turn, speechless with fear and dread of the mystery, crouched upon the grass, and found herself unable to utter a word or stir a step from the place. Never in all her life had she been so conscious of that ultimate terror of the unseen which surpasses the terror of death itself. Sure as she was that no human thing had moved upon the island when she first trod it, this apparition seemed to have risen up before her from the very heart of the rock. Her impulse was to cry out, to flee the place as an abode of dreadful images; but her limbs did not answer to her will. The cry she would have uttered froze upon her lips; she shook with the beating of her heart. For some little while, indeed, the trance of fear passed to oblivion. She fell in a swoon, and when consciousness returned to her the apparition had vanished.

Marian Best had never known, until she came to Russia, what the meaning of a nervous system might be. Though her nerves had been shattered by the terrors of Alexander and by days and nights of dreadful contemplation, she was still able to recover quickly from panic and to laugh at it. When she found herself crouching upon the grass and was conscious of a great glare of sunlight in her eyes, she did not, upon the instant, recall why she had swooned. The island about her was as desolate as when first she set foot upon it; the sea droned its lazy song as though welcoming the restful spring; the beach showed no sign of human thing. She watched it dreamily for a little while and then recalled the terror.

"It was a dream," she said, though she shuddered again at the memory. "I must have been asleep. How could there be any one here, or, if there is, why should I be afraid of him? What nonsense to think of such things!" Consoling herself thus, she sprang up lightly and ran down to the shore. Her boat was just as she had left it; but when she turned to examine the sand thereabout she discovered the unmistakable im-

press of a sandaled foot. She could trace the steps to the border of the grass, but thereafter they were lost. And at this she stood spellbound again; not fearing because a man was with her upon the island, but because he hid himself thus from her, and his place of habitation was not to be discovered by her eyes. She had heard, it is true, of fanatical hermits who build pillars for themselves upon these lone rocks of Finland; but the traditions did not help her reasoning. She thought that she could never rest until she had seen and spoken to the unknown. The terrible hunger from which she suffered drove her rather to desire a meeting with him. She must know that he was human. Calling out with all her strength, she began to run across the island; she searched the beach and all the little caves and crannies cut out in the heart of the rock. She stood to listen for the sound of steps; but the dreadful silence was unbroken. No dwelling place or other trace of man, save those footsteps upon the shore, was to be discovered. It was an awful thought for her, that thought of mystery and concealment. It was more dreadful to think that night might come and trap her still on the haven.

The sun had passed the meridian by this time. It was nearly three of the afternoon. Hunger, relentless and increasing, became an added punishment of her pilgrimage. She had the strength to walk no more, yet feared to sleep. She knew not what might happen to her if she lost consciousness, and the apparition should stand over her while she dreamed. Her place of refuge was a ledge of rock raised ten feet above the sand and so narrow that any one coming up to her must awake her in the act. Here she was sheltered from the sun. A great boulder of granite hid her from the view of any who should pass on the beach below. At the very moment when she said that she would not close her eyes, nature prevailed above her resolution and she fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not wake until the sun was dipping into the sea and the chill of a spring sunset was upon the island.

The west was aflame then with mountains of crimson light merging at the crown of the arc into orange and purple and the finer shades of yellow. The monitive stillness of the coming night lay heavily upon the waters. There were gray shadows everywhere, and darkness in the glens of the rock. Marian sat up, blaming herself that she had slept so long. Her brain burned and her hands were hot and dry. She had never known that hunger could be such a cruel foe. It seemed to her then that she would have given half her years for a drink of milk and a cake of bread. All the dainties she loved were shaped, in fancy, before her eyes; she could have eaten the very grass. Slowly and painfully she rose, determined to go up again and drink a little water at the spring; but no sooner was she on her feet than she cried out with joy and clapped her hands like a child that hears of holiday.

While she slept some one had set a rough wooden dish at her side. She opened it to find that it contained a loaf of coarse brown bread with a mess of meat and vegetables. And close by there was a bottle of red wine, rough and sour, but more sweet to the little wanderer than all the vintages of champagne.

"A miracle, a miracle!" she cried gladly, while she took the black bread in her hands and drank a long draft of the wine. "The ghost has been here while I slept, and I share his dinner. Oh, how good it is to eat and drink!" The wine warmed her as a strong cordial. Blood suffused her cheeks; there was a nervous pulsation in all her limbs. She feared the apparition no more, for she knew that some wandering priest must be with her upon the island, and that he had set the food at her side. All her thought then was to get her boat into the water and set off for that unknown port which to her should be a port of safety. She would not delay another hour upon the desolate isle, for the flood was now surging upon the beach and the heralds of night were winging in the east.

Strong in the desire to quit the lonely scene, she ate her food quickly and ran down to the beach. But there she stood once more irresolute, for a ship lay in the offing, and it was one of the most curious she had ever seen.

XVIII.

It was midday, and the Esmeralda lay at anchor in the shelter of some outstanding rocks which girdled an island distant three miles from that haven which had witnessed the flight of Marian. Two of the four men who had accompanied her master from Kronstadt were to be seen upon her decks; but so well chosen was her place of hiding, and so wonderfully did the boulders of rock shield her, that her crew were indifferent alike to the presence of a Russian cruiser which lay at anchor in the distant offing, and to the eyes of the neighboring fishermen whose boats dotted the unruffled surface of the sea.

Of the two upon the deck, one was old John Hook, who leaned heavily upon the bulwarks and exposed his brawny arms and matted hair to the welcome warmth of the spring sun; the other was Reuben, the en-

gineer, who squatted wearily upon a coil of rope.

"Eight bells!" said Reuben, filling a pipe with a seaman's deliberation. "Eight bells, John—by gosh, I'd like to know where we shall be at eight bells tomorrow!"

"To hell with the bells!" replied John Hook, spitting vindictively into the sea. "I'm derned if all you chaps don't think you're sky pilots. It'll want something more than a death's head Rooshian to put a white choker round me, as sure as my name's John Hook."

Reuben continued to cut his tobacco methodically.

"Women are rum uns, I'm blest if they're not," said he, after a spell. "To think as she should have turned it up, in the middle of the night, too! Why, if she'd held on another twelve hours we'd have put her into Stockholm afore morning. What was in her head, that's what I want to know?"

"Common sense, that's what was in her head, mate. She's a rare plucked un if ever I sailed with one. Why, think of a little bit of goods like that, not more'n you could crush in yer 'and easy—a little bit of goods like that agen all Rooshia and agen all the world. Where's she now? Starvin' meybe—meybe in one o' them ground floor hells they call a prison in these parts. And why's she dun it? Why, so as they shan't find her along wi' him. It's a cruel thing, mate, a bit of a gal all alone on a shore like this. I'm derned if I wouldn't sign for a twelve-month if that would bring her back agen."

Reuben lit his pipe and got up to watch the distant warship.

"Well," said he, "wishin' ain't goin' to bring her back, John, and as for that I'd take my dinner more easy if yon lot would weigh. Supposin' they've no news of us, what are they doing there? Is it for to see a fisher fleet? Gah, a nipper wouldn't swallow that!"

"Who's asking of you to swallow it?" said the other testily. "Of course they've the news; but having the news and sighting us through ten feet of rock's a different story, ain't it? Who's to tell 'em we're lying here? Are we goin' to run up a fleg, or is one of them swabs a fishin' out there goin' to beat in a mile to spy us out? Burn me, mate, if you don't talk like a babe and sucklin'!"

Reuben smoked angrily and crossed to the other side of the ship.

"I wish the guvnor was aboard," said he. "There ain't no good to be done over yonder, I'll swear. It's eight hours since she went now. You want a good eye to spy out eight hours, John."

"That's so, mate, always rememberin' as tides don't go off like women's tongues, forever and ever. If she ain't gone ashore afore this, she's somewhere in the flow of this channel, and there we'll find her. It'll take more than the skipper of Petersburg to stop me when it's an English lady that's between us. I'm derned if I wouldn't pull his nose for a shilling!"

He added to the volume of the sea again; but Reuben continued to gaze wistfully at the island upon which his master had landed to see if he could learn anything of the little fugitive. Paul, indeed, seemed almost to have lost his reason since they told him that she had gone. The sure knowledge that he had played for the great stake and had lost all robbed him of the power to think or act. He saw himself branded as a traitor by the men who had known and loved him; cast out from the career of his ambition to these desolate islands, utterly alone at a moment when, with all his heart and soul, he yearned for the love which destiny had robbed him of.

"My little wife, my love," he had cried, when they brought him the news, "I cannot lose you! Oh, God, help me, I cannot live alone again!"

Haggard and worn and weary with grief, the man who had dared all for a woman's love learned that love was to come no more into his life. God had snatched the cup from his lips at a moment when he had first tasted the sweetness of the draft. He began to remember all that Marian had meant to him. He recalled her tenderness, her prettiness, the delight of that hour when he had whispered his love in the shadow of the bastions of Kronstadt. He swore to God that he would never see the sun again if she were not given back to him. Curses rose to his lips; an evil voice whispered that the woman had left him to carry the plans of the great fortress to England, and there to sell them as she had intended. To this voice he would not listen; and when the paralysis of despair had passed, a new activity, the activity of the quest for her, possessed him as a fever. He would find her, he said, though he lived and died on that ultimate shore. One boat remained to the Esmeralda, the dingey which she carried amidships. He commanded them to lower it, that no haven of creek or channel might remain unsearched. Reckless, defiant, caring nothing for prudence or pursuit, his voice was raised pitifully in many a rocky harbor and upon many a shore. The moan of the wind alone answered him. The desolate sea was unpitying.

At midday the yacht made an island prominent among the others by reason of a curious girdle of outstanding rocks which de-

fended it. It was here that the men first observed the Russian cruiser lying far out at sea, and warped their ship to one of the boulders of the rock while their master, headstrong and not to be restrained, went ashore to see if the heights of the new land would help him to discover the missing boat and the little wanderer, whose purpose in flight was now becoming more clear to him. But the journey was fruitless. He looked out from the heights upon a sea dotted with crags and isles; often shining with still lagoons of sunlit water; showing here and there the hulls of fishing boats, but giving no other answer to his question. A great fear, the fear that Marian had indeed been taken by the cruiser, began to give place to the supposition that she had taken refuge upon the shore. Nevertheless, he continued to watch and to wait, and would not return to the yacht until the quick eyes of his companion perceived the danger of the place and of the scene.

"They have put out a boat, sir," said the man. "What's more, they fire a gun."

A puff of white smoke floated up from the deck of the distant cruiser, and anon the muted roar of a gun was to be heard. Paul delayed no longer upon the island, but hastened to regain his ship, and there to consult with those who, in their rough way, offered him so precious a sympathy.

"Ahoy!" said old John merrily, when the dingey came into view. "Ye have news, sir?"

Paul shook his head.

"The cruiser is putting off a boat; that is my news, John."

"To hell with the boat! What's a boat got to do with us?"

Paul laughed grimly while he swung up on to the deck of the Esmeralda.

"You are good fellows," he said, "and you have been true friends to me. It is of no use to deceive you any more, and it would be wrong to bring trouble upon you. I am the one to answer for this business, and I am ready to answer. What happens now is nothing to me. But you, my friends, must all go ashore and leave me to make my answer alone."

John Hook thrust his hands deep into his trousers' pockets.

"Look here, sir," he said determinedly, "if it's questions, I'm on that job. And let me arst you this: am I a Britisher or am I a furringer?"

He looked appealingly to the others, who said knowingly:

"Aye, aye, that's the question, John."

Paul laughed again.

"I do not care what you are," said he. "It is sufficient that you have been my friends."

"And friends we'll remain. Leave you here alone! By the Lord, I'd tar myself first! What, call us men? I'm derned if I don't go cold to think of it. Is my name John Hook? Is my port Swansea, or ain't it? Am I going ashore because a lot of lubbers cruise round and fire off a popgun? I'm damned if I don't blush like a gal to hear you say so, sir."

Paul held out his hand and shook the great rough paw of the English seaman.

"I wish you were my countryman," he said. "If you will not go ashore, you shall stay with me to the end, and it shall be as God wills. I have few friends now—I have no longer a country——"

His voice failed him, and he turned away, pretending to watch the coming boat, which was now being rowed rapidly toward the shore. It was as though the messenger of destiny winged across the sea. The hand of fate appeared to be thrust out toward him. There was sunlight for his eyes today; but tomorrow there would be darkness, the darkness of the pitiless reckoning. He saw himself carried back to Kronstadt in ignominy; he would stand alone, he said; the little head which should have nestled upon his shoulder was to comfort him no more. And he had no longer a reproach upon his lips. The friendship of the stout hearts that sailed with him was a thing precious to him beyond words.

The Esmeralda had been warped to a rock sufficiently high to conceal her mast from any passing ship. The hands clambered upon this rock when the dingey was hauled up; and therefrom they watched the long boat which the Russian warship had lowered. Phlegmatic as they were in word and deed, the steady approach of the strange craft set their hearts beating with suppressed excitement. They could not turn their eyes away; they watched her as she drew towards them foot by foot. Some even whispered schemes for their defense; others spoke of the skipper's pistol and of their own good knives. John Hook alone cried out upon such an idea, and his word prevailed.

"There's twenty men yonder if there's one," said he doggedly. "Supposing as this is their port, do you think they're bringing umbrellas with them? My eyes and limbs, that's a woman's notion! And who's goin' to sit here for a Rooshian swab to play marbles with him? Not me, by thunder! But I'll tell you what, mates: if we cast off we can back out while they're coming round, and there'll be three hundred yards between us afore they wake up to it. And there won't be nobody on deck besides me for them to pop at. It's for the guvnor to say; but I know what I should do if old

death's head yonder was coming down my street."

"Aye, aye, John's right," cried the others.

"I leave it to you," exclaimed Paul indifferently. "I care no longer—the time for that has passed."

They cast the ship free at the words, and stood with boat hooks to steady her. So great was the silence of doubt and expectancy that the sound of the men breathing was like a whisper of voices. Yard by yard the strange craft crept into the bay. They could see the cutlases her men carried, could read the name upon her prow, and the agony of doubt was scarce to be endured when the lieutenant in charge of the boat cried an order and his crew ceased to row. Then, indeed, Paul said that the hour was at hand—that the dream was done with.

For twenty seconds, perhaps, the long boat lay still upon the lagoon. The men watching and waiting upon the decks of the Esmeralda shut their eyes and stood like figures of bronze. But that was the supreme moment, and when they had counted twenty their hearts began to quicken with a tremendous hope, and they could scarce restrain themselves from crying out. For the oars were dipped again, and going about suddenly the Russian boat made off towards the further side of the island. The sigh of relief from the watchers was almost a nervous titter. Paul found that his forehead was wet and cold with icy perspiration.

"It is not for us, after all," he said dazedly. "I do not understand."

"But I do," cried John Hook excitedly. "Look yonder, sir. D'ye see that white barge with the three masts? It's a leper ship, I guess. The monks aboard these load with lepers as we load with coal. They go from island to island until they've took a cargo, and then they head north for the 'orspital. That's what brings old death's head this way. He must have a patient for 'em."

It was as he said. The cruiser's boat was rowed straight to a lumbering, barge-like ship which had appeared suddenly in the center of the lagoon. Twenty minutes later the small boat was but a speck in the offing, and the men of the Esmeralda were at dinner.

XIX.

The strange craft which held Marian wondering upon the beach of her island lay perhaps a quarter of a mile from the shore. It had three masts, whereof two were very short and one lofty and capped with a great golden crucifix, which shone glitteringly in the crimson light of the setting sun. A brown jib, half lowered, flapped to the fitful breeze, and a vast mainsail, resembling in many ways the lateen sails of the south, half hid the decks from view. Marian observed that the color of the vessel's hull was a dull white, ornamented with many crimson crosses, and that which she thought must be an inscription, though her eyes could not read the lettering. At the same time, she could make out the figures of many men standing together upon the poop of the ship, and a long white boat, which had carried four of its crew to the beach, now lay with its bow upon the sands and its stern rolled by the breaking waves. Of the four men who rowed the boat, three sat still at their oars, but the other stood in close talk with the recluse whom Marian had watched and feared earlier in the day. She could see that the two men were asking the meaning of her visit to the island, for they pointed often to her own boat, and walked a little way to examine it more closely.

Her first thought was to go out and speak with them, telling, if she could, of her condition, and begging them to give her passage to some more friendly shore. But a subtle instinct which spoke of the unfathomable superstitions of the Finns, and of their cruelty when those superstitions were aroused, held her a little while to her place of shelter behind the great boulder, and therefrom she watched the men. Much to her surprise she perceived that the recluse was no old man, as she had thought, but one still in the springtime of life. His long, flowing locks of black hair and the coarse robe which clothed him had deceived her. She had never imagined a young monk. As for the other, though he also wore the rough habit of brown stuff, his hair was short and crisp and his face was the face of an intelligent man. That he read the story of the visit aright, she could not doubt. He pointed often towards the distant gulf with a gesture which seemed to tell her that the secret not only of her presence upon the island, but also of her flight from Kronstadt, was known to him, and this sent her back to the shelter of the higher rocks, where she stood trembling with a vague dread, not so much of the discovery as of the men.

The last of the day was ebbing at this time; the fitful dusk of northern latitudes gave gray hues to all things about her, so that the men upon the distant ship were as figures moving in shadow, and a haze of night floated above the waters. She seemed to be the habitant of a strange world, an unreal world of fear and fantasy. The visit of the cowled friars to her shore accentuated her loneliness. She crouched upon the rocks and cried despairingly for her lover,

as though some miracle would wing her voice across the sea. Until that moment she had never realized how this love had grown protectingly about her heart, so that without it the very fount of life ebbed and was dried up.

"Paul, my love," she cried, "I cannot live without you! Come to me! I have no friend but you in all the world."

Voices answered her, but not the voice of him she called. She raised her pretty head to listen, and she heard sweet, melodious music floating to her from the distant ship. It rose and fell as a song of the placid sea—a harmony of many voices united in the evening hymn. The rocks gave it back in lingering echoes. It was as though nereids had come up from the depths to hymn the setting sun; to greet the darkness and the hour of their amours. When the last note died away she continued still to hunger for those sweet sounds; but other singers raised their voices in turn to chant a dirge-like litany; and this was a true hymn to the darkness, so weird, so mournful, so full of the suggestion of death and after.

Marian shuddered at this new song, for it carried her back to the place of shadows. When she had listened to it a little while, the harmonies became more clear, the note of the sonorous voices deeper. She awoke to the fact that the singers, whoever they were, had left the ship and were coming to the shore. Lanterns now cast their yellow light upon the pulsing swell. A flame of torches illumined weirdly the rugged faces of a company which seemed to have voyaged from some monastery of the ultimate seas. Anon, three boats touched the sands, and a band of men, all garbed in the pilgrims' dress, began to gather upon the shore and to congregate about some dark object which the shadows hid from the watcher's eyes. She perceived to her surprise that an acolyte in a cassock and cotta carried a brazen crucifix on high. Torch bearers walked at his side. Thurifers swung censers from which an odorous smoke floated perfumingly on the still air. Presently a procession was formed and began to wind its way to the cliff of the island. The dirge-like chant was taken up again; the burden which the men carried was hidden no longer from the watcher's eyes. She saw that it was a coffin. The monks had come ashore to bury their dead.

The procession advanced slowly, for the thurifers turned often to cense the coffin and the priest to sprinkle it with holy water. Solemnly and deliberately the singers set out for the grass plateau by the well from which Marian had drunk earlier in the day. She, on her part, stood white and trembling in the shadow of the cliff. Though it was plain to her that the men had not come to the island in quest of her, she feared the visitation as she had never feared anything in all her life. The hour, the misty twilight, the brown habits, tortured her imagination. She did not ask herself wherefrom such strange voyagers had come; her thought was to escape them even at the risk of discovery. But escape was not to be. So close to her did the procession pass that she could have touched the cross bearer with her hand. She beheld the faces of the monks and read in them the visual record of fasting and of an emaciating faith. One by one they passed her; here an old man bent with the penance of the years; there a youth whose eyes were aflame with the light of visions; here a face that spoke of the withered flesh; there lips which had fed upon the luxuries of life and still hungered for them. And when the monks were gone up, others followed in the grim train—old men hobbling, women weeping, even children. Marian looked at the faces of these and her heart seemed to be stilled. The mission of the ship was a mystery to her no more.

"They are the lepers!" she cried—and so tried to draw back from them as though God would open the rocks behind her and hide from her terrified eyes the awful sights they looked upon.

XX.

The procession passed slowly, for many stragglers followed the priests; the minutes of waiting were as hours to the terrified woman. Often the lantern's light flashed in her very eyes; she felt the hot breath of the lepers upon her cheeks; she thought to be touched by their dreadful hands. Whence they had come, whose the ship was, she did not know. The story of the monks of the northern seas and of their mission to the outcasts of the islands was unknown to her. She saw, rather, a visitation of spirits; the dirge was a sound as of the woe of life; the graves had given up their dead to haunt her. While she had the impulse to flee, to seek, if it must be, the refuge of the waves, the ghostly shapes still held her to the rock. Moaning voices of the lagging sick mingled with the melancholy song of the billows; she beheld the fanatical carousals of the desperate, who laughed like imbeciles or cast themselves, foaming, upon the grass, or shrieked to heaven for the mercy of death. Far above, on the heights, the monks were digging a grave for him who had died at sea. She heard their litanies as sweet interludes to the cacophonous cries below; she repented bitterly that she had not gone down

earlier in the day and spoken with the recluse of the well. She remembered that she was a woman alone with this rabble upon whom God's curse seemed to have fallen.

At this time no thought of the peril of the island troubled her. She thought no more that she might be left alone upon it; nay, she prayed that the sick might return speedily to their ship and leave her to the silence and the night. But hours seemed to pass before the monks came down from the heights again. She watched the lanterns dancing upon the hillside as a mariner watches a beacon of the shore. Often she said to herself, "They are coming now, I hear them." But the litanies began anew; the garish yellow stars would be still again; the hoarse laughter or the weeping of some leper near to her would crush her hope. Childlike, she began to count, saying that when she had numbered a thousand the ship would sail. But of that she wearied; and, impatiently, she crept out a little way from her place of shelter and stood for a moment that the breeze of the sea might blow upon her heated face. In that moment a leper observed her and sprang up with a loud cry to seize her by the wrist and drag her toward the open of the beach. It was as though the ultimate horror had gripped her; had come out of the darkness to embrace her in a loathly and indescribable embrace.

She dared not look upon the man's face; but vaguely, for speech was choked and all her limbs were benumbed, she perceived that he wore a tattered green uniform and carried a knife stuck in a worn girdle. She heard a torrent of words poured into her shrinking ear, but had not Russian enough to interpret them. Once she thought that the man would have crushed her in his lusty arms; and then she knew that he said, "Thou art such as I have lost." When release of tongue came, she raised her voice again and again in shrieks of uncontrollable fear; and at this other lepers ran up to the place. Soon a rabble surrounded her and the cry was uttered that she was a spy. From twenty throats she heard the fierce accusation—"The Englishwoman! Kill her—tear her to pieces—into the sea with her!" Women, ragged and blear eyed, forced their way to the heart of the swaying throng; young girls laughed hysterically and tried to strike her down; old men raised their sticks to beat her bloodless face. She was carried on, she knew not whither. Countless eyes, shining with the fire of disease, looked into her own; fleshless claws ripped the dress from her shoulders; they would have torn her into pieces, but for the strong arm of the man who first had gripped her. But he, roused to some dream of the days before the curse, never once released his hold of her. He bore her high above the throng; he answered their curses with a madman's laughter; the blows fell upon his own face; they were as a flagellation of straws to him; women struck him, but he forced them back and trampled upon them. On toward the sea he bore her; he had the strength of ten men; the passions of the maniac aroused the maniac's purpose. They stood from him at last terrified; the devils of their own superstitions possessed him. Their cries ceased, their sticks were lowered. He was alone when he dragged the woman into her boat and thrust it from the shore.

Marian had shut her eyes when the crowd first pressed upon her. She thought that this was the moment of her death; she waited for some blow which would still the life within her and permit her to rise up in spirit above these horrid sights and sounds. Strong as was her desire for insensibility, for a trance of the mind, she did not swoon nor lose her sense of time and place and of the peril. She heard distinctly the fervid ravings of the madman who defended her; his hot breath was upon her cheek; his loathly touch was a torture. But still she would not look at him. While the blood surged in her ears and her brain whirled and her limbs were paralyzed, she had no wish for life or freedom; no hope but that death would be quick to come. When she felt the grip released, and sank helpless from the man's arms, she was conscious still that he was beside her. She opened her eyes at last, to discover that the boat was already some way from the shore. She could see the lanterns dancing on the hillside, could hear the voices of the priests above the clamor of the rabble. She knew that the man had saved her; though whither he carried her, to what Acheron of the night, she dare not think.

The leper was huge in stature and of great strength. He plied the oar with a giant's arms, so that the yacht's boat shot out quickly toward the broad of the lagoon. For the time being he appeared to have forgotten the woman at his feet. His words were incoherent and unceasing; he chattered horribly. Presently the island was but a blot upon the sea; the lanterns were twinkling stars. No longer were voices to be heard; the stillness of the night lay like a cloak upon the waters. Marian said that she was being carried out of the world. She shivered with the cold and the spray cast upon her face. Gradually there crept upon her a new dread; dread of him who had saved her. She feared to move lest she might remind him of her presence. She could hear her own heart beating.

For a spell the man stood gazing with wistful eyes towards the shore he had left. Then, suddenly, he turned round and uttered a great cry, for he had forgotten the woman; forgotten why he was in a boat at all and how he had been driven from his companions. But now the impulse which had led him to clasp her in his arms was reborn. He sank upon his knees and whispered wild endearments; he stroked her hands gently as one strokes an animal; he pushed her wet hair from her forehead and held back her head that he might look into her eyes. The name by which he called her was the name of her who had been a wife to him in Petersburg long years ago. When she would have drawn back from him shudderingly, the words of love gave place to threats and ravings; he seized her by both wrists and would have kissed her upon the lips. She screamed with fear and rolled from his embrace.

Long minutes passed before either moved. The leper had risen again and once more looked out into the night; Marian was sobbing with hysterical sobs which shook her fragile body as leaves are shaken by the wind.

"Paul!" she moaned. "Oh, my God, Paul, come to me!"

Faintly across the sea the answer came. The madman listened to it with head erect and hand stayed. Once, twice, the cry was raised, the hail of English voices. To the little wanderer it was as the music of heaven itself. Courage seemed to rush into her heart, to fire her will. She leaped up from the bows of the boat and sprang into the sea. A loud, demoniacal laugh followed her as the spuming sea closed over her head. It was the laughter of the leper, who had forgotten her again.

The sea was still as a lake in summer; the moon, new risen, cast a glow of silvery light upon the sleeping lagoon. Marian felt the water cold and sweet upon her face. She had been a swimmer since her childhood; she swam now as one hunted in the seas. Onward toward the cry of English voices! God would not drag her down, she said; she thought already to feel her lover's embrace. Life might be before her yet; the life with him she had left. Tomorrow she might nestle on his shoulder again, and tell him that nothing now should carry her from his side. Though her clothes were soaked and weighty, though the gentle waves rolled often over her mouth, she swam on with courage unbroken. "I go to Paul," she said. "Oh, God, help me, I cannot die here!" The nether world seemed open to receive her; but the stars shone above, the gate of heaven was her lamp in the sky. A future of love and affection was imagined of her awakened brain.

"Paul," she cried, "come to me! I will not die!"

There was the pathos of an eternity of suffering in the prayer; but the night of her life was at an end, and the God given day was about to dawn. Even as she cried out, and thought that cold hands were dragging her down to the icy depths below, a boat shot out from the loom of the darkness; strong arms gripped her; she saw her lover bending over her; she saw the starlit heaven; warm lips kissed her forehead; she was crushed in a close embrace—the embrace of a man who held her to him as though never more in life should she escape his arms again.

"Beloved, it is I, Paul! Oh, God be thanked, she lives, she lives!"

Swiftly he bore her to the Esmeralda and to her cabin. She had no strength to speak to him, but holding both his hands she fell into a sweet sleep, and while she slept the gardens of England were opened for her.

* * * *

At dawn of the day, the Esmeralda sighted in the far distance one of the warships of the Baltic fleet. But old John hitched up his breeches at the spectacle and expressed himself as he was wont to do.

"To blazes with that!" said he. "They're the wrong side of us this time, mates. We'll be in Stockholm afore eight bells."

Old John spoke a true word.

XXI.

On the morning of the fifteenth day after the flight from Kronstadt, Paul sat at the open window of his apartment in the Strand. The bells of St. Martin's at Charing Cross had just chimed half past nine; the streets below his window were alive with the hum of voices and live echo of steps. He had visited London once or twice in the days of his tutelage, but this spectacle of massed humanity, of countless men surging towards the east in quest of the daily wage, was as new and wonderful to him as when first he beheld it. That vast multitude, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left—what tragedies and comedies of life it played every day! All the notes of the social scale seemed written upon that human score. Spruce stockbrokers lolled in hansom cabs on their way to 'change; sleek barristers thrust themselves through the press as though the briefs they had waited for these long years lay today upon their tables; clerks from the suburbs passed with slow step or fast, as the office hours dictated; smart girls carried themselves proudly, buoyed up with consciousness of sex and environment; busses lumbered by with a

harvest of human grain heaped upon their roofs; only the clergy dallied before shop windows or sauntered contentedly in the sunlight.

Paul had heard of London as an abode of gloom, a city without a sky, a mighty capital of fog and mists. This morning of a glorious spring gave the lie to the reproach. Notwithstanding that April had many days still to run, the sun shone warmingly; the air was fresh and sweet, as though blowing upon the city from a perfumed garden. And to this sweetness of morning was added the comfort of the English rooms he had engaged for himself and his "sister," Marian. It had been a solemn compact between them that she should not communicate with her English friends, should not even see them, until that future they loved to speak of was something more than the dream of lovers. And she had respected the understanding as though it were a law to her.

"I owe my life to you," she had said. "I will see no one, speak to no one, until you wish it. But I must write to Dick."

"And tell them that you are in England!" he exclaimed a little anxiously. "If you write, they will come here—they will ask you for your secrets. I know that you will tell them nothing; but I do not wish you to see them; I do not wish to meet the man who tempted you."

"I will not see him, Paul, dearest—God knows, if you asked me, I would never see him again."

She had begun to understand her lover wholly at this time; to understand him with that intimate appreciation of moods which nothing but the magnetism of one mind for another can generate. Great as was his love for her, the thought that she carried in her clever head those secrets of which he had been the guardian haunted him the more now that she was in England, a free agent beyond the reach of the Russian. A soldier's creed of honor was ever upon his lips. "I will not betray my country," he said always. He knew that marriage would seal her lips forever. But until they stood before the altar together, he must rely absolutely upon her promise. What their future was to be he scarce dared to think. The son of a Russian noble, he knew not how to serve. A stranger in a strange country, what miracle should give him livelihood? If he married at once, it would be to cast himself blindly upon the sea of life, trusting that some wind of destiny would carry him to a friendly shore. A great sympathy for her prevailed even above his passionate longing to call her wife.

"We are two children drifting on the road of love," he said. "God alone knows where the journey will carry us; but we will be together always, shall we not, Marian?"

She put her arms about his neck.

"We shall not drift while I have a home in your heart," she said.

That was upon the day after they had arrived in London. They had gravitated toward the city, drawn there by no impulse that was defined, but only by the hope that London would befriend them. Much as Marian desired to see her child brother again, yearn as she might for the lanes and villages of Devonshire, she did not speak of the desires to her lover. Had he asked her, she would have gone with him, on the day of their arrival, straight to some church and there have given herself to him forever. She welcomed the remembrance that it was hers now to play the strong part. She would comfort him and compel him to forget. For her sake he had cut himself off from friends and fortune. His courage, which had saved her at Kronstadt, here moved her to pity. A child lost in a maze of streets could not have been more helpless than the man she loved, cast out by fortune to this city of exile. She began to plan that she might work for him, might build the home of her promise. The desperate task did not affright her.

"If I had my health, if I could have the child near me, it would be easy," she thought. "These are the days when a clever woman earns a living for herself in London, and I have brains."

The ambition was well enough, but the execution lagged. They had come from Stockholm straight to this apartment by Charing Cross; and there, passing as brother and sister—no difficult achievement, since Paul spoke English fluently—they waited for the light. She obeyed his wish—that her coming should be kept secret—implicitly. Of her few friends in London, none knew that she had left Kronstadt. She did not write to the child; she never left her rooms. Paul, in his turn, remembered that one who had been a comrade of his student days, Feodor Talvi, of Novgorod, was now at the Russian embassy in Chesham Square. He wrote to him and to his kinsman, Prince Tolma, telling them of his condition and of his purpose. "I am no traitor to Russia," he wrote. "I am here to keep her secrets, not to betray them."

The letters were despatched; but many days passed and no answer was vouchsafed. On the fifteenth day, when Paul sat at his window waiting for Marian to come down to breakfast, he began to tell himself that his friends would be friends to him no more. He had thought his kinsman Tolma to be a man of broad mind and generous impulses,

one who had rounded off the corners of convention and of narrowness in the friction of many cities. But the earnest appeal he had despatched to Paris remained unanswered. He said that the prince was not in the city; he was at Monaco or cruising in his yacht. He would not believe that one who had loved him as a son would desert him in this hour of misfortune; he shrank from the truth and hid it from his understanding.

Marian entered the sitting room while he was still musing at the window. She crossed it with girlish step, and bent down quickly to kiss his cheek. Regardless of time or place he sprang up and took her in his arms.

"*Carissima!*" he said, for his speech, like that of all Russians, was polygenous—"*carissima*, you bring me back to earth again! And you have roses on your cheeks today. There is no doctor like one's own country. You have slept, *petite?*"

She would not tell him of her night of waking; nor had he eyes to see that the flush upon her cheeks was a flush of weakness.

"I sleep always, dearest," she said with a light laugh; "you must not worry about that."

He pushed her back from him, still holding her hands.

"Oh," he said, "and that is our new bodice! Am I not a good modiste, little one? Is it not splendid? I shall open a shop here, and you will make my fortune."

She kissed his hands and turned to the breakfast table.

"I shall send you to buy my dresses when we are married," she exclaimed. "You won't mind them laughing."

"I mind? *Sapristi!* Did I mind yesterday when I bought the 'triumph,' and twelve young ladies fitted it on for me, and the *boutiquier* himself carried it to the cab. *Nom de Dieu!* It was a procession, and I was the flag. You shall lose your clothes again and get another cold, Marian. It will amuse me—to buy your dresses."

He had shopped for her on the previous day, for she carried no dresses from Russia, and Stockholm had furnished her with a poor wardrobe. Her promise not to go abroad in the streets of London she kept faithfully, as much from will as from weakness. The chill and horror of her night at the Island of the Holy Well had eaten into her little store of strength. She feared that some dangerous illness would overtake her and that he would be alone to wage the unequal war.

"You have letters, dear?" she asked him, while she poured out his tea and busied herself with the breakfast.

He shook his head a little sadly.

"Feodor Talvi cannot be in London; I shall hear from him the day he arrives. We were as brothers; he will listen to me, at least. As for Tolma, it will be sooner or later. He is not a man of this city or of that. He makes the world his home, and wherever the sun shines there is his fireside. But I know that he will help me when my letter reaches him. He cares nothing for tongues or tattle. He has called me his son since I was twelve years old. I wrote to him as to a father. While we wait for their help we have two hundred English pounds to spend. When we have spent those, there is the Esmeralda to sell. I shall order her to the Island of Wight, where all your yachting people go, and she will bring us twenty thousand rubles at the least. That will give us time to think and to plan. I have thought a little already, and the way seems clearer to me. After all, a strong man does not starve when he is willing to work. I can teach the Russian language, if the worst comes, and box the ears of little boys who will not learn."

He laughed merrily at the idea and passed his cup for tea. She would not tell him that she could not share his hopes; her face wore a bright smile when she lifted it to look at him.

"You are making a home of England already, Paul," she said. "I am happy to think it is so. It will all come right by and by when I am strong and can work again. You must not forget me when you speak of your plans. I could not be an idle woman; I should go mad."

"You shall be the mistress of my house," he answered with a touch of the old pride. "I am the heir of Tolma, and I shall know how to find a home for you——"

"Yes, but while we wait, dear; there is no dishonor here in England because a woman works. You were not born for the things you speak of; you do not know the difficulties. It is I who have learned how to face the world, and not to fear what people call independence. Your friends may write to you or they may not; but it will help us both if there are no drones in the hive. You will be happy because I am happy. And I shall come to forgive myself then."

"There is nothing to forgive," he said tenderly. "God knows, it is happiness enough to hear your voice all day, and to tell myself that I shall kiss you when the morning comes! By and by, I shall not wait for the morning—that will be when the priest has spoken. You understand, little one?"

They had risen from the table and stood together in the shadow. He drew her to him winningly and kissed her white face again and again.

"I understand, dearest—a little," she said, with a new flush upon her cheeks.

"A little? Is it not more than that? You still ask yourself questions as you did at Kronstadt?"

"Certainly I ask myself questions, but not the questions of carnival."

"You want to run away again?"

"Oh, yes; when I am strong enough."

He looked into her eyes questioningly. The love of the jest was written plainly upon them.

"Arrivons," he said. "Where would you run to, here in London?"

"To the church," she whispered—and so hid her head upon his shoulder.

A knock upon the door of the room put them apart. She turned to the glass to straighten her hair while he tore open a telegram which the slut of the house delivered triumphantly, as though she carried letters of gold.

"For the gentleming," she said with great satisfaction, "and he's a waiting."

Marian looked over Paul's shoulder to read the message.

'It is from your friends, dearest?" she asked anxiously.

"It is from Feodor Talvi," he answered, while the hand which offered her the paper shook with pleasure and excitement. "I am to go to him at once. I told you that we were as brothers. Read that, and write the answer for me. I will see him today—now. There are no more troubles, thank God."

He began to search about for his hat and gloves, and did not see the shadow of doubt which flitted upon her face. When the message was written, she gave him instructions for his momentous journey to South Audley Street, where the house of Talvi was.

"You must take a cab, and it must wait for you," she said determinedly. "I have a good mind to pin a card inside the flap of your coat—or you will forget where we live. You will not let him keep you long, will you, dearest?"

"He shall not keep me an hour; he shall come here to be presented. We will all go to the great hotel to dine together. I told you that my friends would not desert me."

He babbled on incessantly while she picked threads from his new frock coat, and pinned in his buttonhole a spray of the lilies he had bought her. When they had said good by for the tenth time, she watched him from the window, a manly figure, broad and confident in the throng below. Many turned to look at one who carried himself with such a fine air; but he saw nothing save the white face at the window—the face for which he had dared all and had brought himself to this land of exile.

"She shall be my wife before the week has run," he said to himself as he went. "I care for nothing when she is near me."

* * * *

The hour of his promise passed swiftly and found Marian still waiting for the sound of his steps upon the stair. A second hour was numbered, and a third. She began to count the minutes; she took her stand at last by the open window and scanned the faces of all who came eastward. But his face was not among them. When six o'clock struck, and the throngs were hurrying home again, and Paul did not return, there came to her suddenly the thought that some peril had overtaken him. She remembered that the hand of the Russian is everywhere active. She began to blame herself that she had permitted him to leave her. Since that night of nameless horror upon the sea, her shattered nerves were quick to bring foreboding upon her.

"Oh, my God!" she said, at last, "if they have trapped him here in London!"

Dusk succeeded to the sunshine of the day; night loomed upon the city; but Marian continued to watch at her window and to pray God that no ill had befallen the man she loved.

(To be continued.)

THE PEBBLES.

REST we here in the dark green grasses;
A bed of my arms for thee I'll make;
And up above, where the white cloud passes,
The depths you shall see of a great blue lake.

The white clouds there are swans, my dearest;
Snow white swans on a lake of blue,
As white as the very love thou fearest;
Thy soul is the same pure white in hue.

And down, down, down, where the blue lake's deepest,
See the pebbles that keep it pure,
The gold star pebbles, the deepest, steepest;
The gold star pebbles that ay endure.

Tom Hall.

THE STAGE

HENRY IRVING'S AMERICAN PLAYS.

When the news of the failure of "Peter the Great" at the Lyceum, in London, was received in this country, the hearts of fully a score of American dramatists leaped with joy, as each one said to himself: "Now perhaps Irving will follow the advice that I have been giving him persistently ever since I first knew him, and produce the play that he bought from me so long ago."

Other people besides dramatists may have wondered, too, why it is that the famous English actor buys so many American plays, according to newspaper account, and never puts a single one of them on the stage. It is true that he has bought plays from some of the best known dramatists in the country, paying for each one a liberal sum of money as an advance on royalties. The first playwright so honored was Henry Guy Carleton, who sold him a scenario before Sir Henry Irving had been six weeks in America—a transaction which gave the actor so much advertising of a laudatory nature that he determined to repeat it on the first convenient occasion.

Since then Irving has bought several American dramas, and every time he has done it the papers have teemed with praise of him as one who believes in American genius, and was glad to give it practical encouragement. It is doubtful if he has even read some of the plays which have come into his possession in this way, and it is tolerably certain that he will never produce any of them. Moreover, so long as he can obtain several thousand dollars' worth of free newspaper advertising for five hundred dollars offered in the form of an advance on royalties, just so long will he continue to raise hopes that are destined to be forever unfulfilled in the breasts of the playwrights of America.

It should not be forgotten, however, that Sir Henry Irving actually pays something to the writers whom he encourages in this way, whereas most foreign actors and managers satisfy themselves with raising hopes, and endeavor to get a little advertising without spending a single cent for it.

ADA REHAN'S UNDERSTUDY.

Among our portraits is one of Lettice Fairfax, the young English actress who made her first appearance with the Daly company last winter in "Number Nine." Later she was *Anne Page* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and one night, when Ada Rehan was suddenly indisposed, she took her place as *Peggy* in "The Country Girl."

Her last engagement in London before sailing was in "One Summer's Day," as *Irene*, the part filled in Mr. Drew's production by May Buckley. She has been on the stage five years, and among the characters she has portrayed are *Cinderella* in the extravaganza of that name made familiar here by Ellaline Terriss, and *Amy* in "Charley's Aunt." At the Gaiety she played Cissy Loftus' rôles.

SOUSA AND HIS "BRIDE ELECT."

As a rule the credit for any success a comic opera may achieve is distributed among so many individuals that there is no good reason for any one of them to acquire an enlarged cranium. There is the composer, the librettist—not seldom two librettists—and generally either the comedian or the prima donna who stars in the piece. Sousa's new opera, "The Bride Elect," is a novelty in this respect. He wrote the story, the music, and the lyrics, and the company producing it has been selected with great care to prevent any one member of it from overtopping the others.

Of course there was the possibility in the other direction to be considered—that the full ignominy of failure would descend with equal certainty on the same shining mark, but at this writing Boston and Philadelphia have both congratulated "The Bride Elect," and she comes to the metropolis with a good measure of confidence.

As Mr. Sousa confided to a reporter last summer, he did not have as much experience as some of his friends in writing librettos, although "El Capitan" owes to him the words of "The Typical Tune of Zanzibar." In this same interview he mentioned that the popping of firecrackers on the Fourth at Manhattan Beach had inspired him to write one of his liveliest airs for the new opera.

We give a portrait of Christie MacDonald, who fills an important part in "The Bride Elect," and who, until this season, has been for some time with Francis Wilson.

CRANE AND HIS PLAYS.

There is a romantic interest attaching to three of the Southern States which makes them of special and peculiar service to the playwright. These three are Louisiana,

LETTICE FAIRFAX.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, London.

Kentucky, and Virginia, and that dramatists have recognized their value in this respect is attested by the fact that each has figured in the title of a play. Virginia is perhaps more popular than its two companions, but chords in the human heart to which every normal man and woman is responsive, and then, when in the last act the gate itself is revealed, beautiful in the time of sunrise, the conquest is complete."

CHRISTIE MACDONALD IN "THE BRIDE ELECT."
From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.

that may be owing to its longer history, and its correspondingly richer endowment of interesting traditions and tender memories.

Charles Frohman expressed the whole matter happily when, in a talk with Mr. Crane not long ago regarding the reason for the great success of "A Virginia Courtship," he said:

"It is the Lovers' Gate. The references to this trysting place all through the play touch

"It is this heart interest the people want," remarked Mr. Crane to the writer in the above connection. "I have often declared that I could stop the whole piece by simply turning my head in the second act. Be the thread that holds your play together ever so slender, let it be made of the right stuff and you are a safe winner. Why has 'The Senator' lasted me so long? Because it expresses honest conviction which makes it as

true to life today as when it was written, now nearly ten years ago.

"When I produced 'A Fool of Fortune' last season, advisers declared that I would ruin the play with the public by dying in the last act.

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP."

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

"'Then I do not play it under that title,' was my response, 'for if *Elisha Cunningham* comes out on the top of the wave after all, he is not the fool the name affirms him to be.'"

Mr. Crane's great success as a star has given him no airs. He is simple, unaffected, courteous in manner, and without any exalted notion of his own abilities.

"I go on the stage and do the best I can," he says, in speaking of his acting, "and am quite ready to believe that there are those in my company who are better players than myself."

A STAR'S DELIGHT.

Any one who has seen "The Master," Henry Miller's new play, even though he may not like it, can readily understand why it appeals so strongly to a star. The chief actor is on the stage almost constantly, and has the center of it to his heart's content. Two characters, highly important to the action, have exceedingly brief appearances, one of them—the son—coming on only in the first act, and the other—the daughter—being seen only in the first and at the very end of the third.

This part is played by Margaret Dale, a

MARGARET DALE.
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

newcomer to the metropolitan boards, although she was with Mr. Miller on the road at the beginning of the season, replacing Grace Kimball in "Heartsease." She is a Philadelphia girl, and her people are in no way connected with the stage. But George Holland—brother to Joe and E. M.—is a friend of theirs, and was in the habit of giving Miss Dale lessons in elocution. When she announced her intention of entering the profession, he offered her a position in his stock company at the Girard Avenue, where she remained three years as ingénue.

Miss Dale has a pleasing stage presence, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Miller's next play will give her a better part.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Nathan Hale," produced by Nat Goodwin during his Chicago engagement, seems to have pleased the people greatly; the critics were not so outspoken in their admiration. Certain it is, however, that not since "Beau Brummel" has Clyde Fitch done anything on so high a plane, and theater goers everywhere should be deeply indebted to Mr. Goodwin for giving so fine a production of an American historical play. Reports on this score are unanimous; from the opening scene in the schoolhouse at New London, where *Hale* makes love to *Alice Adams*, to the orchard on Colonel Rutgers' farm in New York, where he stands beneath the hangman's noose, the outfitting of the piece is in the highest degree true and tasteful.

And there is one other point on which all who have seen the new venture are agreed—the excellent work of Maxine Elliott as *Alice*. "I love my part," Miss Elliott says

MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

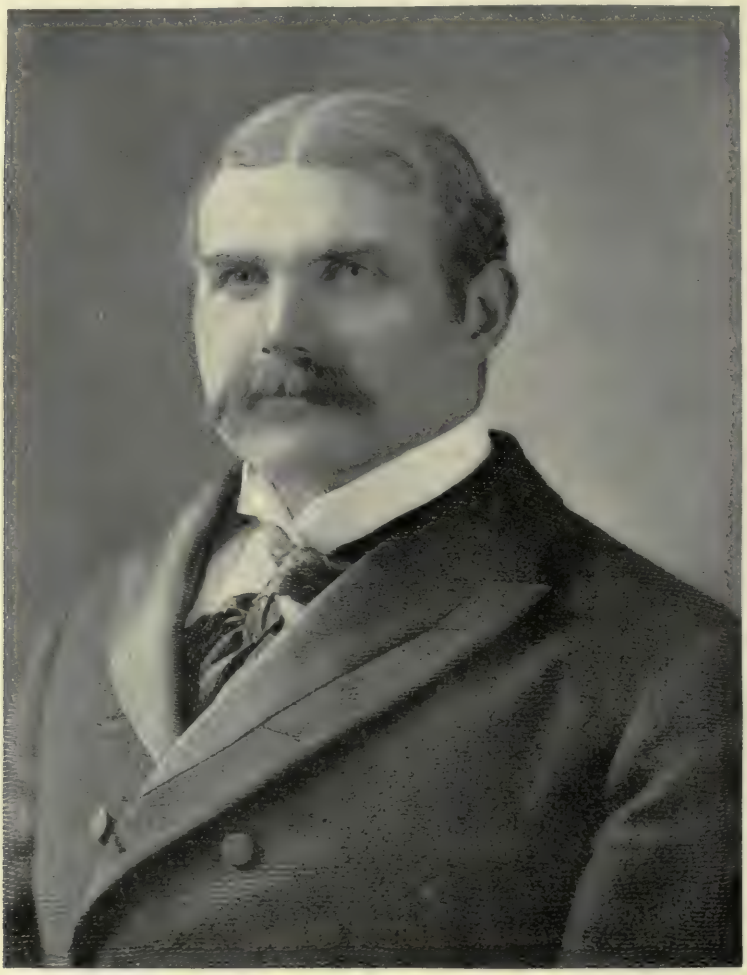
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

of it herself, adding, "In fact, it is the only opportunity I have ever had for emotional work." The prominent Chicago critic who was most severe on both Mr. Goodwin and the play said of the leading woman that "she was indeed an ideal sweetheart for *Nathan Hale*, and won new and well deserved admiration. In sustained and difficult emotional acting she held the laboring oar, and several times startled and delighted the audience by the grace, refinement and adequacy of her work. The coquetry of the first act, the joyous abandon of the scene in which she anticipates the coming of her lover, and the anguish of the final incidents, were all expressed with unexpected power."

"This is Miss Elliott's play," said another reviewer; "the first, perhaps, that she has ever had. In four acts she changes from a girl to a woman. In the second act she played sweet and coquettish seventeen with perfect abandon; in the last she held the audience in contemplation of her grief with the firmest possible grip, although she never uttered a word while on the stage. In every way hers was a notable performance."

MUNSEY'S has said before that Maxine Elliott was much more than a merely beautiful woman. More serious minded than many of her sisters in the profession, she has applied herself industriously to the study of the deeper things in her art, patiently abiding her opportunity, which appears to have come at last.

The company will present "An American Citizen" and repertoire for the remainder of the season, reserving "Nathan Hale" for the New York opening at the Knickerbocker next fall. This will be an extremely interesting occasion, as it will decide finally and once for all the fate of the Fitch play.



BURR MCINTOSH.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

BURR MCINTOSH AND HIS SISTER.

For some years past realism has been rampant on the stage so far as regards farmyards, waterfalls, and horse races. Now college life is to take its turn, for in the new play by Burr McIntosh, "College Days," we are told that not only will the men representing four leading universities—Yale, Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania—be actual members of their college dramatic clubs, but they will also be capable of playing the banjos, guitars, and mandolins introduced in the action, thus doing away with the pitiful dumb show business which invariably grates on an audience.

Burr McIntosh was last seen in New York as the stalwart hero of "At Piney Ridge," but he is best remembered as the creator of *Taffy* in "Trilby." He was brought up in Pittsburg, and after attending college at both Lafayette and Princeton, settled in Philadelphia in 1883 as a journalist. But he had always been active in amateur theatricals, and two years later he made his professional début in New York in Bartley Campbell's "Paquita." Later he played in "In Mizzoura," and after the "Trilby" days he spent a season with Crane in "The Governor of Kentucky." He is a general favorite with theater goers, as is also his sister Nancy, who leaves Daly to become associated with her brother in "College Days."

Miss McIntosh began her professional career in England, appearing there under the auspices of W. S. Gilbert. She made her début in this country some three years ago in " His Excellency." Her refinement and grace are equal factors with her exceptionally sweet toned voice in giving her high rank among the light opera singers of the contemporary stage.

NANCY MCINTOSH.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

IDA CONQUEST.

It is nine years since the " Pinafore " craze swept the country like a devastating plague. Nothing like it was ever known before, and it is not probable that a similar loss of head over a play can ever occur again. We realize now what it means.

Nevertheless, the profession secured some noteworthy accessions from among the vast throng of babies, church singers, and amateurs generally, whom the thirst for novel renderings of the popular opera hurried on the stage. Prominent in the number is Ida Conquest, now second to Viola Allen in the Empire stock company.

She was only four years old when she went on in one of the juvenile companies at the Boston Museum as *Little Buttercup*. She played the part a whole season, then retired from the stage, to go to school and attend Franklin Sargent's Dramatic Academy, from which, five years ago, she stepped into her first adult engagement. This was with Daniel Frohman, from whom she passed to

IDA CONQUEST AS "BABIOLE" IN "THE CONQUERORS."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

A. M. Palmer, and thence to Charles Frohman. With him she has remained ever since, so that in her entire career, during which she has played more than twenty five parts, she has been associated only with prominent stock companies.

Late last spring she won golden opinions for her assumption of the leading rôle in "Under the Red Robe" after Miss Allen's departure for Europe, and her versatility is shown by the readiness with which she lends the necessary jauntiness and dash to a part of an exactly opposite description—that of *Babiole* in "The Conquerors." This spring she goes to London with William Gillette as his leading woman in "Too Much Johnson."

"ADELAIDE."

Praise an artist for his poetry and an actor for his singing, if you would make a pleasant impression. For this reason, no doubt, Mr. David Bispham took more satisfaction in his presentation of the maestro in "Adelaide" than in all his vocal triumphs put together. A man naturally resents being looked on as an incarnate voice, and this proof that he could win applause without a note to help him must have been deeply gratifying to the singer.

Mr. Bispham himself assisted in adapting from the German this brief "romance in Beethoven's life," which, like "Chatterton," is doubly moving because we cannot for a moment forget that the man before us really lived, and actually suffered as we see him suffering. The play weaves together Beethoven's anguish under the tragic secret of his deafness and his love for *Adelaide*—the most loveful name in the world as sung in its German form with an imploring wail on the fourth syllable.

Mr. Bispham gave a strong picture of the great composer, rough and bearish and pitifully lonely, tormented by people whose voices he could not hear, yet too bitterly proud to acknowledge his infirmity. It takes all Beethoven's love to bring him to that passionate confession at the end—"The gates of my mind are closed. I am deaf." The curtain fell on an audience that sat silent for a moment before it gave its applause, and went out subdued, with lowered eyes. Play and players could have had no better tribute.

Mr. Bispham was well supported, Miss Julie Opp making a beautiful *Adelaide*.

Jessie Millward, leading woman with the late William Terriss, has been engaged o succeed Viola Allen in the Empire company. Miss Allen dislikes her part in "The Conquerors" extremely, and rumor runs that she wished some stipulation in her contract that would obviate the necessity of playing a rôle that was personally disagreeable to her. In this connection, we may say that the newspaper "confession" quoted from in our February issue was all wrong in intimating that Miss Allen has no sympathy with light comedy parts.

"I love to play comedy," she recently informed the writer; "simply adore it."

MUNSEY'S gladly makes the correction, and trusts that her highest hopes in the matter of securing a suitable play may be realized if her secession from the Empire stock means a new star in the dramatic constellation.

* * * *

Is it not about time that we should take the production of our plays in London as a matter of course, instead of making so much newspaper talk over such an event that it looks as if we are surprised that they should be found good enough? It is all very well to felicitate ourselves on such a hit as "Secret Service" made, but the bad taste is found in the column long announcements of contracts signed for the transportation of shows across the Atlantic. It is not only bad taste, but bad business policy as well, for the chances of failure are even, and in that case the manager desires silence as eagerly as he would wish publicity were the verdict the other way.

Again, there are the false reports. Last spring it was blazoned abroad that the Bostonians were going to invade England with "The Serenade." They never went, and the public who read the announcement and saw nothing come of it were left to conclude that John Bull decided he didn't want them, after all.

* * * *

Rice bids fair to become as famous for his failures, or perhaps his ability to bear up under them, as for his successes. His star was in the ascendant with "1492," "Excelsior, Jr.," and "The Girl from Paris." It began to pale a little with "The French Maid," it cast but a faintly cheering radiance over the critics with "The Ballet Girl," and with "Monte Carlo" one might have thought it snuffed out altogether as a result of the next day's notices.

What is the matter? Too much British alleged humor. The American made interpolations in his last two or three productions have been the hits of the piece. But it takes more than a song or two and a sight of Old Glory at the finish to make an evening's success. Let Mr. Rice go back to home talent in his authors, for a while at least.

STORIETTES

A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

"TWENTY FOUR, and there has never been a man in love with me yet. It's very mortifying," said Corinne—not out loud, of course. "To be sure, there's Donald. I can flaunt him in the world's eyes, and save my reputation, and give the girls something to tease me about. But if anything could be more unexciting! He never hurts me or frightens me or thrills me in any way. He could go over to any other girl in town, and I don't believe I'd feel a pang—oh, except in my vanity, perhaps. I sit in tête-à-tête corners with him and keep up appearances by looking as adored as I can, and all the time he's talking about horrid, rational things that would be just as suited to his grandmother. It's no fair. Why, my mother had adorers by the dozen—beaux, I mean. She says she did, any way. That was in the good old days when men proposed and girls refused them. Ah, me!" And Corinne sighed, her head drooping on her hand.

"You don't look very cheerful for a girl with a birthday on," said a voice behind her.

"That you, Donald?" she said without turning, holding up one hand over her shoulder to him that he might—well, he shook it, friendly fashion, and dropped into the big leather chair beside her.

"The books were beautiful," she said. "I've written you a note about them."

"I thought perhaps you'd rather have a good standard set for your library than some flimsy silver thing," Donald said, stretching comfortably.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" but Corinne sighed again. "I'm blue," she said fretfully. "Do cheer me up."

He looked puzzled at this personal appeal.

"Shall I tell you about——"

"Oh, don't tell me about anything!" she broke in, exasperated into sudden frankness. "I hate to be told about things."

Donald sat up straight and stared at her.

"I'm not a child, to be entertained with stories and anecdotes," she went on remorselessly. "You always talk *to* me, not with me. Well as I have known you, we have never had a conversation you couldn't have held just as well with any one. It's stupid to be so everlastingly impersonal."

The murder was out. Corinne's heart was pounding like a runaway horse, and Donald was looking hurt, angry, and deeply astonished.

"I suppose I've lost my one ewe lamb," ran through her head. But her blood was up and she would not retract.

"If I had known I was boring you——" he began.

She broke in impatiently.

"You don't bore me. It's just that we might have so much more fun out of our friendship. For all we—we like each other so much"—Donald's face unbent a little—"we never get really confidential or intimate, or tell each other things we wouldn't tell any one else. We just talk about facts. Why, we might both of us have been married years and years—married to other people, I mean—or——" Corinne was stumbling blindly in her haste to get away from that unfortunate remark.

"Or brother and sister?" he suggested, generously coming to her aid.

"I do want some excitement. I'm tired of just jogging along," she said. "I didn't mean to blaze out at you, Donald, but my mind was so full of it. I've known nearly all the men here since I was a little girl, and I can't get up any illusions about them—or they about me. We know everything about one another."

"Everything?" Donald's tone narrowed the subject down to personalities.

"Well, you have been right under my eyes all my life, except for those five years in Australia, and I'm sure you have told me enough about them. We can't be confidential, for there's nothing to confide. It's very tame."

Donald was staring thoughtfully at the carpet.

"There are one or two things I've never told anybody," he said slowly—"things about Australia. It isn't a very pretty story, and yet—I want to tell it to you. Shall I?"

Corinne was half elated, half frightened, at the seriousness of his tone. She nodded assent.

"Well, there was a girl out there, one of the most beautiful women I ever saw," he began. "Nobody knew much about her, and women rather let her alone, on general principles, but the men didn't. The first time I ever saw her she was lying on the ground in front of a huge camp fire, leaning up against a great brute of a hound. It made me shudder the way she pushed her fingers between his teeth. She was large, any way, and the wavering firelight made her look gigantic. I had always before thought

of a woman as a sort of tame creature about the house, but that night—it was like discovering a new sex."

Corinne's elation had died a violent death. The beauty of this unknown woman roused in her a strange resentment, but she listened breathlessly.

"A raw young American, who had lived all his life in a small town, was a mere toy to this woman. It did not take her fifteen minutes to master him body and soul. If you could have seen her, you would understand it better. You might have hated her, but you could not have ignored her magnetism. She was witch and devil and woman all in one."

He stopped, as though the telling were difficult, and Corinne sat strangely oppressed. She grew heartsick with the knowledge that she could never shut down the lid she had so thoughtlessly opened. That phrase, "tame creature about the house," beat about her ears with cruel persistence. She looked at Donald with new eyes, and felt herself suddenly humbled.

"For three months she kept her new plaything dangling between heaven and hell," he went on. "Then—she married it."

"Married!" whispered Corinne. There was a strange sinking in her chest, and she felt very cold.

"Yes. Some fool had told her a yarn about a millionaire father in America. When, a few weeks later, she found out it was not true, she and her hideous dog went off with another man, leaving the toy to mend itself as best it could."

In the silence that followed, he seemed to have forgotten Corinne, who sat pale and still, with her world topsy turvy at her feet. Then he glanced at her, and a sudden flush rose in his face.

"The poor fellow blew his brains out," he added hurriedly.

"The man she went off with?"

"Oh, no; this raw young American. He was a friend of mine. I did all I could to save him from her, but he was simply mad. We both met her the same night, and I saw the whole affair. Why, my dear girl, don't! I shouldn't have told you about it, but it was the only exciting story I was ever involved in, and you wanted something interesting."

"You did it on purpose," sobbed Corinne.

Donald looked terribly ashamed of himself, but her face was hidden and she did not see. She only felt his arm on her shoulders.

"I had no idea the story would upset you so when you didn't know the people," he said innocently. "She was a strange woman. I might have been bewitched myself if there hadn't been a girl here at home who was always in the back of my mind when she wasn't filling the whole front of it. I didn't know then that she found me utterly uninteresting."

Corinne buried her face against his coat.

"Oh, Donald, I don't!" she whispered. "I—I hate things exciting!"

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE STEPPING STONE OF A DEAD SELF.

"At three o'clock he is coming," said Helena, "and then—the last of these business matters! He has proved a good and trusty friend, and poor papa's high opinion of him has been verified."

It was now a quarter before three, and while she awaited his coming her thoughts went back to the first time she had seen him, on that eventful day eighteen months before. She had been returning home from a visit, and he had sat opposite to her for half a day in the drawingroom car. She had noticed with some amusement his complete absorption in a volume of Coleridge and his apparent obliviousness to all outward surroundings.

But when the awful crash of the collision came—just as the train was about reaching its destination—it was he whose quickness had saved her from certain death, whose strong arms had held her up and at last had borne her out from that scene of horror into safety. And it was he who had led the little band of rescuers again and again into the wreck in a noble effort to save the injured, until he himself had been carried out from a burning car, bleeding and insensible, with a great gash over his eyes.

She had not allowed this brave man to whom she owed her life to be carried away to a hospital, but had taken him directly to her own home, where the best medical care and skilled attendance was immediately obtained for him.

She remembered her father's look of amazement and perplexity when she had arrived with the insensible man in the carriage beside her; and she remembered, too, his hearty approval as soon as he had heard the story, and his keen satisfaction afterwards when he discovered that his involuntary guest was Barry Stevens, who—though unknown in the world of society—was a man standing high in the business world and notable for his rectitude, cleverness, and sagacity.

While the injured man was slowly convalescing, Helena's father had cultivated his society, and in spite of the difference in their years a deep and lasting friendship had

sprung up between them. But although he and she had been housemates at the time for several weeks, Helena had not seen their guest until the day of his departure, and then his extreme reserve had somewhat puzzled her.

And after this, in spite of her father's continual endeavors, it had proved impossible to prevail upon their late guest to be present at any of their larger social functions, although on a few notable occasions he had been persuaded to accept their invitations to small and informal dinners.

On those occasions she had observed him curiously. He was keen, well read, a good though not brilliant talker, and with men he was entirely at his ease and his words evidently carried weight. But toward women he was silent and reserved. He seldom addressed even her—his hostess—although she noticed that he paid her the rare compliment of listening whenever she spoke, no matter how much that was better worth hearing might be going on about him. But he never voluntarily approached her, and at last his avoidance piqued her.

Her father talked much about him. "A fine fellow, my dear. I not only like, I honor him. I suppose some would call him a self made man, but *I* say that God never made a finer, truer gentleman. He apparently divides his time between his business and his books, and I never knew a more finely cultivated mind or a man with higher ideals. His friendship is indeed a treasure, and I am happy in having won it. You think he does not like you? You are mistaken, my dear; he is no ladies' man, he is too reserved and diffident, but he admires you sincerely—quite as much, I think, as *I* admire him."

So some six months had passed. And then one day, as Helena sat reading in the library awaiting her father's return at the accustomed hour, she heard a footstep and said brightly, "Father dear, is it you?"

Then she looked up and saw Barry Stevens' agitated face. She arose with a faint cry. "What is it? My father? Oh, he is not *dead?*"

But she read the truth in his pitying eyes, and, overcome with the sudden violence of her emotion, she fell senseless into his outstretched arms.

From that merciful blank of oblivion murmured words of endearment and the pressure of lips upon her hair recalled her to herself. And though her eyes opened again upon the reserved and silent man, the memory of his unutterable tenderness had helped her through the first awful days and weeks of her bereavement.

They had been thrown much together since that time, for her father had made Barry Stevens and herself coexecutors of his will, and although she had found his manner unchanged toward her, at first she was grateful for his reserve. But, sure of his love, she had expected him to speak when time had softened the first bitterness of her grief.

But time had gone on until a whole year had now elapsed. Why had he not spoken? What was the reason of his continued silence—if he cared? And that he did care deeply Helena was sure.

What was the secret of his life? Had there been some other love—before he had known her?

She smothered a sigh and rose with extended hand to greet the man himself, who had appeared as the clock was striking three.

"Punctual as ever," she said, with a smile.

He had come to explain to her the many papers of importance which were now to remain in her hands. And when they were finally locked away in her cabinet, she said to him, "You must be glad that the end of all this has come."

"It has been my greatest pleasure to be of service to you," he replied; "and so it will be should I ever be able to serve you, in any way, again."

She sat thoughtful for a moment, playing with a letter, stamped and sealed, which she had written earlier in the day. Then she looked up at him and said quietly, "You can serve me again, now. Help me to make a decision. I have tried to do it alone, but I want—your advice."

His eyes rested attentively upon her face.

"I cannot go on living in this way—here," she said, after some hesitation. "It is too hard. I have had to until this time, but now the business is all arranged, and I am free to go."

"To go?" he echoed, with a change of tone.

"Yes, to go. I know I have many good friends here, and relatives, but over the sea lives the dear friend of my girlhood—happily married and with a little daughter who bears my name and whom I have never seen. My friend has urged me to come to them, and I have put off the decision until now. But I long to see her, and to see her child. I think—I shall go."

He eyed her still; he had grown paler. At last he repeated dully, "You will—go away?"

"Is there any reason why I should *not* go?" she asked quickly.

"No, none that I know of—none." The words cost him an effort, but they were bravely said.

"If I go, I shall not soon return," said Helena. "I may never return. My friend's villa is on the Mediterranean near Mentone. She wants me to make it my home. What shall I do?"

"I know of no reason why you should not go—if it is your wish," he said slowly.

"I have written to her that I *will* go. Here is my letter. I did not mail it, because I—I wanted to hear what you would say. I was as undecided as that. But it must be posted at once to go by tomorrow's steamer. And—there is no reason why I should not go?"

"None."

"Then, I will go."

She rang and sent the letter out by a servant.

He had grown white and stern, but although he was on the rack he had borne the torture bravely.

"It has gone," she said quietly, after a pause. "And next month *I* shall follow. And now, my friend, forgive me—but since my decision is irrevocable, will you not tell me why—you wanted me to go?"

"I wanted you to go?—my God!" It was a cry of agony. The delicate pearl paper knife he unconsciously had been toying with snapped in his hand. "What have I done?" he said abruptly.

"Nothing. What is that to what you have counseled me to do?"

She watched the growing conflict in his face until, half trembling at the emotion she had stirred, she saw him brace himself to speak.

"I will tell you," he said, at last. "There was once a boy whose parents, who were poor, died early, and he grew up in the streets. He worked in the factories and lived as such waifs do, picking up little knowledge that is good, much that is bad. When he was a lad of sixteen hard times came, the factories shut down, and he could get no work to do. Then he fell in with an evil comrade years older than himself, and at last a plot was formed between them to rob the wealthy manufacturer's house. The boy was to do the work and share the plunder. He made the attempt, was caught in the act, and thrown into prison. His comrade, unsuspected, escaped. The boy lay in prison for weeks, and then finally he was brought into the courtroom—barefooted and in rags. He acknowledged his crime and told his miserable story from beginning to end, asking no pity and expecting none. And with the taint of the prison upon him, there seemed nothing but its darkness before him forever.

"But those men were strangely merciful. They bought the lad decent clothing, made up a purse for him, opened the prison doors, and bade him go forth and begin his life anew.

"He did so; he left the town where he was too well known, and came to a distant city. And there, without even changing his dishonored name, he sought and found employment. He worked by day and studied by night. He won his employer's confidence and rose to a position of trust. And when, after ten years' time, his friend and employer died, he succeeded him and has carried on the business for now five years.

"Helena, *I* am that man; *I*, Barry Stevens, was that guilty lad caught robbing my former employer's house and set at large by those merciful minded men. It is all on record in that place; it was published in many papers at that time. There are men living who remember and could point me out today, and *that* is why—God help me!—I must let you go. Such as I have no right ever to speak of—love."

She arose and her fine eyes shone like stars.

"And that is what has made you what you are! Oh, I don't know what I dreaded—but I never dreamed how noble a man could become, rising to such a height on his dead self! And your name—any one would be proud of it now! Why do you look so at me? I am no foolish girl, talking wildly, but a woman—proud even to be thought worthy of such a confidence."

"Helena! Oh, my love—if I only dared——"

"My letter has gone, and I am pledged to follow it," she said, while a beautiful flush overspread her lovely face, "but it rests with you whether I shall go—alone."

And the answer flashed from Barry Stevens' eyes.

Judith Spencer.

TO WHAT END?

"I REALLY do not like it," he said somewhat coldly, looking across the room to where she sat in the glow of the lamp, her swift fingers busy at work. There was a scowl on his forehead and a general air of aggrievement about him.

She glanced up inquiringly, then tossed aside her work and crossed the room. She passed her hand lovingly over his wavy hair and pressed her soft cheek against his bronzed one. Almost unwittingly his arm stole about her waist and he drew her down beside him.

There was silence for a moment. Then she drew herself half away and looked up at him.

"Stephen?"—pleadingly.

"Well"—uneasily.

"I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Be jealous, you goose!" She pouted, but there was a subdued sparkle in her eyes.

"But how can I help it?" he asked, a tender note creeping into his voice as he glanced down at the top of her head. "Here we were, nice and comfortable, and happy as can be, when this—this man comes along and falls in love with you."

"I couldn't help it," she interrupted.

"I'm not so sure about that." He said it slowly and with emphasis.

"Stephen Crosby!" She sat upright now, her indignant blue eyes looking straight into his.

"No, I'm not so sure," he went on doggedly. "A man doesn't fall in love so desperately without some encouragement—no, I don't mean that you encouraged him on purpose, but you took things as a matter of course, were passive, and he didn't know about me—or, if he did, he thought I didn't count." His voice was bitter now, and his eyes averted. "Why should I?" he went on, with a short laugh. "I'm only a countryman, you know, and he is from the city and has all the ways to attract one. He is rich, besides, and I—why, I have nothing and no prospects. I shouldn't blame you if you did like him best. It must be tiresome waiting for me so long. Perhaps you'd better take him, after all, and let me——"

He got no farther. Two soft arms were about his neck and a pleading, tearful face close to his own.

"No, of course I didn't mean it," he was saying ten minutes later. "I'm a jealous old fool, and I know it."

"And I never gave you any cause?"

"No!"—a happy light in his eyes. "You are true as steel, dear, and I'll promise never to be jealous again."

"You will never have cause," she replied simply. "For I love you and no one else, Stephen dear."

* * * *

She had been sent for suddenly. "Clinton Jewett is dying and wants to see you," a voice had said out of the darkness, when, late at night, loud knocks had aroused the family.

She had dressed rapidly, and silently sped over the frozen ground.

"He was thrown from his horse and injured internally," her companion explained, panting in his endeavor to keep pace with her. "His mother is there, and his sister, but he wanted to see you."

There was a hush in the sick room as she entered. His mother drew aside, and she knelt by the injured man's bed.

"I have loved you so well," he said, weakly trying to press the warm hand that held his; "and it has made me so happy."

A smile flitted across his face like that of a child.

"I do not know how it is, but all my life I've had an ideal before me. I knew I should find her some day, so I've tried to live to be worthy of her. And I have lived worthily"—looking up triumphantly into the tear stained face. "I have found her in you."

There was a moment's silence.

"I know that you do not love me," he said sadly, "but I love you so well, dear, and"—wistfully—"I want you to marry me, before I go."

She started to speak.

"It will be for so short a time, dear"—pleadingly. "I do not ask for your life—that, perhaps, belongs to another?"

She bowed her head, while the tears ran unchecked down her cheeks.

"Surely you will grant me this," he began eagerly—"just a day, an hour—perhaps only a moment—to feel that you are mine; and then when I am gone 'twill be but a memory of how you had made a dying man happy, given him one glimpse of the heaven to which he hopes he is going."

Her lips scarcely moved. "I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she moaned.

A shadow fell over his face.

"I wish that it might be," he said simply, and closed his eyes wearily.

A sudden light sprang into her eyes. "I love you," she cried. Her words came rapidly, as if she could not speak them fast enough. "I do love you, and now I know it. It has just come to me. It has been creeping into my heart, and I did not know it. I did not want to know it. I thought I loved him, but it is you."

She held him close.

"But I am promised to him," she added slowly. "He loves me, and I must not break my word."

"No," he echoed feebly, looking deep into her eyes; "you must keep your faith."

She bent and kissed him.

* * * *

She went back into the dull gray of the morning. There was a drawn look on her face, and her eyes were filled with unshed tears. She stood at the gate for a moment and watched the first rosy streaks appear in the east.

A figure stood beside her. "I've heard about it," he said gruffly. "He wanted you to marry him, didn't he?"

She nodded.

"You did?"—eagerly.

"No"—turning her eyes full upon him. "I had promised you, you know."

"You oughtn't to have minded that," he said, kicking the tuft of brown grass at his feet. "Of course I wouldn't mind, seeing he wasn't going to live. And say, Charlotte——"

"Well?"—dreamily.

"You'd have had all his money."

Silence.

"You'd have been nicely fixed, and we could have been married soon."

"I did not think of it," she answered mechanically, her eyes on a floating cloud in the east.

He laughed bitterly. "It couldn't have done you any harm, and you might have thought about me. You might have been willing to sacrifice something for me."

He turned and left her.

Her eyes were still intent on the cloud—a soft, fleecy cloud that seemed to bear in its embrace a still, white figure. A ray of sunlight played about it for an instant, then it floated far off into the blue.

"And I sacrificed you, dear," she said, as she turned and entered the house, leaving behind her the glow of the morning.

Harriet Caryl Cox.

A LAZY LOVER.

They were out on the lake, Roy Adams and Ruby Lane, paddling about among the water lilies. He had just come as near proposing to her, and she to refusing him, as it was possible to do and miss, this being their customary daily diversion. Now he was watching her lazily. That was what irritated her so—his inordinate laziness.

He was large and blond, with placid blue eyes like a sleepy baby's. She was little, and trim as waxwork, and her gray eyes were clear and keen. The exciting point of the day's program over, Roy had settled down to his usual comfortable nonchalance.

"I don't know what kind of a fellow you want," he grumbled amiably, with an indolent movement of one oar; and somehow his laziest motion seemed to accomplish a good deal.

"*I* know," said Ruby positively.

"Let's hear about him," Roy proposed.

"He's brisk," Ruby replied, "and energetic."

"Think I've got him in my mind's eye." Roy gave the other oar an easy touch. "Small and bustling—and chippery, like the little cock sparrow who sat on a tree."

"He isn't like that in the least." Ruby sat up prim and stiff, and rosy with indignation.

"Oh, isn't he? Beg his pardon. Where is he now?"

"At work," Ruby replied promptly, her tone implying a comparison between a man thus profitably employed and one who idled his time away at a summer hotel.

"Perhaps he has an object in view," Roy insinuated.

"Perhaps," Ruby admitted demurely.

"And—um—is the object to be attained soon?"

Ruby let her eyes droop towards the top ruffle of her blue organdie.

"I—don't know exactly; not before next spring." She was dabbling her hand in the lake, her eyelashes still slanting downward.

"Ah! Congratulate him, and everything. Shall we row over to that bunch of willows, or down to the little cove?"

For an instant Ruby wished she might tip the boat over, just to see if his exasperating equanimity would be disturbed even by such an emergency.

"I don't believe it would," she decided in disgust. "He'd get us out if he could conveniently, and if he couldn't he'd drown with that contented smile on his face, as serenely as if he were a wooden Shem out of a toy Noah's ark."

* * * *

Mrs. Albert Loyd was peacefully crocheting a pair of bedroom slippers for Mr. Albert Loyd, chanting such incantation as: "Chain two; double in second double; turn; five singles in loop; chain two," when her sister Ruby whirled in upon her, cast herself into a rocking chair, and rocked tempestuously for three minutes. Mrs. Albert viewed her quietly, suspending her crochet hook for a moment.

"Three singles in loop; chain two—been fencing with Mr. Adams again?" she queried mildly.

"Yes," Ruby answered, "but I hardly think he'll care about fencing any more."

"No? Why not? Turn; five singles."

"I practically told him I was—engaged."

"Dear me!—chain five—and to whom? Turn."

"A person I invented."

"You unprincipled little wretch! What did you do it for?"

"Just to see what effect it would have."

"Two singles—and what effect did it?"

"None at all. You couldn't stir him up to move an eyelash, whatever you did; he's too sublimely lazy even to lose his temper."

Mrs. Albert shook her head gently.

"You're off the track," she commented, unwinding more scarlet wool; "he may perhaps be guilty of always keeping his temper, and, let me tell you, a married woman would consider that a very good failing; but as for being lazy—Albert's friend, that little Mr. Higginson, who knows him well, says he works in his office like a galley slave ten

months of the year, and although he has that lazy way and looks as if he were letting things go to smash if they want to, he has his eye on everything, and every move he makes counts. I shouldn't wonder if you've put your silly foot in it for once, with your invented man. Albert says there isn't a more whole souled fellow living than Roy Adams; but just because he doesn't hop around and fuss over everything like a banty chicken—as you do—you must get scornful and snub him. You've done it all summer, you know you have, and he's been as faithful to you as the needle to the haystack, or whatever it is a needle is supposed to be faithful to. You always were a fractious child, and you aren't a whit better now than when you were six years——" Mrs. Loyd ceased her lecture as she found herself talking to a dissolving view of blue organdie ruffles and a couple of whisking sash ends, and returned to her chaining, doubling, and looping.

Roy appeared before Ruby early the next day in his usual calm frame of mind and his boating rig.

"Think he'll object to your going out on the lake with me just once more?" he asked. "I'm going away early tomorrow morning."

"What for?" she asked.

"Have to," he responded; "vacation comes to an end tonight. Can you go?"

She ran out and slipped her boating hat on in silence. She was reflecting dismally that she must either confess her little romance of yesterday an unfounded one, or bid good by forever to this exasperating man, and she knew now that the latter was something she could not do and retain any shred of happiness. She waited, however, until they were out on the blue, soothing bosom of the lake. Then she rushed into it.

"He couldn't object, you know," she said, reverting to his remark of some time before, "because he's only a fiction."

"A dream man?" he asked. She nodded, blushing uncomfortably.

He hummed a bar of "When a Dream Came True," and settled back easily. Ruby looked down in silence. She was waiting for him to say something else—and he was carelessly moving an oar now and then, and apparently thinking of nothing at all. She noticed for the first time how strong his brown hands looked; they were not the hands of a lazy man.

They drifted along aimlessly.

"It was a silly story to tell," Ruby said at last.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered indulgently. "I rather thought you were fabricating. But you might realize him yet, you know."

"I don't want to." Her voice was a little uneven.

"Poor dream man; sympathize with him, I'm sure. Like to have that pond lily?"

"Thank you, I don't care for it; let's go back."

He agreed amiably. "I ought to get back early," he said. "I promised Kingsland to come over and go fishing this afternoon, so we may not see each other again. Caesar, isn't this a day for fishing, though!"

Ruby's cheeks tingled as she walked silently beside him through the light, dry grass on the way to the hotel, while he stalked cheerfully along, making irritatingly pleasant remarks about the scenery.

They came to a standstill at the summer house on the lawn. It was empty, and Ruby did not want to walk into the crowd of people on the hotel porch.

"I'm tired," she said; "I'll rest a while, and we can say good by here."

He held out his sunburned hand and clasped hers closely for a minute. "Good by," he said. "If you should come to terms with the dream man, don't forget to let me know."

She watched him going across an adjoining field, as she fell into the big willow chair and began to rock. Then she looked off dismally toward the misty hills. They were dimmer than the light summer haze warranted.

"Only a summer flirtation—only a summer flirtation," creaked the chair maddeningly.

She turned her eyes to the field again. She could still see the tall form loitering along. When it should disappear, the end of things would have come. He stooped, seeming to pick up something; then he turned slowly and began his easy stride back towards the summer house. It seemed ages before he reached the door and looked in, holding towards her a flower on a long stalk, just a fringe of pale lilac petals uncurling from a tawny golden center.

"See, I found the first aster, and came back to bring it to you," he said.

She accepted it silently. He looked curiously at her eyes. The rims were decidedly pink. He folded his arms and leaned against the door casing.

"Sure you aren't going to marry the dream man?" he asked, after a casual survey of the landscape.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't any?"

"I thought you might be fibbing again. If there really isn't——"

"Well?"

"Couldn't you reconsider things and take me, after all?"

Hattie Whitney.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS, GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS; GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE, FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

"MORE PEOPLE KNOW CAESAR."

The people have a new way of proving their intimacy with Caesar, in the development of the autograph extorting fad. This has hitherto been merely a sport for the feeble minded, who were satisfied with the simple signature of greatness, and frankly overjoyed when something in the way of "Yours very sincerely" was thrown in. These immortalized squares of paper would be pasted in a book and shown without pretense as the result of honest toil. The collection was as impersonal as a stamp album.

Now, however, more ambitious tormentors have taken to pelting an author with his own works, accompanied by the request that he write his name on the fly leaf and send them back. Thus enriched, they are strewn carelessly about on library and drawingroom tables, that the visitor may pick them up and infer warm friendship between the possessor and Greatness. "Oh, yes, dear Soandso sent me that," says the owner, and does not add that the book had first been sent to dear Soandso, with a fawning note and return postage. Of course, if she is such a friend of Soandso's, she must be worth while, the gullible visitor argues, and decides that he too will become allied with Greatness—by being very nice to her.

Meanwhile, Greatness is in a quandary. He may have had no scruples about making collections of return stamps, and using the autograph slips for laundry lists, but collecting his own works, whose sale has already enriched him by a definite per cent of the retail price, is another matter. They must assuredly be returned. And to send them back without the little scratch of the pen they crave seems a surly act, in the face of that reverent note.

He knows that, by encouraging the fad, he is cheapening the value of a real presentation copy, which, when given by friend to friend, is a very precious gift. He is laying himself open to the charge of friendships with unknown and uncongenial persons. He is making himself a great deal of trouble, for to do up and mail a package—especially one that will not go in a mail box—is a little bother that is ten times as bothersome as a big bother. But there are the books, cumbering his table and his conscience. There is nothing to do but to return them and be thankful that the admirer did not send a tree for him to carve his name on, or a four poster in which he must sleep.

SOME TRICKS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The photographer of modern Vanity Fair owes a great deal of his success to his skill in discovering the weak sides of his customers.

There is scarcely a woman in New York, with sufficient pretensions to beauty to make her worth the photographer's while, who does not fancy that she looks like some actress or woman who is in the public eye; and the photographer who knows his business is not slow to note the resemblance and make capital out of it. A great many women will walk into his studio and boldly request him to take a picture which shall resemble Mary Anderson, or Duse, or Mrs. Cleveland; and thereupon the wily artist will note with keen eye whatever points of resemblance there may be, and so pose his subject as to make these noticeable in the photograph. After all, it is not difficult to find one woman who looks something like another, and the resemblance can be intensified by skilful posing, by the dressing of the hair, and by the arrangement of the draperies.

Happy indeed, and prosperous as well, is the photographer who can produce these results; but doubly blest is that man of genius who can persuade a client to be photographed in imitation of some famous historical painting, on the ground of her strong resemblance to the principal figure in it. There is scarcely a canvas of any note which has not yielded its heroic figures for the fostering of this preposterous conceit. It would be difficult to estimate the number of large boned, lubberly women who have been induced to pose in the attitude of Queen Louise of Prussia, descending a staircase, as she appears in Richter's famous portrait. Mary Queen of Scots also offers a rich field to the brainy photographer, as there is scarcely a woman in Vanity Fair—no matter how ugly—who cannot be made to believe that she bears a resemblance to the martyred victim of Elizabeth's jealousy.

The humbler classes have their weaknesses,

too, and the artists who cater to them are quick to take advantage of the fact. For example, the young working girl who sits for her crayon portrait on the beach at Coney Island or Rockaway, or in a dime museum, can, for a small extra compensation, be represented with diamond earrings and a handsome feather boa. These articles of luxurious adornment are very easily drawn, and make a splendid showing for the price. But the artist who deals in these accessories would be laughed to scorn were he to ask one of his customers to pay him extra to be portrayed in the garb of Prussia's sorrowful queen. It is only in Vanity Fair that such a thing can be done.

POLITICIANS IN SOCIETY.

The appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Croker in the drawingrooms of Mr. Perry Belmont's New York house, during the past winter, caused no end of excitement among that enormous class of people who do not move in society and are therefore deeply agitated by everything that goes on within that charmed circle. The only ripples that arose in the smooth waters of the social millpond into which the celebrated politician was plumped were those of curiosity, and would have been aroused in any other quarter by the appearance of a man so well known as Richard Croker.

A young woman who was present at the Belmont party describes Mrs. Croker as essentially gentle and feminine, but the "boss" impressed her as a man of distinctly aggressive force, who could become decidedly disagreeable were any of his plans to be thwarted. It is not likely that the Crokers will trouble themselves very much about society, for Mrs. Croker is said to have little ambition in that direction, and her husband usually has other fish to fry. If they do, they will soon cease to be objects of curiosity, and will come to be looked upon in the same matter of course light as is Mr. Bourke Cockran, who is now a well known figure in many of the most famous drawingrooms of New York.

But there is something in this new blending of politics and society that we cannot afford to ignore as merely so much fruit for idle gossip. It is an indication that some New Yorkers, at least, feel that the men who have acquired leadership in the affairs of the city and nation are worthy of social recognition as well; and the sign is a healthful one, as New York society has always been woefully lacking in men of achievement. There can be no question of Mr. Croker's ability. He has gained the place that he holds at present in the councils of Tammany Hall by the only methods that give a politician permanent and reliable power. His career may be likened to that of the big snowball in which schoolboys find amusement. Beginning with a small, compact body of adherents on whom he could depend, Mr. Croker made his way through the political field, gathering strength and weight at every turn, until he became the formidable power that he is today.

Women, who are always quick to recognize force and character in a man, are certain to find pleasure in talking to a man like Mr. Croker. They have already shown their appreciation of the social and mental qualities of Mr. Cockran, who, to speak mildly, does not appear to disadvantage when surrounded by wealthy young men of leisure of the class that figures so prominently in the circles which he has recently entered.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN VANITY FAIR.

If it were not for women, fortune tellers, palm readers, and other traders in occult matters would have a hard time of it in this world. It must be confessed that the gentle sex is a superstitious one, and prone to pin its faith to that which it is unable to understand; and the women of Vanity Fair, having more time on their hands, and more money to spend on the gratification of whatever fancy may seize them, are liberal patrons of the soothsayer, no matter what form that mysterious personage may assume.

In this particular respect Vanity Fair is as democratic as a circus, for although it has its own special purveyors of mystery, who charge a very high price, and occupy "studios" in fashionable hotels, nevertheless it is always ready to consult one who has ministered successfully to those cravings for the supernatural that are to be found in the bosoms of the poor and lowly, as well as those of the rich and gay. A certain fortune teller found, on returning from a long period of retirement in State's prison, that the notoriety acquired by his trial and sentence had kept him in the public mind. He had no sooner reopened his office than people of every class, including many who came "in their own carriages," as the phrase is, began to pour in for consultation. Nor is he the only one of his class who enjoys the patronage of men and women of high social station. The money that comes from Vanity Fair does much to keep alive a profession to which the authorities have long been trying to put an end.

New York has not only its commonplace clairvoyants, who advertise that they will "read the past, present, and future, and show photograph of future husband or wife," but also various necromancers who dispense

witchcraft to people of their own particular race, and these specialists have a peculiar attraction for idle women of society. At one time there was a gipsy queen who enjoyed considerable popularity, and again it was a voodoo witch in Bleecker Street, held in reverential awe by the negroes of the neighborhood, who told these fashionable folk what the future held in store for them.

The most interesting of all these aliens was the Chinese doctor who died last winter. During his lifetime he was consulted on all sorts of subjects by men and women who found a certain picturesque charm in his oriental surroundings, and at the same time recognized the fact that he was at least a man of remarkable native sagacity and cunning. This physician, who might have been a prototype of the learned doctor who figured in Mr. Powers' drama, "The First Born," was styled by his countrymen "the Special Favorite of Joss, Intimate Associate of the Nine Gods of Healing, Maker of Mysteries, Seer of the Dark Unknown, and Healer of the Dread Disease;" and yet when consumption seized him he was powerless to save himself. As yet no one has succeeded him in the counsels of supernaturally inclined women.

IN THE INNER CIRCLE.

The table talk at Mrs. Catnip's boarding house, where I live, has been really quite acrimonious this winter, because of the alleged resolve on the part of certain fashionable women to entertain only such persons as are able and willing to spend an equal amount of money in return. It is freely asserted at our table that this inner circle of reciprocal wealth is limited to thirty five, although the Funny Boarder claims to be the thirty sixth, making the number an even three dozen. He's a dry soul, that boarder, and keeps the fun going at his end of the table in great style. Only yesterday I heard him tell a new boarder that it was a "fine day for the race"—meaning the human race.

Of course we all fairly dote on society, and Mrs. Pillowsham, who has not missed a single great social function in ten years, provided it could be viewed from the sidewalk, tells us that things have come to a pretty pass when certain women, whom I will not presume to name, can set the style for New York. But then Mrs. Pillowsham has bitter prejudices, and I am sure I can scarcely blame her, for it was at the wedding of one of these very women that she got her rheumatism through standing for three mortal hours in six inches of slush directly in front of the church door. Since then she has never gone into society without putting on ear muffs and arctic overshoes.

Now I have no desire to criticise any one for having only thirty four friends, or for selecting them from any particular class or condition of life. That is a matter that concerns only themselves, and the people at Mrs. Catnip's boarding house, who take a far deeper interest in the visiting lists of the rich than the millionaires do themselves. As an American citizen, I have a right to discuss these matters freely with Mrs. Pillowsham and Mrs. Catnip, whose prunella shoes have been planted on many a curbstone, and whose spectacled eyes have feasted upon many an aristocratic heel as it descended from the carriage and disappeared along the carpeted way. But I have no right to chide our great leaders of fashion for their exclusiveness, or to sneer at them because they amuse themselves in their own way.

I must say, however, that the sudden crystallization of a group which should be termed, by reason of its insularity, not a stratum of society but rather a social geode, is an event which a naturalist like myself cannot pretend to ignore. As to the existence of this secluded cluster of brilliants, I have no authority save the testimony of Mmes. Catnip and Pillowsham; but I feel that neither good taste nor good sense will be offended if I indulge in a few solemn speculations concerning this limited edition of dinner traders, and the style of conversation that might be reasonably expected at one of their exchanges.

Let us picture to ourselves one of these delightful social gatherings held at the house of a gentleman whose education, breeding, and other endearing social qualities are fully attested by certain gilt edged securities recorded in his name, and composed entirely of men and women whose rank is but the guinea stamp, and who would not be allowed at the table if they had not already bound themselves by a sacred covenant to give in return just as costly a feast as the one to which they are now bidden.

Would the following be a fair sample of the sort of conversation that the servants would be compelled to listen to?

"Six men in livery! That's four more than I ever saw here. I suppose they keep four empty suits hanging up in the closet, and have the caterer fill them when they give a dinner, just as he fills the ice cream molds!"

"Well, what can you expect from people who never thought of going into society until the last wheat corner? I hope they'll give us more terrapin than we got at the Linoleums' last week. I'm sure there wasn't more than a dollar's worth on my plate, and I could make a whole dinner off of it."

"Why, if there isn't Mrs. Slump! I should think that she'd be ashamed to show her face here, after what happened to her husband, and

if these people don't know anything more about good manners than to ask her, somebody ought to tell them. Their position in society is not so secure by any means that they can afford to take any chances with it."

"Really, you surprise me, but then I've been away from New York all winter, and I haven't kept track of all the scandals. Do tell me what Mrs. Slump has done. I should think that a woman at her time of life, and with a face like that would frighten any man into good behavior."

"Bless you, she hasn't done anything out of the way. You've only to look at her to know that! It's her husband, old Slump. I wonder he didn't have the impertinence to come, too."

"Why, what has he done? I always thought he was quite nice; certainly those diamond scarf pins he gave us at his dinner were the finest things New York has seen in many a day."

"What has he done? Why, he is done, himself. Went all to smash, and can't pay his gas bill. If the cards for this dinner hadn't been sent out before, Mrs. Slump wouldn't be here tonight."

"Really, this is shocking. I always thought Mr. Slump was quite the gentleman, but you never can trust appearances."

* * * *

"How much money are you spending for the new furniture in the music room?"

"Pretty near twice as much as Mrs. Oatcake's drawingroom cost her. There, I hope she heard that! By the way, what sort of stuffing did you use in the cushions of the window seat in your library?"

"Really, I've forgotten, but I think it was New York Central bonds."

"Oh, indeed! We've got Chemical Bank stock in ours."

* * * *

"After all, this dinner isn't so bad. This is hot house lamb; it costs fifty cents a pound."

"Well, that's only about twenty cents apiece, or seven dollars for the whole thirty five of us. I wouldn't give much for their position in society next winter if we don't get strawberries for dessert, I can tell you that."

* * * *

"Do you know, I think it's a great shame that the papers don't give us more accurate information about English society than they do. Why, it's only the other day I heard that the Duke of Argyll is actually received everywhere, and I am sure everybody knows that he is a poor man, even for an English nobleman."

"Why, of course he is received everywhere, even if he is poor."

"Dear me, what snobbish, vulgar people those English are!"

The indolence and the helplessness of the women of Vanity Fair serve at least to offer a good living to many an ingenious man or woman who can devise some scheme for rendering a small service for modest pay. At present there are scores of people who go from house to house as manicures, hair dressers, or massage operators, gaining thereby not only a good livelihood, but also a vast fund of interesting information concerning the homes and lives of the people to whom they minister.

A new addition to the list of these special workers is found in the person of a man whose business it is to take charge of the aquariums which are now found in so many private parlors. This man charges a dollar a month for his services, and also makes a profit by supplying fish and water plants when needed. He makes a specialty of hideously ugly fish; the uglier his specimen the more eager are his patrons to buy it.

* * * *

Just now French bulldogs of repulsive facial aspect are popular in Vanity Fair. Indeed, so great is the passion for owning and breeding these pets that the exhibition of French bulls given at the Astoria, last winter, attracted as much attention in fashionable circles as if it had been a regular dog show at Madison Square Garden.

One woman intends to profit by this craze, and has gone into the business of breeding French bulldogs at a kennel she has established in Garden City, Long Island. She has a partner in the venture, and will carry it on in a businesslike and perhaps profitable manner. The prices paid for these dogs at present is enormous, many of them selling for from one to two thousand dollars apiece.

Meantime the French poodle, with his wool clipped in elaborate designs on his back, has almost disappeared from view.

* * * *

Dwellers in Vanity Fair have themselves to blame for the existence of the theater speculator, who stands outside the playhouse door with tickets for the choicest seats clasped between his knuckles, and offers them to the passer by at an advance of a quarter or a half dollar on the regular prices. He exists because so many people will patronize him in order to save themselves the trouble of standing in line at the box office. As he usually works in connection with the manager of the theater, his risk is nothing, and his share of the profits very large in proportion to his labor and investment.

He would not be tolerated in European cities, although people abroad submit to the imposition of being charged for a program, and also to the extortions of the hideous old women called *ouvreuses*, who fall upon each patron as he enters the theater, and demand a fee for escorting him to his seat and handing him a footstool. The late comer finds the attentions of these women quite costly, for all the disengaged ones will gather about him with outstretched palms, like a flock of vultures, until he distributes gratuities among them.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY

COMPARATIVE SHOWING ON THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

	Century.	Harper's.	Scribner's.	McClure's.	Munsey's.
Serial Stories	2	1	2	1	2
Special Articles	13	9	4	5	6
Short Stories	2	7	2	4	8
Poems	5	7	4	1	21
Topics Treated in Departments	6	10	4	–	67
Total number of topics	***28***	***34***	***16***	***11***	***104***
Number of illustrations	64	52	51	61	88
Number of pages	160	162	128	96	160
Price of magazine	35 cents.	35 cents.	25 cents.	10 cents.	10 cents.

The above table is one that merits your attention. It is a statement of facts that shows the relative value of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *as compared with other magazines, and the relative cost of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *as compared with other magazines. It contains facts worth discussing with your neighbors.*

A MILLION SUGGESTIONS ON THE MILLION FOR THE MUNSEY.

WE haven't received actually a whole cold million suggestions in answer to my query in the March number as to whether MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE could go to a million circulation with our present population, but we have received what might well be termed a little million. These suggestions, as a whole, are excellent and many of them clever. But to apply them to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, a publication that already has so vast a circulation, and one that gives so much for the money, is the rub. An overwhelming percentage of them could only apply to a publication that reserves a big margin for circulation booming. The profit on a ten cent magazine of one hundred and sixty reading pages—a magazine of the very best grade in every respect, paper, presswork, art, letterpress—is so infinitesimal that little money is accumulated for circulation purposes.

However, I meant just what I said in the March number, in stating that I would be willing to give a quarter of a million dollars if it would advance the circulation of THE MUNSEY to the million point. This subject is getting to be an interesting one. It naturally interests me, and my own interest is intensified by the interest of our readers—by the discussion it has created from one end of the land to the other. It is, perhaps, not so surprising that this subject has created so much general interest, and from the fact that THE MUNSEY is the people's magazine, and the people are always interested in matters of their own. That I may be in the procession—one of you—I am going to offer a suggestion myself on this circulation problem. It isn't a "measly" little quarter of a million dollar suggestion either. It is

A HALF MILLION DOLLAR SUGGESTION.

It is this: if 100,000 of our readers will each send us five annual subscriptions to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at $1.00 each, we will give to each of these 100,000 readers a five years' subscription to THE MUNSEY.

This means $100,000 a year for five years, or a total of $500,000. I don't want to ask a big thing without giving something big in return. And an offer of $500,000 is, as offers go, a very big thing. I think I can say safely that no publisher has ever made so big an offer, and I think I can say safely that it is a simple, practical proposition. Among our vast number of readers there ought to be 100,000, perhaps two or three times as many, who could as easily as the turning over of a hand send us five annual subscriptions to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Every one of you have your friends and acquaintances and you know just how many of them are now taking THE MUNSEY. This information is impossible to us. If we were in touch with the people everywhere as you are in touch with your friends and acquaintances, I should not have occasion to make this $500,000 offer. It is because we are not in touch with the people who do not now take THE MUNSEY,

because we have no way to get in touch with them, that I make this offer.

But this proposition is made only on the condition that 100,000 of you—an Honor List of 100,000—will first agree to send us the five annual subscriptions. I would not contemplate for a minute paying out 100 per cent of the total amount received for subscriptions unless it were to result in putting MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE beyond the million point; and in giving a five years' subscription to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to the one who sends us five new subscriptions, I am giving 100 per cent—an exact equivalent to the amount of money we get in. To give 100 per cent, then, for an indefinite number of subscriptions, possibly a very few subscriptions, would be very bad business, would be rank folly. But to give $500,000 for 500,000 new subscriptions, and thereby put the circulation of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE way beyond the million point, is a proposition so tremendous that it at once converts what would be in a small way bad business management into a great business stroke.

The proposition, then, is this: Will you, you individually—and I mean every one of you—enroll your name on the Honor List for this undertaking? Send us your name for this Honor List. When the list is full we will notify you, and then you can send in your five subscriptions—not till then. No subscriptions will be received on this basis until the 100,000 Honor List is completed, and this list will be limited to 100,000. No reader can become a member of it after it is filled. We should not wish to increase our subscriptions further at so enormous a cost.

In making this proposition I do not feel that I am asking too much when I promise so much in return. In this connection I want to say that the enrollment of 100,000 of our readers on this Honor List would be a testimonial to the work I have done in giving the ten cent magazine to the world—such a magnificent testimonial as few men ever receive. I should appreciate it beyond anything; vastly beyond whatever monetary profits this business has ever yielded me, or ever may yield me.

TAKEN INTO CAMP.

WE have just bought *The Peterson Magazine*. It began its career in 1842; it ends it in 1898. The last number of *The Peterson* has been issued. We have merged it with THE ARGOSY, a magazine which, perchance, I may have mentioned to you before.

The Peterson was founded in Philadelphia under the name of *The Ladies' World*. Two years later the name was changed to *The Ladies' National Magazine*. And in 1850 it became *Peterson's Magazine*.

The Peterson is one of the very oldest magazines in the country. *Godey's* was brought out in 1830; *Graham's Magazine* was started a few years later, and *The Peterson* followed in 1842. All three of these magazines were started in Philadelphia, which at that time was the center of literary culture in America.

The Peterson, under the management of Mr. Charles J. Peterson, whose name it bore, became a successful publication. It reached a wide circulation and for many years was one of our chief literary periodicals. It brought out many authors whose names became prominent in the world of letters.

It is a source of regret that a magazine dating back so far in our history, and to whose pages so many brilliant men and women have contributed, should fade from the roll of living publications. But sentiment alone does not pay authors, artists, and printers' bills. *The Peterson* since it passed out of the hands of the man who gave it a place in the publishing world has had a checkered career. It has not had the handling or the money back of it to keep it in pace with the aggressive publications of the day. It has failed several times, and has all the while been face to face with disaster. Regretful as it is to see an old landmark like this disappear, its disappearance is less regretful than the spectacle of a tottering wreck. *The Peterson* had reached that point where it could live only in death, and through death it now lives in the very much alive ARGOSY.

A GRIP ON ANTIQUITY.

FOR fear that I may never have said anything to you of THE ARGOSY it would not be inappropriate to add a word or two about it at this time. THE ARGOSY in itself has a history covering fifteen years; add to this the fifty seven years' life of *The Peterson* and THE ARGOSY suddenly becomes the oldest magazine in America. There are more ways than one to get a grip on antiquity, and I fancy that antiquity counts for something in magazines as well as in families. But antiquity in magazines counts for about as little without living stamina as antiquity in families without living stamina.

History is a pleasant thing to look back upon, but what *is* is what counts. THE ARGOSY, then, will not depend upon its lengthened history for its future, but rather upon the constantly increasing merits of itself. And it has no mean number of merits today—192 pages "chuck full" of rattling good fiction, the kind of fiction that a tired man can read and feel refreshed, and a refreshed man can read and feel that he is having a "bully good time."

ETCHINGS

HE WAS PREPARED.

THE distinguished man was very ill. The physician felt that all had been done which medical science could do. It was his duty to tell his patient the worst.

"You have only a few hours to live, sir. If you have any preparations to make, you will do well to make them immediately."

"I have none to make," the patient replied. "I die contented, and even happy. I have been preparing for years for the end which I knew must come some day. My fame is secure. Let posterity do its worst."

And it was so, for when his biographer and literary executor would have gathered together his private papers for publication, behold, there was none. He had destroyed them himself.

William H. Siviter.

CONSPIRATOR—A CAP!

THE golfing cap that Dolly wears
Hath not a trace of trimmings fancy,
But brave indeed is he who dares
Investigate its necromancy;
For all mysterious charms allure
And take you captive unawares;
There's sorcery about, I'm sure,
The golfing cap that Dolly wears.

There's not a flower, ribbon, plume,
Or aught of milliner's creation,
No bird to deck it met its doom,
And stuffed upon it takes its station;
It's plain as plain can be, and yet
There hidden lie most subtle snares
When on a mass of curls is set
The golfing cap that Dolly wears.

Long had I laughed at Cupid's sport,
And dodged his skilful archery,
But straightway I was brought to court
When Dolly set her cap for me;
And Cupe, the rascal, danced for joy
To see he'd trapped me unawares,
Abetted by—pray, bless the boy!—
The golfing cap that Dolly wears.

Roy Farrell Greene.

ANSWERED.

WHICH are the sweetest, black eyes or blue,
Which are the brightest, which the most true,
Which the most melting and tender?
Have the midnight orbs the victor's claim,
Or the azure eyes the surest aim,
Compelling a heart's surrender?

Ah, brave the knight who dares to test
These rival claims—and the game at best
Full many a wound insures;
But sweetest and truest of all to me
Today and forever and ay shall be
The eyes that are just like yours!

Laura Berteaux Bell

TRUE COURTESY.

INTO the chamber of thy mind
Could I but softly steal,
To other loves wert thou inclined,
Their presence I'd reveal.

I'd know then just what other men
Have dwelt there in the past,
And I could tell, from what had been
Just how long I might last.

But no! I'll be the cavalier
And wait, dear girl, for you—
Be it a week, a month, a year—
To furnish it anew.

And then, when thou art ready, sweet
I'll enter at the door,
And lease the place, in terms complete
For ever, evermore.

Tom Masson

THE OAK.

THERE stood an oak half up the mountain side
With gnarled and ancient arms stretched wide—
A sentinel eternal.
While years as leaves fell off and seasons died,
The vale's mute guardian watched in pride,
August, alone, supernal.

Love 'neath its gracious shadow one day brought
A youth and maid; his ardor sought
To prove his faith, his rapture.
With fervent blade, two letters deep he wrought
In linkèd union, art love taught,
A pledge their vows to capture.

"While stands the tree our names forever wed—
'Y,' Ysabel, and 'F' for Fred—
Nor time, nor death can sever."
The maiden's subtler eye a symbol read
"A pledge of constancy," she said,
"That I am 'Yours Forever.'"

Came later to the oak a youth forlorn
His love a world apart, to mourn
His agony's endurance.
In cruel mockery scoffed the letters worn;
Still from their union hope was born;
"Yet Faithful," its assurance.

Hope reft, returned to raze, at pride's command,
The mocking sign, when paused his hand,
His settled purpose swerving.
"Vain symbol, which youth's eager hope did brand,
Forever now as warning stand
To 'Youthful Folly' serving."

Stands yet the grim old oak half up the hill,
While graven in its side lives still
A pledge by love begotten.
Dead as past season's leaves, the hope, the thrill,
A prophecy the words fulfil—
A sigh for "Youth Forgotten"!

Ednah Robinson.

WHEN MARJORY DANCED THE MINUET.

When Marjory danced the minuet,
My heart was the waxen floor,
Her hair gleamed gold in its silken net,
Her gown was the hue of the violet,
Dew gemmed with the pearls she wore.

When Marjory danced the minuet,
The candles twinkled and gleamed,
For she was the queen, the courtier's pet;
And when in the maze of the dance we met
How sweet was the dream I dreamed!

When Marjory danced the minuet,
The music it pulsed and throbbed
And thrilled the soul with a sweet regret;
Impassioned the heart, while the eyes were wet,
As it sobbed and laughed, and sobbed.

Since Marjory danced the minuet,
How wondrous the world has grown!
For my life holds hidden its memory yet
Of the night my heart can never forget
When it came into its own!

Ethel M. Kelley.

BETTY'S CHATELAINE.

She wears a wondrous lot of things
All hanging in a row—
A pair of scissors closely clings
Beside the silver bow,
A powder box, and a lorgnette
Upon a slender chain,
A quaint and dainty vinaigrette—
All on her chatelaine.

A bonbonnière's suspended there,
Likewise a mirror small;
And I can't see how it may be
That she can carry all;
But now she's sad, for she can't add—
Or so she does complain—
A single thing to gaily swing
Upon her chatelaine!

Court plaster occupies a place
Next to a flask of scent;
A heart holds some beloved face
And forms an ornament;
A box for stamps, engagement book,
A card case, chaste and plain—
Each has its own respective hook
On Betty's chatelaine.

Yet she is vexed and quite perplexed
How to enrich her store,
Though hard she tries, to her surprise
She thinks up nothing more;
Ah, she forgets, as thus she frets
For something new to chain,
That it's but true I dangle, too,
Upon her chatelaine!

Ralph Alton.

THE MAKING OF THE SONG.

THE LADY.

Sir poet, sir poet, come write me a lay,
That the world will go singing a year and a day.
Come write me a song of a heart that is broken,
Of love that is ocean deep, still never spoken;
Of a maiden a sighing alone and in tears,
And a brave youth a dying, unconscious of fears.

THE POET.

Fair lady, thy servitor strikes not his lyre
Save when it is tempered by love's fiercest fire;
And the chords of his lyric must e'er be attuned
To the woe of his heart, to the pain of his wound.

The fair lady sighed, and the poet deplored.
The fair lady cried, and the poet felt bored.
The lady then laughed, and the bard gave a start,
While Cupid a shaft drove straight through his heart.
The fair lady mocked at the poet's sad plight—
And the song strains all flocked to the poet that night.

Tom Hall.

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THE BURNING OF THE CONGRESS OFF NEWPORT NEWS, MARCH 8, 1862.

From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Klackner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. JUNE, 1898. No. 3.

HISTORIC NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Glimpses of Famous Old War Ships in Battle — Decisive Moments in Great Sea Fights of the Past.

THE old time war ships were vastly more picturesque than the modern fighting machines, grim and fierce as they are, when stripped for battle. With all its canvas spread and its colors streaming from masthead the old ship of war was a thing of beauty. But history shows that she was a fighter as well. Compared, though, with an ironclad of today, with her modern armament, she was hardly more than a toy gunboat. Reproductions from the paintings of some of the most celebrated naval engagements of history will be especially interesting at this time when all eyes are turned to our splendid war ships in this contest with Spain and all hopes centered upon them

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ENGAGEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE MACEDONIAN, OCTOBER 25, 1812, NEAR THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Klackner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York

ADMIRAL DRAKE RECEIVING THE SPANISH ADMIRAL'S SWORD ON BOARD H. M. SHIP THE REVENGE, JULY 21, 1588.

From the painting by Seymour Lucas, A. R. A.

THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES—BATTLE OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1779.

From the painting by James Hamilton—By permission of Fishel, Adler & Schwartz, New York.

THE DECISIVE ACTION WITH THE ARMADA, OFF GRAVELINES, JULY 30, 1588—DRAKE IN THE REVENGE ATTACKING MEDINA SIDONIA IN THE SAN MARTIN.

From the painting by Oswald W. Brierly, R. W. S.

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SINKING OF THE ALABAMA BY THE KEARSAGE, JUNE 19, 1864.

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THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE—COMMODORE PERRY, FLYING HIS FAMOUS MOTTO "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP," DASHING THROUGH THE BRITISH LINE.

From the painting by J. O. Davidson—By permission of C. Klackner, 7 West Twenty Eighth Street, New York.

THE HARTFORD AND TENNESSEE AT CLOSE QUARTERS. FARRAGUT OVERSEEING THE FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

From a painting by W. H. Overend—By courtesy of William Pate & Company, New York.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

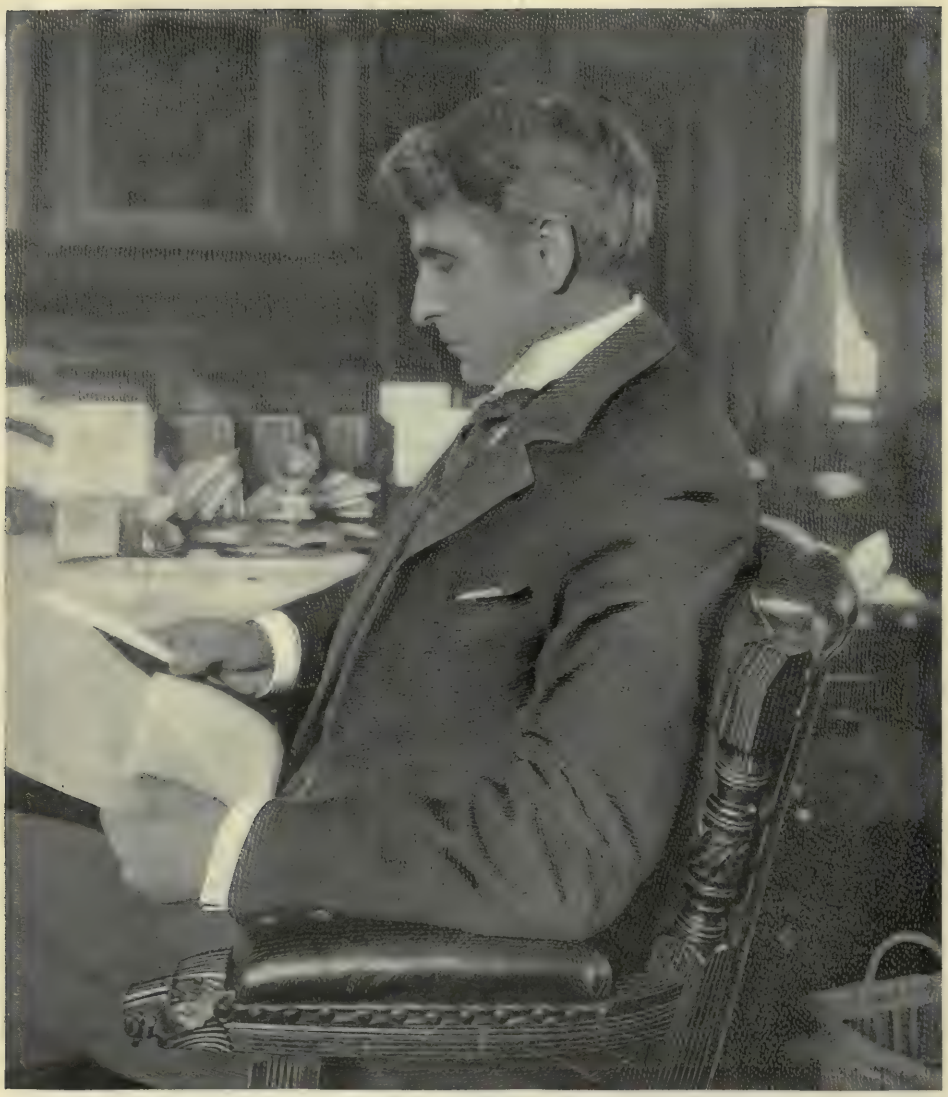
These are the days when a good many men are very much in the public eye, and chief among them is William McKinley, the President of the United States. He has had to face a more serious problem than any President in our history with the one exception of Lincoln. It is an easy matter to come to hasty decisions when the decisions have no bearing whatsoever. But when decisions carry responsibility with them, the responsibility of

MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, UNITED STATES ARMY.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.



JOHN W. GRIGGS, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

plunging a great nation into war, with all that war means, it is quite another matter. Different view points lead to different conclusions. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the clerk, the laborer—not one of these can possibly reason as the President of the United States reasons, because the problems forced upon him are not seen by any one of these men from the same point of view. He has before him a thousand facts of which they know nothing, and which necessarily determine his course. Of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him for peace or for war, or for this move or that or the other, they are wholly ignorant.

To form hasty conclusions, then, of the President's acts, to talk flippantly, knowingly, critically, without an intimate knowledge of the situation as he sees it, is not the wisest thing in the world. It does not show the thought, the breadth of consideration, the reasoning that typifies a logical, rational mind. For the blasé clubman or the exquisite society youth to lay down laws for the Executive to follow in a crisis like this is

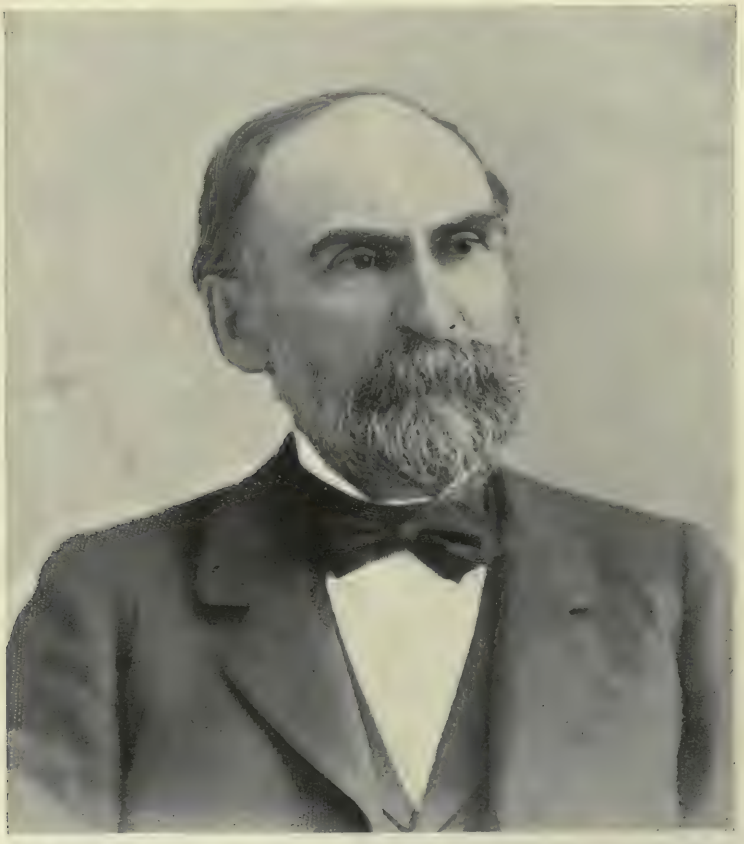
THOMAS BRACKETT REED, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Charles Parker, Washington.

just about as absurd as it is for the millionaire, surrounded in his home by all the luxuries and comforts of wealth, to criticise the acts of the starving explorer in the frozen north. Wined and dined to his heart's content, he sits before his glowing fire and tells with words, idle criticisms. It will temper many expressions with consideration, kindness, and justice.

TARGETS FOR CRITICISM.

The President is only one of the men in the exciting war drama, now being



NELSON DINGLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.
From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

profound wisdom just what the starving explorer should do or shouldn't do. To him the thought of the latter eating the flesh of his fellow man is horrible, criminal, inhuman. He cannot denounce it sufficiently. Criticisms like these are the merest nonsense. The well fed man hasn't the same point of view as the starving one, and he cannot reason as the other reasons except he be placed in a precisely similar position.

The view point is a pretty good thing to keep in mind, always to keep in mind, and especially at this time. It will save the utterance of a good many foolish enacted, subjected to passionate criticism, either favorable or otherwise, from every one in all stations of life from one end of the country to the other. Reed is almost as conspicuous a target as the President himself. The powers of the Speaker of the House of Representatives are scarcely less than those of the Executive. In some ways they are even greater. He controls legislation, and Reed, of all men, particularly controls it. A splendid exhibition of his strength was seen in his masterful grasp of the situation during the fight for peace in the House, burning as it was with war passion. It was a wonderful

MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, UNITED STATES ARMY.

From his latest photograph.

example of mental equipment and great personal force. In the President's long, hard struggle for peace Reed stood shoulder to shoulder with him, and together they exhausted every resource in the effort to keep the country from war. The

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, POSTMASTER GENERAL.
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

President delayed decisive action too long to suit the war party; he acted too quickly to meet the approval of the peace party. There is a middle ground between these two extremes. Calm, impassioned history will sustain President McKinley in taking the course he did; other nations (Spain excepted) have already sustained him.

APPALLING BURDENS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The amount of work that the President of the United States has to do, even in times of peace, is something appalling, but in time of war it is so tremendous that no one can comprehend it. There seems to have been little change in the system in the Executive Mansion since our country numbered but a few millions. In every great business enterprise reorganization takes place constantly as the business broadens. The largest corporations and the great trusts have almost a perfect military system. The man at the head of any one of these concerns could not possibly handle it with intelligence without his officers and aids. The President of the United States, on the other hand, has no aids save his private secretary, or, as the title reads now, the Secretary to the President. Of course the Cabinet officers in a way are his aids, but

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, REAR ADMIRAL, U. S. N., COMMANDING THE KEY WEST SQUADRON.
From a photograph taken aboard the Mangrove in Havana Harbor by J. C. Hemment.

their own duties in running the enormous departments over which they are placed are quite sufficient for them. But whether the duties of the executive could be simplified, whether a systematic reorganization could be made that would lessen his work, is a problem. If it were a private business it could be done and

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U. S. A., IN CHARGE OF THE MOBILIZATION OF TROOPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

would be done, but changes in governmental matters come slowly and are regarded with great concern. President McKinley, however, seems to have a marvelous capacity for hard work. He stands up under it as few men could.

TWO GOOD MEN FOR THE CRISIS.

Another man with a marvelous capacity for hard work is Nelson Dingley, who will play an important part in this struggle with Spain, as it falls to him to devise ways and means of providing the sinews of war. He is one of the keenest, clearest business men in Congress. He has an exceptionally accurate mind, and is a close, safe reasoner. The country is particularly fortunate in having so able a man as Dingley at the head of the Ways and Means Committee.

Judge Day, our new Secretary of State, has already proved himself a strong, conservative, level headed man. For more than six months he has practically been the Secretary, Sherman's failing health making it impossible for him to perform the duties of the office. Judge Day has been a life long friend of the President,

HENRY C. CORBIN, ADJUTANT GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.
From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont.

and it is solely because of this friendship that he has sacrificed his law practice to remain in office. In fact, he would have resigned and gone back to his practice several months ago but for the threatened hostilities with Spain. The President felt that he could not spare him. There are many things that one will intrust to a friend, whose friendship has been tried in season and out and never found wanting, that he would not intrust to a business or political associate.

AS TO CABINET RUMORS.

In the selection of John W. Griggs and Charles Emory Smith for members of his cabinet the President not only secured the services of men of recognized ability, but of men who are personally stanch supporters of him and his administration.

At this writing there are numerous rumors to the effect that Secretaries Alger and Long will very soon leave the cabinet, but without any information to sustain these rumors there is no very good reason to believe them. General Alger is a war veteran, and his record both in service and out would suggest that he is a first rate man for the head of the War Department. Long, too, ought to be as good a man for the Navy portfolio as almost any untrained man in the service could be. He has had broad experience in execu-

CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N., FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE MAINE.
From a photograph taken April 2, 1898, by Clinedinst, Washington.

tive positions, is a scholar and an able lawyer.

THE MEN WHO DO THE REAL WORK OF THE WAR.

All eyes are just now fixed upon Miles, Merritt, Sampson, and Schley, the four men at the head of our military and naval forces. It is they who will do the real work of this war. Washington is but the executive center. The field of battle is the decisive point—the point that tells the story, that makes history. It is doubtful if America ever produced a better, braver fighter than General Miles. He is a soldier in all that the word means, rising from a clerkship in a Boston store to the command of the United States army. The direct road to this high position runs through West Point. Miles never knew this road. He reached the goal over cross lots—the battlefields of the Civil War and the Western retreats of the savage. It was a steep, rugged, jagged course, and to have arrived by such a course, with all the prejudice of West Point arrayed against "the general from the ranks," speaks eloquently of General

WILLIAM R. DAY, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF STATE, SUCCEEDING JOHN SHERMAN.
From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

Miles' sterling qualities and soldierly endowments.

LEADERS IN THE ARMY.

Only six men since the nation was born have held the title of lieutenant general. They were Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield. A bill was recently presented to Congress to add General Miles to this list. This honor was to be conferred upon him not only because he is the senior major general of the army, but because of his almost matchless record in the service.

General Wesley Merritt also has the rank of major general. Many military men, and especially West Point men, regard him as the greatest genius of the army. Others give the first place to Miles. Merritt is the older man, and had the advantage of the West Point training. He is a brave, hard fighter, and has had a similar experience to that of Miles, working himself up from grade to grade in the Civil War and afterwards in the Indian campaigns. At one time he was Superintendent of the West Point Academy. Should Miles and Merritt go to

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, COMMODORE U. S. N., COMMANDING THE FLYING SQUADRON.
From a photograph by Jackson, Norwalk, Connecticut.

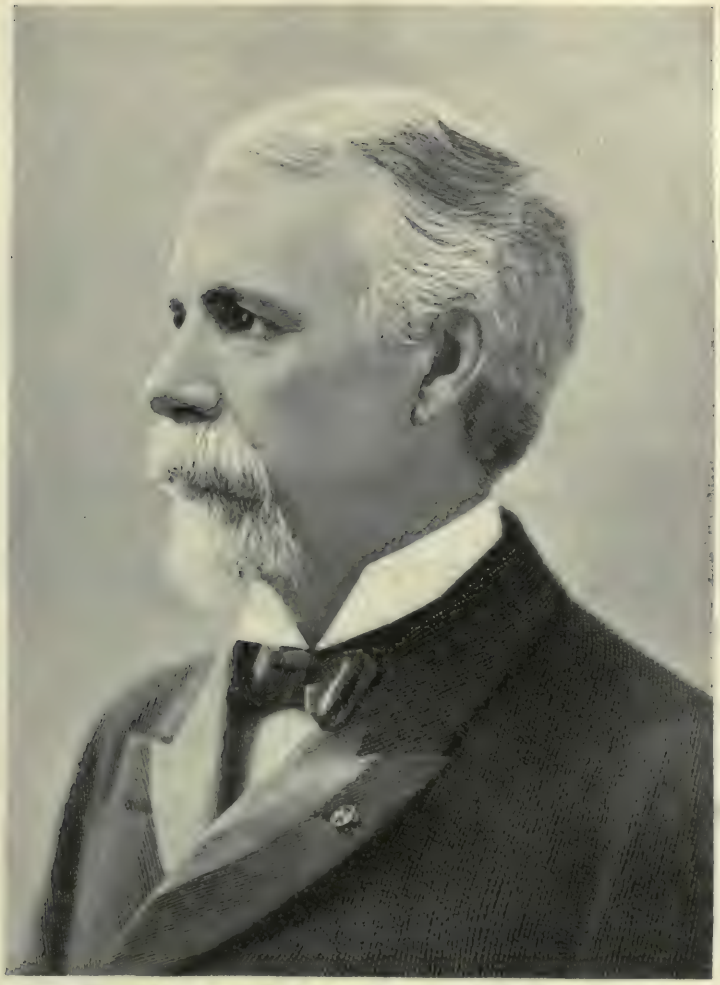
the front in this contest with Spain they will bring great credit to American arms.

John R. Brooke, commander of the camp at Chickamauga, is another officer who, like Miles, has gained the heights without passing through the gates of West Point. When he fights he wins, is the reputation he has acquired among those who have served under him. A farmer boy of twenty three when he enlisted in 1861, he was made a colonel before the year was out.

General Brooke is in command of the Department of the Missouri, and until his transference to the South was stationed at Chicago.

BIG MEN IN THE NAVY.

In selecting Schley as commander of the Flying Squadron, America has probably opened the path to glory for a new naval hero. A native of Maryland, Winfield Scott Schley was graduated from the Annapolis Academy in time to enter active service at the breaking out of the Civil War. Even after the surrender of Richmond he managed to find fighting to do; first in suppressing a revolt of Chinese



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR.
From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

coolies, and later in the capture of some Corean forts. He is a man of tireless activity, with a brain fertile in expedients. In short, he is not to be "rattled" by the call for sudden decisions that warfare, and particularly naval warfare, involves.

To be placed in command of the first fleet of war vessels to go into action under the conditions prevalent in modern naval conflicts, is an honor, indeed; the man thus honored is William T. Sampson, who worked himself up from the masses to the captaincy of the Iowa. His record as a sailor justly entitles him to the distinction accruing from the control of the North Atlantic fleet, while, as president of the Maine Board of Inquiry, his judicial qualities challenged the admiration of the entire country. It looks as if he were going to be a leader among leaders.

THE HERO OF THE MAINE.

Captain Charles Dwight Sigsbee had already had an interesting and eventful career before the Maine disaster made him a national hero. The choice of two professions was open to him, for besides his strong bent for the sea, he had marked talent as an illustrator. A number of his sketches appeared in a New York paper some twenty five years ago, and the editors repeatedly offered him a position as staff artist, not knowing that their contributor was even then a lieu-

tenant commander, on duty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Though his drawing was at first merely an easy way of earning pin money, Captain Sigsbee has found it a very valuable gift in his work as a naval officer. Through his efforts, the present course of drawing at Annapolis was founded and developed. The imaginative quality of mind which it represented was further evinced by an invention which has proved of great value in naval matters. This was a deep sea sounding machine. But the chief qualities characterizing him in which Americans are most deeply interested are his undaunted courage, fearless pluck, and indomitable will.

During the last war he served on the Monongahela and the Brooklyn, and in the battle of Mobile Bay, with Farragut, he distinguished himself for gallant conduct. He was appointed to the command of the Maine about a year ago.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

There are few busier men in the present crisis than Henry Clarke Corbin, Adjutant General of the United States Army.

JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by William Taylor, Hingham.

His duties include a multifarious amount of detail work that only a clear head and steady nerve can compass. He is the right hand of the commanding general in the execution of military orders. He was a school teacher in Ohio when he responded to Lincoln's call for volunteers in 1861, and when the war was over he became a second lieutenant in the regular army. He aided in the capture of Geronimo, but is equally useful in managing soldiers for such peaceful musterings as those that distinguished the New York Washington centennial celebration and the dedication of the Grant monument.

TWO MILES OF MILLIONAIRES.

New York's new section of Fifth Avenue residences that make a concentration of wealth and splendor not equaled in any other capital of the world—Some of the well known people whose homes stand for the plutocratic side of the metropolis.

THERE are a good many miles of millionaires in New York. The Bowery, the east side and the west side, down town and up town, and every neighborhood of the borough of Manhattan, and the boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond, and the Bronx—all these have their millionaires. In some sections there are few, in others many; but if all the millionaires living in Greater New York could be gathered together and were to reside on a single street there would be

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY NINTH STREET.

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE FROM FIFTY SEVENTH STREET TO FIFTY EIGHTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY FIFTH STREET.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, FIFTH AVENUE EXTENDING FROM FIFTIETH TO FIFTY FIRST STREETS.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S Johnston, New York.

HOTELS NETHERLAND AND SAVOY, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.
From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

twenty continuous miles of them—perhaps more, possibly forty miles. But as these rich men are scattered all over the town, and as there is only one section where a very great number of them are congregated, it is of this section we speak.

Fifth Avenue is the backbone of New York, the spinal column. This is not only true geographically, but socially and financially as well. The two miles under consideration extend from Murray Hill to Eightieth Street, and in these two miles there is more wealth than can be found in any other residential two miles of any city of the world. It was only a few years ago that the strictly millionaire line ran from Washington Square to Murray Hill; today it begins at Murray Hill and stretches northward almost as far as Harlem.

We have pictured only a few of the imposing buildings and handsome residences included in this new fashionable quarter. We could not give them all without devoting the entire magazine to this one article. Many of the buildings that we haven't pictured are quite as attractive architecturally as those we have.

This is the section of clubs and of palatial hotels, as well as of the homes of

THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCES, FIFTH AVENUE EXTENDING FROM FIFTY FIRST TO FIFTY SECOND STREETS.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

RESIDENCE OF MR. H. O. HAVEMEYER, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY SIXTH STREET.

From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

RESIDENCE OF MR. COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SEVENTH STREET.

RESIDENCE OF MR. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SEVENTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

the Crœsuses of the metropolis. No poor men reside within the limits of this plutocratic district. They cannot afford to do so. The aristocracy of descent and the aristocracy of brains are no more to be found here, except, perchance, the god of gold has smiled upon them, than are the Fifth Avenue as in Piccadilly, and are the joy of the feminine heart. The whole avenue is alive with them. They flit here and there and everywhere—down in the shopping district, up among the big hotels and the clubs and the palaces that stir the passion of the socialist to envy.

RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JAY GOULD, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY SEVENTH STREET.

longshoremen or the draymen. And the reason for this is that none but the very wealthy can maintain homes on this the most expensive residential avenue of any capital.

The repaving of Fifth Avenue with asphalt last fall made it at once the delight of the bicyclist and the parade ground of the pleasure driver, and, in fact, of every one who can command a hansom. The hansom, by the way, has literally captured New York. They are as thick on

From 59th Street to 110th, Fifth Avenue runs along the east side of Central Park. This is the newest, the most exclusive, and the most fashionable part of the avenue. Here the lavish expenditure of money on the homes of the multimillionaires makes all the world marvel. No such row of palaces can be found in any other city—new, modern, beautiful, and all facing Central Park, with its soft green grass, its graceful and stately trees, its lakes and its walks and its drives.

RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES T. YERKES, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY EIGHTH STREET.

RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY EIGHTH STREET.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTIETH STREET.

RESIDENCE OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY SECOND STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE GOULD, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY SEVENTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S Johnston, New York.

Here are a few of the names that go to make up the two miles of millionaires :

Frederick W. Vanderbilt
Marshall Orme Wilson
Colonel Lawrence Kip
Russell Sage
Henry B. Plant
Mrs. Ogden Goelet
General Daniel Butterfield
William Ziegler
D. O. Mills
R. T. Wilson
General Thomas T. Eckert
Miss Helen Gould
Frederick Roosevelt
James B. Haggin
Robert Goelet

John W. Mackay
William T. Aston
James Tolman Pyle
George W. Vanderbilt
William D. Sloane
William K. Vanderbilt
Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard
H. McK. Twombly
William S. Webb
F. Gallatin
Harry Payne Whitney
Cornelius Vanderbilt
Mrs. Moses Hopkins
F. H. Benedict
Andrew Carnegie

George Gould
Isaac Stern
Charles F. Yerkes
William C. Whitney
John H. Inman
H. R. Bishop
John Sloane
James A. Burden
James D. Layng
Elbridge T. Gerry
W. V. Brokaw
Isaac Wormser
H. O. Havemeyer
Ogden Mills
John Jacob Astor

Colonel Oliver H. Payne
H. H. Cooke
Isaac V. Brokaw
H. M. Flagler
H. V. Newcomb
George A. Morrison
William Rockefeller
Levi P. Morton
Calvin S. Brice
James Everard
Benjamin Brewster
Robert D. Evans
Herman Oelrichs
Collis P. Huntington
William E. Iselin

A single dozen of these names stand in round numbers for twelve hundred million dollars, or an average of one hundred million dollars each. These are startling

RESIDENCE OF MR. ISAAC V. BROKAW, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY NINTH STREET.

From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

figures, but how much more startling would they be if the total wealth of these Two Miles of Millionaires could be accurately stated. For instance, the combined Vanderbilt fortunes as represented by the Vanderbilts, the Webbs, the Sloanes, the Shepards, and the Twomblys, is perhaps five hundred million dollars. The wealth of the Astors, not including William Waldorf Astor, who now resides in England, is fully half as much more. William Rockefeller's fortune is a good second to that of the Astors, and he is followed closely by John W. Mackay, Colonel Oliver H. Payne, H. M. Flagler, Collis P. Huntington, George Gould, and Russell Sage. The foregoing represent the colossal fortunes of Fifth Avenue, but there are a good many estates and individual fortunes here that run up to possibly as much as thirty or forty million dollars each. Of course all the residents of this Two Miles of Millionaires are not on a par with the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Mackays, and the Huntingtons, but they are all rich. There is not enough known publicly, however, of the fortunes of the quieter families for us to give anything like an accurate estimate of the total wealth of this particular residential section. The man who is undoubtedly the richest in New York, and the richest in America, and the richest in the world as to that matter, is not included in this article, as he does not live on Fifth Avenue. We refer to John D. Rockefeller. He lives just off Fifth Avenue on West Fifty Fourth Street. We have not included in this article any of the rich men living on the cross streets running out of Fifth Avenue. We could not include them, as they would not come strictly under the heading of the Two Miles of Millionaires we are discussing. If we were to diverge at all we should certainly have

PROGRESS CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY THIRD STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

TEMPLE BETHEL, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY SIXTH STREET, FROM ACROSS THE LILY POND IN CENTRAL PARK.

From a photograph by J. S Johnston, New York.

to take in J. Pierrepont Morgan, whose home is one block east on Madison Avenue.

But this section of Fifth Avenue is relatively quite as strong socially as financially. The Astors, perhaps, head the list, of which the Vanderbilts, the Wilsons, the Goelets, the Whitneys, the Oelrichs, the Millses, the Twomblys, the Sloanes, the Webbs, the Bishops, the Gerrys, and the Mortons are among the most notable—all "Four Hundreders."

The Waldorf-Astoria, the Renaissance, the Windsor, the Buckingham, the Plaza, the Savoy, and the Netherland are the palatial hotels on this stretch of Fifth Avenue, and on this same stretch are the following clubs: the Manhattan, the New York, the Union League, the Republican, the Lotos, the Democratic, the University, the Military, the Metropolitan, and the Progress.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY THIRD STREET.

From a photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

We made the statement that none but rich men, and we meant men of a good deal of wealth, lived in this district. So far as the individual homes go, this is

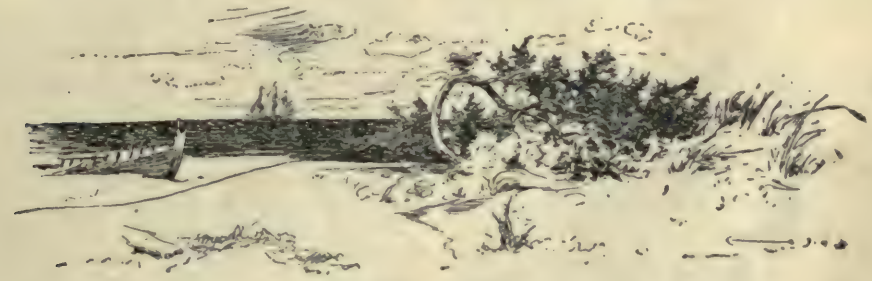
A VIEW OF FIFTH AVENUE LAST EASTER SUNDAY, FROM THE WINDSOR HOTEL, FORTY SIXTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS CENTRAL PARK.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull, New York.

RESIDENCE OF MR. H. H. COOKE, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTY EIGHTH STREET.

A GLIMPSE OF FIFTH AVENUE OPPOSITE LENOX LIBRARY.

true, but an exception must be made regarding the residents of hotels and clubs. A man does not necessarily have to be a millionaire to make either of these his home. The cost of living in them, to be sure, is vastly in excess of that required in other sections of the town, but it is not so great as to be prohibitory to the man with a handsome income. The clubs in particular make it possible for him to reside in this ultra fashionable quarter and at a comparatively moderate outlay. They, however, can furnish a home only for the bachelor, or the man living as a bachelor. All these are denied to women. The hotels, then, are the only retreat for the family man who aspires to live on Fifth Avenue and hasn't the means to support an individual establishment. And they make no mean homes either. They are in very fact palaces, luxuriously and artistically furnished. Indeed, so homelike and attractive are they that not a few families prefer them to housekeeping—families, too, who have the means to keep up first class independent residences. Since it has become the thing to own country places, a good many people find that the big modern hotel serves their purposes for the few winter months they elect to be in town better than housekeeping.



SAND HOUSES.

THE summer sun is fair today
  Upon the sandy beach;
The sails are white upon the bay
  As far as eye can reach.

With pail and shovel here we build
  Frail houses out of sand,
Forgetting that the restless tide
  Is creeping up the strand.

We build and still we build, and then
  Alas for our array!
A wave runs higher than the rest
  And sweeps them all away.

A brief lament, then farther back
  We fashion them once more,
Till once again the wave comes in
  And takes them as before.

Dear little heart, through life we build
  Frail houses out of sand,
And watch the tide of years roll in
  And sweep them from the strand;

Yet keep on building day by day,
  Still higher up the beach,
While hope sails white across the bay
  As far as eye can reach.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quartermain."

I.

IT is a strange thing that I, an old Boer *vrouw*, should even think of beginning to write a book when there are such numbers already in the world, most of them worthless, and many of the rest a scandal and offense in the face of the Lord. Notably is this so in the case of those called novels, which are stiff as mealie pap with lies that fill the heads of silly girls with vain imaginings, causing them to neglect their household duties and to look out of the corners of their eyes at young men of whom their elders do not approve. In truth, my mother and those whom I knew in my youth, fifty years ago, when women were good and worthy and never had a thought beyond their husbands and their children, would laugh aloud could any whisper in their dead ears that Suzanne Naudé was about to write a book. Well might they laugh, indeed, seeing that to this hour the most that I can do with pen and ink is to sign my own name very large—in this matter alone not being the equal of my husband Jan, who, before he became paralyzed, had so much learning that he could read aloud from the Bible, leaving out the names and long words.

No, no, I am not going to write; it is my great-granddaughter, who is named Suzanne after me, who writes. And who that had not seen her at the work could even guess how she does it? I tell you that she has brought up from Durban a machine about the size of a pumpkin that goes tap tap like a woodpecker, and prints as it taps. Now, my husband Jan was always very fond of music in his youth, and when first the girl began to tap upon this strange instrument, he, being almost blind and not able to see it, thought that she was playing on a spinet such as stood in my grandfather's house away in the old colony. The noise pleases him and sends him to sleep, reminding him of the days when he courted me and I used to strum upon that spinet with one finger, and therefore I am dictating this history that he may have plenty of it, and that Suzanne may be kept out of mischief.

There, that is my joke. Still, there is truth in it, for Jan Botmar, my husband, he who was the strongest man among the fathers of the great trek of 1836, when, like the Israelites of old, we escaped from the English, our masters, into the wilderness, crouches in the corner yonder a crippled giant with but one sense left to him, his hearing, and a little power of wandering speech. It is strange to look at him, his white hair hanging upon his shoulders, his eyes glazed, his chin sunk upon his breast, his great hands knotted and helpless, and to remember that at the battle of Vechtkop, when Moselikatse sent his regiments to crush us, I saw those same hands of his seize the only two Zulus who broke a way into our laager and shake and dash them together till they were dead.

Well, well, who am I that I should talk? For has not the dropsy got hold of my legs, and did not that doctor, who, though an Englishman, is no fool, tell me but yesterday that it was creeping up towards my heart? We are old and soon must die, for such is the will of God. Let us, then, thank God that it is our lot to pass thus easily and in age, and not to have perished in our youth, as did so many of our companions, the voortrekkers, they and their children together, by the spear of the savage, or by starvation and fever and wild beasts in the wilderness. Ah, I think of them often, and in my sleep, which has grown light of late, I see them

* *Copyright, 1898, by H. Rider Haggard.*

often, and hear those voices that none but I would know today! I think of them and I see them, and since Suzanne has the skill to set down my words, a desire comes upon me to tell of them and their deeds before God takes me by the hand and I am borne through the darkness by the wings of God.

Also, there is another reason. The girl, Suzanne Kenzie, my great-granddaughter, who writes this, alone is left of my blood, since her father and grandfather, who was our adopted son, and the husband of our only child, fell in the Zulu war fighting with the English against Cetewayo. Now, many have heard the strange story of Ralph Kenzie, the English castaway, and of how he was found by our daughter Suzanne. Many have heard also the still stranger story of how this child of ours, Suzanne, in her need, was sheltered by savages, and for more than two years lived with Sihamba, the little witch doctoress and ruler of the Tribe of the Mountains, till Ralph, her husband, who loved her, sought her out and rescued her, that by the Mercy of the Lord during all this time had suffered neither harm nor violence. Yes, many have heard of these things, for in bygone years there was much talk of them as of events out of nature and marvelous, but few have heard them right. Therefore, before I die, I, who remember and know them all, would set them down that they may be a record forever among my descendants, and the descendants of Ralph Kenzie, my foster son, who, having been brought up among us Boers, was the best and bravest Englishman that ever lived in Africa.

And now I will tell of the finding of Ralph Kenzie many years ago.

To begin at the beginning, my husband, Jan Botmar, is one of the well known Boer family of that name, the most of whom lived in the Graafreinet district in the old Colony till some of them trekked into the Transkei, when I was still a young girl, to be as far as they could from the heart of the British power. Nor did they trek for a little reason. Listen and judge.

One of the Bezuidenhouts, Frederick, was accused of treating one of his black slaves cruelly, and a body of the accursed pandours, the Hottentots, whom the English had made into a regiment, were sent to arrest him. He would not suffer that these black creatures should lay hands upon a Boer, so he fled to a cave and fought there till he was shot dead. Over his open grave his brethren and friends swore to take vengeance for his murder, and fifty of them raised an insurrection. They were pursued by the pandours and burghers, more law abiding or more cautious, till Jan Bezuidenhout, the brother of Frederick, was shot also, fighting to the last, while his wife and little son loaded the rifles. Then the rest were captured and put upon their trial, and to the rage and horror of all their countrymen the brutal British governor of that day, who was named Somerset, ordered five of them to be hanged, among them my husband's father and uncle. Petitions for mercy availed nothing, and these five were tied to a beam like Kaffir dogs yonder at Slagter's Nek, they who had shed the blood of no man. Yes, yes, it is true, for Jan, my man, saw it; he saw his father and his uncle hanged like dogs. When they pushed them from the beam four of the ropes broke; perhaps they had been tampered with, I know not, but still the devils who murdered them would show no mercy. Jan ran to his father and cast his arms about him, but they tore him away.

"Do not forget, my son," he gasped, as he lay there on the ground with the broken rope about his neck, nor did Jan ever forget.

It was after this that the Botmars trekked into the Transkei, and with them some other families, among whom were the Naudés, my parents. Here in the Transkei the widow Botmar and my father were near neighbors, their steads being at a distance from each other of about three hours upon horseback, or something over twenty miles. In those days—I may say it without shame now—I was the prettiest girl in the Transkei, a great deal prettier than my granddaughter Suzanne there, although some think well of her looks, though not so well as she thinks of them herself, for that would be impossible. I have been told that I have noble French blood in my veins, though I care little for this, being quite content to be one of the Boers, who are all of noble blood. At least, I believe that my great-grandfather was a French Huguenot count who fled from his country to escape massacre because of his religion. From him and his wife Suzanne, so it is said, we women of the Naudés get our beauty, for we have always been beautiful, though by far the loveliest of the race was my daughter Suzanne, who married the Englishman, Ralph Kenzie, from which time our good looks have begun to fall off, though it is true that he was no ill favored man.

Whatever the cause, I was not like the other Boer girls, who for the most part are stout, heavy, and slow of speech, even before they are married, nor did I need to wear a *kapje* to keep a pink and white face from burning in the sun. I was not tall, but my figure was rounded, and my movements were as quick as my tongue. Also I had

brown hair that curled and brown eyes beneath it, and full red lips, which all the young men of that district—and there were six of them who can be counted—would have given their best horse to kiss, with the saddle and bridle thrown in. But remember this, Suzanne, I never suffered them to do so, for in my time girls knew better what was right.

Well, among all the suitors I favored Jan Botmar, the old cripple who sits yonder, though in those days he was no cripple, but the properest man a girl could wish to see. My father was against such a match, for he had the old French pride of race in him, and thought little of the Botmar family, as though we were not all the children of one God—except the black Kaffirs, who are the children of the devil. But in the end he gave way, for Jan was well to do, so after we had *opsitted* several times according to our customs, and burned many very long candles, we were married and went to live on a farm of our own at a distance. For my part, I have never regretted it, although doubtless I might have done much better for myself; and if Jan has, he has been wise enough not to say so to me. In this country most of us women must choose a man to look after—it is a burden that Heaven lays upon us—so one may as well choose him one fancies, and Jan was my fancy, though why he should have been I am sure I do not know. Well, if he had any wits left he would speak up and tell what a blessing I have been to him, and how often my good sense has supplied the lack of his, and how I forgave him, yes, and helped him out of the scrape, when he made a fool of himself with—but there, I will not write of that, for it makes me angry, and as likely as not I should throw something at him before I had finished, which he would not understand.

No, no; I do not regret it, and, what is more, when my man dies I shall not be long behind him. Ah, they may talk, all these wise young people; but, after all, what is there better for a woman than to love some man, the good and the bad of him together, to bear his children and to share his sorrows, and to try to make him a little better and a little less selfish and unfortunate than he would have been alone? Poor men, without us women their lot would be hard indeed, and how they will get on in heaven, where they are not allowed to marry, is more than I can guess.

So we married, and within a year our daughter was born, and christened Suzanne after me, though almost from her cradle the Kaffirs called her "Swallow." I am not sure why. She was a very beautiful child from the first, and she was the only one, for I was ill at her birth, and never had any more children. The other women, with their coveys of eight and ten and twelve, used to condole with me about this, and get a sharp answer for their pains. I had one which always shut their mouths, but I won't ask the girl here to set it down. An only daughter was enough for me, I said, and if it wasn't I shouldn't have told them so, for the truth is that it is best to take these things as we find them, and, whether it be one or ten, to declare that that is just as we should wish it. I know that when we were on the great trek and I saw the "kinderchies" of others dying of starvation, or massacred in dozens by the Kaffir devils, ah, then I was glad that we had no more children! Heartaches enough my ewe lamb Suzanne gave me during those bitter years when she was lost; and when she died, having lived out her life just before her husband, Ralph Kenzie, went on commando with his son to the Zulu war, whither her death drove him, ah, then it ached for the last time! When next it aches it shall be with joy to find them both in heaven.

II.

Our farm where we lived in the Transkei was not very far from the ocean; indeed, any one seated on the kopje at the back of the house, from the very top of which bubbles a spring of fresh water, can see the great rollers striking the straight cliffs of the shore and spouting into the air in clouds of white foam. Even in warm weather they spout thus, but when the southeasterly gales blow the sight and the sound of them are terrible as they rush in from the black water one after another for days and nights together. Then the cliffs shiver beneath their blows, and the spray flies up as though it were driven from the nostrils of a thousand whales, and is swept inland in clouds, turning the grass and the leaves of the trees black in its breath. Woe to the ship that is caught in those breakers and ground against those rocks, for soon nothing is left of it save scattered timbers, shivered as though by lightning.

One winter—it was when Suzanne was seven years old—such a southeast gale as this blew for four days, and on a certain evening after the wind had fallen, having finished my household work, I went to the top of the kopje to rest and look at the sea, which was still raging terribly, taking with me Suzanne. I had been sitting there ten minutes or more when Jan, my husband, joined me, and I wondered why he had come, for he, as brave a man as ever lived in all other things, was greatly afraid of the

sea, and, indeed, of any water. So afraid was he that he did not like the sight of it in its anger, and that he would wake at nights at the sound of a storm—yes, he whom I have seen sleep through the trumpetings of frightened elephants and the shouting of a Zulu impi.

"You think that sight fine, wife," he said, pointing to the spouting foam; "but I call it the ugliest in the world. Almighty! it turns my blood cold to look at it and to think that Christian men, aye, and women and children, too, may be pounding to pulp in those breakers."

"Without doubt the death is as good as another," I answered; "not that I would choose it, for I wish to die in my bed with the predicant saying prayers over me, and my husband weeping—or pretending to—at the foot of it."

"Choose it!" he said. "I had sooner be speared by savages, or hanged by the English government as my father was."

"What makes you think of death in the sea, Jan?" I asked.

"Nothing, wife, nothing; but there is that old fool of a Pondo witch doctoress down by the cattle kraal, and I heard her telling a story as I went by to look at the ox that the snake bit yesterday."

"What was the story?"

"Oh, a short one! She said she had it from the coast Kaffirs—that far away, up towards the mouth of the Umzimbubu, when the moon was young, great guns had been heard fired one after the other, minute by minute, and that then a ship was seen, a tall ship with three masts and many 'eyes' in it—I suppose she meant port holes with the light shining through them—drifting on to the coast before the wind, for a storm was raging, with streaks of fire like red and blue lightnings rushing up from her decks."

"Well, and then?"

"And then, nothing. Almighty! that is all the tale. Those waves which you love to watch can tell the rest."

"Most like it is some Kaffir lie, husband."

"Maybe, but among these people news travels faster than a good horse, and before now there have been wrecks upon this coast. Child, put down that gun. Do you want to shoot your mother? Have I not told you that you must never touch a gun?" and he pointed to Suzanne, who had picked up her father's *roer*—for in those days, when we lived among so many Kaffirs, every man went armed—and was playing at soldiers with it.

"I was shooting buck and Kaffirs, papa," she said, obeying him with a pout.

"Shooting Kaffirs, were you? Well, there will be a good deal of that to do before all is finished in this land, little one. But it is not work for girls; you should have been a boy, Suzanne."

"I can't; I am a girl," she answered; "and I haven't any brothers, like other girls. Why haven't I any brothers?"

Jan sighed and looked at me.

"Won't the sea bring me a brother?" went on the child, for she had been told that little children come out of the sea.

"Perhaps, if you look for one very hard," I answered with a sigh, little knowing what fruit would spring from this seed of a child's talk.

On the morrow there was a great to do about the place, for the black girl whose business it was to look after Suzanne came in at breakfast time and said that she had lost the child. It seemed that they had gone down to the shore in the early morning to gather big shells, such as are washed up there after a heavy storm, and that Suzanne had taken with her a bag made of springbok hide in which to carry them. Well, the black girl sat down under the shadow of a rock, leaving Suzanne to wander to and fro looking for the shells, and not for an hour or more did she get up to find her. Then she searched in vain, for the spoor of the child's feet led from the sand between the rocks to the pebbly shore above, which were covered with tough sea grasses, and there was lost. Now, at the girl's story I was frightened, and Jan was both frightened and so angry that he would have tied her up and flogged her if he had found time. But of this there was none to lose, so, taking with him such Kaffirs as he could find, he set off for the seashore to hunt for Suzanne. It was near sunset when he returned, and I, who was watching from the *stoep*, saw with a shiver of fear that he was alone.

"Wife," he said in a hollow voice, "the child is lost. We have searched far and wide and can find no trace of her. Make food ready to put in my saddle bags, for should we discover her tonight or tomorrow she will be starving."

"Be comforted," I said; "at least, she will not starve, for the cook girl tells me that before Suzanne set out this morning she begged of her a bottle of milk and with it some biltong and meal cakes, and put them in her bag."

"It is strange," he answered. "What could the little maid want with these—unless she was minded to make a journey?"

"At times it comes into the thoughts of children to play truant, husband."

"Yes, yes, that is so; but pray God that we may find her before the moon sets."

Then while I filled the saddle bags Jan swallowed some meat, and, a fresh horse

having been brought, he kissed me and rode away into the twilight.

Oh, what hours were those that followed! All night long I sat there on the *stoep*, though the wind chilled me and the dew wet my clothes, watching and praying as, I think, I never prayed before. This I knew well—that our Suzanne, our only child, the light and joy of our home, was in danger so great that the Lord alone could save her. The country where we lived was lonely, savages still roamed about it who hated the white man, and might steal or kill her; also it was full of leopards, hyenas, and other beasts of prey which would devour her. Worst of all, the tides on the coast were swift and treacherous, and it well might happen that if she was wandering among the great rocks the sea would come in and drown her. Indeed, again and again it seemed to me that I could hear her death cry in the sob of the wind.

At length the dawn broke, and with it came Jan. One glance at his face was enough for me. "She is not dead?" I gasped.

"I know not," he answered; "we have found nothing of her. Give me brandy and another horse, for the sun rises, and I return to the search. The tide is down; perhaps we shall discover her among the rocks;" and he sobbed and entered the house with me.

"Kneel down and let us pray, husband," I said; and we knelt down weeping and prayed aloud to the God, Who, seated in the heavens, yet sees and knows the need and griefs of His servants upon the earth; prayed that He would pity our agony and give us back our only child. Nor, blessed be His name, did we pray to Him vainly, for presently, while we still knelt, we heard the voice of that girl who had lost Suzanne, and who all night long had lain sobbing in the garden grounds, calling to us in wild accents to come forth and see. We rushed out, hope burning up suddenly in our hearts like a fire in dry grass.

In front of the house, not more than thirty paces from it, was the crest of a little wave of land upon which at this moment the rays of the rising sun struck brightly. And there full in the glow of them stood the child Suzanne, wet, disarrayed, her hair hanging about her face, but unharmed and smiling, and leaning on her shoulder another child, a white boy, somewhat taller and older than herself. With a cry of joy we rushed towards her, and reaching her the first, for my feet were the swiftest, I snatched her to my breast and kissed her, whereon the boy fell down, for it seemed that his foot was hurt and he could not stand alone.

"In the name of Heaven, what is the meaning of this?" gasped Jan.

"What should it mean," answered the little maid proudly, "save that I went to look for the brother whom you said I might find by the sea if I searched hard enough? And I found him, though I do not understand his words or he mine. Come, brother, let me help you up, for this is our home, and here are our father and mother."

Then, filled with wonder, we carried the children into the house, and took their wet clothes off them. It was I who undressed the boy, and noted that though his garments were in rags and foul, yet they were of a finer stuff than any that I had seen, and that his linen, which was soft as silk, was marked with the letters "R. M." Also I noted other things: namely, that so swollen were his little feet that the boots must be cut off them, and that he was well nigh dead of starvation, for his bones almost pierced his milk white skin. Well, we cleansed him, and having wrapped him in blankets and soft tanned hides, I fed him with broth, a spoonful at a time, for had I let him eat all he would, so famished was he, I feared lest he should kill himself. After he was somewhat satisfied, sad memories seemed to come back to him, for he cried and spoke in English, repeating the word "mother," which I knew, again and again, till presently he dropped off to sleep, and for many hours slept without waking. Then, little by little, I drew all the tale from Suzanne.

It would seem that the child, who was very venturesome and full of imaginings, had dreamed a dream in her bed on the night of the day when she had played with the gun, and Jan and I had spoken together of the sea. She dreamed that in a certain kloof, an hour's ride and more away from the stead, she heard the voice of a child praying, and that, although it prayed in a tongue unknown to her, she understood the words, which were: "O Father, my mother is dead, send some one to help me, for I am starving." Moreover, looking round her in her dream, though she could not see the child from whom the voice came, yet she knew the kloof, for as it chanced she had been there twice, once with me to gather white lilies for the funeral of a neighbor who had died, and once with her father, who was searching for a lost ox. Now, Suzanne, having lived so much with her elders, was very quick, and she was sure when she woke in the morning that if she said anything about her dream we should laugh at her, and should not allow her to go to the place of which she had dreamed. Therefore it was that she made the plan of seeking for the shells upon the seashore, and of slipping

away from the woman who was with her, and therefore also she begged the milk and the biltong.

Now, before I go further, I would ask, what was this dream of Suzanne's? Did she invent it after the things to which it pointed had come to pass, or was it verily a vision sent by God to the pure heart of a little child, as aforetime He sent a vision to the heart of the infant Samuel? Let each solve the riddle as he will, only, if it were nothing but an imagination, why did she take the milk and food? Because we had been talking on that evening of her finding a brother by the sea, you may answer. Well, perhaps so; let each solve the riddle as he will.

When Suzanne escaped from her nurse she struck inland, and thus it happened that her feet left no spoor upon the hard, dry veldt. Soon she found that the kloof she sought was further off than she thought for, or perhaps she lost her way to it, for the hillsides are scarred with such kloofs, and it might well chance that a child would mistake one for the other. Still she went on, though she grew frightened in the lonely wilderness, where great bucks sprang up at her feet, and baboons barked at her as they clambered from rock to rock. On she went, stopping only once or twice to drink a little of the milk and eat some food, till, towards sunset, she found the kloof of which she had dreamed. For a while she wandered about in it, following the banks of a stream, till at length, as she passed a dense clump of mimosa bushes, she heard the faint sound of a child's voice—the very voice of her dream. Now she stopped, and, turning to the right, pushed her way through the mimosas, and there beyond them was a dell, and in the center of the dell a large flat rock, and on the rock a boy praying, the rays of the setting sun shining in his golden, tangled hair. She went to the child and spoke to him, but he could not understand our tongue, nor could she understand his. Then she drew out what was left of the bottle of milk and some meal cakes and gave them to him, and he ate and drank greedily.

By this time the sun was down, and as they did not dare to move in the dark, the children sat together on the rock, clasped in each other's arms for warmth, and as they sat they saw yellow eyes staring at them through the gloom, and heard strange snoring sounds, and were afraid. At length the moon rose, and in its first rays they perceived standing and walking within a few paces of them three tigers, as we call leopards, two of them big and one half grown. But the tigers did them no harm, for God forbade them; they only looked at them a little and then slipped away, purring as they went. Now Suzanne rose, and taking the boy by the hand began to lead him homeward, very slowly, since he was footsore and exhausted, and for the last half of the way could only walk resting upon her shoulder. Still through the long night they crawled forward, for the kopje at the back of our stead was a guide to Suzanne, stopping from time to time to rest a while, till at the breaking of the dawn, with their last strength, they came to the house, as has been told.

Well it was that they did so, for it seems that the searchers had already sought them in the very kloof where they were hidden, without seeing anything of them behind the thick screen of the mimosas, and having once sought, doubtless would have returned there no more, for the hills are wide and the kloofs in them many.

III.

"WHAT shall we do with this boy whom Suzanne has brought to us, wife?" asked Jan of me that day while both the children lay asleep.

"Do with him, husband?" I answered. "We shall keep him; he is the Lord's gift."

"He is English, and I hate the English," said Jan, looking down.

"English or Dutch, husband, he is of noble blood, and the Lord's gift, and to turn him away would be to turn away our luck."

"But how if his people come to seek him?"

"When they come we will talk of it, but I do not think that they will come; I think that the sea has swallowed them all."

After that Jan said no more of this matter for many years; indeed, I believe that from the first he desired to keep the child; he who was sonless.

Now while Ralph lay asleep Jan mounted his horse and rode for two hours to the stead of our neighbor, the Heer van Vooren. This Van Vooren was a very rich man, by far the richest of us outlying Boers, and he had come to live in these wilds because of some bad act that he had done; I think that it was the shooting of a colored person when he was angry. He was a strange man and much feared, sullen in countenance, and silent by nature. It was said that his grandmother was a chieftainess among the red Kaffirs, but if so the blood showed more in his son, and only child, than in himself. Of this son, who in after years was named Swart Piet, and his evil doings, I shall have to tell later in my story, but even then his dark face and savage temper had earned for him the name of "the little Kaffir." The wife of the

Heer van Vooren was dead, and he had a tutor for his boy Piet, a poor Hollander body who could speak English. That man knew figures also, for once when, thinking that I should be too clever for him, I asked him how often the wheel of our big wagon would turn round traveling between our farm and Cape Town Castle, he took a rule and measured it, then having set down some figures on a bit of paper, and worked at them for a while, he told me the answer. Whether it was right or wrong I did not know, and said so, whereon the poor creature got angry, and lied in his anger, for he swore that he could tell me how often the wheel would turn in traveling from the earth to the sun or moon, and also how far we were from those great lamps, a thing that is known to God only, Who made them for our comfort. It is little wonder, therefore, that with such unholy teaching Swart Piet grew up so bad.

Well, Jan went to beg the loan of this tutor, thinking that he would be able to understand what the boy said, and in due course the creature came in a pair of blue spectacles and riding on a mule, for he dared not trust himself to a horse. Afterwards, when the boy woke up from his long sleep and had been fed and dressed, the tutor spoke with him in that ugly English tongue, of which I could never even bear the sound, and this was the story that he drew from him.

It seems that the boy, who gave his name as Ralph Kenzie, though I believe that it was really Ralph Mackenzie, was traveling with his father and mother and many others from a country called India, which is one of those places that the English have stolen in different parts of the world, as they stole the Cape and Natal and all the rest. They traveled for a long while in a big ship, for India is a great way off, till, when they were near this coast, a storm sprang up, and after the wind had blown for two days they were driven on rocks a hundred miles or more away from our stead. So fierce was the sea and so quickly did the ship break to pieces that only one boat was got out, which, except for a crew of six men, was filled with women and children. In this boat the boy Ralph and his mother were given a place, but his father did not come, although the captain begged him, for he was a man of importance, whose life was of more value than that of common people. But he refused, for he said that he would stop and share the fate of the other men, which shows that this English lord, for I think he was a lord, had a high spirit. So he kissed his wife and child and blessed them, and the boat was lowered to the sea, but before another could be got ready the great ship slipped back from the rock upon which she hung and sank (for this we heard afterwards from some Kaffirs who saw it), and all aboard of her were drowned. May God have mercy upon them!

When it was near to the shore the boat was overturned and some of those in it were drowned, but Ralph and his mother were cast safely on the beach, and with them others. Then one of the men looked at a compass, and they began to walk southwards, hoping doubtless to reach some country where white people lived. All that befell afterwards I cannot tell, for the poor child was too frightened and bewildered to remember, but it seems that the men were killed in a fight with natives, who, however, did not touch the women and children. After that the women and the little ones died one by one of hunger and weariness, or were taken by wild beasts, till at last none was left save Ralph and his mother. When they were alone they met a Kaffir woman, who gave them as much food as they could carry, and by the help of this food they struggled on southward for another five or six days, till at length one morning, after their food was gone, Ralph woke to find his mother cold and dead beside him.

When he was sure that she was dead he was much frightened and ran away as fast as he could. All that day he staggered forward, till in the evening he came to the kloof, and being quite exhausted knelt upon the flat stone to pray, as he had been taught to do, and there Suzanne found him. Such was the story, and so piteous it seemed to us that we wept as we listened; yes, even Jan wept, and the tutor sniveled and wiped his weak eyes.

That it was true in the main we learned afterwards from the Kaffirs, a bit here and a bit there. Indeed, one of our own people, while searching for Suzanne, found the body of Ralph's mother and buried it. He said that she was a tall and noble looking lady, not much more than thirty years of age, but we did not dig her up again to look at her, as perhaps we should have done, for the Kaffir declared that she had nothing on her except some rags and two rings, a plain gold one and another of emeralds, with a device carved upon it, and in the pocket of her gown a little book bound in red, that proved to be a Testament, on the fly leaf of which was written in English, "Flora Gordon, the gift of her mother, Agnes Janey Gordon, on her confirmation," and with it a date.

All these things the Kaffir brought home faithfully, also a lock of the lady's fair hair, which he had cut off with his assagai. That

lock of hair labeled in writing—remember it, Suzanne, when I am gone—is in the wagon box which stands beneath my bed. The other articles Suzanne has, as is right, and with them one thing which I forgot to mention. When we undressed the boy Ralph, we found hanging by a gold chain to his neck, where he said his mother placed it the night before she died, a large locket, also of gold. This locket contained three little pictures painted on ivory, one in each half of it and one with a plain gold back on a hinge between them. That to the right was of a handsome man in uniform, who, Ralph told me, was his father (and indeed he left all this in writing, together with his will); that to the left of a lovely lady in a low dress, who, he said, was his mother; that in the middle a portrait of the boy himself, as any one could see, which must have been painted not more than a year before we found him. This locket and the pictures Suzanne has also.

Now, as we have said, we let that unhappy lady lie in her rude grave yonder by the sea, but my husband took men and built a cairn of stone over it and a strong wall about it, and there it stands to this day, for not long ago I met one of the folk from the old Colony who had seen it, and who told me that the people that live in those parts now reverence the spot, knowing its story. Also, when some months afterwards a minister came to visit us, we led him to the place and he read the burial service over the lady's bones, so that she did not lack for Christian burial.

Now, this wreck made a great stir, for many were drowned in it, and the English government sent a ship of war to visit the place where it happened, but none came to ask us what we knew of the matter, and, indeed, we never learned that the frigate had been there till she was gone again. So it came about that the story died away, as such stories do in this sad world, and for many years we heard no more of it.

For a while the boy Ralph was like a haunted child. At night, and now and again even in the daytime, he would be seized with terror, and sob and cry in a way that was piteous to behold, though not to be wondered at by any who knew his history. When these fits took him, strange as it may seem, there was but one who could calm his heart, and that one Suzanne. I can see them now as I have seen them thrice that I remember, the boy sitting up in his bed, a stare of agony in his eyes, and the sweat running down his face, damping his yellow hair, and talking rapidly, half in English, half in Dutch, with a voice that at times would rise to a scream, and at times would sink to a whisper, of the shipwreck, of his lost parents, of the black Indian woman who nursed him, of the wilderness, the tigers, and the Kaffirs who fell on them, and many other things. By him sits Suzanne, a soft kaross of jackal skins wrapped over her nightgown, the dew of sleep still showing upon her childish face and in her large dark eyes. By him she sits, talking in some words which for us have little meaning, and in a voice now shrill, and now sinking to a croon, while with one hand she clasps his wrist, and with the other strokes his brow, till the shadow passes from his soul, and, clinging close to her, he sinks back to sleep.

But as the years went by these fits grew rarer, till at last they ceased altogether, since, thanks be to God, childhood can forget its grief. What did not cease, however, was the lad's love for Suzanne, or her love for him, which, if possible, was yet deeper. Brother may love sister, but that affection, however true, yet lacks something, since nature teaches that it can never be complete. But from the beginning—yes, even while they were children—these twain were brother and sister, friend and friend, lover and lover; and so they remained till life left them, and so they will remain for ay in whatever life they live. Their thought was one thought, their heart was one heart; in them was neither variableness nor shadow of turning; they were each of each, to each and for each, one soul in their separate spirits, one flesh in their separate bodies. I who write this am a very old woman, and though in many things I am most ignorant, I have seen much of the world and of the men who live in it, yet I say that never have I known any marvel to compare with the marvel and the beauty of the love between Ralph Kenzie, the castaway, and my sweet daughter, Suzanne. It was of heaven, not of earth; or, rather, like everything that is perfect, it partook both of earth and heaven. Yes, yes, it wandered up the mountain paths of earth to the pure heights of heaven, where now it dwells forever.

The boy grew up fair and brave and strong, with keen gray eyes and a steady mouth, nor did I know any lad of his years who could equal him in strength and swiftness of foot; for, though in youth he was not over tall, he was broad in the breast and had muscles that never seemed to tire. Now, we Boers think little of book learning, holding, as we do, that if a man can read the Holy Word it is enough. Still, Jan and I thought that, as Ralph was not of our blood, though otherwise in all ways a son to us, it was our duty to educate him as much in the fashion of his own people as our circum-

stances would allow. Therefore, when one day, after he had been with us some two years, the Hollander tutor man, with the blue spectacles, of whom I have spoken, rode up to our house upon his mule, telling us that he had fled from the Van Voorens because he could no longer bear to witness the things that were practised at their stead, we engaged him to teach Ralph and Suzanne. He remained with us six years, by which time both the children had got much learning from him; though how much it is not for me, who have none, to judge. They learned history and reading and writing, and something of the English tongue, but I need scarcely say that I would not suffer him to teach them to pry into the mystery of God's stars, as he wished to do, for I hold that such lore is impious and akin to witchcraft.

I asked this man why he had fled from the Van Voorens, but he would tell me little more than it was because of the wizardries practised there. If I might believe him, the Heer Van Vooren made a custom of entertaining Kaffir witch doctors and doctoresses at his house, and of celebrating with them secret and devilish rites, to which his son, Swart Piet, was initiated in his presence. That this last story was true I have no doubt indeed, seeing that the events of after years proved it to have been so.

Well, at last the Hollander left us to marry a rich old *vrouw* twenty years his senior, and that is all that I have to say about him, except that, if possible, I disliked him more when he walked out of the house than when he walked into it; though why I should have done so I do not know, for he was a harmless body. Perhaps it was because he played the flute, which I have always thought contemptible in a man.

IV.

Now I will pass on to the time when Ralph was nineteen or thereabouts, and, save for the lack of hair upon his face, a man grown, since in our climate young people mature quickly in body if not in mind. I tell of that year with shame and sorrow, for it was then that Jan and I committed a great sin, for which afterwards we were punished heavily enough.

At the beginning of winter Jan trekked to the nearest dorp, some fifty miles away, with a wagon load of mealies and of buckskins, which he and Ralph had shot, purposing to sell them and to attend the Nachtmahl, or Feast of the Lord's Supper. I was somewhat ailing just then and did not accompany him, nor did Suzanne, who stayed to nurse me, or Ralph, who was left to look after us both. Fourteen days later he returned, and from his face I saw at once that something had gone wrong.

"What is it, husband?" I asked. "Did not the mealies sell well?"

"Yes, yes, they sold well," he answered, "for that fool of an English storekeeper bought them and the hides together for more than their value."

"Are the Kaffirs going to rise again, then?"

"No, they are quiet for the present, though the accursed missionaries of the London society are doing their best to stir them up;" and he made a sign to me to cease from asking questions, nor did I say any more till we had gone to bed, and everybody else in the house was asleep.

"Now," I said, "tell me your bad news, for bad news you have had."

"Wife," he answered, "it is this. In the dorp yonder I met a man who had come from Port Elizabeth. He told me that there at the port were two Englishmen, who had recently arrived, a Scotch lord, and a lawyer with red hair. When the Englishmen heard that he was from this country they fell into talk with him, saying that they came upon a strange errand. It seems that when the great ship was wrecked upon this coast ten years ago there was lost in her a certain little boy who, if he had lived, would today have been a very rich noble in Scotland. Wife, you can guess who that little boy was without my telling you his name."

I nodded and turned cold all over my body, for I could guess what was coming.

"Now, for a long while those who were interested in him supposed that this lad was certainly dead with all the others on board that ship, but a year or more ago, how I know not, a rumor reached them that one male child who answered to his description had been saved alive and adopted by some Boers living in the Transkei. By this time the property and the title that should be his had descended to a cousin of the child's, but his relation, being a just man, determined before he took them to come to Africa and find out the truth for himself; and there he is at Port Elizabeth, or, rather, by this time he is on his road to our place. Therefore, it would seem that the day is at hand when we shall see the last of Ralph."

"Never!" I said; "he is a son to us and more than a son, and I will not give him up."

"Then, they will take him, wife. Yes, even if he does not wish it, for he is a minor and they are armed with authority."

"Oh!" I cried, "it would break my heart, and, Jan, there is another heart that it would break also;" and I pointed towards the chamber where Suzanne slept.

He nodded, for none could live with them

and not know that this youth and maiden loved each other dearly.

"It would break your heart," he answered, "and her heart; yes, and my own would be none the better for the wrench; yet how can we turn this evil from our door?"

"Jan," I said, "the winter is at hand; it is time that you and Ralph should take the cattle to the bush veldt yonder, where they will lie warm and grow fat, for so large a herd cannot be trusted to the Kaffirs. Had you not better start tomorrow? If these English meddlers should come here I will talk with them. Did Suzanne save the boy for them? Did we rear him for them, although he was English? Think how you will feel when he has crossed the ridge yonder for the last time, you who are sonless, and you must go about your tasks alone, must ride alone and hunt alone, and, if need be, fight alone, except for his memory. Think, Jan, think!"

"Do not tempt me, woman," he whispered back in a hoarse voice, for Ralph and he were more to each other than any father and son that I have known, since they were also the dearest of friends. "Do not tempt me," he went on; "the lad himself must be told of this, and he must judge; he is young, but among us at nineteen a youth is a burgher grown, with a right to take up land and marry; he must be told, I say, and at once."

"It is good," I said; "let him judge;" but in the wickedness of my heart I made up my mind that I would find means to help his judgment, for the thought of losing him filled me with blind terror, and all that night I lay awake thinking out the matter.

Early in the morning I rose and went on to the *stoep*, where I found Suzanne drinking coffee and singing a little song that Ralph had taught her. I can see her now as she stood in her pretty, tight fitting dress, a flower wet with dew in her girdle, swinging her *kapje* by its strings, while the first rays of the sun glistened on the waves of her brown and silk-like hair. She was near eighteen then, and so beautiful that my heart beat with pride at her loveliness, for never in my long life have I seen a girl of any nation who could compare with Suzanne in looks. Many women are sweet to behold in this way or in that; but Suzanne was beautiful every way, yes, and at all ages of her life; as a child, as a maiden, as a matron, and as a woman drawing near to old, she was always beautiful, though, like that of the different seasons, her beauty varied. In shape she was straight and tall and rounded, light footed as a buck, delicate in limb, wide breasted, and slender necked. Her face was rich in hue as a kloof lily, and her eyes—ah, no antelope ever had eyes darker, tenderer, or more appealing than were the eyes of Suzanne! Moreover, she was sweet of nature, ready of wit, and good hearted—yes, even for the Kaffirs she had a smile.

"You are up betimes, Suzanne," I said, when I had looked at her a little.

"Yes, mother; I rose to make Ralph his coffee; he does not like that the Kaffir woman should boil it for him."

"You mean that *you* do not like it," I answered, for I knew that Ralph thought little of who made the coffee he drank, or, if he did, it was mine that he held to be the best, and not Suzanne's, who in those days was a careless girl, thinking less of household matters than she should have done. "Did Swart Piet come here yesterday?" I asked. "I thought that I recognized his horse as I walked back from the sea."

"Yes, he came."

"What for?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, mother, do you ask me? You know well that he is always troubling me, bringing me presents of flowers, and asking me to *opsit* with him, and what not."

"Then you don't want to *opsit* with him?"

"The candle would be short that I should burn with Swart Piet," answered Suzanne, stamping her foot; "he is an evil man, full of dark words and ways, and I fear him, for I think that since his father's death he has become worse, and the most of the company he keeps is with those Kaffir witch doctors."

"Ah, the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha, but inside out! Well, it is what I expected, for sin and wizardry were born in his blood. Had you any words with him?"

"Yes, some. I would not listen to his sweet talk, so he grew angry and began to threaten; but just then Ralph came back and he went away, for he is afraid of Ralph."

"Where has Ralph gone so early?" I asked, changing the subject.

"To the far cattle kraal to look after the oxen which the Kaffir bargained to break into the yoke. They are choosing them this morning."

"So! He makes a good Boer for one of English blood, does he not? And yet I suppose that when he becomes English again he will soon forget that he ever was a Boer."

"When he becomes English again, mother? What do you mean by that saying?" she asked quickly.

"I mean that like will to like, and blood to blood; also that there may be a nest far away which this bird that we have caged should fill."

"A nest far away, mother? Then, there is one here which would be left empty—in your heart and father's, I mean;" and dropping

her sunbonnet she turned pale and pressed her hands upon her own, adding, "Oh, speak straight words to me! What do you mean by these hints?"

"I mean, Suzanne, that it is not well for any of us to let our love wrap itself too closely about a stranger. Ralph is an Englishman, not a Boer. He calls me mother, and your father, father, and you he calls sister; but to us he is neither son nor brother. Well, a day may come when he learns to understand this, when he learns to understand that he has other kindred, true kindred, far away across the sea, and when those birds call who will keep him in the strange nest?"

"Ah!" she echoed, all dismayed, "who will keep him then?"

"I do not know," I answered; "not a foster father or mother. But I forgot. Say, did he take his rifle with him to the kraal?"

"Surely, I saw it in his hand."

"Then, daughter, if you will, get on a horse, and if you can find him tell him that I shall be very glad if he can shoot a small buck and bring it back with him, as I need fresh meat."

"May I stay with him while he shoots a buck, mother?"

"Yes, if you are not in his way and do not stop too long."

Then, without more words, Suzanne left me, and presently I saw her cantering across the veldt upon her gray mare that Ralph had broken for her, and wondered if she would find him, and what luck he would have with the hunt that day.

Now it seems that Suzanne found Ralph and gave him my message, and that they started together to look for buck on the strip of land which lies between the seashore and the foot of the hills, where sometimes the blesbok and springbok feed in thousands. But on this day there was none to be seen, for the dry grass had already been burned off, so that there was nothing for them to eat.

"If mother is to get her meat today," said Ralph at length, "I think that we must try the hillside for a *duiker* or a bushbuck."

So they turned inland and rode towards that very kloof where, years before, Suzanne had discovered the shipwrecked boy. At the mouth of this kloof was a patch of marshy ground where the reeds still stood thick, since being full of sap they had resisted the fire.

"That is a good place for a reitbok," said Ralph, "if only one could beat him out of it, for the reeds are too tall to see to shoot in them."

"It can be managed," answered Suzanne. "Do you go and stand in the neck of the kloof while I ride in the reeds towards you."

"You might get bogged," he said doubtfully.

"No, no, brother; after all this drought the pan is nothing more than spongy, and if I should get into a soft spot I will call out."

To this plan Ralph at length agreed, and having ridden round the pan, which was not more than fifty yards across, he dismounted from his horse and hid himself behind a bush in the neck of the kloof. Then Suzanne rode in among the reeds, shouting and singing, and beating them with her sjambok, in order to disturb anything that might be hidden there. Nor was her trouble in vain, for suddenly, with a shrill whistle of alarm, for which this species of antelope is noted, up sprang two reitboks and dashed away towards the neck of the kloof, looking large as donkeys and as red as lions as they vanished into the thick cover. So close were they to Suzanne that her mare took fright and bucked; but the girl was the best horsewoman in those parts, and kept her seat, calling the while to Ralph to make ready for the buck. Presently she heard a shot, and, having quieted the mare, rode out of the reeds and galloped round the dry pan, to find Ralph looking disconsolate, with no reitbok in sight.

"Have you missed them?" she asked.

"No, not so bad as that, for they passed within ten yards of me; but the old gun hung fire. I suppose that the powder in the pan was a little damp, and instead of hitting the buck in front I caught him somewhere behind. He fell down, but has gone on again, so we must follow him, for I don't think that he will get very far."

Accordingly, when Ralph had reloaded his gun, which took some time—for in those days we had scarcely anything but flintlocks—yes, it was with weapons like these that a handful of us beat the hosts of Dingaan and Moselikatse—they started to follow the blood spoor up the kloof, which was not difficult, as the animal had bled much. Near to the top of the kloof the trail led them through a thick clump of mimosas, and there in the dell beyond they found the reitbok lying dead. Riding to it they dismounted and examined it.

"Poor beast!" said Suzanne. "Look how the tears have run down its face. Well, I am glad that it is dead and done with;" and she sighed and turned away, for Suzanne was a silly and tender hearted girl, who never could understand that the animals—yes, and the heathen Kaffirs, too—were given to us by the Lord for our use and comfort.

Presently she started and said, "Ralph, do you remember this place?"

He glanced round and shook his head, for he was wondering whether he would be able to lift the buck on the horse without asking Suzanne to help him.

"Look again," she said; "look at that flat stone, and the mimosa tree lying on its side near it."

Ralph dropped the leg of the buck and obeyed her, for he would always do as Suzanne bade him, and this time it was his turn to start.

"Almighty!" he said, "I remember now. It was here that you found me, Suzanne, after I was shipwrecked, and the tigers stared at us through the boughs of that fallen tree;" and he shivered a little, for the sight of the spot brought back to his heart some of the old terrors that had haunted his childhood.

"Yes, Ralph, it was here that I found you. I heard the sound of your voice as you knelt praying on that stone, and I followed it. God heard that prayer, Ralph."

"And sent an angel to save me in the shape of a little maid," he answered; adding: "Don't blush so red, dear, for it is true that ever since that day, whenever I think of angels, I think of you; and whenever I think of you I think of angels, which shows that you and the angels must be close together."

"Which shows that you are a wicked and silly lad to talk thus to a Boer girl," she answered, turning away with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes, for his words had pleased her mind and touched her heart.

He looked at her and she seemed so sweet and beautiful as she stood thus, smiling and weeping together, as the sun shines through summer rain, that, so he told me afterwards, something stirred in his breast, something soft and strong and new, which caused him to feel as though of a sudden he had left his boyhood behind him and become a man, aye, and as though this fresh found manhood sought but one thing more from Heaven to make it perfect, the living love of the fair maiden who, until this hour, had been his sister in heart though not in blood.

"Suzanne," he said in a changed voice, "the horses are tired; let them rest, and let us sit upon this stone and talk a little, for though we have never visited it for many years the place is lucky for you and me, since here it was that our lives first came together."

V.

PRESENTLY they were seated side by side upon the stone, Ralph looking at Suzanne, and Suzanne looking straight before her, for nature warned her that this talk of theirs was not to be as other talks.

"Suzanne," he said at length.

"Yes," she answered; "what is it?" But he made no answer, for though many words were bubbling in his brain, they choked in his throat and would not come.

"Suzanne," he said again presently, and again she asked him what it was, and again he made no answer. Now she laughed a little and said:

"Ralph, you remind me of the blue jay in the cage upon the *stoep*, which knows but one word and repeats it all day long."

"Aye," he replied, "it is true; I am like that jay, for the word I taught it is 'Suzanne,' and the word my heart teaches me is 'Suzanne,' and, Suzanne, I love you."

Now she turned her head away and looked down and answered:

"I know, Ralph, that you have always loved me since we were children together, for are we not brother and sister?"

"No," he answered bluntly; "it is not true."

"Then, that is bad news for me," she said, "who till today have thought otherwise."

"It is not true," he went on, and now his words came fast enough, "that I am your brother or that I love you as a brother. We are no kin, and if I love you as a brother that is only one little grain of my love for you—yes, only as one little grain is to the whole seashore of sand. Suzanne, I love you as—as a man loves a maid—and if you will it, dear, all my hope is that one day you will be my wife;" and he ceased suddenly and stood before her trembling, for he had risen from the stone.

For a few moments she covered her face with her hands, and when she let them fall again he saw that her beautiful eyes shone like the large stars at night, and that, although she was troubled, her trouble made her happy.

"Oh, Ralph," she said at length, speaking in a voice that was different from any he had ever heard her use, a voice very rich and low and full—"oh, Ralph, this is new to me, and yet, to speak the truth, it seems as old as—as that night when first I found you, a desolate, starving child, praying upon this stone! Ralph, I do will it with all my heart and soul and body, and I suppose that I have willed it ever since I was a woman, though until this hour I did not quite know what it was I willed. Nay, dear, do not touch me, or at least, not yet. First hear what I have to say, and then, if you desire it, you may kiss me—if only in farewell."

"If you will it and I will it, what more can you have to say?" he asked in a quick whisper, and looking at her with frightened eyes.

"This, Ralph: that our wills, who are young and unlearned, are not all the world; that there are other wills to be thought of, the wills of our parents, or of mine rather, and the will of God."

"For the first," he answered, "I do not think that they will stand in our path, for they love you and wish you to be happy, although it is true that I, who am but a wanderer picked up upon the veldt, have no fortune to offer you—still, fortune can be won," he added doggedly.

"They love you also, Ralph, nor do they think overmuch of wealth, either of them, and I do not think that they would wish you to leave us to go in search of it."

"As for the will of God," he continued, "it was the will of God that I should be wrecked here, and that you should save me here, and that the life you saved should be given to you. Will it not, therefore, be the will of God also that we who can never be happy apart should be happy together, and thank Him for our happiness every day till we die?"

"I trust so, Ralph; yet although I have read and seen little, I know that very often it has been His will that those who love each other should be separated by death or otherwise."

"Do not speak of it," he said, with a groan.

"No, I will not speak of it, but there is one more thing of which I must speak. Strangely enough, only this morning my mother was talking of you; she said that you are English, and that soon or late blood will call to blood and you will leave us. She said that your nest is not here, but there, far away across the sea, among those English; that you are a swallow that has been fledged with sparrows, and that one day you will find the wings of a swallow. What put it in her mind to speak thus, I do not know; but I do know, Ralph, that her words filled me with fear, and now I understand why I was so much afraid."

He laughed aloud very scornfully. "Then, Suzanne," he said, "you may banish your fears, for this I swear to you, before the Almighty, that whoever may be my true kin, were a kingdom to be offered to me among them, unless you could share it, it would be refused. This I swear before the Almighty, and may He reject me if I ever forget the oath."

"You are very young to make such promises, Ralph," she said doubtfully, "nor do I hold them binding on you. At nineteen, so I am told, a lad will swear anything to the girl who takes his fancy."

"I am young in years, Suzanne, but I grew old while I was yet a child, for sorrow aged me. You have heard my oath; let it be put to the test, and you shall learn whether or no I speak the truth. Do I look like one who does not know his mind?"

She glanced up at the steady gray eyes and the stern, set mouth, and answered, "Ralph, you look like one who knows his mind, and I believe you. Pray God I may not be deceived, for though we are but lad and girl, if it prove so, I tell you that I shall live my life out with a broken heart."

"Do not fear, Suzanne. And now I have heard what you had to say, and I claim your promise. If it be your will I will kiss you, Suzanne, but not in farewell."

"Nay," she answered, "kiss me rather in greeting of the full and beautiful life that stretches out before our feet. Whether the path be short or long, it will be good for us and ever better, but, Ralph, I think that the end will be best of all."

So he took her in his arms, and they kissed each other upon the lips, and, as they told me afterwards, in that embrace they found some joy. Why should they not, indeed, for if anywhere upon the earth, if it be given and received in youth, before the heart has been seared and tainted with bitterness and disillusion, surely in such a pledge as theirs true joy can be found. Yes, and they did more than this, for, kneeling there upon that rock, where once the dying child had knelt in bygone years, they prayed to Him Who had brought them together, to Him Who had given them hearts to love with and bodies to be loved, and the immortality of Heaven wherein to garner this seed of love thus sown upon the earth, that He would guide them, bless them, and protect them through all trials, terrors, sorrows, and separations. As shall be seen, this indeed He did.

Then they rose, and having, not without difficulty, lifted the reitbok ram upon Ralph's horse and made it fast there, as our hunters know how to do, they started homewards, walking the most part of the way, for the load was heavy and they were in no haste, reaching the farm about noon. Now I, watching them as we sat at our midday meal, grew sure that something out of the common had passed between them, for Suzanne was very silent, and from time to time glanced at Ralph shyly, whereon, feeling her eyes, he would grow red as the sunset, and seeing his trouble she would color also, as though with the consciousness of some secret that made her both happy and ashamed.

"You were long this morning in finding a buck, Ralph," I said.

"Yes, mother," he answered; "there was none on the flats, for the grass is burned

off; and had not Suzanne beaten out a dry pan for me where the reeds were still green, I think that we should have found nothing. As it was, I shot badly, hitting the ram in the flank, so that we were obliged to follow it a long way before I came up with it."

"And where did you find it at last?" I asked.

"In a strange place, mother; yes, in that very spot where, many years ago, Suzanne came upon me starving after the shipwreck. There, in the glade and by the flat stone on which I had lain down to die, was the buck, quite dead. We knew the dell again, though neither of us had visited it from that hour to this, and rested there a while before we turned home."

I made no answer, but sat thinking, and a silence fell on all of us. By this time the Kaffir girls had cleared away the meat and brought in coffee, which we drank, while the men filled their pipes and lit them. I looked at Jan and saw that he was making up his mind to say something, for his honest face was troubled, and now he took up his pipe, and now he put it down, moving his hands restlessly till at length he upset the coffee over the table. "Doubtless," I thought to myself, "he means to tell the tale of the Englishmen who have come to seek for Ralph. Well, I think that he may safely tell it now."

Then I looked at Ralph and saw that he also was very ill at ease, struggling with words that he did not know how to utter. I noted, moreover, that Suzanne touched his hand with hers beneath the shelter of the table as though to comfort and encourage him. Now, watching these two, at last I broke out laughing, and said, addressing them:

"You are like two green fires of weeds in a mealie patch, and I am wondering which of you will be the first to break into flame, or whether you will both be choked by the reek of your own thoughts."

My gibe, harmless though it was, stung them into speech, and both at once, for I have noticed that, however, stupid they may be, men never like to be laughed at.

"I have something to say," said each of them, as though with a single voice, and paused, looking at each other with irritation.

"Then, son, wait till I have finished. Almighty! for the last twenty minutes you have been sitting as silent as an ant bear in a hole, and I tell you that it is my turn now; why, then, do you interrupt me?"

"I am very sorry, my father," said Ralph, looking much afraid, for he thought that Jan was going to scold him about Suzanne, and his conscience, being guilty, caused him to forget that it was not possible that he could know anything of the matter of his love making.

"That is good," said Jan, still glaring at him angrily; "but I am not your father."

"Then why do you call me son?" asked Ralph.

"Almighty! do you suppose that I sit here to answer riddles?" replied Jan, pulling at his great beard. "Why do I call you son, indeed? Ah!" he added in a different voice, a sorrowful voice, "why *do* I, when I have no right? Listen, my boy, we are in sore trouble, I and your mother, or, if she is not your mother, at least she loves you as much as though she were; and I love you, too, and you know it; so why do you seek to make a fool of me by asking me riddles?"

Now, Ralph was about to answer, but Suzanne held up her hand, and he was quiet.

"My son," went on Jan, with a kind of sob, "they are coming to take you away."

"They! Who?" asked Ralph.

"Who? The English, damn them! Yes, I say, damn the English and the English government!"

"Peace, Jan," I broke in; "this is not a political meeting, where such talk is right and proper."

"The English government is coming to take me away!" exclaimed Ralph, bewildered. "What has the government to do with me?"

"No," said Jan; "not the English government, but two Scotchmen, which is much the same thing. I tell you that they are traveling to this place to take you away."

Ralph leaned back in his chair and stared at him, for he saw that it was little use to ask him questions, and that he must leave him to tell the tale in his own fashion. At last it came out.

"Ralph," said my husband, "you know that you are not of our blood; we found you cast up on the beach like a storm fish and took you in, and you grew dear to us; yes, although you are English, or Scotch, which is worse, for if the English bully us, the Scotch bully us and cheat us into the bargain. Well, your parents were drowned, and have now been in heaven for a long time, but I am sorry to say that all your relations were not drowned with them. At first, however, when we should have been glad enough to give you up, they took no trouble to hunt for you."

"No!" broke in Suzanne and I with one voice, and I added, "How do you dare to tell such lies in the face of the Lord, Jan?"

"When it would not have been so bad to give you up," he went on, correcting himself. "But now it seems that had you lived you would have inherited estates, or titles, or both."

"Is the boy dead?" I asked.

"Peace, wife—I mean, had he lived a Scotchman. Therefore, having made inquiries and learned that a lad of your name and age had been rescued from a shipwreck and was still alive among the Boers in the Transkei, they have set to work to hunt you, and are coming here to take you away, for I tell you that I heard it in the dorp yonder."

"Is it so?" said Ralph, while Suzanne hung upon his words with white face and trembling lips. "Then, I tell you that I will not go. I may be English, but my home is here. My own father and mother are dead, and these strangers are nothing to me, nor are the estates and titles far away anything to me. All that I hold dear on the earth is here in the Transkei;" and he glanced at Suzanne, who seemed to bless him with her eyes.

"You talk like a fool," said Jan, but in a voice that was full of a joy that he could not hide, "as is to be expected of an ignorant boy. Now, I am a man who has seen the world, and I know better, and I tell you that although they are an accursed race, still, it is a fine thing to be a lord among the English. Yes, yes, I know the English lords. I saw one once when I went to Cape Town; he was the governor there, and driving through the streets in state, dressed as bravely as a bluejay in his spring plumage, while everybody took off their hats to him, except I, Jan Botmar, who would not humble myself thus. Yet to have such clothes as that to wear every day, while all the people salute you and make a path for you, is not a thing to be laughed at. See, boy, it just comes to this: here you are poor and little, there you may be rich and much, and it is our duty not to stand in your road though it may break our hearts to lose you. So you had best make up your mind to go away with the damned Scotchmen when they come, though I hope that you will think kindly of us when you get to your own country. Yes, yes, you shall go, and what is more, you may take my best horse to ride away on, the young *schimmel*, and my new black felt hat that I bought in the dorp. There, that is done with, praise be to God, and I am going out, for this place is so thick with smoke that I can't see my own hand;" and he rose to go, adding that if the two Scotchmen did not want a bullet through them it would be as well if they kept out of his way when they came upon the farm.

Now, in saying that the room was thick with smoke Jan lied, for both the men's pipes went out when they began to talk. But as I knew why he lied I did not think so much of it, for to tell the truth, at that moment I could see little better than he could, since, although I would have poisoned those two Scotchmen before I suffered them to take Ralph away, the mere idea of his going was enough to fill my eyes with tears, and to cause Suzanne to weep aloud shamelessly.

"Wait a bit, father—I beg your pardon, Jan Botmar," said Ralph, in a clear and angry voice; "it is my turn now, for you may remember that when we began to talk I had something to say, but you stopped me; but now, with your leave, as you have got off the horse I will get on."

Jan sat down slowly again and said:

"Speak. What is it?"

"This: that if you send me away you are likely to lose more than you bargain for."

Now Jan stared at him perplexedly, but I smiled, for I guessed what was to come.

"What am I likely to lose," he asked, "beyond my best horse and my new hat? *Allemachter!* Do you want my span of black oxen also? Well, you shall have them if you like, for I should wish you to trek to your home in England behind good cattle."

"No," answered Ralph coolly; "but I want your daughter, and if you send me away I think that she will come with me."

(To be continued.)

TWO.

With musing interest I watch them whiles
  On noiseless wings the moments past them range,
Their soft confiding speech, their tender smiles,
  Their lingering looks in loving interchange.

Is it but love's light comedy they play,
  Or is it that which leads to sighs and tears—
A parting fraught with tragedy on a day
  Deep hidden in the heart of far off years?

Clinton Scollard.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

TEN AMERICAN ARTISTS, LIMITED.

The ten American artists whose work has been on exhibition at one of the galleries recently, and who announce that they have severed themselves from other bands of artists associated together for exhibition, had a perfect right to take that step if it so pleased them. They have had a great deal of advertising in the newspapers, and they have charged an admission fee which ought to have made their venture profitable, but there

"THE LAST TOUCHES."

From the painting by P. Toussaint.

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"INTERRUPTED."

From the painting by Alonzo Perez—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

is nothing very remarkable in what they have to show. If their exhibition is no better next year than it is this, it is puzzling to know why any one would pay fifty cents to see pictures which are in no sense great, when New York is full of better pictures, which can be seen for nothing at any of the galleries.

there. All of his pictures are brilliant and decorative, but "A Breezy Day" is excellent. It carries the very breath of the uplands. Mr. Childe Hassam has some fairly good things. Some of the canvases exhibited are mediocre and dull, but most of them make a pleasing departure from the illustrative picture.

"THE VIRGIN'S SLUMBER."
From the painting by Paupion.

The reason people go year after year to see the Academy exhibition is not because it is particularly good. It isn't. No exhibition of one year's work ever is good as a whole. There may be some good things, and the people who are interested in native art go to see what has been done all over the field, make comparisons, and weed out the bad things mentally. It is worth an admission fee to be able to do this. But the work of the ten men, who have set themselves up as being a class apart, is not worth going to see—if you have to pay for the privilege.

Mr. Robert Reid has the best work

But we find some of these same painters also on exhibition at the Academy. Do they send to the "Ten Painters'" exhibition what they consider their best things or their worst ones?

T. W. Dewing's picture was charming in its soft, poetic tones. This artist paints misty dreams which transport you from the workaday world into a fairyland.

THE ACADEMY.

In the Academy the story telling picture is, as usual, in full force, and without doubt this is just the sort of picture the crowds like. Emotions, suggestions,

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"ROCK ROSES."

From the painting by A. Seifert—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

From the painting by Thomas Blinks—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"HOME AGAIN."

From the painting by R. Eichstedt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23rd Street, New York.

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"ST. CECILIA."

From the painting by J. M. Strudwick—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

that intangible thing which moves us in a great picture, if it is, like some of Whistler's, only a line and a blur, and which is *art*—all that is not popular. The crowd wants facts. It gets a good many of them at the Academy.

One canvas, which has been much admired, is called "Sunday Morning." It represents a scene in the early part of this century. It shows what is evidently a Virginia church, with its dispersing congregation, and it is painted by Mr. Henry. An excellent idea is given of the way such a congregation must have looked at such a time, and for that reason it is of value, but simply as an illustration.

One of the best pictures is Mr. Beckwith's portrait of his wife. It is well painted and full of character.

THE VOGUE OF THE LITHOGRAPH.

The fashions in pictures are past finding out. The kindergartners have a fancy (which they teach) that the history

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"ON A LONG JOURNEY."

From the painting by J. Scheurenberg—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

of a country can be accurately read by a careful study of its art. They point to ancient Egypt with its stiffness, and to modern France with its excesses in art, and illustrate their remarks. Every picture sale here tells the story of the changes in fashion, but few of them give any good reason for it. A picture which was valuable last year sells for a song today, and the old canvas hidden in a garret then is elaborately framed now. It appears to be true that the opinions of the majority are made by the few, and we are willing to accept that in paintings and sculpture; but why, oh why, should a lithograph be a thing of scorn last year and most precious this?

The men who ten years ago were buying etchings look at the rarest print with languid eyes today. The lithograph, which had ceased to appear in polite society at all, and was known to the world at large through the medium of circus posters, has become the fad. It is fair to say that with some artists lithography has never gone out of fashion. That versatile being, James Whistler, has always made some lithographs, because he loved the velvety blacks and the delicate, pale, intermediate tones. But today he is not known even as a leader in the new school. Willette is the supreme artist of this medium. It is becoming a fashion in France to make portraits on the stone. Practically, in lithography every impression is an original, as the drawing is made on the stone and is not visible until it is printed. A lithographic stone lasts much longer than an etched plate. Every art student in Paris considers his stone drawings of paramount importance at the moment, and it is probable that this decade will leave behind a collection of these beautiful pictures, which the far seeing will gather in while they are cheap. The work is not difficult, and has the charm of novelty.

Laurens Alma-Tadema is so healthy looking and so healthy minded that he has never fallen under the imputation of trying to "live the life of the beautiful Greeks," and yet, oddly enough, that is exactly what he succeeds in doing, at least so far as surroundings are concerned. His pictures of antique life could almost all of them be painted from a model placed somewhere about his own house and grounds. He is a Dutchman, born in Friesland, and his earliest pictures were of German life in the early middle ages. This was followed by a Pompeian period, and then the elaborate representations of the life of ancient Greece and Rome. But it has been since 1870, when he went to England, and married the enormously rich Miss Epps of the cocoa fortune, that he has been able to realize his dreams of ancient grandeur in his surroundings. He built a London house on the north side of Regent's Park, which is filled with the cool marbles, the frescos, and the decorations which his pictures have taught us to know.

* * * *

We have not many of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures in this country, but no more beautiful example of his work can be seen anywhere than the Andromeda at the Tooth gallery on Fifth Avenue. Sir Frederick Leighton has so recently died that the story of his work is in everybody's mind. This picture is an excellent example of his best output. It is essentially decorative in effect, the dragon filling up much of the picture and sheltering the maiden under his wing. In the sky Perseus can be seen on his winged horse coming to the rescue. But it is this decorative effect, this decorative excellence, which is too pronounced a feature of all of Leighton's work. His lines are full of poetry, but they are too carefully composed. His pictures are so great that it is impossible not to wish that so much that is great should not be ablaze with the very fire of genius. But as a magnificent example of Leighton's work this Andromeda should be seen.

* * * *

Mr. George H. Boughton, who has made a study of Puritans and their history, that he might represent them in his pictures, has discovered an odd old Dutch picture, which is now on exhibition at the Avery galleries in New York. It is supposed to be the sailing of the Speedwell from Delftshaven.

The picture has no name nor date, but there is a label on the back which shows that it once belonged to the Blenheim collection. When the first Duke of Marl

borough came back from the Low Countries he brought several pictures with him, and this was undoubtedly one of them.

The picture is by no means extraordinary from an artistic point of view, but it should be bought by one of the museums for its historic value. The ship, with its gay figurehead, flags and guns, might be another than the Speedwell, but the little band of solemn, black coated, ruffed and hatted men are unmistakable. These are the English Puritans who settled in New England.

* * * *

One collection of pictures which was disposed of in New York in April was of more than usual interest. Many of them were old English paintings, and their genuineness was guaranteed by Mr. Sedelmeyer, who sold them. One of the most charming was a portrait by Romney of Miss Eleanor Gordon. This was an excellent example of the work of this artist, the heavy hair, the arch expression, and the sweet white frock, with its red sash, making a picture which was delightful, irrespective of its artistic qualities as a painting.

Beside this good Romney there were portraits by Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Opie, and Shee. One picture by a French artist was of the "Old Pretender," James Stuart. It was almost full length, and clad in armor. Another royal picture was Constable's "Embarkation of George IV from Whitehall," on the occasion of the opening of Waterloo bridge.

The modern pictures were very good. They included a first rate Corot, two Meissoniers, a Munkacsy, and a Fortuny, besides many others of the first class.

* * * *

Mr. James Ellsworth, of Chicago, was the purchaser of the Troyon of the Fuller sale, which the French government coveted, and he is going to take his pictures from Chicago to New York on account of Chicago's atmosphere. This brought Mr. Charles Yerkes' magnificent collection of pictures to Gotham, and will take Potter Palmer's from Chicago to Newport. Mr. Ellsworth has spent more than a million dollars on his paintings, and he has selected them with rare judgment. He owns ten Innesses. When Mr. W. A. Clarke, of Montana, finishes his picture gallery on Fifth Avenue and Mr. Ellsworth has settled his collection, the metropolis will have the most remarkable assemblage of paintings ever brought together in one city since the beginning of the world. There are probably as many good pictures in many European cities, but they came there by entirely different means. In the older countries, pictures were collected through inheritance, a process going on from generation to generation. Many of the great portrait collections are made up almost entirely from gifts. In this country the owners of our great private galleries not only made their own collections of pictures, but the money which purchased them. And in nine cases out of ten they require no weeding.

* * * *

Besides "The Standard Bearer," by Rembrandt, Mr. George Gould has purchased Gainsborough's portrait of Lady Mulgrave, which was sold at Christie's about a year ago.

It would be a most excellent thing if the owners of our private galleries would allow the public to visit them, as is so commonly done in England, and was so long the practice of the late Mr. Walters, of Baltimore.

* * * *

At the Knoedler gallery hangs a Corot which is an interesting specimen of this master's work—especially to students, as it is painted in his "early manner." It is hard to realize that Corot belongs to the last century as well as to this. He was born in 1796 and died in 1875. This large canvas, showing a landscape with wood centers and a wagon with four horses crossing a stream, was painted in 1832. At the first sight it does not suggest Corot, but a look at the detail shows that even then he had the same infallible way of painting nature by means that seem almost intangible.

Corot was not understood, at first. The critics were accustomed to a different sort of painting. These gray canvases did not appeal to them; but as the years went by, the painter's charm asserted itself. Finally his country, always ready to reward her artists, gave him every honor in its power, and he died in the consciousness of his great fame.

POSTAL SAVINGS DEPOSITORIES.

BY JAMES A. GARY,

Postmaster General of the United States.

The head of our Post Office Department points out the advantages to be derived from a system which will encourage the masses to lay by small sums, and suggests means by which the benefits of the institution may be confined to this element of our population.

THE proposition to establish Postal Savings Depositories in the United States is meeting with the most generous consideration throughout the country. In my report, recently issued, I expressed the conviction that the time was "ripe for their establishment in connection with other duties of this department," and that belief has been amply justified by the interest and cordiality with which the public has received the proposition. My reasons for the confidence expressed were that the country had just passed through a period of profound depression, and that the people had thereby acquired the inestimable lesson of the need of looking ahead, and of saving something for the time to come. I believed that one such experience would be enough for the American people, and that they were ready to do anything which guaranteed to ameliorate, at least, the recurrence of the late unfortunate conditions. That this was a correct view is no longer to be doubted. Fortunately the conditions are favorable, and the people are in the frame of mind to provide for a surplus over and above the necessaries of life, and to save it, and it remains for the government to provide the means and instrumentality of saving it.

The theory upon which these means should be based is to teach the value of small economies; to induce and to enable the people to get something ahead; to make them independent of the harsh exactions of the credit system; and to relieve many of them of a condition that is often moneyless. The theory is not to help them to become rich by finding profitable investments for their large accumulations. The development of such large accumulations must necessarily be left to private enterprise and individual skill and intelligence. The Postal Savings Depository, wherever applied, was designed for the use of the humblest members of society, and wherever this object has been perverted by persons of generous means taking advantage of the system to have their surplus capital profitably invested without any trouble to themselves, it has operated to clog the system and to increase its cost and labor far beyond that judicious degree which the State should exercise. A few simple restrictions applied to the Postal Savings Depositories would readily serve to keep their operations within healthful bounds. The amount of any one deposit should be limited to a comparatively small figure. The total amount of deposits allowed in a single year, as well as all together, should be limited to a modest sum. The number of deposits permitted in a week or a month should also be restricted. By such methods the system will offer no temptation to rich people, accustomed to handle generous sums, or to those who are constantly looking for profitable investments. It will be confined, as it is intended to be, to the depositors of the smaller amounts, who are more solicitous of securing their money than of finding a profitable investment. I am sure, from the information I am receiving in letters almost daily, that the government could be made the receptacle of millions of dollars annually for the mere guarantee of its safe and prompt return, without the pledge of one cent of interest. The first consideration in the mind of every one is security and the cer-

tainty of return of the principal. The profit coming from interest is a secondary consideration. Therefore, the system can be established in this country with the lowest known rate of interest, and yet with every assurance of success.

The Postal Savings System, under such conditions, would in no sense be a competitor of the existing banks of the country. On the contrary, it would take the place of a great primary school for the benefit of the existing banks. It is estimated that there are not more than ten million persons in the whole country who are using the facilities of banks, trust companies, building and loan associations, etc. The remaining sixty million know little or nothing about the modern banking and loan associations, and they realize no benefit from them except in a remote and indirect way. The Postal Savings System would attract many of the latter class. It would probably double the number of persons now acquainted with and enjoying the benefits of banking facilities, and would also, to a very large extent, increase the amount of money in active circulation. It would lead men, women, and children to take their accumulated savings, the result of small economies, from the postal depository, and place them in the savings banks, the trust companies, loan associations, or other institutions, which today do not seek and have not the use of this class of savings. It stands to reason, if the government, for example, should pay interest at the rate of two per cent while the savings banks were paying from three to four per cent, that as soon as the depositors had learned, through their experience with the government system, of the advantages to be derived from a use of the present banking establishments, they would transfer their deposits, having reached the limited amount, from the government institutions to those which guaranteed the larger income. It is the experience of other countries where the Postal Savings System is in vogue, that only about one eighth of the sum of the many deposits made in the course of a year is allowed to remain for permanent investment, seven eighths of it being withdrawn within the year for current use; that is, persons of small incomes take this way of laying up the necessary money for their rent, their winter fuel, or their annual stock of clothing, or for the equipment of the home with new furniture, or the purchase of instruments of industry. In many ways they utilize the money they are thus enabled to save in sums large enough to be useful, and at the same time they secure their financial independence. It is the daily experience of foreign bureaus to have depositors withdraw their savings of years for the purchase of a little home, or for the establishment of a modest business. Almost invariably these depositors begin again the pleasant task of accumulating their savings for the future, for, when the habit of saving is once acquired, it is only abandoned in the rarest instances.

It is the uniform testimony of the philanthropists and statesmen of Europe that no other system or custom of their countries has done so much to improve the condition of their people as the savings system, whether operated through the post offices or through other state and municipal methods. Nor is it necessary to go to Europe to find demonstrations of that great fact. The savings banks of the United States furnish ample data to prove that they have been the best means of developing thrift and the other conservative qualities that make a people great. In the communities where these banks have been operated for the longest time, and the system has been most generally applied, are found the greatest comfort, the most general diffusion of wealth, and the highest intelligence and progress. As extravagance is destructive of the best forces of society, so is economy the most efficient quality for the building up of human character and civilization. The opponents of the Postal Savings System, to prove the superiority of private enterprise over government supervision in such matters, point out the magnificent results of the savings banks in the Middle and New England States, and the unparalleled accumulations of the people of that section of the country, especially in Massachusetts, where more than one half of the inhabitants have savings bank accounts. To my mind, these facts furnish one of the most unanswerable arguments in behalf of this project.

Legislation alone made these extraordinary results possible. The mutual savings banks are protected and surrounded by the most careful provisions of law. The protection of the State has inspired that confidence which has attracted the millions of depositors. Private enterprise in Boston, in Philadelphia, and Baltimore originated the mutual savings banks about eighty years ago, wisely imitating similar movements begun about twenty years earlier in England and Scotland; but the original institutions and their imitators in this country were puny affairs, isolated as to places and very limited as to patrons, so long as the State did not look after them. In Massachusetts, the first bank was founded in 1817, and during the following eighteen years twenty one other banks were established. All of these banks had a different charter, and none of them was subject to the general supervision of the State. They attracted depositors very slowly and accumulated barely $3,500,000. About that time the banks were subjected to a rigid legislative scrutiny, and the resposibility of the trustees was enlarged. That was the beginning of the savings banks' progress in Massachusetts. Forty years later they had accumulated $75,000,000. During the seventies the banking laws in Massachusetts, as well as in several other States, were again rigidly overhauled, and the safeguards to the depositors were strengthened, and as a consequence, during a period of about twenty years, the accumulations in the banks of Massachusetts have risen from $75,000,000 to nearly $500,000,000, and the number of depositors to nearly 1,500,000. The history of savings banks in other States is the same, with some modifications, as it is in Massachusetts. The people have more confidence in the national government than they have in anything else. Many of the States to a degree share this distinction with the national government, and it is only where the national government in respect to national banks, or the State in respect to the various other classes of banks, has stepped in and extended its protection and guarantee to the depositors that we find the extraordinary accumulations of this period.

The opponents of the Postal Savings System assert that private enterprise will do in every community what it has done in the Middle and New England States, just as soon as there is a demand for it. I wonder if this is true? Does the history of the growth of the banks justify this assertion? For example, do the larger cities of Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and New Orleans furnish the same opportunities for the deposit and investment of the smaller savings that are furnished by Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore? All the former cities have so called savings banks, but they are not of the character and do not furnish the inducements, not paying the interest nor giving the security, of the mutual savings banks of the latter cities. The former have what are known as stock savings banks, and are established and managed for the benefit of the stockholders, while the latter are conducted exclusively for the benefit and enrichment of the depositors. The times and conditions seem to have changed. The benevolence and kindly foresight which induced the foremost business men of the older communities to take up the task of leading the people to save their money, and to invest it for them, exercising over it often more care than they did over their own possessions, do not appear to be the controlling motive among the managers of savings banks in the newer communities. The altruistic spirit which led the good men of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, almost simultaneously, to establish the mutual savings banks, which still exist in these cities, surrounded by their successful imitators, has not made its appearance in the newer cities of the country. The savings banks established years ago are nearly all in operation, and are doing a splendid work. If their counterpart were found in every town throughout the country there would perhaps be less occasion for the Postal Savings System, but unfortunately they are confined to a limited field, to the country north and east of the Potomac River, with a few isolated banks in West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin. In other places where what are known as stock savings banks have been established, the stockholders, naturally, receive

the first consideration and the depositors the second. The managers of these stock savings banks confine themselves to the investment of their own capital or to the capital the profits of which will largely accrue to themselves. At any rate, admirable as the mutual savings bank of New England is in every respect, it has inspired no imitators in the great States south of the Potomac, in the Mississippi Valley and the farther West. Perhaps the difference in conditions is at the bottom of the great difference in banks, which I have pointed out above.

Many of the latter States have been developed by a method entirely different from that of the slow and more natural growth of the Eastern and a few Northern States. The former have usually been the product of large capital which was, and in many instances is today, controlled by a few men or corporations, whose tendency naturally is to ignore the smaller schemes of men; to overlook, if not to discountenance, those petty economies which were indispensable to the life and the very existence of the original settlers of this country. The larger and more rapid plans of development have necessarily produced an atmosphere of extravagance, of large means, and of princely investment. Ownership involves, in many instances, plantations, square miles, certainly not less than quarter sections. Mining companies reach out for the mountain ranges, and individual wheat growers and cattle breeders occupy the valleys between. The few are owners and employers. The many are tenants and employees. Under such a condition of society there is little opportunity or inducement to save.

There is another condition, peculiar to the South, which makes saving there very difficult, or confines it to a portion of the population only. It is unreasonable to expect the millions of freed men to have acquired that sense of saving and foresight which created the savings banks of the North and East, and yet they compose more than one half of the population in several of the States of that section. They constitute the laboring class of their communities, and are, therefore, in a peculiar sense the class from which most of the depositors in the Postal Savings System may be expected. These people have great faith in their government, and with the means at their hand, under the seal and security of the national authority, they will promptly learn the beneficent lesson of saving, just as they have learned, in a few decades, to earn their own living, to educate their children, to build churches and homes and schoolhouses, and to regard themselves as citizens. I cannot conceive of anything that could supply a greater inspiration for good to the colored people of the South than the means and machinery of saving which the Postal Savings System would give them. They have industry, they have a desire to earn money; but as a class they have not yet acquired the habit of saving. They live from hand to mouth, giving little care to the morrow, and freely spending as fast as they can earn and often faster.

Some opponents of the Postal Savings System insist that legislation cannot improve society, which is the sum and substance of that school of political economists who are forever preaching to "let well enough alone." Philosophers of that school may be able to prove their case in countries of "arrested growth"; but not in America, whose institutions are the result of written law, and whose development is still in its infancy. To appreciate what legislation can do for a people, we need but regard the influence exerted upon American society by the public school system, by the ballot, and by the establishment of the postal system. Their uses in shaping American character have been, and are, of incalculable value, and yet they are the offspring of legislation.

If the United States had "let well enough alone," there would be no "beyond the Mississippi" on its maps, no safe harbors, no frowning fortifications and protective navies to keep out armed enemies, no national banking system, no national postal system. Indeed, the United States would not be united at all. The United States would not be in existence. "Let well enough alone" is the philosophy of indifference, of callousness, of heartlessness. An armed enemy of the State is less to be dreaded than its indifferent friend. There are today, un-

fortunately for the country, many men, otherwise happily equipped for the duties of good citizenship, who affect and practise this baneful policy of indifference. It foreshadows a condition in which the refinement of civilization appears to be eliminating the blood and spirit out of the national life. "Let well enough alone" is the refuge of timid statesmanship, which fears to follow the common judgment of the common people, which harbors distrust of popular sentiment, and which lacks the courage to grapple with new conditions.

In bright contrast with these timid critics who seem to think that our government is filling the full measure of its destiny, are the men and women, and especially the newspaper writers, who are aggressively at work in all parts of the country helping to solve the one overshadowing problem involved in this project: *How is the money to be invested?* To this question every intelligent friend of the system is now devoting himself, and I am in receipt almost daily of interesting and frequently of very instructive suggestions. The leading bills already introduced during this session of Congress, by Senators Mason and Butler in the Senate, and by Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Bartholdt in the House of Representatives, include the same provisions for investing the savings. These include national, state, county, and municipal bonds. The existing bonds of the government are placed first. It is argued in behalf of this mode of investment that these bonds would afford an ample field for the accumulations of the next ten or fifteen years; that the government is not likely to pay off the remaining third of the war debt so rapidly as it paid off the other two thirds; and that ten years from now, when the last of that class of bonds will fall due, there will probably remain at least $750,000,000 unpaid which, it is urged, would be enough to absorb all the savings. The United Kingdom, with half the population of this country, has accumulated nearly $600,000,000 since 1862. It is believed that the capacity of the American people to lay up money, when once they shall have learned the lesson of saving, will be much greater than that of the English people, but as an offset to this it is noted that the opportunities for profitable investment in this country far exceed those of the British Islands. Comparatively, therefore, the American people would invest more in private securities and projects and less in the Postal Savings Depository than is the case with the English people. It is true, in prosperous times, the facilities for investment in the United States are almost without limit.

The second proposition of the bills now pending in Congress, which is only to be considered after the national debt is taken up or paid, authorizes the savings to be invested in state, county, and municipal bonds, the States to guarantee the repayment of loans made to the two latter. This proviso would open a practically limitless field, which is being enlarged by the steady tendency of American cities to improve their streets, to acquire parks, and to own and control all quasi public works. This tendency is very marked, and the time is not far distant when the larger American municipalities will be vying with each other, and offering the very best security for enormous sums of money to be expended in public improvements.

The Hon. Roy Stone, of the Agricultural Department, and president of the National League of Good Roads, is engaged in a propaganda attracting much attention, which points out a way of investing the people's savings through the intervention and upon the guarantee of the several States. Mr. Stone's plan is to invest the money in building good roads, and it appears to have touched a popular chord.

Canada, which has accumulated about $40,000,000 in thirty years, is devoting the money to public improvements, making a permanent debt due to its depositors, and paying three and one half per cent interest thereon. Of this money twenty per cent must be invested in the securities of the Dominion. The balance is "handed over" to the treasury to be dealt with as any other revenue. It may be paid out for current expenses. It is not likely that the United States will ever adopt this policy. It would furnish a constant temptation to cover up deficits by drawing upon the deposits.

The English system invests the savings in government securities only. Much has been made recently by the opponents of the system of the fact that the English banks have been run at a loss to the government during the last current year. This loss was less than $19,000, upon operations involving the investment of $550,000,000. Twenty years ago the system involved a loss of as many pounds, or about $90,000. It also failed to make both ends meet during the first three years of its operation. Nevertheless, the English system has earned after paying two and one half per cent interest on deposits, the handsome sum of £1,550,000 or nearly $7,750,000, which the government has, from time to time, divided among the depositors. There is, therefore, little comfort in the English experience for the American opponent of the system. Last year the deficiency was an apparent loss only, making it compulsory upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to buy such securities in the open market, or else let the money lie idle, which naturally advanced the premium on such securities. The condition of the times during the last three years also contributed to this state of things. English industries were prosperous enough, and there was a fair demand for money for home use; but there was no demand for the surplus of English capital in this country, which had heretofore been one of its best markets. As a consequence, the English money market, always fully stocked, became plethoric, government securities came in great demand, and the price of consols went up to 112; the rate of interest fell even below two and one half per cent, which is the rate guaranteed to the depositors in the savings banks.

The simplest form of investment, and that most generally employed by countries using the Postal Savings System, is in government securities. These are preferred almost everywhere. Municipal bonds constitute a very common form of investment. They afford a good market in France, Belgium, the Australian colonies, New Zealand, and in a few other minor countries. But real estate appears to be the most popular channel for this kind of investment. Mortgage bonds of continental Europe, where land has become valuable, are sought after by every bank. This is true of France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Austria, Sweden, Norway, and also by the municipal banks of Prussia, Bavaria, and Switzerland.

It is constantly being urged upon me by correspondents from every part of the country, from the East no less than from the West, to secure a provision for the investment of savings funds in real estate, which is usually intended to mean farms. Many excellent reasons are advanced for this disposition of the money, but thus far no one has been able to present a practical plan for its realization. Any plan for the investment of the money that would require such infinite detail in its administration as the loaning of money on ordinary mortgage bonds, would probably be found impracticable.

In conclusion, I wish to call attention to the remarkable liberality of the charters under which the original savings banks of Massachusetts were organized. The banks were governed by trustees who had absolute control of the funds, subject only to the limitations that they should in no way profit by the handling of money, and that it should be invested in the following seven distinct classes of securities:

1. The stock of any bank, state or national.

2. Loans by deposit in any bank, state or national, on time and on interest.

3. Bonds or notes of individuals, secured by bank stock, to ninety per cent of the par value of the latter.

4. Bonds and mortgages to an amount not exceeding three fourths of the total deposits in hand. The real estate might be situate in any State.

5. Public funds of the State and of the United States.

6. Bonds of counties, cities, and towns.

7. To private citizens on personal security by two promisors, to the amount of one fourth of the deposits in hand.

In 1841 railway stock was added to the classes enumerated above.

There was practically no limit to investment in those securities that were

then and are today regarded as absolutely safe. Those ancient charters were made to recognize two important principles. First they gave large, almost absolute power to the managers of the banks; and second, they provided for the greatest possible variety of investment consistent with safety. After eighty years of experience it is difficult to improve upon these provisions. Coupled with the statutes which the State from time to time enacted for the protection of the depositors, it is a wonder no longer that the savings banks of Massachusetts have outstripped all other savings institutions in the world.

James A. Gary.

THE SPELL OF NIGHT.

THE faded roses drift along the west,
To die in silver windrows on its rim;
Pearl gauzes drop across the meadow's breast;
The flocks of white petunias are dim,
And shadows soothe them into fragrant rest.

A nighthawk's signal quivers in the gloom,
A clear, sharp lance of sound; then droops the wing
Of silence, dipped in forest born perfume,
Where flavors of the dawning summer cling,
Blent with the breath of spring's departing bloom.

My soul is restless for, I know not what—
Cool, mossy walks; the drip of woodland springs;
Some half remembered, half imagined spot
A scarce caught echo in the silence brings—
A glimpse, a dream, of something I have not.

Dark violet, the mighty heavens sweep.
Behold, the pain is soothed, and peace is here.
Pure mists of dew the drowsy flowers steep;
The balm of rest for weary hearts is near;
God lights the stars and sends the world to sleep.

Hattie Whitney.

INTO BATTLE AND THROUGH IT.

BY ELLIOTT F. SHAW.

A National Guardsman's trying experiences as a volunteer in the United States army of invasion—A graphic pen picture of the grim reality of war.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp.

We have been at it all day, and are still trudging wearily onward. All day in the dust of a dry plain and the heat of the tropics we have kept it up; that is, the strongest of us. The others have literally dropped by the wayside—played out. There is a scant two thirds of us left now, for we are not seasoned veterans. On the contrary, we are citizen soldiers, volunteers, militia, who have never before known acute physical suffering. From sun up until sun down, and now far into the hot night, we have been making a forced march. Where? We do not know. Some of our officers know, and that is enough. The friends we have left behind us at home are better informed about it than we are. They have their papers to tell them. As for ourselves, we have learned how little the individual soldier knows of what is going on around him.

A battle is being fought somewhere in our front. This we know, for we have heard the firing of the heavier guns. It cheered us on while it lasted, for we knew our comrades were being hard pressed, and we were going to their rescue; but when night fell, as it does in the tropics suddenly, the firing ceased and our minds became more than ever conscious of our tired muscles. We are making barely three miles an hour now. We are tired, sleepy, hungry, and, far worse, thirsty, with no means to relieve our thirst. Our canteens have been empty for hours, though we each carry two. A man uses a great amount of water in a hot climate. The worst of it is that most of us foolishly used part of the water in one canteen to moisten the canvas cover of the other, so that the water in the latter would be cooled by the evaporation. It is a tropical trick which we have learned—in this case to our disadvantage. We shall know better next time. But will there be a next time? We are going into battle. Will we go through it? Not all of us. There are prizes in this game we have been so anxious to play, and the prizes are death.

We are sadly out of temper. What is worse, our officers are also, for the strain has told on them as well as on the men, and their cries of "Close up!" and "Stop straggling!" become harsher and sharper as we drag ourselves, half stumbling, along the dusty road. A band of specters we seem to each other, a long, swaying serpent with its tail lost in the darkness behind.

A strange army we would seem to the people who flocked to see us in New York. While we have not been in battle yet, we have been in the field long enough to learn to throw away everything that is not absolutely necessary. There is not even a blanket in the command now, for the nights are so hot we do not need them, and as to tents—well, we turned them over to the quartermaster long ago. But we have added some things of more use. A number of pickaxes and spades have been dealt out to us, and we take turns carrying them with many a complaint. Our brigade commander is quoted as saying that we will be more willing to carry them after we have been under fire a few times. They are handy things to dig trenches with, and the trenches will save our lives—some of them.

Twenty five miles we have made today, they tell us, and we have five more to make. They seem endless; but in reality they prove to be a scanty three and a half, for our comrades who have been in the fight of the day have been vastly outnumbered, and have been driven back by the enemy, though they have stubbornly fought every inch of the ground.

With delight we hear a rough challenge, "Who comes there?" and are halted and ordered to stack our arms, while our commanding officer goes forward to give an account of himself. It is a joyous opportunity to rest, and we are most of us asleep by the side of the road before he comes back. We get but a cat nap, however, and are soon moving again, this time in a direction at right angles to the road. We know what that means. We have arrived at the field of battle for tomorrow's fight. Be-

hind us we can hear, indistinctly, the commands for other regiments to form "left front into line." Now we are brought to "attention" ourselves. Our column of fours wheels left into line, and we are halted again. Again our guns are stacked, and after being cautioned not to wander away from them, we hear the welcome order "Dismissed."

"Water!" is now the cry on every lip, and after a time we find some and quench our feverish thirst. This satisfied, hunger takes its turn, and we seek wood with which to build a fire, delighted now with anticipations of hot coffee and delicious fried bacon. For days our stomachs have turned at the thought of bacon, for it has been the only meat issued to us for over a month, but tonight it will surely be delicious. Alas! we have counted without our host. The moment a fire is started we get a dozen orders to put it out, and an officer springs toward it and kicks the pieces of burning wood in a dozen directions. Even before he does so there is a queer buzzing, humming, and whistling in the air, and we know why we must do without it. It was an excellent mark for the enemy, and the whistling we heard was of bullets. We have been under fire. The firing has ceased, but the idea gives us a strange feeling of elation. We are something more than the average run of our fellow men. Without a complaint we, who have often dined at Delmonico's, sit down to a meal of raw bacon, hard tack, and cold water. Then, like so many satisfied animals, we drop in our places and fall asleep on the bare ground with our coats for pillows.

Sleep, did I say? Surely we did not sleep. It is still night, but a sergeant is awakening us with a rough order to be quiet and fall into ranks. The roll is called, again we break ranks, and are given ten minutes to bolt more raw bacon and hard tack. Still more of it is issued to us to carry, for once in battle there will be little chance for us to get food until it is over. We are ordered to fill our canteens and be more careful of our water supply in future (which we will surely be), and then our half numbed and aching bodies are loaded down with a further issue of ammunition.

In the east there is a faint strip of light, and we are hurriedly marched forward into our place on the right of our line, for the twilight of morning is of as short duration as that of night, and we must get as near the enemy as we can under cover of the darkness. Today it is our side which has the greater numbers, unless the enemy has also been reinforced during the night, and we are to attack and win back all that was lost yesterday, and more if we can. Orders are given in muffled tones, and we plunge forward in the darkness, leaving the fighters of yesterday behind as a reserve.

The light in the east grows brighter. We can see a company fall back now and then, as it is ordered into position as a reserve or support. Then comes an order from our own battalion commander: "Form for attack—the first the base company—march!" Our captain halts every other section to form the company supports, and the rest are hurried forward into line of squads, still moving forward, but now more cautiously.

A flame of fire bursts from the eastern horizon, and as it does so another bursts in front of us with a roar. A man who has just been joking with us falls dead at our side; we hear a rolling of musketry, and know the battle has begun. Day breaks in an instant; we can see the puffs of smoke from the enemy's position, and we are given the welcome order to fire a few rounds at them. In an instant we are wild with the excitement of battle, and it is well that we are held in this line of squads and under the immediate command of a non commissioned officer, or we should fire away all our ammunition before the battle was half fought.

We are well into the zone of fire now, and the squads of our line advance alternately in rushes of about thirty yards. This line then lies down and fires while the other makes a similar rush, gaining half that distance to our front. Now we cease firing and take our turn at the forward movement while the other squads fire. Men begin to fall in these rushes now, but we are too excited and too busy to notice or think of them—thank God. Very willingly we obey orders not to expose ourselves more than we can help, but to take advantage of every tree, rock, or gully that can shield us.

The enemy's fire is hot and effective. The bullets "zip" by our ears or over our heads, and some go with a "spat" into the earth at our feet, but many find their mark, and we are soon deployed by squads into line of skirmishers. A thin line it seems to us, with too much distance between the individual skirmishers, for our dead and wounded are not in it, and they are more than we thought. We glance anxiously backward, and wonder if it is not time for the supports to be brought to our aid. This looks too much like fighting the entire army of the enemy by ourselves. Yes, there they come, already deployed like ourselves into line of skirmishers, and back in the distance we can see the battalion and brigade reserves closing up. We know what that means. We are nearer the ene-

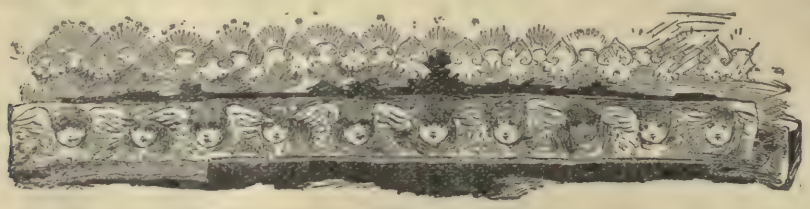
my's position than we think. When those reserves get on the line there will be one wild charge—and the enemy will be defeated, or we will—a trifling matter depending upon which has the greater numbers and which the best fighters.

The supports are with us now, and we rush forward with more confidence, this time by sections. Our fire becomes more rapid as we halt in turn—and more men drop at each rush. But behind us the reserves are coming, and we know that they will more than fill their places. On the drill ground at home the reserves always seemed ludicrously useless. What confidence they give us now!

The trees and rocks grow scarcer now, and the whole line is suddenly halted. In a rift of the smoke we can see the enemy's position, not two hundred yards away. They have anticipated our intention to attack, and have thrown up rude intrenchments. Now comes the order for "rapid fire," and we pump bullets at the enemy until our rifle barrels are so hot we cannot touch them. If the enemy give way at this, we know we will not have to charge them. But they answer the fire ferociously. The combined firing sounds like the "rolling" of a thousand deafening drums, punctuated irregularly by the booming of cannon and the steady whir of the enemy's machine guns.

Now comes the final test. We are commanded to "fix bayonets," and then continue the rapid fire. There is the tramp of thousands of men in our rear. Up come the reserves. Another long rush is made, followed by "rapid fire" again. And then comes the command we are so impatient to hear: "To the charge—march!" and we spring forward through the smoke with our bayonets at the charge. There are plucky men against us, and they stand to their posts and pour a murderous fire into us as we dash over that last hundred yards. But we reach their line at last, and go over their intrenchments at a couple of bounds. An indescribable mêlée follows of individual fighting with bayonets, revolvers, swords, and clubbed muskets. And then, panting and exhausted, we cease—victors, for our enemies have either surrendered or died at their posts.

On we go again, mad with joy, this time turning to our left. We have turned their flank. The enemy's cavalry charge us, but they are met and driven back by cavalry of our own. Our light artillery dashes up to some high ground to our right and opens fire. Our cavalry plunges in to reap the fruits of victory in captures; we can see the enemy's line giving way all along their front, hotly pursued by our own. All is practically over save the pursuit, in which at present we are too exhausted to join. We are halted to guard prisoners and captured cannon—and get time to think, to realize that we have been into battle and through it victoriously.



THE THOUGHT OF HER.

THE thought of her is like a breath of spring,
Sweet with a promise even as the wind.
It warms my heart again and clears my mind,
And sets the flowers of pleasure blossoming.
Love, like a bird, returns with it to sing,
Life leaves the shadows everywhere behind;
It bubbles up and hastens on to find
The sunlight that the birds and blossoms bring.

And like the flowery fragrance of the breeze,
This happy thought is sweet with memories—
Of long ago when we were children yet;
Of other days, like this, which she made bright
For with me with so much happiness and light
As I shall never while I live forget.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

LIKE SOLDIERS, ALL.

BY TOM HALL.

An incident in warfare with the Indians—The story that was told the civilian on the march, and what the civilian saw himself in battle.

I SAT on the top of a flat boulder and watched while my saddle nag and pack mule nibbled at the sparse bunches of grass that may be found in Arizona—occasionally. Before me stretched the blue gray panorama of a mountain desert, and the same was on either hand and behind. Dots of greenish gray cactus pricked the sand at irregular intervals. Here and there bleached bones were slowly disintegrating, constant reminders of the serious end of life, and the frequent rattle of a snake's tail offered the means of exit. To make up for the quiescence of the rest, pink and green lizards scudded about as though the fate of the universe depended on their haste. It was the God forsaken land of the Apache, with nothing to redeem it but its cold beauty.

To my left stretched a desert mirage, and from it I now heard the fall of the feet of many horses. A chill of fear ran down my spine, for I knew Cochise had "jumped" the San Carlos reservation with his band of Chiricahuas; but before I could reach for my rifle I heard a stern, martial voice shouting gruffly, "Close up in rear!" and I knew I had fallen in with pursuers, rather than pursued.

Presently they emerged from the foggy mirage, mounted specters in single file. A boyish, worried looking officer rode at the head, and he galloped to my little elevation, clapped a pair of field glasses to his eyes, and looked anxiously ahead. Then he marched on without a word, and by that I knew that he was new to the business. In the desert one greets a stranger as a long lost friend, and parts with him reluctantly. Following him went the troop, on whose felt campaign hats I read the legend "B-12," by which I knew that this was the second troop of the Twelfth Regiment of Uncle Sam's cavalry.

"Better jog along with us, sir, if you're moving south," said a voice at the rear. And thus I fell in and made friends with the second sergeant and the blacksmith of the command.

"After Indians?" I asked, knowing perfectly well they were, but feigning a proper civilian ignorance.

"Aye, and a long ways after them, I'm taking it," answered the sergeant. "And it's all owin' to our bein' recently an orphan troop."

"An orphan troop?"

"A troop without commissioned officers. Our captain's on sick leave, our first lootinint detached on special duty, an' our old second recently promoted. Whereby we come to be commanded by this bloomin' red cheeked babe you see in front."

"A wasp waisted idiot fresh from the military school," growled the blacksmith, "commanding men who fought with Sheridan."

"And a sick job he's having of it," added the sergeant, whereat the blacksmith laughed loud and uproariously, bringing down upon him the objurgations of many dusty files in front, and commands, devoid of authority, to "shut up and act like a soldier."

"Like a soldier it is," laughed the sergeant. "Now, if you were in front with the little lootinint boy when he heard that, you'd a seen him blush like a fresh kissed girl. It's a phrase we tantalize him with."

"Why that?" I asked.

"Because he used it to admonish us when he took over command, not liking our looks or our ways—us, who were soldiers when he wore dresses. We weren't clean enough to suit him, not having drawn clothing in half a year, having been scouting that time in the mountains with the orderly sergeant in command."

"And we weren't set up quite as straight as the cadets he was used to."

"And swore."

"An' got drunk and fought."

"An' chewed tobacco, an' used bad language of other kinds."

"Yes, he didn't like the looks of us, an' we didn't like the style of him. So we made his life a living hell, which the private soldier can do with his officer when he has the mind."

"And your orderly sergeant?" I asked.

"Looked on without a word. He's the maddest of 'em all, 'cause he's working for his shoulder straps an' looked to command the troop on this campaign himself, and win much glory."

"Yes, we nearly lost the campaign altogether, for they kept us in post with the doughboys all on account of him, until necessity compelled them, and now we'll be the laughing stock of the regiment, just as he has been of the doughboys and their officers."

"Why?"

In answer the blacksmith simply held up his saber with scorn.

"He made us take these pig stickers with us, as though we were going to charge squares of civilized infantry. It's the first time they've been carried on an Indian campaign, but, faith, we must needs be like the soldiers he has been reading about in his books at West Point—an' it'll nickname the regiment, see if it don't."

The slender trail stretched ahead, visible for miles, and I let them tell their story. And ere the end was reached my heart went out in sympathy to poor little, bewildered Lieutenant Raines, who was riding so manfully and silently at our head.

This poor fellow, filled with the ideals of soldier life, had stumbled out into the desert to command this grumbling troop of human devils, without the aid or counsel of an older officer, for well I knew the infantry officers associated with him would help him not at all. He had fallen from the highest ideal to plainest real in a day, and the descent had not been made easy for him.

"He proceeded to jump on us at the very first parade he attended," continued the sergeant, "and he was not sparing in his remarks, which we considered impudent, not to say imprudent. He told us flatly that we looked like a lot of cowboys, and bade us brace up and look like soldiers. He found dirt in our guns and dirt in our quarters, likewise dirt in our mess and dirt in our stables—which was not surprising, as the dirt was surely there. But he did more than find it; he made us clean it up. He was very free with disparaging remarks concerning our personal appearance, and instituted certain regulations that pleased him, though it did not us, concerning the number of baths we were to take per week and the number of times we were to shave. Then he got us out every morning before breakfast for an hour of setting up drill, with the same end in view of making us look more like soldiers, and that was the needle that broke the camel's eye, or whatever the saying is. That made us the laughing stock of the doughboys, who looked on insolently from the porch of their barracks. 'Like soldiers' became a byword they taunted us with, and by the same token a byword we taunted him with, pretending, of course, that we did not expect to be overheard, which is a way all soldiers have.

"At mounted revolver practice we drove him near crazy. Oh, the scores we made! Never a man missed at all. Did a revolver go off in the air, 'Hit!' the scorer would roar, and gravely stick a paster on the target that like enough hadn't a hole in it anywhere. And the lootinint would compliment and wonder till it was a roarin' farce. But he found that out himself, and when he did he sent us back to barracks in a hurry and rode away to his quarters alone, no doubt with his heart breaking.

"But the climax came at last, and then we quit for shame of ourselves. He's a willin' little fellow, God knows, and he started a night school for us, he to be the teacher and giving his time to it, when he might be flirting with the women or playing cards with the doughboy officers, which latter, no doubt, they wanted him to do, for he would have been easy plucking. He had a tent pitched where it was quiet, and called for volunteers to attend school. Not a man went, though some might have been willing under other circumstances. But when we discovered that the doughboy officers, the younger ones, any way, had hidden behind the tent to make the more fun of him, we got mad at them instead and let up. Then for a while we were model soldiers, although it was hard at times, during drill. You must know, sir, that it's a queer mixture of learning they put into a man at West Point; and when a cadet graduates he's as much of an engineer as he is of the line, and as much of an artillery officer as he is officer of cavalry or infantry. So we were never surprised to hear amazin' commands at drill; and when marching in column of platoons we heard him roar out such a command as 'On right into battery!' you can imagine it was hard work for us to keep our faces straight. But we behaved—like soldiers."

"Until he armed us with these pig stickers," grunted the blacksmith, never raising his eyes from the ground, for it was his duty to look for lost shoes.

"It broke out, then, again," assented the sergeant. "Small wonder. Is he going to have us charge the red divils with cold steel? We might start, but 'twould be riderless horses that would gallop through—and hardly them. O'Brien, our orderly sergeant, protested; but with new importance in his mind, the boy lootinint bade

the sergeant shut up and obey. And now O'Brien is mad clear through, and getting madder every minute of the march, for not once since we started has the boy asked his advice even about a camping place, which is quite customary and proper with shavetail officers."

"Shavetail?" I queried.

"The army equivalent for 'tenderfoot.' You must know that when an army mule comes fresh from the East its tail is properly shaved, all exceptin' a little bunch at the end. Afterwards that part of its toilet is not attended to, and the old ones have tails like worn out feather dusters. By that you can tell them apart."

"I should think he would have to ask more or less about the trails," said I.

"But he hasn't," the sergeant replied. "By sheer good luck he is marching us in the right direction, but I'll lay me life that we're not within a hundred and fifty miles of those Apaches or any other troop that is after them, and this is our sixth day out."

Apparently from the bosom of the blue haze that lay on the horizon came an indistinct tapping.

"What's that?" asked the blacksmith sharply.

"By the powers, it's shooting or I'm a naygur!" answered the other. I could see a slight commotion at the head of the column, and by that I knew that the orderly sergeant had heard, also.

"It's off to the left," said the blacksmith.

"To the right, you half deaf idiot," returned the sergeant. "It's from around that point of rocky hill. It's a fight, sure. We'll be going in a minute, sir, and I advise you to stay with the pack train." I reined up, and fell back as he suggested, for I have a family to take care of, and am not paid to fight.

"Attention—column half right—gallop—march!" I heard the boy lieutenant cry out in a high pitched voice, and I saw him wave his saber over his head. The bugle repeated the command, and then for the first time I saw the cavalry of my country gallop into battle.

"God be with you all, boy and men," I muttered to myself; and then took up the gallop with the slower mules of the pack train, now whipped up by their swearing drivers, and a guard of two men from the troop.

We were not far behind when the troop formed left front into line on a little ridge, the continuation of the salient angle of the rocky hill which had before hidden the battle from sight. Before them stretched a sloping, sandy plain, dotted with blooming cactus and detached boulders. Among the boulders I could see occasionally the red headband characteristic of the Apache, and from the rocks continuous spurts of white smoke. A few bullets now began to sing over our heads, for we were in plain sight of the Indian line and on its right flank. Off to the left I could indistinctly see the herd of Indian ponies being driven hurriedly away from the danger that this new body of troops threatened.

Eight hundred yards or more to the right, at the base of the hills, was the line of troops already in action. They, too, were protected by boulders, there more frequent, and by some straggling scrub trees hardly higher than bushes. From the top of the hill, also, there came now and then a stray shot at long range, showing where they had dismounted and left their horses.

The pack train was hurried into a little gully, out of sight, but I rode on, excitedly, to the motionless troop. The lieutenant was making a speech to them, in what I, and no doubt they, thought a childish way, and I caught the last two words of it—"like soldiers"—and I smiled to myself. Then I saw him wheel his horse slowly and face in the direction of the hidden Apaches.

"Draw saber!" he cried, his voice rising with excitement. "Forward, gallop—march—charge!" And suiting the action to the word he spurred his horse and galloped on—alone. Not a man had drawn saber. Not a man had stirred.

"It's certain death, and no good to come from it," said one.

"He's but a boy and unfit to command," said another.

"He's crazy," said a third, and there was a confused murmur from the rest to the same effect.

The orderly sergeant, big, burly, savage looking, sat on his horse in front of the right platoon, biting his lip and frowning.

Fifty yards away now, the boy lieutenant was galloping on alone with his saber raised over his head and never looking back.

Then I heard an oath that made my heart jump with joyous anticipation.

"Fool boy or no, he shall not go to his death by himself." It was the orderly sergeant who both spoke and swore. "The man dies in his tracks who does not follow. Draw saber—gallop—charge!" And away they went, with a wild, shrieking cheer, boot to boot and with sabers flashing in the air—cuirassiers of Napoleon charging an English square, rather than American cavalrymen driving redskins from their chosen battle ground of rocks. I flung my hat in the air and shouted at the glory of it. And from the line on the right came an answer-

ing cheer as the men tumbled out from their rocks and charged on foot, taking wise advantage of the diversion, and no doubt soldierly joy in the unusual spectacle.

I saw men fall from their saddles and riderless horses gallop away, snorting with fear and pain. I also saw brown bodies jump into the air and fall back limply. There was a din of shouts and shots and a varying curtain of dust and smoke, but I saw the charge go through, saw the troop —what was left of it—reform beyond and charge back. Twice was this repeated, the troop of the boy lieutenant growing ever smaller, but the troops originally attacking coming nearer and nearer. After the second charge the boy lieutenant disappeared, and after the third the troop was led by the second sergeant, with whom I could now claim acquaintance. Then, with a despairing, angry yell, the Apaches broke and fled in a dozen different directions.

That night I camped with the victors and their prisoners. The foray of Cochise and his dreaded Chiricahuas was at an end. Long after taps had fallen from the brazen lips of the bugle a hand was laid on my shoulder as I was lying on my blanket, too much excited to sleep.

"Did you see it?" queried the familiar voice of my friend, the sergeant.

"All," I answered. "How is your boy lieutenant?"

"Alive, thank God, and like to live to be the pride of his regiment and the darling of his troop. Think of it! This morning we despised him, and tonight we would charge into the infernals just to amuse him, if he asked it. Oh, man dear, it was grand! I am clean lifted out of my ordinary self. And I am not the only one. You should see old Black Jack Carpenter of ours. He is the captain of one of those three companies that were lined up over yonder. The other two are troops of the Eleventh that think themselves particular pumpkins and have always made more or less fun of us. Black Jack is walking on air. Says old Billings to Black Jack (Billings is one of the Eleventh's captains): 'Why the devil don't they send youngsters like that to our regiment. We've got nothing but fops lately.' Oh, the compliment of it! We're the star regiment of horse now, I will have you understand. We did with one troop, led by a beardless boy, what three troops led by experienced captains were failing to do. 'Tis satisfaction enough for a lifetime. But the point I wanted to make with you is this: I was telling you some things on the trail that I had better have left unsaid. We'll not be thinking or feeling that way again, and I wanted to ask you never to tell any one the mean things that we did to that brave boy. You won't, will you?"

Perhaps I promised. But the boy lieutenant is a field officer now and will not care, and the men of the old troop are probably dead or pensioned; and I have concluded to tell at last, because it seemed worth telling. If I have done wrong I am sure they will forgive me—like soldiers, all.

REVOLT.

Is it for hearts to disobey?
Down, you vagabond, down, I say!
  I have work to do, I have watch to keep;
  There is naught for you but to lie and sleep.
I have chosen to work and to walk alone—
Peace! Have done with your senseless moan!

Why are you clamoring long and shrill,
Why do you leap when the road is still?
  Are there steps too distant for human ear,
  Steps that only a heart can hear?
Heed them not, for my will shall rule—
Curse you, then, for a restless fool!

I have hidden that none might find the way—
Down, you vagabond, down, I say!
  Would you bring them around with your foolish whine?
  I have chosen the trail, and the trail is mine!
I must go alone—but the path is steep
And the dark has visions—I pray you, sleep!

Marian West.

DEWEY'S INVINCIBLE SQUADRON.

The famous ships that have made May 1 a notable date in our nation's history—The battle in Manila harbor, and why it was the cleverest naval engagement ever fought.

THESE invincible boats have been pictured before; they cannot be pictured too often. They are a part of our national history now. That this little squadron could steal into Manila harbor and fight not only eleven war ships but the shore fortifications as well, destroying the entire Spanish squadron, killing or wounding seven or eight hundred men, and come out with hardly a scratch, under terrific fire, as they were, is one of the marvels of the world. And yet ten times more marvelous is the fact that on these boats of ours not a man was killed, and only half a dozen or so slightly injured. Meager though the news is at this writing, enough is already known to warrant the statement that this is the cleverest, cleanest, neatest naval engagement of history. There have been fiercer fights, but none with so big a victory at so little cost.

Rear Admiral Dewey seems to be a modest, unassuming man, with a business head on his shoulders. He has waited a long time for his opportunity. When it came he was ready for it—the man for the hour.

THE RALEIGH. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1889; SPEED 19 KNOTS; COST $1,100,000; CARRIES TEN 5 INCH AND ONE 6 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, EIGHT 6 POUND RAPID FIRE AND FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

THE OLYMPIA. FLAGSHIP. PROTECTED CRUISER, FIRST RATE; BUILT IN 1891; SPEED 21.6 KNOTS; COST $1,796,000; CARRIES FOUR 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TEN 5 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOURTEEN 6 POUND AND SIX 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.

THE BALTIMORE. PROTECTED CRUISER, SECOND RATE; BUILT IN 1887; 20.9 KNOTS; COST $1,325,000; CARRIES FOUR 8 INCH AND SIX 6 INCH RIFLES, FOUR 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, TWO 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR HOTCHKISS CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York

THE BOSTON. PROTECTED CRUISER, SECOND RATE; BUILT IN 1883; SPEED 15.6 KNOTS; COST $619,000; CARRIES SIX 6 INCH AND TWO 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWO 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE, TWO 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, AND TWO GATLINGS.

From a copyrighted photograph by J S. Johnston, New York.

THE CONCORD. GUNBOAT; BUILT IN 1888; SPEED 16.8 KNOTS; COST $490,000; CARRIES SIX 6 INCH RIFLES, TWO 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

THE PETREL. GUNBOAT; BUILT IN 1887; SPEED 11.7 KNOTS; COST $247,000; CARRIES FOUR 6 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, ONE 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUN, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, AND TWO GATLINGS.

THE McCULLOCH. REVENUE CUTTER, PROPELLER CLASS, CARRYING FOUR GUNS. ATTACHED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON AS A DESPATCH BOAT.

"A SCOUTING PARTY"—DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.

"NEARING THE END OF A LONG MARCH"—DRAWN BY H. G. DART.

"AN ATTACK OF MARINES"—DRAWN BY WILLIAM GLACKENS.

WHEN GEORGE WAS KING.

An ancient hallway, generous and square;
A drowsy fire ghostly shadows throwing;
An old clock ticking slowly on the stair,
As one who tells a story worth the knowing;
And prone upon the bearskin, showing clear
In the red light, a sleeping cavalier.

His listless fingers closed about a book,
One red sleeved arm above his head reposing,
And on his rugged face the weary look
He wore, perchance, before his eyes were closing.
And one stands laughing eyed upon the stair,
Half merry, half confused, to find him there.

A maiden, rustling in her stiff brocade,
A girlish bud fast blooming into woman,
With the same face that Gainsborough oft made,
Coquettish, most divine, and wholly human,
Who watches the dark sleeper as he lies,
With something more than mischief in her eyes;

And, step by step, comes down with bated breath,
With lips half curled and yet not wholly smiling,
And bends above him (as the old tale saith
Dian above Endymion bent beguiling)
And notes the gray streak in his dusky hair,
And wonders timidly what brought it there.

Then, as a sudden thought comes flashing red,
All guiltily, as though the whole world knew it,
She first inclines and then draws back her head,
Though the old clock ticks, "Do it, do it, do it!"
And then, with hurried look, yet tender air,
She drops a tiny kiss upon his hair,

And shamefaced, flies as some Titania might;
And still about the room the shades are creeping,
And the old clock looks down with steady sight
To where he lies, still motionless and sleeping,
And ticks with all the denseness of a poet
"A secret, and I know it, know it, know it!"

Then suddenly wide open flash his eyes,
And, on the shaggy bearskin quickly turning,
He glances round, half shamed, half laughing-wise,
And, seeing nothing but the great logs burning
And the old clock, he marks with stifled yawn
How many hours since he slept have gone;

And, thinking, checks the smile upon his face;
For in his dreams he vaguely can remember
He thought his mother from her heavenly place
Stooped down and kissed him, lovingly and tender,
And then, self mocking, brushes off a tear,
And strides away, this red coat cavalier.

Theodosia Pickering.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IN the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. On his arrival Soane is made acquainted with the true state of affairs, and he immediately sets out in pursuit, accompanied by his servant and Mr. Fishwick. On the road they encounter Mr. Dunborough, who has been delayed by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. The chaise is finally caught up with, but when nearly opposite, Soane has his horse shot under him, and in the ensuing confusion the carriage draws ahead again, followed by Dunborough. When Sir George and his companions reach Bath, they find him there and the chaise, but the latter has been abandoned, and there is no clue of Julia or her captors save a black snuff box, on which is scratched a plea for help.

The villains had laid their plans well for abducting the girl. Taking her off her guard while strolling some distance from the inn, they throw a huge cloak over her head and bundle her into a waiting post chaise. The next moment the carriage is whirling rapidly away, and when she succeeds in releasing her head from the folds of the cloak, and is about to scream for assistance, a sudden horror comes over her, and she sits frozen, staring, motionless. On the seat beside her, almost touching her, sits a man.

XXI (*Continued*).

THE carriage rumbled on. From her corner Julia watched the man, her eyes glittering with excitement, her breath coming quick and short, her mind made up: if he moved nearer to her, if he stretched out but his hand toward her, she would tear his face with her fingers. She sat with them on her lap and felt them as steel to do her bidding. Would he never move? In reality not three minutes had elapsed since she discovered him beside her; but it seemed to her that she had sat there an age watching him, aye, three ages. The light was dim and untrustworthy, stealing in through a crack here and a crevice there. The carriage swayed and shook with the speed at which it traveled. More than once she thought that the hand which rested on the seat beside him—a fat white hand, hateful, dubious—was moving, moving slowly and stealthily, toward her; and she waited shuddering, a scream on her lips. The same terror which a while before had frozen the cry in her throat now tried her in another way. She longed to speak, to shriek, to stand up, to break the hideous silence, the spell that bound her. Every moment the strain on nerves grew tenser, the fear that she should swoon more immediate, more appalling; and still the man sat in his corner, motionless, peeping at her through his fingers, leering, and biding his time.

* *Copyright, 1898, by Stanley J. Weyman.*

It was horrible, and it seemed endless. If she had had a weapon it would have been better. But she had only her bare hands and her despair; and she might swoon. At last the carriage swerved sharply to one side, and jolted over a stone; and the man lurched nearer to her, and—moaned.

Julia drew a deep breath and leaned forward, scarcely able to believe her ears. But the man moaned again; and as if the shaking had roused him from a state of semi unconsciousness, sat up slowly in his corner; she saw now, peering more closely at him, that he had been strangely huddled together before. At last he lowered his hand from his face and opened his eyes. It was—her astonishment was immense—it was Mr. Thomasson!

Julia uttered a cry in her surprise. He opened his eyes and looked languidly at her, muttered something incoherent about his head, and shut his eyes again, letting his chin fall on his breast.

But the girl was in a mood only one degree removed from frenzy. She leaned forward and shook his arm. "Mr. Thomasson!" she cried. "Mr. Thomasson!"

The name and the touch were more effectual. He opened his eyes and sat up with a start of recognition—feigned, she fancied. On his temple just under the edge of his wig, which was thrust awry, was a slight cut. He felt it gingerly with his fingers, glanced at them, and, finding them stained with blood, shuddered. "I am afraid—I am hurt," he muttered.

His languor and her excitement went ill together. She believed he was pretending; she had a hundred ill defined, half formed suspicions of him. Was it possible that he—he had dared to contrive this? Or was he employed by others—by another? "Who hurt you?" she cried sharply, breathlessly. At least, she was not afraid of him.

He pointed in the direction of the horses. "They did," he said stupidly. "I saw it from the lane, and ran to help you. The man I seized struck me—here. Then—I suppose they feared I should raise the country on them. And they forced me in—I don't well remember how."

"And that is all you know?" she cried imperiously.

His look convinced her. "Then help me now!" she cried, rising impetuously to her feet and steadying herself by setting one hand against the back of the carriage. "Shout! Scream! Threaten them! Don't you see that every yard we are carried puts us farther in their power? Shout, sir!"

"They will murder us!" he said faintly. His cheeks were pale, his face wore a scared look, and he trembled visibly.

"Let them!" she answered passionately, beating on the nearest door. "Better that than be in their power! Help! Help! Help here!"

Her shrieks rose above the rumble of the wheels and the steady hoof beats of the horses; she aided them by kicking and beating on the door with the fury of a mad woman. Mr. Thomasson had had enough of violence for that day, and shrank from anything that might bring on him the fresh wrath of his captors; but a moment's reflection showed him that if he allowed himself to be carried on he would sooner or later find himself face to face with Mr. Dunborough—than which he feared nothing more—and that in any case it was to his interest now to stand by his companion; and presently he, too, fell to shouting and drumming on the panels. There was a quaver in his "Help! Help!" that betrayed the man; but in the shrill clamor which she raised and continued to maintain obstinately, it passed well enough.

"If we meet any one—they must hear us!" she gasped presently, pausing a moment to take breath. "Which way are we going?"

"Toward Calne, I think," he answered, continuing to drum on the door in the intervals of speech. "In the street—we must be heard."

"Help! Help!" she screamed again, still more recklessly. She was growing hoarse, and the prospect terrified her. "Do you hear? Stop, you villains! Help! Help! Help!"

"Murder!" Mr. Thomasson shouted, seconding her now with voice and fist. "Murder! Murder!"

But in the last word, despite the valiant determination to throw in his lot with her, was a sudden, most audible quaver. The carriage was beginning to draw up; and that which he had imperiously demanded a moment before he now as urgently dreaded. Not so Julia; her natural courage had returned, and the moment the vehicle came to a standstill and the door was dragged open, she flung herself towards it. The next instant she recoiled, pushed forcibly back by the muzzle of a huge horse pistol which a man outside clapped to her breast, while the glare of the bull's eye lanthorn which he thrust in her face blinded her.

The villain uttered the most horrid imprecations. "You noisy slut," he growled, shoving his face, hideous in its crape mask, into the coach, and speaking in a voice husky with liquor, "will you stop your whining?—or must I blow you to pieces with my Toby? For you, you white livered sneak, give me any more of your piping,

and I'll cut out your tongue! Who is hurting you, I'd like to know! And for you, my fine lady, have a care of your skin, for if I pull you out into the road it will be the worse for you! D'ye hear me?" he continued, with a volley of savage oaths. "A little more of your music, and I'll have you out and strip the clothes off your back! You don't hang me for nothing. Damn you, we are three miles from anywhere, and I've a mind to gag you, whether or no! I will, too, if you open your squeaker again!"

"Oh, let me go!" she cried faintly. "Let me go."

"Oh, you will be let go fast enough—the other side of the water!" he answered, with a villainous laugh. "I'm bail to that. In the mean time keep a still tongue, or it will be the worse for you! Once out of Bristol, and you may pipe as you like!"

The girl fell back in her corner with a low wail of despair. The man laughed his triumph and in sheer brutality passed his light once or twice across her face; then he closed the door with a crash and mounted, the carriage bounded forward, and in a trice was traveling onward as rapidly as before.

Night had set in, and darkness—a darkness that could almost be felt—reigned in the interior of the chaise. Neither of the travelers could now see the other, though they sat within arm's length. The tutor, as soon as they were well off, and his nerves, shaken by the man's threats, permitted him to think of anything but his own safety, began to wonder that his companion, who had been so forward before, did not speak; to look for her to speak, and to find the darkness and this silence, which left him to feed on his fears, strangely uncomfortable. He could almost believe that she was no longer there. At length, unable to bear it longer, he spoke:

"I suppose you know who is at the bottom of this?" he said abruptly—he was growing angry with the girl who had brought him into this peril.

She did not answer, or, rather, she answered only by sudden weeping; not the light, facile weeping of a woman crossed or overfretted or frightened, but the convulsive, heartrending sobs of utter grief and abandonment.

The tutor heard, and was first astonished, then alarmed. "My dear, good girl, don't cry like that," he said awkwardly. "Don't! I—I don't understand it! You—you frighten me. You—you really should not. I only asked you if you knew whose work this was."

"I know! I know!" she cried passionately. "Ah, I know only too well! God help me! God help all women."

Mr. Thomasson wondered. Was she referring to the future and her fate? If so, her complete surrender to despair seemed strange; seemed even inexplicable, in one who a few minutes before had shown a spirit above a woman's. Or did she know something that he did not know? Something that caused this sudden collapse. The thought increased his uneasiness; for the coward dreads everything, and his nerves were shaken. "Pish!" he said pettishly. "You should not give way like that! You should not, you must not, give way!"

"And why not?" she cried, arresting her sobs. There was a ring of expectation in her voice, a hoping against hope. He fancied that she had lowered her hands and was peering at him.

"Because we—we may yet contrive something," he answered lamely. "We—we may be rescued. Indeed, I am sure we shall be rescued," he continued, fighting his fears as well as hers.

"And what if we are?" she cried, with a passion that took him aback. "What if we are? What better am I, if we are rescued? Oh, I would have done anything for him! I would have died for him! And he has done this for me. I would have given him all, all freely, for no return, if he would have it so; and this is his requital! This is the way he has gone to get it," she continued wildly. "Oh, vile! Vile!"

Mr. Thomasson started. He understood at last; he was no longer in the dark. She fancied that Sir George, Sir George whom she loved, was the contriver of this villainy! She thought that Sir George was the abductor and that she was being carried off, not for her own sake, but as an obstacle to be removed from his path. The conception took the tutor's breath away; he was even staggered for the moment, it agreed so well with one part of the facts. And when, an instant later, his own certain information came to his aid and showed him its unreality and he would have blurted out the truth, he hesitated. The words were on the tip of his tongue, the sentence was arranged—but he hesitated.

Why? Simply because he was Mr. Thomasson; because it was not in his nature to do the thing that lay straight before him until he had considered whether it might not profit him to do something else. In this case the bare statement that Mr. Dunborough, and not Sir George, was the author of the outrage, might weigh little with her. If he proceeded to his reasons he might convince her, indeed; but he would also go far to fix himself with a foreknowledge of the danger—a foreknowledge he had not imparted to her, and that must sensibly de-

tract from the merit of the service he had already and undoubtedly performed.

This was a risk; and there was a further consideration. Why give Mr. Dunborough new ground of complaint by discovering him? True, at Bristol she would learn the truth. But if she did not reach Bristol? If they were overtaken midway? In that case the tutor saw possibilities—if he kept his mouth shut—possibilities of profit at Mr. Dunborough's hands.

In intervals between fits of alarm—when the carriage seemed to be going to halt—he turned these things over. He could hear the girl weeping in her corner, quietly, but in a heartbroken manner; and continually, while he thought and she wept, and an impenetrable curtain of darkness hid the one from the other, the chaise held on its course up hill and down hill, now bumping and rattling behind flying horses, and now rumbling and straining up Yatesbury downs.

At last, "What makes you think," he said, "that it is Sir George?"

She did not answer or stop weeping for a moment. Then, "He was to meet me at sunset at the corner," she muttered. "Who else knew that I should be there?"

"But if he is at the bottom of this, where is he?" he hazarded. "If he would play the villain with you——"

"He would play the thief!" she cried passionately. "Oh, it is vile, vile!"

"But—I don't understand," Mr. Thomasson stammered; he was willing to hear all he could.

"His fortune, his lands, all he has in the world, are mine!" she cried. "Mine! And he goes this way to recover them! But I could forgive him that, I could forgive him that, but not——"

"But not—what?"

"But not his love!" she cried fiercely. "That I will never forgive him! Never!"

She spoke as she had wept, more freely for the darkness. He fancied that she was writhing on her seat, that she was tearing her handkerchief with her hands. "But—it may not be he," he said, after a silence broken only by the rumble of wheels and the steady trampling of the horses.

"It is!"

"It may not——"

"I say it is!" she repeated in a kind of fury of rage, shame, and impatience. "Do you think that I, I who loved him, I whom he fooled to the top of my pride, judge him too harshly? I tell you if an angel had witnessed against him I would have laughed the tale to scorn. But I have seen, I have seen with my own eyes. The man who came to that door and threatened us had lost a joint of the forefinger. Yesterday I saw that man with *him;* I saw the hand that held the pistol today give *him* a note yesterday. I saw *him* read the note, and I saw him point me out to the man who bore it—that he might know today whom he was to seize! Oh, shame! Shame on him!" And she burst into fresh weeping.

The chaise, which had been proceeding for some time at a more sober pace, at this moment swerved sharply to one side; it appeared to go round a corner, jolted over a rough patch of ground, and came to a stand.

XXII.

Let it not be forgotten, by those who would judge her harshly, that to an impulsive and passionate nature Julia added a special disadvantage. She had been educated in a sphere alien from that in which she now moved. A girl bred up as Sir George's cousin and among her equals would have known him to be incapable of treachery as black as this. Such a girl would have shut her eyes to the most pregnant facts and the most cogent inferences, and scorned all her senses, one by one, rather than believe him guilty. She would have felt, rightly or wrongly, that the thing was impossible; and certified of his love, not only by his words and looks, but by her own self respect and pride, would have believed everything in the world, yes, everything, possible or impossible, yet never that he had lied when he told her that he loved her.

But Julia had been bred in a lower condition, not far removed from that of the famous *Pamela;* among people who regarded a macaroni or a man of fashion as a wolf ever seeking to devour. To distrust a gentleman and repel his advances had been one of the first lessons instilled into her opening mind; nor had she more than emerged from childhood before she knew that a laced coat forewent destruction, and held the wearer of it a cozener, who in ninety nine cases out of a hundred kept no faith with a woman beneath him, but lived only to break hearts and bring gray hairs to the grave.

Out of this fixed belief she had been jolted by the upheaval that placed her on a level with Sir George. Persuaded that the convention no longer applied to herself, she had given the run to her fancy and her romance, no less than to her generosity; she had indulged in delicious visions, and seen them grow real; nor probably in all St. James' was there a happier woman than Julia when she found herself possessed of this lover of the prohibited class, who to the charms and attractions, the niceness and re-

finement, which she had been bred to consider beyond her reach, added a constancy and devotion, the more delightful—since he believed her to be only what she seemed—as it lay in her power to reward them amply. Some women would have swooned with joy over such a conquest effected in such circumstances. What wonder that Julia was deaf to the warnings and surmises of Mr. Fishwick, whom delay and magnitude of the stakes rendered suspicious; as well as to the misgivings of old Mrs. Masterson, slow to grasp a fresh order of things? It would have been strange had she listened to either of them, when youth and wealth and love all beckoned one way.

But now, now in the horror and darkness of the post chaise, the lawyer's warnings and the old woman's misgivings returned on her with crushing weight; and more, and worse than these, her old belief in the heartlessness, the perfidy, of the man of rank. Had any one told her that a man of the class with whom she had principally mixed could so smile while he played the villain as to deceive not only her eyes but her heart, she would have laughed at him. But here, on the mind that lay behind the smooth and elegant mask of a *gentleman's* face, she had no lights; or only the old lights which showed it desperately wicked. But applied to the circumstances, what a lurid glare they shed on his behavior. How quickly, how suspiciously quickly, had he succumbed to her charms! How abruptly had his insouciance changed to devotion, his impertinence to respect! How obtuse, how strangely dull, had he been in the matter of her claims and her identity! Finally, with what a smiling visag had he lured her to her doom, showed her to his tools, settled to a nicety the least detail of the crime!

More weighty than any one fact, a thing he had said to her on the staircase at Oxford came back to her mind. "If you were a lady," he had flung at her in smiling insolence, "I would kiss you and make you my wife." In face of these words, she had been rash enough to think that she could bend him, ignorant that she was more than she seemed, to her purpose! She had intended to quote those very words to him when she surrendered—the sweetest surrender in the world. And all the time he had been fooling her to the top of her bent! He had known who she was, and been plotting against her devilishly! Appointing time and place, and—and it was all over.

It was all over. The sunny visions of joy and love were done! It was all over. When the sharp, fierce pain of the knife had done its worst, the consciousness of that remained; remained a dead weight on her brain. When the paroxysm of weeping had worn itself out, yet brought no relief to her passionate nature, a kind of apathy supervened. She cared nothing where she was or what became of her; for the worst had happened, the worst been suffered! To be betrayed, cruelly, heartlessly, without scruple or care by those we love, is there a sharper pain than this? She had suffered that, she was suffering it still. What did the rest matter?

Mr. Thomasson might have undeceived her. But the sudden stoppage of the chaise had left no place in the tutor's mind for anything but terror. At any moment the door might be opened and he be hauled out to meet the fury of his pupil's eye, and cower under the smart of his brutal whip. It needed no more than this to sharpen Mr. Thomasson's long ears—his eyes were useless; but for a time, crouching in his corner and scarce daring to breathe, he heard only the confused muttering of several men talking at a distance. Presently the speakers came nearer, he caught the click of flint on steel, and a bright gleam of light entered the chaise through a crack in one of the shutters. The men had lighted a lamp.

It was a slender shaft only that entered, but it fell athwart the girl's face and showed him her closed eyes. She lay back in her corner, her cheeks colorless, an expression of dull, dead, hopeless suffering stamped on her features. She did not move or open her eyes, and the tutor dared not speak lest his words should be heard outside. But he looked, having nothing to check him, and looked; and in spite of his fears and his preoccupation, the longer he looked the deeper was the impression which her beauty made on his senses.

At length he rose stealthily and applied his eyes to the crack that admitted the light; but he could distinguish nothing outside, the lamp, which was close to the window, blinding him. He could hear no more of the men's talk than muttered grumblings plentifully bestrewn with curses; and wonder what was forward, and why they remained inactive, grew more and more upon him. At times he caught the clink of a bottle, and fancied that the men were supping; but he knew nothing for certain, and by and by the light was put out. A brief—and agonizing—period of silence followed, during which he thought he caught the not distant tramp of horses; but he had heard the same sound before, it might be the beating of his heart now, and before he could decide, oaths and exclamations broke the silence, there was a sudden bustle; in less than a minute the chaise lurched forward, a

whip cracked, and they rumbled forward again.

The tutor breathed more freely now, and, rid of the fear of being overheard, regained a little of his native unctuousness. "My dear, good lady," he said, moving a trifle nearer to her, and even making a timid plunge for her hand, "you must not give way! I beg that you will not give way! Depend on me! Depend on me and all will be well. I—oh, dear, what a bump! I"—this as he retreated precipitately to his corner—"I fear we are stopping!"

They were, but only for an instant, that the lamps might be lighted. Then the chaise rolled on again, but from the way in which it jolted and bounded, shaking its passengers this way and that, it was evident that it no longer kept the Bristol road. The moment this became clear to Mr. Thomasson, his courage vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"Where are they taking us?" he cried feverishly, rising and sitting down again, and peering first this way and then the other. "My God, we are undone! I shall be murdered, I know I shall! Oh! Oh, what a jolt! They are taking us to some cutthroat place! There, didn't you feel it? Don't you understand? Oh, Lord, why did I mix myself up with this trouble?"

She did not answer, and, enraged by her silence and insensibility, the cowardly tutor could have found it in his heart to strike her. Fortunately the ray of light which now penetrated the carriage suggested an idea which he hastened to carry out. He had no paper, and if he had had paper he had no ink; but falling back on what he had, he lugged out his snuff box, and penknife, and, holding the box in the ray of light and himself as still as the road permitted, he set to work, laboriously and with set teeth, to scrawl on the bottom of the box the message of which we know. To address it to Mr. Fishwick and sign it Julia were natural precautions, since he knew that the girl, and not he, would be the object of pursuit. When he had finished his task, which was no easy one, the road growing worse and the carriage shaking more and more, he went to thrust the box under the door, which fitted ill at the bottom. But stooping to remove the straw for the purpose, he reflected that the road they were in was a mere country lane or no better, where the box would be ill to find; and in a voice trembling with fear and impatience he called to the girl to give him her black kerchief.

She did not ask him why or for what, but complied without opening her eyes. No words could have described her state more eloquently.

He wrapped the box loosely in the kerchief—which he calculated would catch the passing eye more easily—and knotted the ends together. But when he went to push the package under the door, it proved too bulky, and with an exclamation of rage he untied it again, and made it up anew and more tightly. At last he thought that he had got it right, and he was stooping to feel for the crack when the carriage, which had been traveling more and more heavily and slowly, came to a standstill, and in a panic he sat up, dropping the box and thrusting the straw over it with his foot.

He had scarcely done this when the door was sharply opened, and the masked man who had threatened them before thrust in his head. "Come out!" he said curtly, addressing the tutor, who was the nearer, "and be sharp about it!"

But Mr. Thomasson's eyes sought in vain the least sign of house or village. Beyond the yellow glare cast by the lamp on the wet road, he saw nothing but black darkness, night, and the gloomy shapes of trees; and he hung back. "No," he said, his voice quavering with fear; "I—I, my good man, if you will promise——"

The man swore a frightful oath. "None of your tongue!" he cried. "But out with you, unless you want your throat cut. You cursed, whining, psalm singing sniveler, you don't know when you are well off! Out with you!"

Mr. Thomasson waited for no more, but stumbled out, shaking with fright.

"And you!" the ruffian continued, addressing the girl, "unless you want to be thrown out the same way you were thrown in! The sooner I see your back, my sulky madam, the better I shall be pleased. No more meddling with petticoats for me! This comes of working with fine gentlemen, say I!"

Julia was but half roused. "Am I—to get out?" she said dully.

"Aye, you are! By God, you are a cool one!" the man continued, watching her in a kind of admiration, as she rose and stepped by him like one in a dream. "And a pretty one, for all your temper! The master is not here, but the man is; and if——"

"Stow it, you fool!" cried a voice from the darkness. "And get aboard!"

"Who said anything else?" retorted the ruffian—but with a look that, had Julia been more sensible of it, must have chilled her blood. "Who said anything else? So there you are, both of you, and none the worse, I'll take my davy! Lash away, Tim! Make the beggars fly!"

As he uttered the last words he sprang on the wheel, and before the tutor could believe

in his good fortune, or feel assured that there was not some cruel deceit playing on him, the carriage splashed and rattled away, the lights were gone, and the two were left standing side by side in the darkness. On one hand a mass of trees rose high above them, blotting out the gray sky; on the other the faint outline of a low wall appeared to divide the lane in which they stood from a flat, misty expanse over which the night hung low.

It was a strange position, but neither of the two felt this to the full; Mr. Thomasson in his thankfulness that at any cost he had eluded Mr. Dunborough's vengeance, Julia because at that moment she cared not what became of her. Naturally, however, Mr. Thomasson, whose satisfaction knew no drawback save that of their present condition, and who had to congratulate himself on a risk safely run, and a good friend gained, was the first to speak.

"My dear young lady," he said, in an oily tone very different from that in which he had called for her kerchief, "I vow I am more thankful than I can say that I was able to come to your assistance! I shudder to think what those ruffians might not have done had you been alone, and—and unprotected! Now, I trust, all danger is over. We have only to find a house in which we can pass the night, and tomorrow we may laugh at our troubles."

She turned her head slowly towards him. "Laugh?" she said; and then a sob took her in the throat.

He felt himself set back; then remembered the delusion under which she lay and went to dispel it—pompously; but his evil angel was at his shoulder, and again at the last moment he hesitated. Something in the utter despondency of the girl's pose, in the hopelessness of her tone, in the intensity of the grief that choked her utterance, combined with the remembrance of her beauty and abandon in the coach to set his crafty mind working in a new direction. He saw that she was, for the time, utterly hopeless, utterly heedless what became of herself. That would not last; but his cunning told him that with returning sensibility would come pique, resentment, the desire to be avenged. In such a case one man was sometimes as good as another. It was impossible to say what she might not be induced to do if full advantage were taken of a moment so exceptional. Fifty thousand pounds! And her young, fresh beauty! What a chance it was! The way lay far from clear, the means were yet to find; but faint heart never won fair lady, and Mr. Thomasson had known things as strange come to pass.

He was quick to choose his part. "Come, child," he said somewhat sharply, assuming a kind of paternal authority. "At least, we must find a roof. We cannot spend the night here."

"No," she said; "I suppose not."

"So—shall we go this way?"

"As you please," she answered, with the same indifference.

But they had not moved far along the miry road before she spoke again. "Do you know," she asked drearily, "why they set us down?"

"They may have thought that the pursuit was gaining on them?"

"Pursuit?" she said, in a tone of gloomy surprise. "Who would pursue us?"

"Mr. Fishwick," he suggested.

"Ah!" she said bitterly. "He might. If I had listened to him! But—but it is all over now."

"I wish we could see a light," Mr. Thomasson said anxiously, looking forward into the darkness; "or a house of any kind. I wonder where we are."

She did not speak.

"I do not know—even what time it is," he continued, somewhat pettishly; and he shivered. "Take care!" She had stumbled and nearly fallen. "Will you be pleased to take my arm? We shall be able to proceed more quickly. I am afraid that your feet are wet."

Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not answer.

"However, the ground is rising," he said. "By and by, it will be drier underfoot."

They were an odd couple to be trudging a strange road, in an unknown country, at the dark hour of the night. The stars must have twinkled to see them. Mr. Thomasson owned the influence of solitude, and longed to pat the hand she had passed through his arm—it was the sort of caress that came natural to him; but for the time discretion withheld him. He had another temptation: to refer to the past, and to the part he had taken at the inn, to the old past at the college, to make some sort of apology; but again discretion intervened, and he went on in silence.

As he had said, the ground was rising; but the outlook was cheerless enough, and as far as appearances went they were doomed to spend the night in the road, when the moon on a sudden emerged from a bank of cloud and disclosed the landscape. Mr. Thomasson uttered a cry of relief. Fifty paces before them the low wall on the right of the lane was broken by a pillared gateway, whence the dark thread of an avenue, trending across the moonlit flat, seemed to point the way to a house.

The tutor pushed the gate open. "Diana favors you, child," he said, with a confident smirk, lost on Julia. "It was well she emerged when she did, for now in a few minutes we shall be safe under a roof. 'Tis a gentleman's house, too, unless I mistake."

A more timid or a more suspicious woman might have refused to leave the road, or to tempt the chances of the dark avenue, in his company. But Julia, whose thoughts were bitterly employed elsewhere, complied without thought or hesitation, perhaps unconsciously. The gate swung to behind them, they plodded a hundred yards along the avenue, arm in arm; then one, and then a second, light twinkled out in front. These as they approached were found to proceed from two windows in the ground floor of a large house. The travelers had not advanced many paces farther before the peaks of three great gables rose in front, vandyking the sky and cutting the last sparse branches of the elms.

Mr. Thomasson's exclamation of relief, as he surveyed the prospect, was cut short by the sharp rattle of a chain, followed by the roar of a watch dog; in a second a horrid raving and baying, as of a score of hounds, awoke the night. The startled tutor came near to dropping his companion's hand in his fright, but fortunately the threshold, dimly pillared and doubtfully Palladian, was near, and resisting the impulse to put himself back to back with the girl—for the protection of his calves rather than her skirts—the reverend gentleman hurried to occupy it. Once in that coign of refuge, he hammered on the door with all the energy of a frightened man.

When his anxiety permitted him to pause, a voice was heard within, cursing the dogs, and roaring for Jarvey. A line of a hunting song, bawled at the top of a musical voice, and ending in a shrill "View Halloa!" followed; then "To them, Beauties, to them!" and a crash of an overturned chair. Again the house echoed "Jarvey! Jarvey!" and finally an elderly man servant, with his wig set on one side, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his mouth twisted in a tipsy smile, confronted the visitors.

XXIII.

In a hand wildly wavering, and strewing tallow broadcast, he held a candle, the light from which for a moment dazzled the visitors. Then the draft of air extinguished it, and looking over his shoulder—he was short and squat—Mr. Thomasson's anxious eyes had a glimpse of a spacious hall, paneled and furnished in oak, with here a blazon, and there antlers or a stuffed head. At the farther end of this hall a wide staircase started up, and divided at the first landing into two flights, that returning formed a gallery round the apartment. Between the door and the foot of this staircase, in the warm glow of an unseen fire, was a small, heavily carved oak table with Jacobean legs like stuffed trunk hose. It was strewn with cards, liquors, glasses, and a China punch bowl—but especially with cards, which lay everywhere, not only on the table, but in heaps and batches beneath and around it, where the careless hands of the players had flung them.

Yet, for all these cards, the players were only two. One, a man something over thirty, in a peach coat and black satin breeches, sat on the edge of the table, his eyes on the door, and his overturned chair lying at his feet. It was his voice that had shouted for Jarvey; and that now saluted the arrivals with a boisterous "Two to one in guineas, it's a catchpoll! D'ye take me, my lord?" the while he drummed merrily with his heels on a leg of the table. His companion, an exhausted young man, thin and pale, remained in his chair—which he had tilted on its hind feet—and contented himself with staring at the doorway.

The latter was our old friend, Lord Almeric Doyley; but neither he nor Mr. Thomasson recognized the other until the tutor had advanced some paces into the room. Then as the gentleman in the peach coat cried, "Curse me, if it isn't a parson! The bet's off! Off!" Lord Almeric dropped his hand of cards on the table, and, opening his mouth, gasped in a paroxysm of dismay.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed at last. "Hold me, some one! If it is not Tommy! Oh, I say," he continued, rising and speaking in a tone of querulous remonstrance, "you have not come to tell me the old man's gone? And I'd backed him against old Bedford to live to—to—but it's like him, and monstrous unfeeling. I vow and protest it is! Eh?—it is not that? Hal-loa!"

He paused on the word, his astonishment even greater than that he had felt on recognizing the tutor. His eyes had fallen on Julia, whose figure was now visible on the threshold.

His companion did not notice this. "Gad! It is old Thomasson!" he cried, recognizing the tutor; for he, too, had been at Pembroke. "*And* a petticoat! *And* a petticoat!" he repeated. "Well, I am spun!"

The tutor raised his hands in astonishment; the surprise was not all on their side. "Lord!" he said, with an indifferent show

of enthusiasm, "do I really see my old friend and pupil, Mr. Pomeroy, of Bastwick?"

"Who put the cat in your valise? When you got to London—kittens? You do, Tommy."

"I thought so! I was sure of it! I never forget a face when my—my heart has once gone out to it," Mr. Thomasson answered effusively. "And you, my dear, my very dear Lord Almeric, there is no danger I shall ever——"

"But crib me, Tommy," shrieked Lord Almeric, cutting him short without ceremony, "it's the little Masterson!"

"You old fox!" Mr. Pomeroy chimed in, shaking his finger at the tutor with leering solemnity—he, belonging to an older generation at the college, did not know her. Then, "The little Masterson, is it?" he continued, advancing towards the girl and saluting her with mock ceremony. "Among friends, I suppose? Well, my dear, for the future be pleased to count me among them. Welcome to my poor house! And here's to bettering your taste, for fie, my love, old men are naughty. Have naught to do with them!" And he laughed wickedly; he was a tall, heavy man, with a hard, bullying, sneering face; a Dunborough grown older.

"Hush, my good sir, hush!" Mr. Thomasson cried anxiously, after making more than one futile effort to stop him. Between his respect for his companion and the deference in which he held a lord, the tutor was in an agony. "My good sir, my dear Lord Almeric, you are in error," he continued strenuously. "You mistake, I assure you, you mistake——"

"Do we, by Gad?" cried Mr. Pomeroy winking at Julia. "Well, you and I, my dear, don't, do we? We understand each other very well."

The girl only answered by a look of contempt. But Mr. Thomasson was in despair. "You do not, indeed!" he cried, almost wringing his hands. "This lady has lately come into a—a fortune, and tonight was carried off by some villains from the Castle Inn at Marlborough in a—in a post chaise. I was fortunately on the spot to give her such protection as I could, but the villains overpowered me, and to prevent my giving the alarm, as I take it, bundled me into the chaise with her."

"Oh, come!" said Mr. Pomeroy, grinning. "You don't expect us to swallow that?"

"It is true as I live," the tutor protested; "every word of it."

"Then how came you here?"

"Not far from your gate, for no rhyme or reason that I can understand, they turned us out, and made off."

"Honest Abraham?" asked Lord Almeric, who had listened open mouthed.

"Every word of it," the tutor answered.

"Then, my dear, if you have a fortune, sit down!" cried Mr. Pomeroy waggishly; and seizing a chair he handed it with exaggerated gallantry to Julia, who still remained near the door, frowning darkly at the trio; neither ashamed nor abashed, but simply and coldly contemptuous. "Make yourself at home, my pretty," he continued recklessly, "for if you have a fortune, it is the only one in this house, and a monstrous uncommon thing. Is it not, my lord?"

"Lord! I vow it is!" the other drawled; and then taking advantage of the moment when Julia's attention was engaged elsewhere—she dumbly refused to sit—"Where is Dunborough?" my lord muttered.

"Heaven knows!" Mr. Thomasson whispered, with a wink that postponed inquiry. "What is more to the purpose, my lord," he continued aloud, "if I may venture to suggest it to your lordship and Mr. Pomeroy, is that Miss Masterson has been much distressed and fatigued this evening. If there is a respectable elderly woman in the house, therefore, to whose care you could intrust her for the night, it would be well."

"There is old Mother Olney, who locked herself up an hour ago, for fear of us young bloods," Mr. Pomeroy answered, assenting with a readier grace than the tutor expected. "She should be old and ugly enough! Here, you, Jarvey, go and bid her come down."

"Better still, if I may suggest it," said the tutor, who was above all things anxious to be rid of the girl before too much came out, "might not your servant take her above stairs to this good woman, who will doubtless see to her comfort and refreshment? Miss Masterson has gone through some surprising adventures this evening, and I think if you would allow her to withdraw at once, Mr. Pomeroy, it would be better."

"Jarvey, take the lady!" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "A sweet, pretty toad she is! Here's to your eyes and fortune, child!" he continued impudently, filling his glass and pledging her as she passed. After that he stood watching while Mr. Thomasson opened the door and bowed her out; and this done and the door closed after her, "Lord, what ceremony!" he said, with an ugly sneer. "Is't real, man, or are you biting her? And what is this Cock Lane story of a chaise and the rest? Out with it, unless you want to be tossed in a blanket."

"True, upon my honor!" Mr. Thomasson asseverated.

"Oh, but, Tommy, the fortune?" Lord Almeric protested. "I vow you are sharping us."

"True, too, my lord, as I hope to be saved!"

"Eh? Oh, but it is too monstrous absurd!" my lord wailed. "The little Masterson? As pretty a little tit as was to be found in all Oxford!"

"She has eyes and a shape," Mr. Pomeroy admitted generously. "And what is the figure, Mr. Thomasson?" he continued. "There are fortunes and fortunes."

Mr. Thomasson looked at the gallery above, and thence—and slyly—to his companions, and back again to the gallery; and swallowed something that rose in his throat. At length he seemed to make up his mind to speak the truth, though when he did so it was in a voice little above a whisper. "Fifty thousand," he said; and looked guiltily round him.

Lord Almeric rose up as if on springs. "Oh, I protest!" he said. "You are roasting us! Fifty thousand! It's a bite!"

But Mr. Thomasson nodded. "Fifty thousand," he repeated softly.

"Pounds?" gasped my lord. "The little Masterson?"

The tutor nodded again; and without asking leave, with a dogged air singularly unlike his ordinary bearing when he was in the company of those above him, he drew a decanter towards him and filling a glass with a shaking hand raised it to his lips and emptied it. The three were all on their feet round the table, on which some candles—luridly lighting up their countenances—still burned; while other candles had flickered down, and smoked in the guttering sockets, among the empty bottles, and the litter of cards. In one corner of the table the lees of wine had run upon the oak and dripped over to the floor, and formed a pool, in which a broken glass lay in fragments beside the overturned chair. An observant eye might have found on the panels below the gallery the vacant nails whence Lelys and Knellers, Cuyps and Hondekoeters, had looked down on two generations of Pomeroys. But apart from this, the disorder of the scene centered in the small table and the three men standing round it; a lighted group, islanded in the middle of the shadows of the stately hall.

Mr. Pomeroy waited with some impatience until Mr. Thomasson lowered his glass. Then, "Let us have the story," he said coolly. "A guinea to an orange the fool is nicking us."

The tutor shook his head and turned to Lord Almeric. "You know Sir George Soane," he said. "Well, my lord, she is his cousin."

"Oh, tally, tally!" my lord cried feebly. "You—you are romancing, Tommy!"

"And under the will of Sir George's grandfather, she takes fifty thousand pounds, if she makes good her claim within a certain time from today."

"Oh, I say, you are romancing!" my lord repeated, still more feebly. "You know, you really should not! It is too uncommon absurd, Tommy."

"It's true!" said Mr. Thomasson.

"What? That this porter's wench at Pembroke has fifty thousand pounds?" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "She *is* the porter's wench, isn't she?" he continued abruptly. Something had sobered him. His eyes shone and the veins stood out on his forehead, but his manner was concise and harsh and to the point.

Mr. Thomasson glanced askance at him, stealthily, as one gamester scrutinizes another over the cards. "She is Masterson the porter's foster child," he said guardedly.

"But is it certain she has the money?" the other cried rudely. "Is it true, man? How do you know? Is it public property?"

"No," Mr. Thomasson answered, rocking himself slowly to and fro by the purchase of his hands on the table; "it is not public property. But it is certain, and it is true!" Then, after a moment's hesitation, "I saw some papers—by accident," he said, his eyes on the gallery.

"Oh, damn your accident!" Mr. Pomeroy cried brutally. "You are very fine tonight. You were not used to be a Methodist! Hang it, man, we know you!" he continued violently, "and this is not all! This does not bring you and the girl tramping the country, knocking at doors at midnight with Cock Lane stories of chaises and abductions. Come to it, man, or——"

"Oh, I say!" Lord Almeric protested feebly, "Tommy is an honest man in his way, and you are too stiff with him. He is——"

"Curse him, let him come to the point, then!" Mr. Pomeroy retorted savagely. "Is she in the way to get the money?"

"She is," said the tutor sullenly.

"Then what brings her here—with you, of all people?"

"I will tell you if you will give me time, Mr. Pomeroy," the tutor said plaintively. And with that he proceeded to describe in some detail all that had happened, from the *fons et origo mali*—Mr. Dunborough's passion for the girl—to the stay at the Castle Hotel, the abduction at Manton Corner, the strange night journey in the chaise, and the stranger release.

When he had done, "Sir George was the girl's fancy, then?" Pomeroy said, in the harsh, overbearing tone he had lately adopted.

The tutor nodded.

"And she thinks he has tricked her?"

"But for that and the humor she is in," Mr. Thomasson answered, with a subtle glance at the other, "you and I might talk here till doomsday and be none the better, Mr. Pomeroy."

His frankness provoked Mr. Pomeroy to greater frankness. "Consume your impertinence!" he cried furiously. "Speak for yourself."

"She is not that kind of woman," said Mr. Thomasson firmly.

"Kind of woman?" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "I am that kind of man—oh, curse you, if you want plain speaking you shall have it! She has fifty thousand, and she is in my house, and I am not the kind of man to let that money go out of the house without having a fling at it! It is the devil's luck has sent her here, and it will be my folly will send her away—if she goes. Which she does not if I am the kind of man I think I am!"

"You don't know her," said Mr. Thomasson doggedly. "Mr. Dunborough is a gentleman of metal, and he could not bend her."

"She was not in his house!" the other retorted, with a grim laugh. Then in a lower, if not more amicable tone, "Look here, man," he continued, "d'ye mean to say that you had not something of this kind in your mind when you knocked at this door?"

"I?" said Mr. Thomasson, virtuously indignant.

"Aye, you! Do you mean to say you did not see that here was a chance in a hundred? In a thousand? Aye, in a million? Fifty thousand pounds is not found in the road any day."

Mr. Thomasson grinned in a sickly fashion. "I know that," he said.

"Well, what is your idea? What do you want?"

The tutor did not answer immediately, but after stealing one or two furtive glances at Lord Almeric, looked down at the table. At length, when Mr. Pomeroy's patience was nearly exhausted, he looked up, a nervous smile distorting his mouth. "I—I want her," he said; and passed his tongue guiltily over his lips, as he looked down again at the table.

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Pomeroy, in a voice of intense disgust.

But the ice broken, Mr. Thomasson had more to say for himself. "Why not?" he said plaintively. "I brought her here—with all submission. I know her, and—and am a friend of hers. If she is fair game for any one, she is fair game for me. I have run a risk for her," he continued pathetically, and touched his brow, where the slight cut he had received in the struggle with Dunborough's men showed below the border of his wig, "and—and for that matter, Mr. Pomeroy is not the only man who has bailiffs to avoid."

"Stuff me, Tommy, if I am not of your opinion!" cried Lord Almeric, suddenly striking the table with energy.

"What?" Pomeroy cried, turning to him in surprise as great as his disgust. "What? You would give the girl and her money—fifty thousand—to this old hunks?"

"I? Not I! I would have her myself!" his lordship answered stoutly. "Come, Pomeroy, you have won three hundred of me, and if I am not to take a hand at this I shall think it monstrous low! Monstrous low I shall think it!" he repeated, in the tone of an injured person. "You know, Pom, I want money as well as another, want it devilish bad——"

"You have not been a Sabbatarian, as I was for two months last year," Mr. Pomeroy retorted, somewhat cooled by this wholesale rising among his allies, "and walked out Sundays only, for fear of the catchpolls."

"No, but——"

"But *I* am not now either—is that it? Why, d'ye think, because I pouched six hundred of Flitney's, and three of yours, and set the mare going again, it will last forever?"

"No, but fair's fair, and if I am not in this it is low! It is low, Pom," Lord Almeric continued, sticking to his point with abnormal spirit. "And here is Tommy will tell you the same. You have had three hundred of me——"

"At cards, dear lad, at cards," Mr. Pomeroy answered easily. "But this is not cards. Besides," he continued, shrugging his shoulders and pouncing on the argument, "we cannot all marry the girl!"

"I don't know," said my lord, passing his fingers grandly through his wig. "I—I don't commit myself to that."

"Well, at any rate, we cannot all have the money!" Pomeroy replied, with sufficient impatience.

"But we can all try! Can't we, Tommy?"

Mr. Thomasson's face, when the question was put to him in that form, was a curious study. Mr. Pomeroy had spoken aright when he called it a chance in a hundred, in a thousand, in a million. It was a chance, at any rate, that was not likely to come in Mr. Thomasson's way again. True, he appreciated far more correctly than the other the obstacles in the way of success, the girl's strong will and wayward temper; but he knew also the strange humor which had now taken hold of her, and how probable it

was that it might lead her to strange lengths if the right man spoke at the right moment.

The very fact that Mr. Pomeroy had seen the chance on the instant and gauged the possibilities gave them a more solid aspect and a greater reality in the tutor's mind. Each moment that passed left him less willing to resign pretensions which were no longer the shadowy, half formed creatures of the brain, but had acquired the aspect of solid claims—claims made by his skill and exertion.

But if he defied Mr. Pomeroy, how would he stand? The girl's position in this solitary house, apart from her friends, was half the battle; for the other half he depended on pique and her apathy. But her position here was the main factor; in a sneaking way, though he shrank from facing the fact, he knew that she was at their mercy; as much at their mercy as if they had planned the abduction in the first instance. Without Mr. Pomeroy, therefore, the master of the house and the strongest spirit of the three——

He got no further, for at this juncture Lord Almeric repeated his question; and the tutor, meeting Pomeroy's bullying eye, found it necessary to say something. "Certainly," he blurted out, in pure nervousness, "we can all try, my lord. Why not?"

"Aye, why not?" said Lord Almeric. "Why not try?"

"Try? But how are you going to try?" Mr. Pomeroy responded, with a jeering laugh. "I tell you, we cannot all marry her, and——"

"I vow and protest I have it!" Lord Almeric exclaimed, with a chuckle. "We'll play for her! Don't you see, Pom? We'll cut for her! Ha, ha! That is surprising clever of me, don't you think? We'll play for her!"

(*To be continued.*)

GRATITUDE.

WITHIN the land of vexing cares
They lived and suffered, yearned and died.
Sometimes at low ebb of the tide
They came upon it unawares—
That path of wet sand leading far
To where it met the happy isle,
Which beckoned with alluring smile;
But no one dared to cross the bar.
And there was one who loved the rest;
He longed to see them reach the goal
They wept for—heart and brain and soul
He gave ungrudging to the quest

Of a safe pathway for their feet;
He strove and labored, and at last
He built a bridge so stanch and fast
They joyed to see it there complete.
He stood aside to let them go
And bade them Godspeed on their way,
Thinking that he himself would stay
Until none else was left, and so
He waited till the light grew dim,
The bridge was dark, the night was cold,
His feeble limbs were stiff and old,
And no one cared or thought of him.

He slipped and fell—they were afraid
To save him, so they let him die,
And said, "He had no right to try
To cross our bridge—the bridge we made."

Grace H. Boutelle.

RICKSHAW COOLIE No. 72.

BY R. CLYDE FORD.

How the pagan Teng Po underwent voluntary slavery for the sake of the man who had befriended him—A tale of the far east.

THE reservoir at Kolam Ayer lay like a piece of burnished silver in the twilight. A slight ripple creased its surface, but the breeze was light and came in gasps like the disturbed breathing of some sleeper. Across the water a bank of forest loomed up dimly, and out of its shadows could be heard the screeching of monkeys and the strident call of night birds; and down where the pipe left the embankment a little stream trickled off into the gloom.

Ever since sunset a man had sat on the stonework that faced the Kolam and drummed his heels. Seen from the rest house he might easily have passed for some spooking *hantu*, for his silhouette rested like a gray blotch above the wall and was projected back in ungainly shape upon the jungle behind. From time to time, when he moved his head or his arms, the shape wobbled in uncanny fashion, and mysterious sounds came across to the shore; but it was only the man talking to himself.

"And so it's five years last week since you came, is it? Dan Smith, you've been a fool!"

The man was evidently arraigning himself in the solitude there, but at first no answer came. Instead, a frog croaked contentedly in the lowlands where the stream gurgled, and the monkeys chattered on noisily.

"Where is that two hundred pounds you brought to the Straits, Dan Smith?"

This time the man on the wall answered his own blunt question.

"Gone in Jelebu mining stock."

"And what do you do with your wages as fast as you can earn them?"

The reply came promptly: "Spend 'em."

"And how much do you owe that money lender, Kushdoo Rhoosab?"

"Five hundred dollars."

The self examination ceased here, and the man buried his face in his hands. He sat motionless and pensive so long that a monkey ventured out along the wall toward him, and when he looked up the little beast was trying on his cork helmet.

"You look like Kushdoo Rhoosab when he demands his interest," he muttered aloud—at which the animal gave a chatter and scampered away.

The twilight turned to leaden darkness, and the man still sat on the embankment. His thoughts were torturing him, and at last he spoke them out wildly and vehemently:

"Oh, what a fool! I came out here five years ago with a thousand dollars in gold, and good prospects. I've spent my money in speculation, my salary, big as it is, cannot keep me, and I owe that *chettie*, Rhoosab, five hundred dollars; and when I'm behind with my monthly three per cent interest he turns up his hands and looks toward heaven and says, 'Very well, Tuan; I see the firm.' And so it's debt, debt, debt, and such nights as this—such nights as this!"

The man reached his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he fumbled in his fingers. It was too dark to read it, but he knew the contents by heart. "Poor mother!" he said, with a sigh, "she thinks I'm doing well."

DEAR DAN:

Your last letter has gone to pieces from frequent reading. It's a long while since you have written; but I suppose you are very busy out there. One must attend to business first, I know——

The man laughed a hoarse laugh that had no mirth in it. "She thinks I'm indispensable to the firm," he commented, then he grew moody again and crumpled the letter in his fingers.

Things have not been going very well at home. Arabella ought to have some new gowns, but with your father's sickness and the doctor to pay, there's no money. Tom will have to leave school soon, I'm afraid. If you could send us a hundred pounds of that we fitted you out with when you went to the Straits, it would relieve us nicely. Of course, Danny, we never thought that we would ask you for it when you went away; but, as I have said, we have not got along very well at home.

This was the part of the letter that had plunged Dan Smith into despair. What he

owed the *chettie* could be settled some way, and his other debts were no worse than they had been for two or three years past; but to raise any more money—that was plainly an impossibility. And so he sat on the wall at Kolam Ayer in the dark and nursed his misery.

"No more fun for me till I see one hundred pounds started for England on the P. & O. Mail," he muttered between his teeth.

He arose and walked along the wall to the foot path that led down from the bungalow to the big road to the city. As he strode along dejectedly in the dark, the smell of gardens through the hedges came to him and brought tears to his eyes. "Makes me think of spring at home," he thought, "and the hawthorn in blossom. But I wonder where they obtained that two hundred pounds for me when I came out here? They must have pinched hard somewhere."

He had reached the main road, which lay a little beyond the Kolam. Usually he looked around for a rickshaw here, but tonight, though he saw the gleam of a lamp down the road, he gave no call. "Might as well begin to save now," he said to himself. "I'll walk."

At the corner he passed under the gas lamp near the rickshaw stand, and a coolie came toward him, pulling his vehicle with a clatter. "Here I am, Tuan," he said, as he swung the vehicle around.

"What! You here, Teng Po?" said Smith, in surprise. "You won't get any fares out here."

"I've been waiting for you," the coolie answered timidly. "Ah Beng said he pulled you out here——"

"You are a pagan," Smith interrupted. "But all right, I'll ride; mind, you've got to take pay for it, though."

The Chinaman grinned as he answered in a proverb of the Straits: "A man does not take toll of his brother."

Teng Po's devotion to Dan Smith was the most remarkable thing in the latter's life, and Smith knew it, though he laughed at it when among his cronies. It had begun two years before, when Smith was returning one night on foot from a shooting excursion. A couple of miles out of town he had met a rickshaw. The coolie was young and jolly, and spoke Malay with a fluency that would have been astonishing in a Baba Chinaman, to say nothing of a coolie. He was interesting, and the young Englishman was entertained; before they reached Smith's quarters they were chatting away like old acquaintances. As Smith paid his fare he noticed the coolie's number, "72."

During the next few days Smith had occasion to hire No. 72 several times, then the man suddenly disappeared. Upon inquiry he learned that he was sick in a coolie boarding house near High Street, so he dropped around to take a look at him. He found the place to be a rambling old building in a dirty alley, with every room filled with men, smoking, gambling, or sleeping. The man he was looking for was lying on a mat in a dark, foul corner of an overcrowded room. The noise around was maddening, and the air pestilential; no wonder the coolie was thin and delirious with fever. Smith's curiosity was speedily changed to pity, and before night rickshaw coolie 72 was lying in an empty room at Dan Smith's bungalow with an English doctor attending him. This was the reason why Teng Po had become Dan Smith's shadow.

On the way back from the Kolam, Smith got out of the rickshaw at the foot of Bukit Besar to walk up. It was a hill of considerable height and a hard pull for a coolie. As he walked along in the dim light of the lanterns the contrast between him and the Chinaman was striking. He was tall, slim, jaunty, and dressed in natty duck; the coolie was not tall, but heavily built, and clad only in baggy trousers. His broad yellow back between the shafts of the rickshaw was corrugated with muscles, and his *towchang*, coiled about his head under the wide plaited hat, left his heavy neck bare.

"Teng Po," said the Englishman, laying his white hand over the coolie's brown one, "I'm about in the last ditch."

The Chinaman said nothing, for he did not understand what the other meant.

"I'm one of your 'foreign devils' who has made it badly out here. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Money?" asked Teng Po bluntly.

"Yes, money," said Smith, looking away into the dark wall of mangosteen trees that lined the roadside. And then, impelled by a longing to unburden his heart of its load and pour out his troubles to some sympathetic ear, though he knew no help could come from it, he told Teng Po everything. The speculation in Jelebu mining stock the Chinaman easily understood, and the wasting grip of the Hindoo money lender was no new experience to him; but when Smith spoke of England and the beautiful old house at the end of the lane, and the hawthorn hedge in blossom, the coolie no longer saw the picture.

And then Smith told also how his old father and mother had saved for the children, how he had left home with two hundred pounds—which he had squandered—how Tom must leave school soon, and Arabella become a broken spirited wife in some

obscure country home. But here again Teng Po failed to understand, though he saw from the fervor and emotion of his friend that the case was desperate.

During the next few weeks Smith writhed under his load. He grew thin and hollow eyed from worry and despair. There seemed no relief either for him or for the folks at home. With close economy he might hope to pay the *chettie* in a year or so, but to raise a hundred pounds now—as well try to borrow a million!

So harassed was he that he no longer noticed that Teng Po did not wait for him at night or come for him in the morning; there were always enough rickshaws around. But one night as he sat on the veranda of his bungalow, moody and tired, he suddenly recollected the fact. "The poor beggar has forsaken me—like the others," he said aloud. Half an hour later the servant appeared and announced that an old Chinaman was waiting below and asking for him.

"Let him come up here," Smith rejoined petulantly.

The attendant withdrew like a shadow, and soon afterward an old man crept up the stairs.

"Tabeh Tuan!" he said humbly.

Smith stared at him, and the man seemed to grow more and more abject under his gaze. He was old, very old, and little, and dressed like a coolie. His hands were long and horny, and he wore sandals instead of shoes. He came forward slowly, and held out a package. "From Teng Po," he said.

"From Teng Po!" speculated Smith, in surprise, taking the parcel.

He unwrapped it slowly, while the old man watched him eagerly. At the last turn of the paper Smith jumped from the chair. He held a roll of bank notes in his hand. He turned them back with his fingers and counted them mechanically—six hundred dollars in good Straits money. He glanced at the old man helplessly. "I don't understand," he gasped.

"From Teng Po," repeated the old man, with shining eyes; then, as the other said nothing, he continued:

"For twelve years I have been bound to a rich *towkay* in Pahang for debt. Teng Po has worked all this time to save money to release me, for I am his father. Last year he sent word, 'One year more and I have money enough!' Ten days ago he came to me in Pahang and said: 'I have money enough, but I must help my friend.' My heart sank at that, for I am an old man, and time has been long in Pahang; but Teng Po said: 'I take your place. I am strong. You go back and give this to my friend.' I said, 'I am an old man and will not last long; let me work on.' But Teng Po went to the *towkay* and made out a paper, and I have come with the money."

The old man paused, dismayed at his own loquacity. Smith stood as if turned to stone. Finally he spoke: "Do you suppose I'll let him go into slavery for me?"

"Teng Po said you would refuse," answered the old man, "but he made me promise to leave the money—never to touch it again after giving it into your hands. I shall do so, Tuan; I am an old man, but I have promised;" and before Smith could stop him he was gone.

That was a trying night to Dan Smith. He was writing a letter home, but not till daylight did he bring himself to add this postscript:

I send draft for a hundred pounds. A friend advanced it to me.

The next morning, on his way to the godown, a messenger in the livery of a down town firm met him and handed him a chit. He opened it carelessly and read:

DAN. SMITH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—I have the honor to inform you that Jelebu mining stock is worth today 150½.

Very truly,
JOHN W. CONELLY, Sec'y.
Jelebu Development Company, Limited.

Smith gave a yell of joy, and hugged the messenger in his exuberance of feeling. Then he called a rickshaw and tore off to town like mad. The tide had turned at last. That night he called upon Kushdoo Rhoosab, the money lender, whom he found sitting tailor fashion on a raised seat in his dingy office.

"I've come to settle," said Smith.

"So soon?" asked the *chettie*, startled. It was very unwelcome news, for in spite of all his threats, he knew Smith was his best paying victim.

"Take that, will you!" As he spoke the caller threw a bag holding a hundred Mexican dollars very near the Hindoo's head, and the fusillade continued until four more bags had plumped against the wall or his flabby ribs.

"Did you ever see money paid in so rapidly?" Smith asked sardonically. "Give me my note now;" and he left the shop, tearing up the ugly paper.

"Great Krishna!" stammered the money lender to himself. "And such are the men who rule this land."

From Kushdoo Rhoosab's, Smith hurried to the cable office and wired the British Resident in Pahang as follows:

Six hundred dollars sent to release a Chinaman held for debt by rich *towkay* at Serapi. The man's name Teng Po. *He is a prince.*

OUR FLYING SQUADRON.

The Brooklyn, the Massachusetts, the Texas, the Minneapolis, and the Columbia as they appeared when stripped for battle and in their war paint—Commodore Schley's formidable fleet that composed the Flying Squadron.

THE MINNEAPOLIS. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1891; 20,862 HORSE POWER; 23.7 KNOTS; COST $2,690,000; CARRIES ONE 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE, TWO 6 INCH, EIGHT 4 INCH, AND TWELVE 6 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

THE BROOKLYN. FLAGSHIP OF COMMODORE SCHLEY. ARMORED CRUISER, SAME CLASS AS NEW YORK. BUILT IN 1893; SPEED 20 KNOTS; COST $2,986,000; CARRIES EIGHT 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWELVE 6 POUND AND FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

THE COLUMBIA. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1890; SPEED 22.8 KNOTS; COST $2,725,000; CARRIES TWO 6 INCH AND EIGHT 4 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, ONE 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE, TWELVE 6 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E Bolles, Brooklyn.

THE MASSACHUSETTS. FIRST CLASS BATTLE SHIP; BUILT IN 1891; SPEED 15 KNOTS; COST $3,020,000; CARRIES FOUR 13 INCH AND EIGHT 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWENTY 6 POUND AND SIX 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

THE TEXAS. SECOND CLASS BATTLE SHIP; BUILT IN 1889; SPEED 17 KNOTS; COST $2,500,000; CARRIES TWO 12 INCH AND SIX 6 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, SIX 1 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

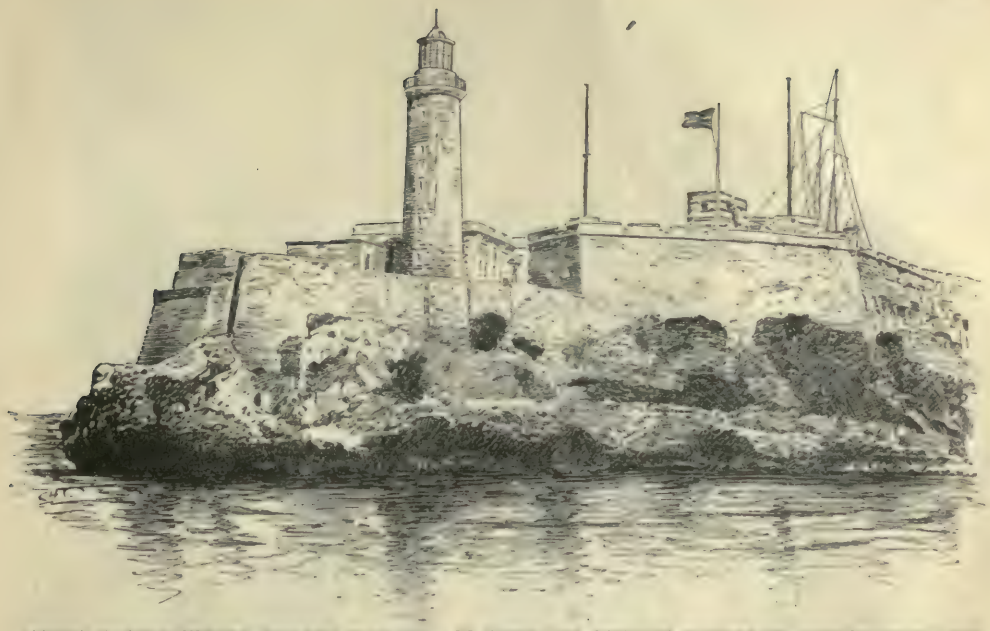
HAVANA.

Views of the Plaza de Armas, palace of the Governor General, the Prado, Morro Castle, and the fortress at La Cabanas.

WITH all eyes centered on Cuba, Havana becomes to Americans a city of surpassing interest. The pictures presented herewith for the most part tell their own story. Havana harbor, where the tragedy of the Maine was enacted, has the capacity for a thousand ships and is guarded at one side by the much talked about Morro Castle. This was a fortress which the Spanish considered impregnable before it was captured by the English over a hundred years ago. After they regained possession of it through an exchange with England, they built Cabanas, on the same shore to the south. The bill was sent to Charles III, in Madrid. He studied it carefully, then took up a small telescope lying near by, and pointing it toward the west, remarked: "If that fort cost as much as this bill claims, it ought to be big enough to be visible from here."

At this writing Morro is little more than a prison and a signal station, with a great stone lighthouse towering high above it. Adjoining the castle is the Velasco bat-

PALACE OF GOVERNOR GENERAL BLANCO, ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, IN THE OLD CITY—A STUCCO HOUSE WITH OFFICES UNDERNEATH, LIKE A HOTEL.



MORRO CASTLE, WHICH GUARDS HAVANA. IT CONTAINS, BESIDES BATTERIES AND PRISONS, THE O'DONNELL LIGHTHOUSE. ITS WATER BATTERY IS KNOWN AS THE "TWELVE APOSTLES."

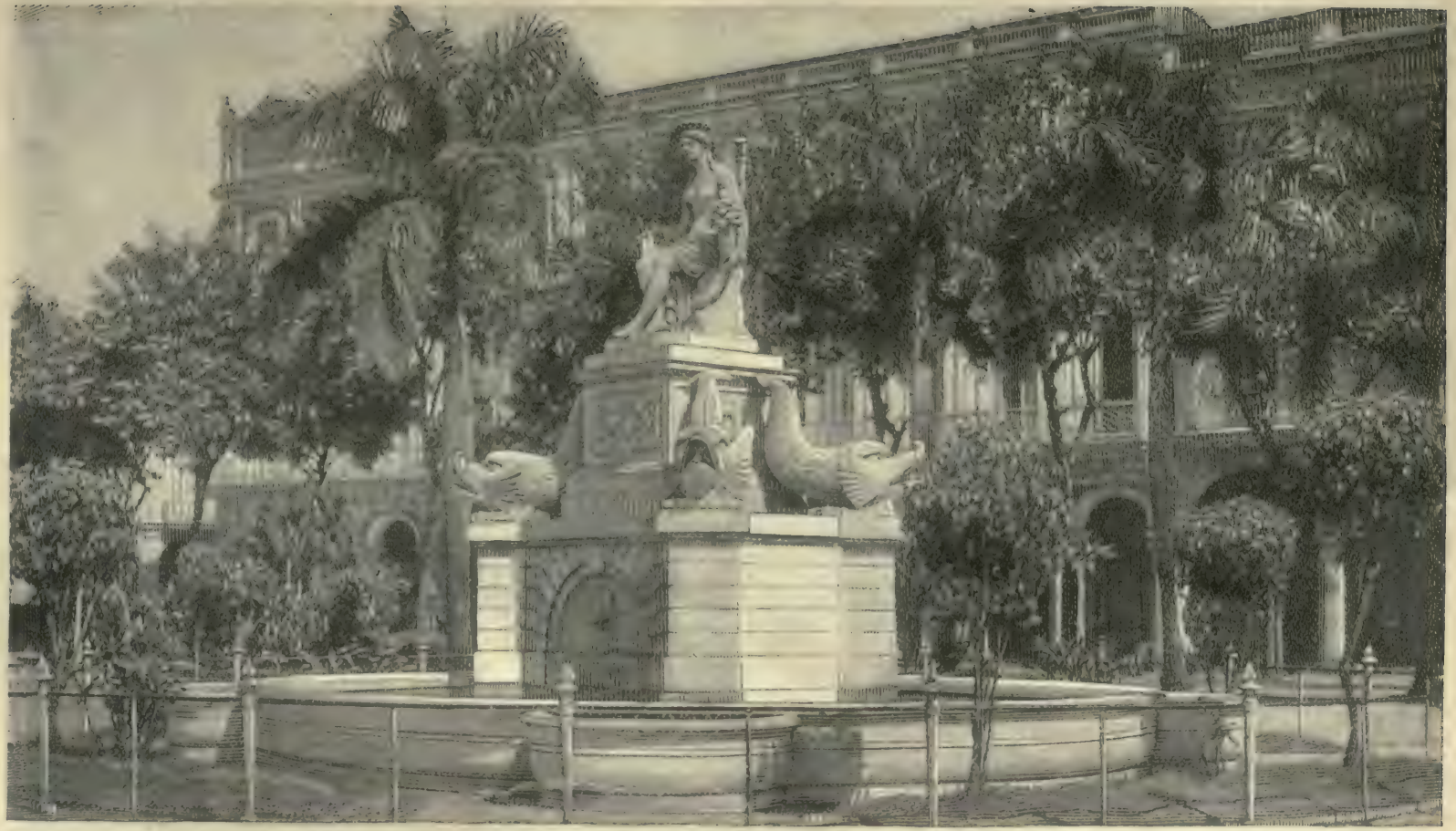
THE CHAPEL IN THE CAMPO SANTO, THE CHIEF CEMETERY, THREE MILES FROM HAVANA. THE CEMETERY CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF OVEN-LIKE TOMBS.

THE CATHEDRAL DE LA VIRGEN, MARIA DE LA CONCEPCION, AT THE CORNER OF EMPEDRADO AND SAN YGNACIO STREETS. THE OLDEST CHURCH IN HAVANA WITH VERY ANCIENT CHIMES.

tery. La Cabanas, too, has deteriorated. It has a jail and a place of execution.

Governor General Blanco's residence is an imposing structure fronting on one of the city's squares. Another parkway is called the Prado, and here guard mount

THE PRADO, THE AVENUE OF PALMS, WHICH BEGINS AT THE SEA AND RUNS THROUGH THE CITY, MAKING THE LINE ALONG WHICH SQUARES AND PARKS ARE LOCATED.



THE FOUNTAIN AND STATUE OF THE WEST INDIES, WITH SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF HAVANA IN WHITE CARRARA MARBLE, ERECTED OPPOSITE CAMPO DE MARTE SQUARE BY THE COUNT DE VILLANEUVA.

THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, FORMERLY THE FASHIONABLE PARK. ON ONE SIDE IS THE CHAPEL OF COLUMBUS' FIRST MASS IN CUBA. THE PARK IS ORNAMENTED BY A STATUE OF FERDINAND VII OF SPAIN.

THE PRISON AND FORTRESS OF CABANAS, ONE OF THE GUARDS TO THE CHANNEL TO HAVANA. IT WAS BUILT AFTER MORRO WAS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH IN 1762.

in the morning is one of the events of the day, designed to impress the populace with Spain's importance. The band has been in the habit of playing in the Prado three times during the week, and fashionable Havana was supposed to walk there from eight to ten o'clock in the evening.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL ON EMPEDRADO STREETS. ON THE RIGHT OF THE ALTAR IS THE TABLET TO COLUMBUS, CONTAINING HIS EFFIGY. IT IS HERE HIS BONES WERE LAID IN 1796.

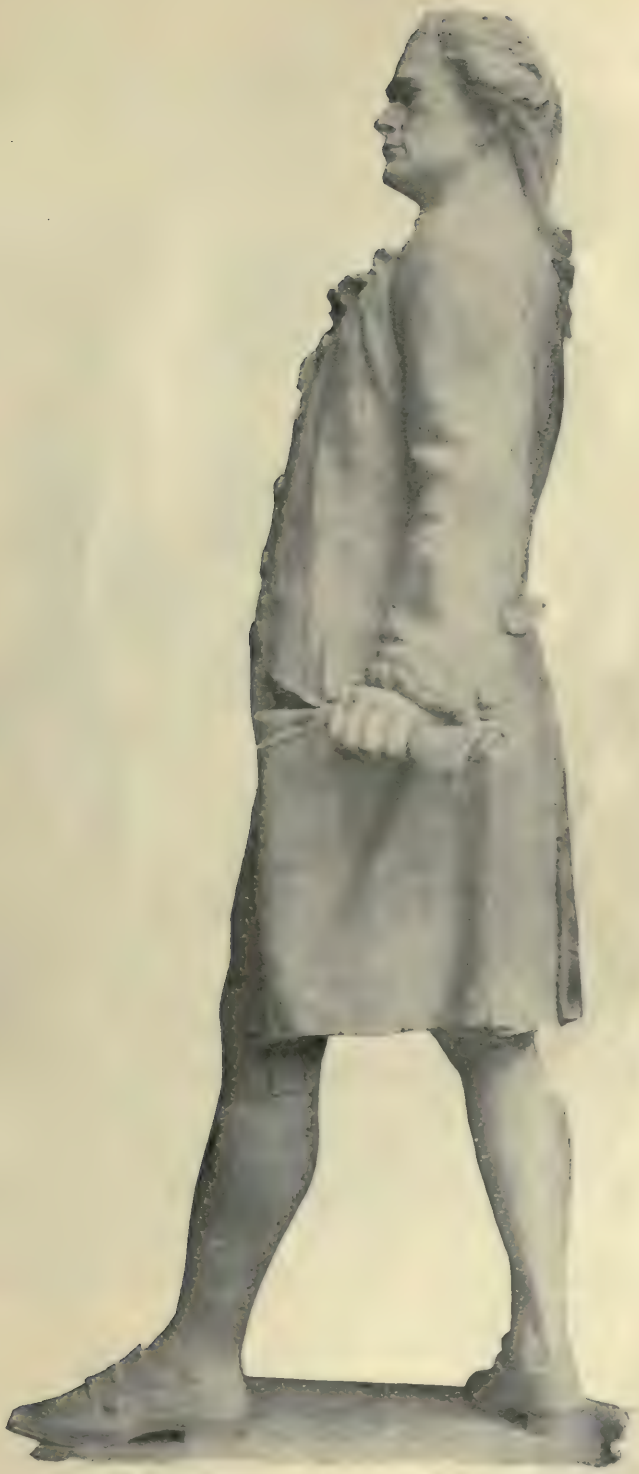
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.
From a photograph by Marshall, Boston.

SCULPTOR AND STUDENT.

William Ordway Partridge, whose reputation as an artist is rivaled by his fame as a poet and literary man—A glance at the creator of some of the best specimens of American sculpture, who is also professor of Fine Arts at Washington University.

"AN artist cannot do his best work in a foreign country. If a writer cannot accomplish his masterpiece in the language of another race, why should a sculptor or a painter think that he can live in Rome or Paris all his life competing with native artists, while he is continually handicapped by the fact that the Italians and Frenchmen are working in atmospheres and towards ideals that have been theirs for all time?"

Mr. William Ordway Partridge has in his own life followed this idea of his concerning the influence of an artist's native environment. Though born in Paris, he is an American, and his sentiment for his country brought him home to be educated at Columbia. With his natural love



STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, IN FRONT OF THE HAMILTON CLUB, BROOKLYN.

Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

of art stimulated by his college training he determined to carry out his dearest ambition and become a sculptor. He wanted to go abroad and study, but the means were lacking. Consequently he was drawn to the stage, whose outward attractions charmed his artistic nature. But the life soon proved too great a strain on him, and he sought solace and a means to accomplish his one ambition in the poets.

Encouraged by Phillips Brooks and Dr. Hale, he began to read in public from Keats and Shelley. Partridge's personality and the perfect harmony of his temperament with that of the poets, would have sufficed to have immediately interested the coldest audience; but when there was added to these qualities his careful stage training, to hear him read was, as one woman said, "As if the youth was filled with the spirit of Shelley and Keats sanctified by coming from Heaven."

FIGURE OF "MEMORY."
Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

THE SHAKSPERE STATUE IN CHICAGO.

Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

STATUE OF GRANT BY PARTRIDGE, ERECTED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF BROOKLYN.
From a photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

"The Song Life of a Sculptor" shows that in taking up his profession Mr. Partridge robbed the world of a poet of sympathy and tenderness; yet what is literature's loss is sculpture's gain. After years of study abroad we find the young reader and poet a great artist, and above all things a true American, as can be seen by his answer to a question concerning American artists abroad, at the beginning of this sketch.

So much for the man. As for the sculptor, the statues here shown are some of the most representative of Partridge's work. Two features are immediately apparent, individuality and nationality. Alexander Hamilton is represented as delivering to the patriots the famous Poughkeepsie oration that saved New York, and possibly the cause itself. The conception of the statue shows the nationality of the sculptor, and the way in which he has worked it out expresses his individual qualities of strength and virility.

In the Grant monument there is shown another phase of Americanism: determination and tenacity of purpose. Critics both here and abroad join in commending Mr. Partridge in having created an artistic triumph, as well as a lasting memorial, in this statue of the hero of Appomattox.

In his estate at Milton, Massachusetts, with its old colonial mansion and gardens laid out in the Italian style, Partridge has a studio where he can work at all times. When the sun is shining, or when it is raining, the interior of the studio is the sculptor's workshop; but on a cloudy day, when there are no shifting shadows, the statue is run out of doors on a railway, where it is possible to see the work under the same conditions as when it is completed and set up.

Charles Chapin Sargent, Jr.

THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

The success of Mr. Pemberton's recent books has gained him a place among the leading novelists of the present day, and "The Woman of Kronstadt" will confirm his literary repute and his popularity—It is a strong story, realistic and novel in its scenes and characters; a story of love, adventure, and intrigue, in which woman's wit and man's courage are matched against the mighty military power of Russia.

XXII.

PAUL rested his gloved hands upon the doors of his cab, and smoked contentedly. For the first time since he had set foot in London, the streets and the people were without interest to him. A boyish readiness to accept the possible for the actual had already carried him in his mind to the realization of fine schemes. He was sure that fate would work some miracle of surprise for his particular benefit.

"I shall tell the truth; it will do no good to conceal anything," he thought. "Feodor will write to the prince at Petersburg, and say that I am here in London protecting the secrets of my city. If they had kept Marian at Alexander, there would have been trouble with the English government; possibly they would have been compelled to release her, and she would have returned here with all those plans in her head. I do not see why it should be so great an affair. I have done them a service, and they know that I am not a traitor. Granted that they will not restore me to my regiment, there is other work for a clever man to do. I might even go to the Balkans and serve Ferdinand, or the Austrians. When they learn how small my offense is, they will not be too hard upon me. And I shall marry the little girl, and take her where these English fellows will not trouble her. *Ma foi*, what crowds!—and not a soldier among them."

He was passing the Criterion at the moment. The crowds of idlers, the youth of bars and stage doors, the sleek dandies, the hastening clerks, all moved him to a fine contempt for their stooping bodies and undrilled gait. A soldier's blood had run in his veins since his birth. To wear gold and to carry a sword, to strut it in the market place, to serve the Czar—what other career was open to an honest man! Merchants and traders—he regarded them as so many licensed thieves. Priests were necessary to minister to the superstitions of the people and to pray for the sins of the army. Professions were all very well for little men and knaves; but they were not a career. As for himself, he had inherited wits above the ordinary; but it never dawned upon him that they could be used to other ends than those of his regiment. There was no better scholar in Kronstadt, no more promising officer of artillery, but that, he thought, was his good fortune. But for the music of the great guns and the clash of steel, his wits would never have been awakened. Whatever lay before him, he determined to work with but one aim, the right to carry a sword once more; once more to be the master of the guns.

The cab bumping roughly against the curb brought him back from the success of thought to the broken baskets of reality. He saw that they were in a narrow street, before the doors of a large but ugly house, which had no ornaments for its windows and little paint for its door. He paid the cabman the money which Marian had put into his hand, and rang the bell of the house timidly. A moment later he stood in a hall furnished so richly and with such exquisite taste that he could scarce believe it to be the hall of the house before which the cabman had set him down. But the man who opened the door was a Russian, and he reassured him.

"Count Feodor—is he at home?"

"He expects you; he is waiting."

Paul entered the house confidently. The magnificence of the antechamber astonished

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him, for he had lived his life in barracks, and such splendor of habitation as he had known was the splendor of palaces of Petersburg or of hotels at Paris. When he followed the footman up a broad flight of stairs and through a conservatory upon the first floor, the same richness of decoration and of *ameublement* testified to the luxury with which Feodor Talvi had surrounded himself. The apartment into which he was shown at last, though of limited extent, was draped with exceeding taste. Dainty water color sketches gave color to the silk paneled walls; lounges, cunningly contrived, were the emblems of ample leisure; flowers stood upon many little tables; a stained glass window hid from the eyes the ugly stone wall which bounded the garden of the mansion. Paul put his hat upon a sofa and sat down with a great air of content.

"These diplomatists," he said to himself, "they talk all day and dance all night. They are paid twenty thousand rubles a year for telling their neighbors that black is white. When there is any work to be done they go home. *Fichtre*—it should be easy to tell lies for twenty thousand rubles a year! And Feodor has no need of them; he was rich always; he must be very rich now."

The footman had left him when he had given his name, saying that the count would be disengaged presently. Paul took up a Russian paper and read it through. It was a pleasure to be carried in spirit back to Petersburg and his home. He found himself wondering how all his friends were—old Stefanovic, who had loved him, and Bonzo, whom he had feared and never understood. Karl, too, and Sergius and the others—had one among them taken pity upon him, and remembered that he had been a friend of the old time? The pathos of memory was very bitter. He was as a child shut out from his old home; imagination kindled for him a fire burning redly upon the hearth of that home; the rays shone upon the unpitying faces of those who had been brothers to him.

This occupation of regret so carried him away from the house of Feodor Talvi that he forgot where he was and upon what errand he had come. When the little gilt clock upon the mantel shelf struck one, he put the paper down quickly and remembered with amazement that he had been in the room an hour. That rascal of a lackey must have forgotten to speak to the count. Impatiently he pressed the button of an electric bell. It was answered immediately, not by the Russian who had brought him to the boudoir, but by an English servant, who seemed astounded to find a stranger in the place.

"You are waiting for the count, sir?"

"If I am waiting!" explained Paul, turning on the man as he would have turned upon a defaulting corporal. "I have been here an hour. Is your master out?"

"I don't know, sir. I will ask, if you like—that is, if you wish it, sir."

Paul stared at the man with astonishment. If he had been in Russia, he would have laid his cane sharply upon the rogue's shoulders; but he was not in Russia, and the English barbarians did not permit a man to flog his servants. He was still fuming with rage when the lackey shut the door and left him to reflect upon a state of civilization so monstrous.

The little gilt clock struck a quarter past one; the man had not returned. There was no sign of Feodor. Paul went to the door of the room and threw it open. The house was silent as one of his own cells at Alexandria. He could hear a great clock ticking in the hall below; there was a rumble of passing carts from the street without, but of human life within the house no evidence. He returned to the boudoir and rang the bell for the second time. To his amazement the Russian answered him and began at once to apologize.

"We expect the count every moment," he said stolidly. "My master is sorry to keep you waiting. He has been called away. We are to offer you lunch, excellency."

Paul assented indifferently.

"It is a peep show," he said with scorn: "first the English rogue and then you. I shall speak to the count and tell him that he has made a mistake. You should both dance in a booth—to the music of the whip."

The Russian listened without changing a muscle of his face. He was accustomed to a rôle of servility. When Paul had finished, the man set to work to clear a little table and to prepare it for luncheon. Then he disappeared once more and another quarter was struck upon the bell.

"*Sacré nom!*" said Paul, pacing the room angrily, "the servants lie better than the master. If this is the house of a diplomatist, to the devil with the twenty thousand rubles!"

"My dear fellow," cried a voice at the door, "do you know that the chair you are kicking was once the property of Napoleon?"

Paul turned and stood face to face with the intruder. A spectator would have said that the two men resembled each other as two drops of water. Both were tall and finely built; both had flaxen hair and blue eyes; both held themselves as those trained in the school of the world. If the newcomer was slightly shorter than the captain of artillery,

if his face was less sunburnt and more furrowed, that was to be set down to the burdens which the life of cities had put upon him.

"Paul!—it is you, then?"

"Feodor—my friend!"

"You have been waiting here?"

"A century!"

"The devil!—it is that rogue Demetrius again. You are hungry—*tais toi*, we shall lunch and talk afterwards! I have a thousand things to say—you a thousand things to tell. I become a boy again at sight of you."

He talked with a boy's enthusiasm, but said nothing of that great and engrossing subject which Paul desired so earnestly to broach. For the moment, indeed, they might have been students together; students enjoying such a rare day of fortune that they ate the dishes of princes, and washed them down with the wine of kings. Paul wondered, in the moments of silence, if he had, indeed, branded himself as an outcast and a traitor. For if that charge were true, how came it that he ate and drank with Feodor Talvi and was called brother by him? He could not believe in such good fortune. "He does not know," he thought; "he will not call me brother when I tell him."

The dishes were many before luncheon was done. Champagne foamed in long Venetian glasses. When the cloth was cleared, Demetrius carried cigars and liqueurs to a little bower of palms in the conservatory. Paul found himself reclining indolently upon a sofa, while the count curled himself up in a basket armchair which sleep herself might have designed. For the first time since they had met, an embarrassing interlude of silence gave the men opportunity for remembrance. Paul made up his mind that this was the time to speak, but before he could open his lips Feodor asked him a question.

"The young English lady—she is well?"

The question was astonishing, embarrassing. Paul opened his eyes very wide, for he thought it was a jest.

"Oh, she is very well!" he stammered—"that is to say—you know about her?"

The count answered sympathetically.

"I know your story, Paul, my friend. I read it in a despatch four days after you left Kronstadt."

Paul took heart.

"If you know my story, you know also that I am no traitor to Russia; you know that I am here in London to guard her secrets."

"Exactly—or how should I receive you at my house? It was all clear to me from the first. A pretty face, a clever little head, a bribe from the English government—my old friend falls in love with the pretty face and persuades the woman to deliver up to him all the plans she has stolen. He comes here to give me those plans and to tell me that the woman may go to the devil, while he goes back to Russia."

The smile left Paul's boyish face. He stood up awkwardly against the mantel shelf.

"You do not understand," he said gravely. "It is not that, count. There are no maps to be given up; Miss Best has none. I am convinced of it. When I left Russia it was to make sure that she did not see any of her friends—that she did not betray us. It is true that her father and mother died some years ago, but she has relations in London—the Englishman who tempted her. I did not wish her to meet those people. Judge me as you will for what is past, I have this to say, that by God's help I will never leave her side again."

Feodor, no longer the diplomatist, but the man of amatory affairs, laughed good humoredly.

"Oh!" he said, "we are still in that stage, then? It is the second stage, I think. When I was the *bel ami* of La Superbe in Paris I took the course. You begin with a bad appetite and end by buying a pistol. Convalescence dates from the moment when you present your pistol to your brother at school, and go out to dine at Voisin's. Complete recovery is to hear with equanimity that she for whom you would have died a thousand deaths has married the leader of the orchestra. Possibly, if you had stayed in Russia, you would have been well by this time; but change of air fosters these complaints. A month, even two months, may be necessary now. And pity is a factor. Send the girl back to her relations—since you know that she has brought no luggage with her—and enjoy London for a month. I can recommend nothing better."

Paul took up his cigar and lit it. His hand trembled undisguisedly. The lover creed chanted by the man of the world was a thing he had ever despised. He knew well the impossibility of convincing this dandy of a dozen cities of the reality of his love or of the nature of it. He would not try, he thought; he feared that the quivering mockery might cast a false light on the name so dear to him.

"Do not let us speak of Miss Best," he said, after a moment of silence. "You do not understand me, and I do not understand you. No man has the right to say to another, 'You shall love here or there.' If you are my friend, you will help me at home. You must tell me what they are saying there. God knows, I dare not ask myself that question! Have I any longer a name in

Russia? Is there any friend of mine to speak a word for me? These are the questions I ask myself while I lie awake at night and remember Kronstadt. God knows the night is punishment enough!"

Feodor, who disliked emotion of any kind, looked foolishly at the fire of his cigar.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, in the tone of the candid friend, "it is quite useless to excite yourself. And it would be absurd of me to tell you any lies. How can I know what they are saying at Petersburg? Am I likely to find expressions of sympathy in official documents? When a man runs away from his regiment without leave, and takes with him a young lady who has been occupied for a month or more in stealing the plans of his fortress, he must expect his friends to open their eyes. How could it be otherwise? We judge men by their deeds. As the thing stands, you, in the eyes of the authorities, share the woman's guilt. We who are your well wishers cannot stoop to help you with the expression of false hopes. That you will ever return to Kronstadt, I do not believe. The thing is out of the question. Discipline would suffer, and you would suffer. But I will not say that influence at Petersburg might not, at some distant day, restore you to the emperor's service. It depends upon yourself and upon the course you take here in London. You will not expect us to join with any enthusiasm in a scheme for your benefit so long as you talk this ridiculous nonsense about marrying the Englishwoman, and constituting yourself her protector. Oh, my dear Paul, do you not see that she is the soubrette of your opera, and that her tears are shed only while the curtain is up? By and by, she will be supping with the leading tenor, while you are back in your own country and are ready to thank Heaven that you have done with her!"

Paul bit his lip. He was within an ace of losing his temper and of quitting the house.

"It is a lie," he said doggedly; "there is no better woman breathing. If you knew her, Feodor, if you were my friend, you would not say these things. I came here thinking that you would help me. I am sorry now that I came."

The count sank deeper into the cushions of his chair.

"*Du calme, du calme!*" he cried, with the air of one who is much amused. "We are at the third stage now, and these are the symptoms. While I knew La Superbe I had not a friend in Paris. There was not a man whose throat I did not wish to cut. See, *mon ami*, how these diseases resemble each other. As I live, you will fight me before dinner time."

"No, indeed," replied Paul very quietly; "I cannot quarrel with you, count. If your creed of life is not mine, I do not complain of that. We will talk of it no more, for I am going home. It was a promise to her. She will be waiting. I said that I would be away an hour, and three have passed."

A shadow of anxiety crossed the count's face.

"Oh, you must not talk of going!" he exclaimed earnestly; "and you must not think me unfriendly. What has passed is nothing. We will talk of serious things presently, and you shall meet one better able to advise you than the mere diplomatist, who sees everything through the glass of office. If you think that mademoiselle will be anxious, write a little letter and the man will take it. You will find pens and ink in the library on the next floor. I am going to smoke here until you return. It would be folly to go away now—at the beginning of it."

Paul stood irresolute, but the count touched a gong at his side and the Russian servant appeared once more.

"Demetrius, show the way to the library. His excellency will give you a letter. See that it is delivered at once."

The library was a small room furnished prettily with many books, chiefly in French. Paul wrote his letter quickly—a letter of love and hope. He had met Feodor, the count was his friend still; he was waiting for another to help him to some position of honor and emolument—all this he honestly believed as he wrote it. Never for a moment did it dawn upon him that he was the victim of duplicity. He was convinced that the note would be delivered at once. He did not know Demetrius would carry it so far as the kitchen of the house and there burn it in the stove. When he returned to the conservatory, a smile of content was upon his face. It was good to have found a friend again. He determined to show a greater gratitude to the count—but the words he wished for would not come to his lips, for when he descended the stairs whom should he see with Feodor but old Bonzo himself—the Bonzo of Kronstadt, the Bonzo whose name had struck terror into his heart so often, the Man of Iron whom all feared.

The colonel sat upon a basket sofa. He wore a black frock coat with flowing skirts; his trousers were gray; his tie was a tremendous bow in the French fashion, negligee and ample. He smoked a black cigar and sipped a glass of absinth. When he saw Paul, confused and hesitating, upon the threshold of the conservatory, his little eyes twinkled merrily and he held out a great

paw as though to give the younger man confidence.

"*Le voici*," he exclaimed boisterously, "*le voici*, the renegade, the traitor, who has brought me all the way from Petersburg!"

Paul shook the outstretched hand timidly. The room seemed to dance before his eyes.

"You here, my colonel—you?" he repeated, with broken words. "You have come to London to see me?"

"If I have come to London to see you! Do I make the Cook's tour, then? Am I here to visit the Westminster Abbey? Have I the tourist's suit? Look at me—Bonzo—and ask why I come?"

He put the question in a voice of thunder—the voice Paul had heard so often on the ramparts at Kronstadt. But there was the note of jest struck with the deeper chord, and the two who listened to him laughed when he laughed.

"I should not call it a tourist's suit," said the count, surveying the tremendous proportions of the Bonzo's coat; "there is too much cloth in it. They don't make a fortune out of you, colonel—those tailors."

Bonzo nodded his head approvingly. He was a stranger to civilian dress, and his new appearance amused him.

"*Eccoli*," he said, "it is a coat for my son and for my son's son. I have worn it twice in fourteen years. It is only a barbarous people that would wear a coat like this. Sit down, my friend Paul, and see how I degrade myself for you."

He thrust a low chair forward, and Paul sat down—hoping he knew not what, afraid to remember that the Man of Iron had followed him to the land of exile.

"You are well, my colonel? You had a good passage?"

"I am very well, my son."

"You stay in London long?"

"Until I hear that a foolish young man has come to his senses again."

Paul flushed. There came upon him irresistibly the idea to appeal to this strong man's pity.

"Oh!" he said, "you do not think me guilty, colonel—you do not believe that I am a traitor to my country?"

"*Du tout, du tout*, my son—you are no traitor; you have not the brains."

Paul stopped as though one had shot him. The eloquence of pity, which had inspired him in thought, deserted him at the first word of the ironical response. As well ask mercy of the tomb as of the Man of Iron.

"It was not a question of brains," he blurted out presently. "I am not clever, my colonel, I know that; but I am no traitor to Russia."

"Pah!" said old Bonzo, a little severely, "traitors do not run off with chorus girls and then say they could not help it. You are a fool, my son; you have not the wisdom of the boy. What—when you had the woman in Alexander, when she was alone with you, when you could have made love to her all day, you bring her back here to her friends, you cut yourself off from those who love you, and then say that you did it for us—oh, it is a story for a fairy book!"

Bonzo spoke with a strong man's contempt for the folly of the child. Paul shuddered at his words. The horrible suggestion—for he knew well what the other meant—fired his blood. He could have struck the speaker on the mouth.

"Colonel," he said in a low voice, "you knew mademoiselle at Kronstadt and yet you are ready to say these things of her?"

"Certainly I am ready. Would you have me cry that she is of noble blood? Shall I raise my hat when I mention the name of Stefanovic's governess?—the daughter of an English *batushka*, a village priest at fifteen hundred rubles a year. What—a woman who played with you as I play with this leaf; who brings you to England to draw for her the maps which she had not time to draw when she was with us; who will laugh in your face presently and tell you to go to the devil—is this the one that Tolma's heir would marry? Pah! I have not the patience to speak of it."

Paul picked up a cigarette and began to roll it in his fingers. He was unable to answer such an argument. Bonzo, he made sure, would never understand him; the hope he had placed in his friends was shattered at last. They did not know Marian; they never would know her. He was still searching for his reply to the accusation when the colonel spoke again, but with less heat.

"*À la bonne heure*," he said. "I am not here to scold you. We will say good by to this day of folly, for it is done. Tomorrow you will leave London for Paris, my son. It will be the beginning of your journey to Vienna, where you will stay until this madness is forgotten. After that, we shall appeal to the emperor. His clemency may find for you some duty in the east. If you have suffered, those who love you have suffered, too. Even I—Bonzo—could I hear of this and forget that of all at Kronstadt you alone were a son to me? You shall be a son to me once more—when you have left England."

Paul stood up as the speaker continued. An undefined dread of some calamity about to overtake him prompted him to action.

"Colonel," he said, "I cannot go to Paris with you tomorrow. I cannot leave England.

Mademoiselle is waiting for me now. I thank you with all my heart for your promises, but the day for them is past. I think of Russia no more. I shall find a home here. Some day you will understand me——"

Bonzo waved his arm dramatically.

"Sit, sit," he said. "This is not a theater, Captain Paul. You are in Russia here. This house is our house. It is the emperor's house. Your English friends may come, but we shall not let them in. Be reasonable, and make up your mind that mademoiselle must wait a little longer."

Paul looked from one to the other with dazed eyes. Count Feodor had risen and stood with his back towards the window; the colonel's face was not to be read.

"I do not understand," he exclaimed excitedly. "You would not keep me here against my wish, colonel?"

Bonzo laughed ironically.

"For a few days," he said, with a gesture of indifference—"until you come to your senses, captain. Meanwhile, if mademoiselle is waiting, send another little note."

In that moment the truth flashed upon Paul. He stepped backward as though seeking a way of escape; there was the look of a hunted animal in his eyes when he turned to the master of the house.

"My God," he cried, "you would not do this, count? You have no right to do it. I must go back to my house. I tell you that she is waiting for me."

Bonzo answered him by striking a gong at his side.

"My son," he said sternly, "she will wait many days yet. It is the duty of your friends to save you from yourself."

The deep note of the gong echoed through the silent rooms of the house like an alarum. The three men, for all had risen, stood facing one another. They knew that the time for words was past. As for Bonzo, he had ceased to smile; anger and determination were to be read in his eyes; he looked around him with the air of one who has planned everything, and whose plan is to be put into execution.

"You are mad, Captain Zassulic, and we shall cure you," he repeated triumphantly. "Tomorrow we set out, but not for Vienna. The fortress of St. Peter shall be your hospital. Fool that you were, to pit your wits against mine!"

He raised his hand to point threateningly, and as at the waving of a magician's wand the conservatory was filled instantly with troopers in the uniform of the Russian service. Silently, grimly, with great strength, they fell upon the fugitive and threw him to the ground. So sudden was the attack, so swift had been the sequence of word and of event, that Paul was a prisoner in their arms even while the thought to flee was shaping in his mind. For a moment he struck at them with the strength of ten men. Agony and despair gave him courage; the whole bitterness of life seemed to be his portion.

"Marian!" he cried—"oh, my God, let me go to her! You kill me—I suffocate—let me go to her—let me go——"

A strong arm, the arm of a giant, stifled the broken cries. The whole landing seemed to be full of men. Though the captive struck right and left, clutching at this object and at that, they carried him swiftly from the place, up and still up to the prison of the garrets. He beheld other landings and the interiors of bedrooms poorly furnished; the stairs were stairs of marble no longer; the light of the fuller day fell upon his face through a frosted dome of glass. When they flung him down at last, with blood upon his hands and torn clothes, the light was shut swiftly from his eyes. He lay in utter darkness, and he thought it the darkness of hell; for he knew that the unpitying hand of the Russian had fallen upon him even in the England for which she whom he loved had longed so earnestly.

XXIII.

MARIAN awoke from a troubled sleep when the clock of St. Martin's Church was striking a quarter past four of the morning. She had not meant to sleep at all, but weakness prevailed above her misery; and for an hour she was carried in her dreams back to Alexander and to the unforgettable horror of her cell below the sea.

When she awoke, she was still sitting in her low chair before the window; but the cold of dawn had stiffened her limbs, and the burden of the night and its weariness lay heavy upon her. Nor could she bring her mind at the first to remember why she was not in her bed, or how it came to be that she looked down upon the silent streets at such an hour. When memory helped her it was swift and terrible. She rose to her feet and opened the door of their little sitting room. Had Paul come back to her? Why did he wait? What new ill had overtaken him? God, if he should be dead!

A tortured, helpless woman, worn with suffering and doubt, she crept along the darkened passage until she stood at his bedroom door. It was wide open. She could see the bed; but no one had slept in it. Scattered here and there were the few things he had purchased since they had been in London—a pair of slippers, a little dressing case, a writ-

ing desk. A bunch of violets he had worn when shopping for her two days ago stood upon his wash stand. She took it up and kissed the faded flowers; she knelt at his bedside and prayed, a woman's prayer, that this new suffering might not come upon her.

It was strange at this time how her sense of dependence upon the man was magnified and made real to her. A year ago, the truth, that she stood alone in the world, would have been a matter of indifference to her. But that day was past. While she had no exaggerated notions of Paul's cleverness, while she knew him heart and mind, he was the one man in all the world who had been able to strike within her the sympathetic chord which is the chord of love. She had trembled when he held her in his arms. Her first waking thought had been for him; she had soothed herself to sleep with his name upon her lips. The past years of loneliness, of struggle, of poverty, seemed removed by ages from her present life. If there had come to her sometimes the reflection that this whirl of events was unreal and false, that she was deceiving herself, that the reckoning must be paid, she brushed the thought aside. She was a woman and she had learned to love.

The house was quiet with the stillness of the hour before the day. Without, the steely gray light fell upon shuttered windows and silent streets. Even great London was nodding. The gaudy ornament of gold and garish painting was now subdued and shabby; immense buildings loomed up as though the dawn had shaped them from the mists. Save for the passing carts or the rumble of a wagon on its way to market, or the fleeting figure of some ragged and homeless creature awake once more to the hopeless life, one might have looked down upon a city of the dead. Those unfortunates who had passed and repassed while the sun shone—whither had they gone to sleep? What change of fortune had they known since yesterday? Who among them would rejoice with the day? How many would know the day no more? The very emptiness of the city awed her. She was afraid of the stillness. Not one in all those millions would stand at her side to help her, would heed her cry for pity. She remembered the child, and thought of him sleeping in a house of sunshine and of flowers; but the remembrance was bitter, for her courage was broken. The old way of life was closed forever. She would go hand in hand with little Dick, but there would be tears upon her face.

Seven o'clock struck, and the sun shone upon the city. People flocked to the great railway station; cabs began to loiter by the pavements; she heard the scream of whistles and the cry of the newsboys. It was a relief to her, this surging of the stream of life. She began to reckon with herself as she had not reckoned since she left Kronstadt. If Paul did not return during the morning, she resolved that she would go to Scotland Yard and tell his story, in so far as it could be told without the surrender of her promise. She scouted the trivial suggestions which desire to deceive herself had prompted. Taking new courage of the morning she refused to believe that her lover was dead or that an accident had overtaken him. An echo of the truth dinned in her ears. "It is the hand of his own countrymen," she thought. "He has been lured from here by a trick." And then she remembered that these things were not to be done in England. A glad pride in the might of her own country quickened her heart. "I will save him," she said; "I will go to them and learn the whole story."

Her course would have been easier if she had known Paul's intentions when he left her. It was in her mind that he had gone to the Russian embassy. She remembered that he spoke of South Audley Street, but could not recall the number of the house.

She said that she would get her breakfast and go afterwards to the embassy in quest of news. If none was to be had there, it would be time to consult with the people at Scotland Yard. True, she had given Paul her word that she would not go out alone; but the promise was made for a set of circumstances other than these. His liberty, his very life, might depend upon her breaking that promise. A great desire to be up and away at once took possession of her. It was hers now to play the strong part. Nevertheless, the hope that she might hear his step on the stair before the hour was struck again held her to the place.

"He has stayed at the count's house all night," she argued childishly; "it was necessary, and he is among friends."

At eight o'clock she dressed herself, wearing the pretty blouse that he had bought for her, and coiling up her wealth of brown hair picturesquely above her white face. She sighed often when she looked in the shabby glass, and asked herself how it came to be that a man had cast off country and friends for her sake. Very few in the world cared whether she lived or died. She did not wonder at that. Her life had been one long battle with circumstances; the smile her face had worn during the years of childhood was but the shield which cloaked the scars of mental ill and, oftentimes, of defeat. Yet here was one to stand among the multitude and to say, "Thou art the woman!" The mystery of love baffled her.

It was nine o'clock when she had finished her cup of tea and found herself ready to go out. She had but a few shillings in her pocket; their little store of gold was locked in Paul's trunk; yet she would not stop to reflect upon that new trouble which lack of money must bring to her presently. Glad to escape the confinement of the stuffy room, rejoicing that her errand was for her lover's sake, she descended the stairs with quick step; but at the street door she stood irresolute, and when she had looked about her an instant she returned hastily to her room and went to the window to watch.

A carriage drawn by a pair of magnificent gray horses had stopped before her house. She observed a footman speaking to a white haired old man, slight and slim, but with the face of an aristocrat. Instinct told her that here was one of Paul's friends. When the footman knocked at the door below she had the impulse to run down, fearing that the carriage would be driven away before she could tell Paul's friend what had happened. She was still wavering when the slut of the house entered the room, holding in her dirty fingers the card of Prince Tolma.

"It ain't for you; it's for the gentleming," she said, wiping a smut from her forehead. "I told 'em as he'd gawn out to supper and hadn't come back yet."

Marian brushed her aside and ran down the stairs with the step of a schoolgirl. Care for her own dignity was forgotten. She arrived in the street breathless and with flushed cheeks. It was in her mind that this stranger would save her lover.

"Paul is not here," she said excitedly. "He left me yesterday to visit Count Talvi, and has not returned. I fear that something has happened. He would not leave me without a word. I am Marian Best, and I have heard your name so often. If I might speak to you for a little while——"

She stood panting and expectant, while the old man regarded her with wondering eyes. Apparently the spectacle pleased him, for, of a sudden, he grunted like an animal and called to the footman:

"John, I am going to get out."

With great pomp and ceremony, after the unwrapping of rugs and laborious change of posture, the prince wormed himself from his seat.

"My dear," he said apologetically, "you must give me your hand. I am an old man—and your English wines do not love me. Is it far to mount—are there many stairs?"

Marian blushed.

"We are not rich," she said diffidently; "we feared to go to a hotel."

"*Du tout, du tout*," said the prince, "we must find another apartment for you. The sun up there will scorch that pretty face. *Ma foi*, we go to heaven itself!"

A friendly banister and the strong arm of the footman dragged the burden to the heights. Marian followed with a sense of relief such as she had scarce known in all her life. It was as though a strong hand had been thrust out to her from the shadows of the great city. The tone, the gesture, the kindly eyes of this old man, the easy air of command and authority—these won upon her confidence.

The prince entered the shabby little room and waddled to an armchair. He sank in it with a pathetic sigh of gratitude. Drops of sweat stood upon his bald forehead. He mopped them up with a tremendous handkerchief; his breathing was stertorous and rapid.

"It is a vapor bath," he gasped. "You shall send for a shampooer, my dear. Or if you will not do that, you shall give me a little of the red wine I see upon the buffet there."

A flask of Australian wine stood upon the sideboard. Marian half filled a tumbler and diluted the wine with soda water. She had not noticed the poverty of her surroundings before. The coming of the aristocrat, his spotless clothes, his grand air, showed them in all their nakedness.

"I am sorry," she said, moving about with girlish activity. "I fear our stairs are awful. If it had not been that I knew you were Paul's friend——"

"Tut, tut!" replied the prince, taking the tumbler in his hand, "it is a recompense to see you in the room. There is no other ornament necessary, my dear—your eyes and the sunshine. If I were a young man, I would come here every day to see you. We do not count the rungs of the ladder which leads up to paradise."

He swelled with gallantry, remembering the days which had carried him hungering for love to many a garret of old Paris. When he had emptied his tumbler and put it down, he began to speak again, leaning forward heavily upon his gold mounted cane, and staring so hard at his little hostess that her cheeks flushed crimson.

"So you are Miss Best," he said, nodding his head cunningly; "and you have brought my boy to England, and it is for you that he has forsaken his friends and turned his back upon his country. Well, my dear, I should begin by scolding you. I meant to scold you when I came here. But I am helpless, you see—so come and sit by me and we will talk a little while."

He pointed to a little stool and she obeyed

him, sitting almost at his feet. Never in her life had she met one whom she would have trusted so implicitly. Her own father, long dead, the man of dusty books and monotoned sermons, had awakened in her but pity. The fine face of this noble Russian, his soft and winning voice, his kindly gesture, inspired her to ask herself what her own life would have been if such a man had brought her into the world.

"You are very kind to me," she said simply; "it is a long time since I have found a friend. I think sometimes that I shall never find another. I cannot call Paul my friend. He is more than that. But then, he has left me here——"

Her cheeks reddened and she paused. Tolma patted her arm encouragingly.

"Do not be afraid to speak to me," he said; "I know your story, but it comes prettily from these pretty lips. You do not call Paul your friend; he is more than that—*ma foi*, I would disown him if he were not!"

"I love him," she answered, taking courage of herself; "whatever he may do here, I could not blame him. He has given up everything for me—God knows how much I regret that if it is not for his good. Yet how can a woman answer such a question? How is she to read the depths of a man's love? If you and his friends wish him to leave me, if you think it is to his interest to do so, I have no right to stand between you. It would be happiness to know that he is happy!"

Tolma moved restlessly in his chair. He had come to carry his heir from the trap into which he believed he had fallen. He had come to convince him that the woman was a charlatan, an impostor, the tool of the English government. When he hastened back from Paris it had seemed to him that his mission was the easiest in the world. He flattered himself that no man knew women as he knew them. He thought that he would find Paul with some notorious servant of the spies of Europe—a chorus girl, the wife of a *chevalier d'industrie* gone bankrupt, the partner of a baron snapping up unconsidered trifles. Ten words with her shattered that hypothesis. "She is an English lady; she is honest," he said to himself. "We shall have trouble."

"You are a pair of children," he exclaimed, cutting Marian short in her protests; "it is all a play to you—the ships and armies of Russia are your toys. And yet, like your elders, you can think of the money."

She was silent at the rebuke.

"Yes," he went on very seriously; "you can think of the money, children that you are. What you have done, mademoiselle, is a great crime toward my country. If I did not believe the story which Paul has told me, if I did not say that there were excuses which must suffice when a woman is the offender, nothing would keep me in this room even for an hour. But I am not like those others—I know men, I know women, *vous savez*. To me they are the pieces on the board. I have seen so many put in the box—a few years more or less, and destiny will move me no more. You are young, and your life is before you. I shall see that it is a pleasant life. You will live here in your England. Paul will go with me to be my companion in Paris. I like young faces; I am lonely in age. If it rested with me alone I might make other promises for the future. But I must win a way for Paul to return to his country, and to return with honor. Do not think me harsh. I speak as the friend of you both. It cannot be otherwise; it is the only way."

Marian sat very still and white and silent. She thought herself in that instant to be abandoned of God and man. And yet she did not turn from her sacrifice.

"It is for Paul," she cried bitterly. "If there is no other way, let it be so—and God help us both!"

Tolma abhorred the spectacle of a woman distressed—unless his was the hand to wipe away the tears. The fair girlish figure at his side, so slight, so pitiful, created for him a boyhood to be lived again in an instant of thought. He drew Marian's head upon his knee to stroke the curls through which the hardly checked tears glistened.

"My child," he said gently, "if an old man could work a miracle, assuredly it should be worked today. But what would you? If we wish Paul's name again to be known in Russia, shall we not make this sacrifice gladly? While he is with you, when he is your husband, they will say, 'Ah, she loves him for what he is worth to her. She has not all the maps yet to sell to her English government, and he will make them for her. By and by she will laugh at him and find another officer of artillery and another Kronstadt.'"

Marian smiled through her tears.

"Poor Paul!" she said. "If he had to live by making maps of Kronstadt, we should starve, prince."

Tolma looked at her searchingly.

"You do not think he is clever?"

"Oh, yes, he is clever, but not in that way. He would laugh if he could hear you. I do not believe he sleeps at night for thinking that I shall tell some one the things I know. He came here at first to be quite sure that the memory he says I am cursed with should not do Kronstadt any harm. He feared I would draw the maps."

"The maps?—but you have not any maps. They were all burned—he told me so."

"He told you the truth, but you cannot burn the memory. I could draw Kronstadt now, this instant. I could place every fort and every gun. If I did not love Paul, my drawings would make me a rich woman, prince."

Tolma sat very still. He was turning over in his brain a hundred possibilities. The girl had struck every weapon from his hand. If her tale were true, she had struck also every weapon from the hands of her enemies in London.

"It may be so," he said, with the politest possible suggestion of doubt—"it may be so, my child; but who will believe a story like that?"

"I ask no one to believe it. Why should I? What have I to gain?"

She drew back from him and, rising, went and stood by the window. The sun of morning flashed upon her white face and gave threads of gold to her tumbling hair. Tolma saw the child no more; a woman, self reliant, proud and beautiful, now answered him.

"What have I to gain?"

She repeated the question with just a *soupçon* of mockery in her tone. She did not forget that she was in England. The strong arm of her own country stood between her and the Russians.

The man, on his part, was ready to appreciate the drama of the moment and to act up to it.

"Mademoiselle," he said, struggling to his feet and posing threateningly, "you have a husband to gain."

"A husband?—oh, monsieur, you jest!"

The woman of Kronstadt spoke—the woman who had been willing, before love weakened her hand, to strike a blow at the Russian in his very holy of holies.

"You jest, prince," she said again, with the air of a grand dame; "what is more, you do not believe me."

Tolma answered her by banging the table with his cane.

"Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "I jest so little that, if you will prove this story, I will make you Paul's wife."

It was her turn now to open her eyes in wonderment; but he continued without pause:

"Do you not see that they have taken him from you because they believe you want his secrets? Prove to them that the secrets are yours, not his, and they will move heaven and earth to shut your lips. A child would understand that. A free woman in your own country—who shall prevent your speaking where you will? But the wife of Paul Zassulic—will she betray Russia? *Ma foi*, the boy's eyes are better than ours now! He will cheat Bonzo yet, and I shall be there to enjoy it. And he will be the husband of a clever woman, mademoiselle. Do not contradict me. I, Tolma, say it, and I am never wrong. You shall be my daughter. You shall live in Paris with me—when you have proved the story."

Lack of breath alone put a curb upon his eloquence. Marian listened to him as she would have listened to one who spoke of miracles. It had been upon her lips to tell him of her promise to Paul, that she would keep the secrets to the day of her death; but love working in her heart silenced her. She could not shatter the cup raised so unexpectedly to her lips.

"I will prove my story when and where you will," she said, with dignity. "Give me time to get pen and ink, and I will prove it now."

Tolma raised his hand.

"Not here," he said, with the gesture of an actor; "tonight, at the house of Count Feodor. My carriage shall fetch you. Fear nothing—you have the word of Tolma."

He waddled down the stairs, calling loudly for "John." Marian stood as one in a trance; but it was a trance of joy.

XXIV.

It was the evening of the day. Three men waited in the great drawingroom of Count Talvi's house in South Audley Street. The silver clock upon the mantel shelf had just struck nine. Its ticking was the only sound to be heard.

Of the three who waited, Tolma alone was at his ease. He lounged in a great chair and smoked Russian cigarettes incessantly. A glass of chartreuse at his elbow was lifted often to his lips. There was a complacent smile upon his face, the smile of a man who has played a great card and waits for his opponents. He looked ever and anon at Bonzo, the second of the three, moving in and out of the shadows which the dim light of shaded candles cast in dark patches upon the heavy carpet. But Bonzo was unconscious of the prince's gaze. His hands were linked behind his back. He did not smoke. He paced the room restlessly. If he had eyes for anything, it was for a white sheet of paper spread out upon a writing table in the alcove of the window. There his glance rested often, as though some wonder would be wrought by an unseen hand. He feared that lines would appear upon the paper.

Count Feodor, the third man, sat upon a

sofa near the door. He had a Russian newspaper in his hand, but he did not read it. His eyes turned often toward the silver clock. He seemed to be waiting for some one who would break the silence of the room. When, at five minutes past nine, a carriage was heard at the door below, he rose with a little sigh of relief. At the same moment, Bonzo stood quite still and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Ha!" he said, "they have come, then."

"You mean that *she* has come," said Tolma, with a slight emphasis for the pronoun.

"I wait and see," replied Bonzo diplomatically. "I expect nothing, prince, from a woman."

"And yet you owe everything to one, my dear colonel."

Bonzo resumed his sentry duty, but at the door he stopped suddenly. A lackey was there to announce a guest.

"Mlle. Best," cried the fellow in a loud voice.

Marian entered the room.

She wore a black French hat, becoming and unobtrusive. The cape which Paul had bought her sat well upon her young shoulders. Her gown was new and rich and in excellent taste. Tolma chuckled when he saw it, for he had caused it to be sent to her that very day. He said to himself that, gowned thus, this English girl might hold her own in any room in Europe. There was about her a dignity of presence, a sweet graciousness, which no mere childish prettiness of face could rival. She seemed born to command. Nor did she betray the fear which had dogged her steps when she set out for the house of Feodor Talvi. She had been ready to take the word of Tolma, and he would answer for her safety.

"Bravo, bravo!" he cried, struggling painfully to his feet. "I said that you would come, mademoiselle. I told them that you would not be afraid."

"Why should I be, prince?" she asked with a pretty laugh. "Am I not among friends?"

Again it was the old Marian who spoke, the Marian of carnival, the light of the governor's house.

"Certainly, you are among friends," repeated the prince, while he raised her hand to his lips with an eastern courtesy; "you have the word of Tolma."

"And the knowledge that I am in England," she said with simple pride.

Bonzo laughed harshly.

"Mademoiselle prefers the English police," he cried, with an iron gaiety—"assuredly she is among friends here."

Marian turned her great eyes upon him and looked him full in the face.

"Monsieur," she said, with a gaiety to which she had long been a stranger, "*you* have helped me to my preference."

"*Arrivons!*" exclaimed Tolma. "We are not here to write histories. What has been has been; let us forget it."

"No woman could forget Colonel Bonzo," said Marian jestingly, with a laugh—"at least, if she had shaken hands with him."

Bonzo's great face flushed angrily, but while he was still seeking a clever answer Count Feodor slipped out of the shadows.

"Colonel," he said, "we forget the business upon which Mlle. Best has been good enough to come here tonight. Is it not time for that?"

"*Sans doute*," exclaimed Tolma; "to the affairs. Why do we wait? Mademoiselle is ready, I am sure."

Marian looked from one to the other with anxious eyes. Then she perceived the table upon which the white paper was spread.

"I am quite ready," she said, though her heart began to beat quickly—"when you tell me what you wish me to do."

Bonzo advanced to the table and set it straight.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "we have been so long away from Russia that we forget our own country. You, they tell us, have a better memory. If you will make a little map upon that paper it is possible that you will have no cause to regret the trouble we shall put you to. It should be a map of Fort Constantine, mademoiselle."

He watched her as he spoke. She drew off her gloves with trembling fingers. The hour seemed supreme among all the hours of her life. If she had forgotten! If her memory failed her now! It was for Paul's sake, she said to herself again and again. It was that she might be his wife. The lights danced before her eyes. The figures of the men were blurred to her sight. She lived in a room of shadows. The white paper seemed to spread out until it became a mighty scroll upon which her own doom or her own joy was to be written. She prayed to God in her heart to help her to win her lover back.

"A map of Fort Constantine? Oh, that is easy, colonel!"

She sat at the table, guiding herself thereto with shaking fingers. Minutes passed and she could not find the pen. Tolma put it into her hand.

"Courage," he whispered. "It is for his liberty, his life; he is a prisoner in this house."

She took the pen; her hand ceased to tremble. Quickly she drew the outline of

the fort. The scarring upon the paper, the ticking of the silver clock, were the only sounds in the great drawingroom. Those who watched her breathed with an effort. The Man of Iron seen in the shadows was like a figure of bronze.

Fifteen minutes passed. The woman had forgotten where she sat. She drew upon the paper with the skill of a trained draftsman. She lived again under the shadow of the mighty fortress. Kronstadt arose above the sea of white waves. Line by line she conquered it; alone she went into the chambers of the secrets; the living death came near, but could not touch her.

"*C'est fini*," she said.

The three were about her chair now. The paper was in Bonzo's hands. Side by side with another map he laid it. For ten minutes no word escaped him. Then he drew himself up erect and delivered his judgment.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there are few in Russia who could draw a better map than that."

She did not answer him, nor the others, as they exclaimed upon the excellence of her handiwork. Rather, she asked herself again if they had mocked her; if they had brought her to the house to charge these things against her. And while she stood, doubting and fearful, she knew not of what, the folding doors which divided the great room from a smaller one behind it were thrown open by one of the servants, and she saw that the little room was fitted up as a chapel, and that an old priest stood before a shrine upon which many candles were burning.

XXV.

PAUL heard a clock strike eight, and remembered that he had been nearly thirty hours a prisoner in Talvi's house. It seemed to him that a century of hours had sped since he kissed Marian's pretty lips and told her that he would return to her without delay. He was sure that he would never look upon her face again, would live his life alone in dishonor and in exile. The lamp which they had set in his room wounded his eyes with its garish light. He wished for darkness, that he might accustom himself to the thought of unending captivity. He did not believe that any power on earth could snatch him from the relentless hand of his own countrymen which had in treachery struck him down. They would send him to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. She whom he loved to call his little wife would look for him and look in vain. He dared not ask himself how she would face the world alone; for that thought was to be while life was, the unanswered question, the surpassing punishment of his folly.

The room in which they had locked him was one of the garrets of the house. A dormer window opened on to a sloping roof, high above the surrounding roofs. But the window was boarded up, and iron bars, newly fixed, forbade any hope of it. He saw that Talvi must have foreseen the need of such a room when he sent the telegram. They had made up their minds to get the spy out of England at any cost; friendship would count for nothing with a Russian who believed that he was serving his country. Even if Marian went to her English friends and told them her story, he doubted that those friends could help him. False charges would be made; his extradition would be demanded by a government powerful to enforce its wishes. They would brand him as a criminal and carry him back to the unnamable horrors of the fortress of the Neva. And Marian—he clenched his hands when he remembered her. She would be standing at the window waiting for him. He pictured her to himself—the wan face, the great thoughtful eyes, the quick girlish movements, the gestures he had loved, the gold brown hair, the winning voice. He would hear that voice no more. It must be to him but a memory through eternity. The way of pilgrimage was before him still, but the hand which had been locked in his would never touch his own again.

There was a little furniture in the room, a basket chair, a shelf of books, a mahogany table, a camp bedstead. He had been there but a very short time when the Russian servant brought a lamp to permit him to see these things. He did not speak to the man, nor question him, for he knew well how little profit he would have of such a venture. When the servant was gone, he resented the light that had been left. The gable of the roof was dark and ominous above him. He moved in ghostly shadows, for they had robbed him even of the day. So still was the place that he could hear a clock ticking in the room below. No sound came up from the distant street. The roar of the city's life was as a falling of great waters heard afar.

It was near to five o'clock of the afternoon then, he remembered. Marian must have begun to ask herself what mischance had overtaken him. Rightly he could hope nothing from the friendship of a helpless girl—and yet there were moments when he hoped much. She would tell the English police that he had gone to Talvi's house. The police would begin to ask questions. It was possible that the whole of his story would be made known. And then—and then! He

dreamed even of liberty won by her. She would not rest, day or night, in her quest of the truth. She might save him yet, even from the hand of the Russian.

The weary night dragged on, but the man neither slept nor ate. The supper they had put upon his table reminded him of the short day of content he had known in London. What a gift of the joy of life it had been to sit by her side all day, to hear her morning words of greeting, her pretty good night, to hold her in his arms, and to say that therein was the place of his abiding rest. But for the thought that in some way, he knew not how, a miracle would bring her to his side even in that house of darkness, he would have lost his reason. The impulse to beat upon the door of his prison, to cry aloud for mercy, was scarce to be controlled. The thought that she would come alone empowered him to play the man. He listened for her footstep through the long watches of the terrible night, and laughed at himself for the fancy. At dawn he fell asleep, and dreamed that her arms were about his neck.

It was a quarter past nine o'clock on the evening of the second day before any message came to him from the outer world. He had eaten a little dinner, and was asking himself all the old questions when a sound upon the stair without brought him quickly to his feet, and he stood with heart aquiver, wondering who came. For a spell, brought down to earth suddenly from the gaudy clouds of dreamland, the thought lingered that it might be Marian's step. He was still laughing at himself for so foolish a notion when the door swung back upon its hinges and Count Feodor stood before him.

The count's face was flushed, for he had run up the stairs, and he was boisterous as a lad who carries good news. He had regretted with a friend's regret the indignity put upon Paul by those whom he served. He welcomed with a friend's joy that those indignities were so soon to be forgotten.

"*Paul, mon vieux, c'est fini!*" he gasped, while he held out both his hands to the prisoner. "You are to remain here no longer. They have discovered their mistake —they know all—they have sent for her—she is here."

Paul staggered like a drunken man.

"She is here—oh, my God!"

"It is Tolma's work," continued the count, with a child's pride of his words; "he discovered that she could make the maps. He is down stairs with her now. You are to go there. They want you—at once."

"They want me at once?" repeated the dazed man. "But look at me—my face, my hands, my beard——"

"Ivan shall see to that. He will not be ten minutes. There is no time."

Paul stood quite still. He seemed to read in that instant the moment of Talvi's words.

"For what should there be time?" he asked very quietly.

"For the priest to marry you to the little lady who knows so much about Kronstadt."

Paul reeled out into the light.

He was sobbing like a child.

XXVI.

A CANDELABRUM set before the altar in the chapel of Count Talvi's house cast a soft light upon the face of the old priest and upon the little group around him. Huge and unwieldy, like some broken pillar, was the figure of Bonzo back in the shadows. But the Man of Iron thought and planned no longer. The difficult emprise which had carried him to England was accomplished. For the aftermath he cared nothing. Kronstadt had lost a good soldier, but her secrets were safe. The clever little woman who knelt before the altar with the light of love awakened in her eyes would betray the citadel no more. All else was indifferent to the servant of the Gate. Love was the recreation of children. He had never loved.

Near to the Man of Iron sat old Tolma. There was upon his face a look of sly triumph and of elation. He had crossed wits with Bonzo of Kronstadt and had defeated him. The pretty English girl would bring sunshine into his house in Paris. Paul should become a son to him in deed and act. This strange marriage, at night, in a house of West London, appealed to an insatiable appetite for romance. He recalled the faces of all the women to whom he would willingly have given himself under like circumstances. What a roll call it was! The subjects of his *amours* would have numbered a battalion.

The remaining witness to this strangest of strange marriages was the master of the house. Count Talvi showed how much his old friend's happiness meant to him. He came often to Paul's side, he whispered words of congratulation. Hither and thither he moved with silent step, now to help the priest, now to give orders to the lackeys. He was a servant of Russia still, but this was his holiday.

The priest raised his hands to bless those whom God had joined together in the holy mystery of marriage. For one long moment Paul held his little wife's burning face in a kiss of love. Then all rose and passed to the great diningroom below.

Here lights from many electric lamps shone upon Talvi's guests. Lackeys were busy at

the tables laid for supper. It was the moment for congratulations.

"You forgive me?" cried old Bonzo, holding out both his hands to the trembling girl. "You forgive an old soldier for making you a Russian?"

Marian turned her laughing eyes to his.

"I don't know what I am or where I am," she said bewilderedly. "I cannot believe that any of you are real."

Bonzo laughed his great laugh, which filled the house with a tumultuous sound.

"*Fichtre!*" he roared. "I, Bonzo, I am not real—oh, *c'est bien drôle!* Will you not kiss me, my child, and see if I am not real?"

Tolma, waddling laboriously, put his arms round the girl's neck and kissed her on both cheeks.

"You must eat and drink, little girl," he said; "you must remember that you are the daughter of Tolma. It is ten o'clock and the train is at midnight."

"The train?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes, the train to your Devonshire. It is there you will go, until the house in Paris is prepared for you."

"To little Dick!" she said—and the words were his reward.

* * * *

The mail rushed on toward the west. By sleeping villages, through silent towns, above dark swirling rivers, away to the gardens of England it carried the man and the woman who had suffered. But the day of suffering was forgotten.

In the corner of their carriage Paul held Marian close in his strong arms. A rug was wrapped about them. The wan light of the feeble lamp fell dimly upon their happy faces.

"It is good to rest," she said, as his arm closed about her, and she laid her pretty head upon his shoulder.

"The rest shall be forever," he answered.

THE END.

TO DIE AND LEAVE IT ALL.

ANOTHER day was hastening to its ending,
Through painted panes the level sunbeams wrought
Rich colors with the room's rich colors blending,
The while the rich man saddened at his thought:
"This mansion filled with costly treasure,
This wealth that comes at call,
This endless chain of days of pleasure—
To die and leave it all!"

Another midnight now the bell was tolling,
And all unwelcome was the news it brought,
The last lap of the day's full web unrolling,
The while the student saddened at his thought:
"These books that hold such wealth of pleasure,
That line the fourfold wall;
And all man's mighty unread treasure—
To die and leave it all!"

The breath of spring, that bright immortal maiden;
The glance of summer, full of life and light;
The speech of autumn, with sweet memories laden;
The sight of winter in his robe of white:
The living pageant daily passing;
Life's pleasures great and small;
True friendship dear and love surpassing—
To die and leave it all!

For when comes death to pay that visit certain,
Whoe'er we be on whom death wills to call,
On life's unfinished play death drops the curtain,
And much or little, must we leave it all.

Hunter MacCulloch.

MRS. BLIMBER'S LITERARY EVENING.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

How the literary set of Fairtown stole a march on their prospective hostess —A story demonstrating the truth in the poet's words anent the "best laid schemes o' mice an' men."

WHEN Mrs. Blimber determined to invite the members of the literary class to which she belongs to come to her house for a whole evening of literary thought and discussion, topped off with salad and other refreshments—for she knows the male of her species—she realized that she was approaching an important crisis in the career of culture upon which she had embarked two years before, by leaping at one bound from Bertha M. Clay to Browning and Ibsen.

Several other members of the class had given literary evenings at their homes, with more or less success, but Mrs. Blimber, who does nothing by halves, determined that nothing should prevent her evening from being the most brilliant one of the season, and therefore she invited not only her fellow members of the literary class, but a dozen or more of the most eligible and agreeable men that the thriving city of Fairtown could boast of. Moreover, she introduced a novel element of mystery by announcing that a certain well known writer would be present and deliver an address on "The Ethics of Culture," a title which she rightly judged was meaningless enough to possess a strong attraction for the very brightest and most inquiring minds in the class. She refused to mention the name of the distinguished author, in order that they might be all the more surprised. Her dearest friend, Mrs. Brownell, however, declared that she was afraid the rest of them would have a chance to read up about the author, too, and prophesied that on the night of the reception Mrs. Blimber would show an amazing familiarity with the entire career and all the works of her invited guest.

The guests were invited for Friday evening, and on Tuesday Mrs. Blimber began to receive letters from the men whom she had invited that indicated extraordinary social and commercial activity in the town on that particular night. Charley Dayton, for example, the young man on whom all the girls fairly doted, had just taken an important case which would keep him at his office in consultation with Judge Sassafras until nearly ten o'clock. He would endeavor, however, to "stop in" on his way home, if only to thank Mrs. Blimber for her kind invitation, and pay his compliments to her guests. John Forrest, too, would be busy that evening taking his aunt to the half past nine train and seeing that she was comfortably ensconced in the sleeping car for her long journey to New York. He would "only be too glad," though, to call on his way from the station and tell Mrs. Blimber how deeply he regretted the necessity that compelled him to decline her invitation. Three more notes of similar import came crowding in, one after another, and then the prospective hostess realized that it was the intention of the gentlemen whom she had invited to avoid the literary part of the evening and come just in time for the supper. Evidently they cared nothing for the identity of the well known author who was to be present. In fact, as she remarked to her husband with some bitterness, oysters and beer cut a great deal more ice with them than literature and their immortal souls.

However, she consoled herself with the thought that she had secured an author with whom not one member of the class except herself was really familiar, and she was sure of this because she had not heard of him herself until a fortnight before, and her recently acquired knowledge of his works was the one thing that raised her above the level intellectual plane on which they all had their literary being. She had first heard of him through the lecture bureau to which she applied for a high class entertainer, and, besides, a friend in New York had assured her that Herbert Stringem Somerville, author of "Where the Brook Babbles," was really the "coming man" in literature. Thereupon Mrs. Blimber hastily secured his services, with the understanding that the matter should be kept a secret, and immediately sat down to read his delightful book from beginning to end, and to commit certain passages in it to memory in order that she might have them ready for conversational purposes. Mrs. Brownell, coming upon her unawares in the reading room of the town library, found her thus engaged, and

suspected from the nervous rapidity with which her usually tranquil friend slipped the book under her cloak that something was up.

It is easier to stem the current of the Mississippi than the encroaching flood of Mrs. Brownell's curiosity when that devouring tide has once been aroused, and it was an easy enough matter for her to find out from the assistant librarian the name of the book that Mrs. Blimber had just taken out. The rest can be best described by quoting the words she addressed to the half dozen of her intimates whom she summoned to her house that afternoon:

"'Twon't do for Maria to try and fool me, for I know her only too durned well. Why, the very way she hustled that book out of sight the minute I came along was enough to raise my suspicions, and when I saw the name of that author—what's his name, Somerville?—I knew it was the one she had engaged to lecture to us, and was reading up about on the sly. Now, I tell you what we'll do. I've made inquiries at the book store, and I find he's got out three books beside the one in the library, and Maria's drawn that out and won't send it back, you can bet, until after the lecture. Now, we'll just put up half a dollar apiece and send down to New York for those books, so that when Maria springs that surprise of hers on us she'll find there ain't anybody in the class but what is better posted on him than she is. Meantime, don't let a soul outside the class into the secret, and don't go asking for the book at the library or in the book store, or anywhere that'll give us away. If we see Maria, we'll tell her we understand it's Howells, or Charles Dudley Warner, or Mrs. Burnett, that's going to give the lecture."

It was with a wide and generous smile of ill concealed triumph on her face that Mrs. Blimber welcomed her guests to her drawingroom on that eventful Friday evening; a smile that became intense and rosy at the moment when she led to the improvised platform the distinguished author, who had been spirited into the town late in the afternoon and had been kept by her husband in the diningroom during the arrival of the company. Mr. Somerville was introduced in a few words of eulogy, and immediately began his interesting discourse on the "Ethics of Culture." He was heartily applauded at its close, and then his hostess stationed herself beside him while the guests came surging up, with Mrs. Brownell on the crest of the wave, to be presented to him.

"Do I understand you to say," she exclaimed in honeyed tones, "that this is really the author of 'Heart Throbs'?"

"No, no," whispered Mrs. Blimber hastily; "he wrote 'Where the Brook Babbles.'"

"Well, my dear, surely we're not so benighted in Fairtown that we haven't read that. But 'Heart Throbs,' my dear Mr. Somerville, is the book that we adore, and I would advise you, Maria, if you have never heard of it, to go out and get it tomorrow morning early."

"Isn't he the man that wrote 'Sweet Thoughts at Eventide'?" whispered Mrs. Jack Craven to her hostess.

"No, he wrote 'Where the Brook Babbles,'" replied the other nervously.

"I appeal to you, Mr. Somerville," cried Mrs. Craven gaily; "Mrs. Blimber says that you didn't write 'Sweet Thoughts at Eventide,' but if you didn't I don't want to be introduced to you. So there!"

"I must acknowledge that I did," replied the guest of the evening, with an affable grin, for Mrs. Craven is decidedly good looking and coquettish, and there is no living author who has any rooted objection to the sort of flattery that proceeds from the lips of her kind.

"There, I told you so, Maria!" cried Mrs. Jack triumphantly; "but I do believe you're the only woman in the whole room who hasn't read that lovely book from beginning to end. We're not very literary here in Fairtown, Mr. Somerville, but I assure you we're not so far behind the times but what we've read nearly everything that you've written. If you can stop in at my house tomorrow morning before you go away, I'll promise to have three lovely girls to meet you, and every one of them just dying to tell you how much they think of you."

Then Mrs. Brownell and Mrs. Craven were swept aside by the throng that had been waiting to tell Mr. Somerville how much they liked "Pearly Tears," and to ask poor, mortified Mrs. Blimber how she could possibly have read "Where the Brook Babbles" without going out and getting everything else that had been written by the same author.

The climax was reached just as the guests were departing, when Sam, the bright young colored boy who drives and runs errands for Mrs. Brownell, and had been smuggled into the hall by his mistress under the pretense that he had come to bring her an umbrella, fixed his round, rolling eyes on Mr. Somerville and then inquired innocently of his mistress, of course in the hearing of Mrs. Blimber, if that was "really the gemman dat wrote dat 'Pearly Tear' book dat was so great."

It was immediately after this that the guests melted away, and Mrs. Blimber was left alone with her great grief.

THE STAGE

THE SATELLITES' TRIUMPH.

We present portraits this month of two leading women who, during the past season, have appeared in plays that have enabled them to eclipse the stars themselves in winning popular favor. Isabel Irving's delicately toned rendering of the *Comtesse* in "A Marriage of Convenience," was conceded to be the conspicuously successful characterization in that John Drew production.

That she looked the part made it not one whit the easier to play ; the rather it called for a still deeper sinking of the artist's own identity to satisfy the greater things an audience would expect. And these Miss Irving gave in lavish abundance, establishing beyond doubt her right to the post vacated by Maude Adams.

Isabel Irving is a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and comes of a family who,

VIRGINIA HARNED IN "THE ADVENTURES OF LADY URSULA."

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

until she herself entered the profession, were quite unconnected with the theater. Beginning her career with Rosina Vokes, she soon passed to Daly's, where she remained until she joined the Lyceum stock as leading woman, succeeding Georgia Cayvan. She is a woman whose purposes are all intensely earnest, and, off the stage, is less like an actress than almost any other member of the profession. Her taste runs to books, of which she has a notable collection in her summer home, close to Rahway, New Jersey.

PHŒBE DAVIS, OF THE "WAY DOWN EAST" COMPANY.
From a photograph by Hall, New York.

The other portrait is that of Virginia Harned, wife and leading woman of E. H. Sothern. It is taken in the disguise assumed for the name part of "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," the new comedy written by Anthony Hope, and which was produced with great success in Philadelphia last December. Miss Harned carries the weight of the piece, which is being reserved for the opening of Mr. Sothern's next New York engagement at the Lyceum, in the autumn.

Like Miss Irving, Virginia Harned was leading woman at this house (during the Sothern seasons) for two years or more, and, another case of similarity, first came under notice through association with Rosina

ISABEL IRVING.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Vokes, but in the latter case merely by imitating her style. Her initial hit in original work was in "The Dancing Girl," and of course her creation of *Trilby* is not yet forgotten. Miss Harned was born in Boston, but her husband, Joseph R. Grismer, who, though he has no part in "Way Down East," is a guiding spirit in its presentation.

It is more than a decade now since she made her début at the California Theater. Pass-

ROSE COGHLAN AS "LADY JANET" IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

in her early youth lived for several years in Virginia.

CALIFORNIA TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

In Phœbe Davies, leading woman of "Way Down East," we have another of the vast throng of California girls who have risen to prominence on the stage. She belongs to one of the oldest families in San Francisco, and counts herself as especially fortunate in having always played in the company with

ing from that house to the Baldwin, Miss Davies laid the foundation for an all around equipment by impersonating a different character every week, sometimes two or three within that period, and now and then, in an excess of enthusiasm, "doubling" in the same evening. In this way she has shifted from *Rosalind* to *M'liss*, from *Camille* to *Hazel Kirke*, and through it all has rejoiced in almost invariably playing opposite to her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Grismer are favorites in society. Their previous long stay in the metropolis was some four years ago, when "The New South" had its extended run at the Broadway. In "Way Down East" she is the throughout the all season run of the piece in New York. Her brother Charles' new play, "The Royal Box," is acknowledged by all to be entitled to place among the half dozen distinct hits of the year, and in his company

GERTRUDE COGHLAN, OF "THE ROYAL BOX" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

"woman with a past" whom Burr McIntosh, as the stern farmer, turns from his home.

THE COGHLANS.

This name is once more prominent—as it has been so many times hitherto—in American dramatic offerings. Rose Coghlan, taking the leading part in "The White Heather" for the first few weeks, made such a hit as *Lady Janet Maclintock*, that she was induced to remain is his daughter Gertrude, appearing briefly as *Juliet* in the play scene of the fourth act.

The Coghlans do not come of theatrical people, but their father was of that profession located just next door—journalism. He was Francis Coghlan; he started the Continental guides bearing his name, and was a friend of Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, and Charles Reade. Charles became a lawyer, but marrying an actress, took up the stage, an example soon

after imitated by his sister, who made her first appearance at Greenwich, Scotland, as one of the witches in "Macbeth." She did not burn the broth, nor did she set the river on

Her first success here was at Wallack's—destined to win for her so many laurels thereafter—where she played in the one act comedy now prominent in the Kendals' re-

EDWIN ARDEN AS "SIR JOHN OXON" IN "A LADY OF QUALITY."
From a photograph by Fredericks, New York.

fire with her genius in this uncanny rôle, her first hit being reserved for London in 1870, when she was seventeen, where, at the Court Theater, she appeared as *Tilly Price* in "Nicholas Nickleby." Then she supported Toole and Adelaide Neilson, and after that "Dundreary" Sothern induced her to come to America.

pertory, "A Happy Pair." Returning to England two years later, she was associated with two notably long runs—as *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," for two hundred nights, at the Princess' Theater, Manchester, and as *Lady Manden* in "All for Her," for four hundred nights, at the St. James', London. Meantime Charles had come to America, in

MARIE BURROUGHS, OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" COMPANY.
From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.

response to an offer from Augustin Daly, and Wallack soon had the sister back again.

Then came her electrifying hit as *Stephanie* in "Forget Me Not," played opposite to Osmond Tearle's *Horace Welby*. From that time on Rose Coghlan remained leading lady at Wallack's, which meant reigning favorite with metropolitan theater goers, until the disbandment of the stock company. In the great all star production of "Hamlet," at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 21, 1888, given as a testimonial to Lester Wallack, on the occasion of his retirement from the stage, Miss Coghlan was the *Player Queen*.

The parts in which she has gained the greatest favor with the public are undoubtedly *Stephanie* in "Forget Me Not," and *Zicka* in "Diplomacy." Her own favorite, we believe, is *Suzanne* in "A Scrap of Paper." Her ideal of personal enjoyment is a cross country gallop on a horse which few could manage, and she regards the stage as the only calling that pays women well for their services.

Miss Coghlan has been married for some years to John T. Sullivan, who, when "The White Heather" goes on the road, is to have the leading part created here by Frank Carlyle.

ANGLOMANIA IN STAGELAND.

Nobody will deny that Charles Frohman is the most enterprising of our American

ETHEL BARRYMORE, OF HENRY IRVING'S COMPANY.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

managers. And he deserves the high position he has attained, by winning it through sheer pluck and perseverance. But we all have our weaknesses, and no doubt those that afflict men on whom the sun of publicity shines with rare effulgence seem more pitiable because of their conspicuousness. And Frohman's is his Anglomania.

He was seized by it last summer when "Secret Service" made its great London hit. After raging with more or less virulence all winter, in the shape of flaring announcements on his theater side walls and programs to the effect that he was also of "the Duke of York's, London"—which inaugurated his management, by the way, with a flat failure—the attack culminated in the mingling of the British and American colors in the Empire auditorium in the early spring just before his departure for London, where he was hoping to make fresh conquests.

Far be it from MUNSEY'S to deplore the unity of nations already so closely knit in language and mutual good will as England and America, but excess of feeling in this respect is apt to awaken suspicions when there is business at the bottom of it.

The sensation of the winter season in London theatricals was Beerbohm Tree's "Julius Cæsar," the first success his new house, Her Majesty's, has had. The production of "Much Ado About Nothing," at the St. James, was another Shakspere offering that drew money to the box office.

Henry Irving's chagrin over the failure of "Peter the Great" was acute, for it was only natural that he should have desired much from such an ambitious work of his own son. We give another portrait of Ethel Barrymore, who is not to marry young Irving after all. She played *Euphrosine* in the ill fated drama, but it is not to be assumed that the speedy withdrawal of the piece was the cause of the severed engagement.

PLAYERS IN THE "BRIER BUSH."

Chicago has set the seal of its approval upon two important plays which are to be submitted to New York's verdict in the autumn—"Nathan Hale" and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The last named was to have been produced in the metropolis in February, but owing to the difficulty of obtaining a suitable theater, other arrangements were made, and this latest offering in the way of a dramatization of a popular novel (or rather of two or three of them) became the Easter attraction at McVicker's. The piece has a superb cast, headed by J. H. Stoddart, who in *Lachlan Campbell* has added a magnificent portrayal to his gallery of creations.

Kate Carnegie is enacted by Marie Burroughs, who is to be congratulated on choosing so worthy a vehicle in which to return to a vocation from which she has for so long a time been absent. It will be remembered that she shared with Willard the triumphs achieved by the original presentation of Barrie's "Professor's Love Story." Miss Burroughs is still another of the California girls who have won distinction in the theater. Her mother, Mrs. Farrington, is said to have been one of the belles of the Golden Gate city.

Mr. Mansfield has at last brought forward "The First Violin." The New York critics scored him roundly for it, but as the public crowded the theater and never failed to enjoy his German interpolations—which caused these same critics their most unhappy moments—it is quite probable that this most autocratic of players will be more rigid than ever in keeping to the even tenor of his way. Nothing so convinces a man of his own infallibility as success.

* * * *

Try to whistle "Unchain the Dogs of War" just after you have whistled the "El Capitan March" and you will be confronted with a very pretty feat in musical memory. It is apparent that Sousa has modeled "The Bride Elect" very closely after his first great operatic success, and indeed he could not have a better model. Although he has made no mistake in going back to Mr. Klein as the librettist for "The Charlatan," his forthcoming venture, there is much that is enjoyable in "The Bride Elect." The "Cake Walk," in act second, possesses a threefold charm—novelty and sightliness set to a tuneful air.

* * * *

Edwin Arden, the *Sir John Oxon* of "A Lady of Quality," is a Virginian by birth. His first appearance was made in Chicago, in 1882, as *Tyrrel* in "Richard III." Then he came to New York to replace Henry Miller as *Herbert* in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," in the Mallory days of the Madison Square Theater, but he is most widely known as a star, having traveled for six years with his own company in "Eagle's Nest," following which he was for two seasons with Crane. At this writing he is leading man with the new stock company at the Harlem Columbus Theater.

It is announced, by the way, that, beginning with next autumn, Julia Arthur will confine herself to Shaksperian rôles.

* * * *

London appears to be the only city that cares for "La Poupée." Its original run in

Paris was not a lengthy one, and even with all Mr. Daly could do for the opera on its revival at his theater this spring, it speedily gave way to the ever popular "Circus Girl." Perhaps if the public could be induced to attend more than one performance of "La Poupée," it would grow to enjoy it, for some of the music is very taking, and the story, when analyzed, has really an engaging turn to it. But, taken as a whole, the piece lacks the go and swing of "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl."

Virginia Earl never looked prettier than as the doll, and she succeeded admirably in making a staccato impersonation realistic without suffering it to become monotonous. But then Miss Earl is all the while accomplishing the seemingly impossible by making each new creation more fetching than the last.

* * * *

Were the leading rôle enacted by any one but Mrs. Fiske, the critics who have raved over "A Bit of Old Chelsea" would recognize that curtain raiser for what it is—a strained combination of hackneyed situations true to no life but that which exists between book covers. A more unfortunate selection for a companion piece to "Love Will Find the Way" could not well have been chosen. When two plays make up an evening's bill we have come to expect dramas in strong contrast with each other. To be sure, in the two under consideration the central figure is essentially different in each, but there are small similarities of background that force themselves unpleasantly upon the spectator's notice.

General complaint is made as to the inability of the public to hear what Mrs. Fiske says in certain portions of her scenes. No matter how deeply absorbed an artist may be in her characterization, if she persistently turns her back on the footlights and simply allows realism to have full swing, forgetting that she is not performing merely for her own pleasure, she makes a serious mistake. People do not go to the theater to assist at a performance which they do not catch.

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With any other man than Crane in the name part, "His Honor the Mayor" would not rise above the level of an ordinary farce comedy, such as might be used as a stop gap after a failure while a new piece was in rehearsal. The first act is a long time in settling down to business. The authors appear to have been undecided as to just which thread of the plot to follow. But once well under way, and with Mr. Crane's admirable company to infuse the dash and "go" this style of drama calls for, this "mere trifle," put forward in the supplementary season, at once stamped itself a success.

Of course, Crane will not add to his artistic reputation thereby, but in returning to the lighter work with which he was at first wholly identified he gives great pleasure to a host of admirers, and when he can have such plays as "A Virginia Courtship" as a *pièce de resistance* he may well afford, now and then, to frolic for an evening. The last act is by far the best, and is well worth waiting for. Annie Irish does splendid work in it, and her final exit after hurling a wordy thunderbolt at each of her associates is strikingly novel. Percy Haswell looks particularly pretty, and is in every way worthy of the prize she captures at the end of the performance.

* * * *

Unanimous opinion votes the first act of "The Moth and the Flame" the best of the three, but this by no means implies that the interest of the play falls off as the story is unfolded. Indeed, there is an episode in the last act—the comments made about the wedding presents—which is as good as anything in the piece. Mr. Fitch, however, has made the mistake of trying to save too much of his original one act play "Harvest," from which "The Moth and the Flame" has been expanded. The scene at the interrupted marriage service should be much quickened, regardless of whether it would cut the act below the ordinary limits or not. An audience is far less likely to find fault with an act that is too short than with a scene that is too long. Another weakness in the play is the awkwardness in getting rid of Mr. Kelcey, the villain, at the close. The best that can be said for it is that it is bungling.

For the rest, it is no wonder "The Moth and the Flame" has caught on at the Lyceum. It is just such a reflex of the society life best known to the patrons of this fashionable theater as ought to result in a succession of crowded houses until warm weather intervenes.

A delightful feature of this Kelcey-Shannon organization is the acting of Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, who plays opposite her husband, the old time favorite, W. J. Le Moyne. Mrs. Le Moyne has long delighted audiences by her readings, but she has simply taken the town by storm with her splendid work in the rôle of the divorcée in Mr. Fitch's play. It is her first part since she left Mr. Palmer's company some years ago, when, soon after she began her career, he asked her to play an old woman. Rather than do this she accepted the alternative of quitting the boards, and the furore she has created as *Mrs. Lorrimer* has shown the public what they have been missing all this time.

STORIETTES

SIDE TRACKED AT BANFF.

An old fashioned idea still in vogue with certain people is that Satan finds employment for all idle hands; on close investigation, however, Cupid would be found to be an even more ubiquitous taskmaster than his satanic majesty. Occasionally the two form a close partnership, and then the result is tragic, but as a rule the little god of love works on ordinary, commonplace lines. His tasks are easy, too, as, for instance, in this case, when his employees simply had to press the button and he did the rest.

The west bound express on the Canadian Pacific was side tracked at Banff waiting for the east bound train. Lattimer Tracy, a kodak enthusiast in the first stages of the disease, had photographed every attractive bit from Montreal to Banff. His rolls of film would have made a fairly complete panorama of this most picturesque of all transcontinental lines, with occasional lapses, of course, when night had interfered with his labors. From the back platform, from the steps of his own car, and from the observation smoker, he had "shot" the flying landscape. From early dawn until the last faint light of the lingering northern twilight had faded away he had labored.

At Banff he was standing on the last platform of the train, and had jotted down his photographic memoranda of snow crowned Inglismaldie, of Peechee's dominating cone, with a distant glimpse of the beautiful hotel nestling on the mountainside. He was feeling well pleased with his work, for these last views were superb, and if they could be successfully developed would doubtless prove a source of pride to him.

A shrill whistle, an oncoming roar, and the express thundered past on the main track. As it slowed up at the station Tracy's train moved on, but not before he had indelibly fixed on the film of his kodak a glimpse of the back platform of the passing train. He raised his head and saw, vaguely, a girl bending over a kodak focused, apparently, on him, but before she looked up his car had rounded a curve and she was lost to view.

Tracy returned to New York after several weeks, and one of his first acts was to develop his "views." With the luck of the ordinary amateur, a few of them were good, but most of them were bad. Hoary old Sir Donald had diminished his crest into the eye of the kodak to such an extent that he was hardly distinguishable from the low lying hills that border Lake Superior, while glaciers, lakes and rivers, redwoods and farm lands, were hopelessly confused. Only one view was sharp and clear. Framed by the doorway of a sleeper, a young girl looked straight from the plate into Tracy's eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what a beauty! She must be the Banff girl."

The Banff girl she was and the Banff girl she remained for days, weeks, and even months. Tracy printed her off and she was charming; in a blue print she was beautiful, and blue prints are crucial tests of beauty; on carbon paper she was exquisite, and with each experimental printing her image penetrated deeper and deeper into Tracy's heart. At last he enlarged her; or, not quite at last, for the crowning point of his folly was to frame her in silver and install her on his dressing table as mistress of his heart and possessions. There she stood for several weeks, returning his glances—not in kind, perhaps, but in number—and known to him only by the prosaic name of the "Banff girl." Then, one evening, she was christened, and it was in this wise:

Jack Seymour ran up to Tracy's rooms to communicate some bit of personal information; wandering idly about the room, he saw the photograph, picked it up, glanced at it carelessly, then put it down. "Good photograph," he said; "amateur, of course. I didn't know you knew Edith so well. She's a jolly girl, isn't she?"

"N-no—y-yes," stammered Tracy. Edith! and here was a man who knew her! But what a fool he would look to ask the *name* of a girl whose photograph was enshrined in the privacy of his dressing table! In a moment more Seymour was gone. Tracy felt a mad impulse to rush after him and ask who, what, and where "Edith" was, but pride held him back, and the next day Seymour sailed for Egypt.

By this time Edith's photographic presentment filled Lattimer Tracy's life, and the entire world was merely a dense veil hiding her from him. He went to every dance and dinner, he even haunted teas, hoping that he might find her. Once he was invited to a dinner to meet "My cousin, Miss Edith Bainbridge of Victoria." His heart beat with an overwhelming joy as he read the words. At last she would be his! He entirely ignored all intermediate steps of acquaintance, intimacy, proposal, and accept-

ance. He gazed at his photograph with rapt adoration. "Mine, mine, mine!" he cried, and the sweet eyes smiled back at him from under the wind swept hair.

When he stood before his hostess that night his face was white and his voice hoarse with emotion.

"Edith, Miss Bainbridge, Mr. Tracy." The words were spoken and Tracy turned to meet *her*. Alas! this Edith was not his Edith, but only an elderly Scotch spinster. Tracy never knew how he lived through that evening, but when he returned to his room and his Edith, he was more hopelessly her slave than ever. "I will find you some time," he cried passionately, "in spite of the world and fate!" The world and fate, be it understood, were represented by his hostess and her innocent cousin.

The winter drew to a close, and Tracy was growing hopeless. Should he start out in quest of her, he asked himself? But what a hopeless quest! Should he follow Seymour and ask, as incidentally as possible, his Edith's name? But to brand himself an idiot in Seymour's eyes was distasteful in the extreme.

It was Saturday, and Tracy was on his way to an afternoon reception. No hope of finding Edith led him thither, but one of his friends had asked him to help her to entertain her guests. He waited for a moment in the antechamber, realizing from the voices that only girls were in the adjoining room. Then he heard a name that made his heart stand still.

"Don't tell me, Edith Seymour, that you have worn his picture ever since."

"Yes, I have. You can call it silly if you like, but of all the kodaks that I took, from Yokohama to Montreal, his was the only one that came out. Of course there was a fate in that. Could any one doubt it? It's in this very locket now, and I'll wear it until I meet him. I know I will some time, I'm absolutely positive of that."

"How romantic!"

"But show it to us."

"I wonder if you ever will see him."

"I'll wager you don't."

"What will you say to him?"

"No, I won't. Of course, I will," Miss Seymour answered to all these exclamations. "And I'll say——"

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Tracy? I didn't hear you come in," exclaimed the hostess. "It's awfully good of you to come so early. You know every one here, don't you? Oh, no—Miss Seymour, I want you to know Mr. Tracy. She's Jack Seymour's cousin from Montreal, you know. You've heard him speak of his cousin Edith a thousand times, haven't you?"

The words flowed on in a melodious murmur. Tracy heard none of them. Her hand was in his and—well, of course Cupid was on hand to complete the task he had commenced on the side track at Banff.

Kathryn Jarboe.

SURSUM CORDA!

THE ceremonies were over, the flowers were fading, and Decoration Day was drawing to a close. The crowds who had thronged the paths of the National Cemetery were fast disappearing, and the train just leaving the little station was filled to its utmost capacity.

In one of the cars an elderly man of imposing presence, wearing the uniform and badge of the Grand Army, and a young army officer, whose face was a youthful counterpart of the other's, sat side by side.

Just before the train pulled out a woman passed down the aisle. The worn face gave pathetic evidence of past beauty, and the rusty garments of bygone elegance, while the tiny empty basket she carried proclaimed her accomplished errand. She glanced wistfully from side to side, but every seat was occupied. The young officer rose, and with a bow proffered his own.

She gave him a grateful glance and a gentle "Thank you," as she slipped into the desired haven.

The elder man glanced at her casually, then more intently, and finally, leaning toward her, said in a low tone, "Laura!"

The woman started, and half rose from her seat. "John, is it really you?" she gasped. They gazed at each other in silence, shocked at the changes time had wrought.

"I thought you were dead—at Wilson's Creek. They told me——"

"I left part there," replied the man, glancing down at his empty sleeve. She shrank back a little, noticing it for the first time, and her eyes grew wide and dark.

"It seems but yesterday," she said; "the longing and suspense and pain——"

"And yet you could send me away."

"Ah, I was angry! You were on the wrong side——"

"The other side," he corrected her, with a faint smile. She acknowledged the correction with a smile still fainter.

"The winning side—and my heart was sore; but I thought it would break, afterwards."

"Yes, yes; I know!" he sighed.

"I have scattered my roses every year, thinking that some might fall on your resting place. In those old days when life was hard to bear it eased the pain to think so."

"And now?"

"And now," she continued, with a tremulous smile on the faded face that unconsciously belied her words—"now the pain and anger are gone, with the love that gave them birth. There remain only ashes."

Suddenly she leaned forward with tense features and parted lips. The young officer was coming down the aisle. Something in the swinging step, the carriage of the shoulders, and the handsome boyish face, stirred her heart.

"Almost home, father," he called cheerfully.

There was a trace of awkwardness and embarrassment in the elder man's manner as he turned to his companion. "Allow me to introduce my—my son, Lieutenant Keith." He drew himself up and squared his shoulders, all embarrassment lost in fatherly pride. "Jack, Miss Hollywood is a very old friend."

She looked up into the smiling face bending over her, and her words came slowly: "I used to know your father when he was about your age. You are very like him—very like."

The lights of the city were all around them, the train was slowing up, and people were gathering up their wraps and bundles. Turning to the elder man with sudden resolution, "I am going back to my old home tomorrow," she said, lingering on the words with tender longing. "It is not likely that we shall meet again. Let me wish you good by now, and God bless you—and yours."

For a moment their hands were clasped; then she flitted through the crowd and was lost to sight.

"Who is the old party, father?" inquired the young officer carelessly.

"Old!" He roused himself with a deep sigh. "Well, I suppose she *is* old; but when I knew and—in Kentucky she was the toast of two counties!"

Through the crowded station a woman made her way. "It is wrong, wicked," she murmured and her eyes grew dim; "but I wish—yes, I almost wish that he had died instead!"

N. L. Pritchard.

THREE'S A CROWD.

MARJORY, Brown, and I were sitting in the garden. Marjory's garden is a very pretty place—flowers, trees, birds, and all that sort of thing, you know. I rather thought that Brown was a blot on the landscape, although some people think him good looking. What I wanted was to be alone with Marjory. I had something to say to her. I had an idea that that was what Brown wanted, too. Telepathy? No, apprehension.

I felt rather ill at ease. So did Brown. Marjory looked perfectly lovely. She always does. Marjory has the prettiest brown hair and eyes you ever saw. When she looks at a fellow he feels as if there's just one fellow on earth—himself; and just one girl—Marjory. I have been in love with her since the tender age of ten. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part. I had on knickerbockers and she short dresses. She wanted the apple I had; and she got it. It has been the same way ever since.

But, to go back to the garden, there we were under the apple tree. I, fidgeting, wishing Brown would go; Brown, fidgeting, wishing I would go; Marjory, serene as the morning itself. Brown was saying something about spring. He went in for literature and all that sort of thing at college. I wish I had now. Still, I made the team. Well, Brown said something about spring.

"Spring—king—ring—sing—sling," I murmured.

Marjory looked at me reprovingly.

"Let the prosaic say what they will," went on Brown, "spring, with her flowers, her birds, her blue skies, and her green trees, is ever delightful."

"Ya'as," said I; "ever delightful—with her slush and overshoes, her influenza and porous plasters, her house cleaning and spring chickens."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Marmaduke thinks more of spring chickens than he does of spring beauties," retorted Brown witheringly.

"Well, I don't know," I returned airily. "The chickens are good to eat, you know. Spring poets, for instance—well, they're only good to kill."

Brown glared. His poem in one of our leading magazines was raved over by the feminine portion of our neighborhood.

"I am afraid you have a sordid soul, Mr. Marmaduke," said Marjory sweetly.

Brown looked more cheerful.

"It is delightful to find a congenial soul—a kindred spirit, might I say?" he murmured to Marjory.

I snorted derisively.

"Isn't that a jolly looking robin in the apple tree," said Marjory demurely. "He looks so perfectly contented."

"If you'd only make me as contented, Marjory," I murmured; but she didn't hear me.

"Isn't the red of his breast striking, against the leaves?" chimed in Brown.

"He'd look better in a pie," I said brutally. Didn't mean it at all, you know. I was just out of sorts on account of that ass, Brown.

"Oh, Mr. Marmaduke, you can't mean it! It—it's cruel!" said Marjory indignantly.

I felt small, and I started to explain.

"Well—I——"

"Just what one could expect from a gross materialist like Marmaduke. The spring chicken and the spring robin, one and inseparable, now and forever," jeered Brown.

I could have killed him cheerfully. I reached for my hat.

"I'll see——" I began.

"What do you think of the new woman agitation, Mr. Marmaduke?" said Marjory sweetly. "I have been studying it a good deal lately. It's quite interesting. I am reading a book by Susan B. Doakes, of Kansas. Such a strong book!"

"Why—er—I think it is a good thing," I said hastily. "It'll teach women to be—er—broader minded and all that sort of thing." Confound it! Who wants to talk about the new woman agitation?

Then she asked Brown. He is a better talker than I, and he spoke up right away.

"Of course, it's rather a complicated question, Miss Marjory"—he had the nerve to call her "Miss Marjory"—"but don't you think that the so called 'new woman' movement will have a bad effect? Won't it rob us of the womanly woman like our mothers? What man wants is not strong minded woman, not progressive woman, but loving woman, tender woman." He looked hard at Marjory. "Don't you think that under the new régime woman will acquire masculinity to a great extent?"

I dare say his answer was more intelligent and coherent than mine.

"I don't know," said Marjory doubtfully. "There's a paragraph in the book about that very point. I'll get it. It's on the——"

"Mayn't I get it?" asked Brown eagerly.

"Well, I would like to convert you, Mr. Brown." There was sweet emphasis on the "you." "It's on the library table."

He started up the walk. Marjory looked at me. I looked at Marjory. Then Marjory looked at the toe of her shoe.

"Acquire masculinity, indeed!" she said.

She looked at me again. I guess I quite lost my head. Any way, I took her hand.

"Oh, Marjory, dear Marjory," I said, "do acquire masculinity! Acquire it to a great extent. I am six feet two. I—ah—want to be acquired. I—oh—er—oh, darling!"

The robin in the apple tree was singing sweetly when Brown came down the garden walk with the book in his hand. He saw what was up immediately. He took out his watch.

"I—ah—have an engagement this morning—er—about a horse. I'm late now. Good morning!"

Poor devil, he looked terribly cut up!

* * * *

Marjory has just told me that she sent him after the book on purpose.

Brown's not a half bad fellow, after all. Guess I'll ask him to be my best man.

Howard Shedd.

OLD GLORY.

"'My country, 'tis of thee,'" Ralph hummed in the pause that followed his announcement.

"My country, *'tisn't*," interrupted Edith hotly. "Oh, Ralph, what have you to do with this silly old war! I can't let you go."

"But, my dear girl, it's——"

"It isn't a crusade. It's hysteria. It's jingoism. It's a play to the gallery."

"Those are phrases. When a man's country calls for him, and there is no reason he shouldn't go——"

"There is a reason, when he is engaged to be married to such a nice girl." Her tone had grown pathetic. "I suppose I'm horrid, but I don't love my country one thousandth part as much as I love you. In the Civil War, the women always said, 'Go, my boy; I'd be the last to keep you,' with a smile on their lips, and were dreadfully noble about it. Maybe we've degenerated, or maybe it's just me. I don't love honor more, or anything else. I love you."

"But, Edy dear, there's such a thing as duty. When your country has been pretty good to you——"

"Well, I've been good to you, too, and one's country is such a far off, abstract thing. Oh, I know I'm not appearing well! The way to be truly admirable is to wish you had three sweethearts, so that you could give them all for your country. I'm small and selfish, and I don't blame you if you are disgusted with me. I deserve it. You can break with me altogether, and I won't make a move to keep you." And in proof of this, she clasped both arms tightly around his neck. Ralph looked troubled, but his affection evidently survived the confession.

"I'll tell you," he said presently. "Walk down to the recruiting office with me, any way. Then, if you still feel this way, I will put off enlisting until the next call for volunteers. Will that do?"

Edith reflected that the government might not need a second supply, and agreed.

"I know how I ought to feel about it," she said later, a little wistfully. "I can appreciate patriotism, I know how beautiful and splendid it is. Only I just can't feel it, and I've got to be honest."

The street in front of the recruiting office was solid with men, while women and children fringed the edges of the crowd. Every one who went in the door and every one who came out was cheered, and commented on with the jovial irony in which the American clothes his enthusiasm.

"Wear your colors, lady—only ten cents, all silk!" shrieked a small vender, crowding his tray of badges under Edith's eyes.

"No, no," she exclaimed impatiently.

"Sorry I ain't got no Spanish colors to sell ye, if ye don't like these," he said, with cheerful impertinence.

Edith pretended not to hear, but she winced more than she would have confessed at the thrust. You may deny your patriotism yourself, but you don't care to have street boys deny it for you.

A double cheer went up for a young six footer who passed, blushing, through the door that led to glory, and a woman turned to Edith with a beaming smile.

"Ain't it just beautiful?" she said. "Uncle Sam don't have to speak more'n once when he wants his boys. They just fall over theirselves to help him out."

"But war is so dreadful," returned Edith, with a sudden longing to have some one else on her side. Ralph was talking with a knot of men.

"Well, I'd as soon end by a bullet as a bacteria," said the woman stoutly. "Dying this way, you've done something, anyhow. It's marching down the front steps a little early, instead of sneaking out by the back stoop later."

"Oh, but if you had people belonging to you going, you wouldn't feel that way!" Edith spoke half imploringly. Every one seemed to be against her.

"Lord love you!—two sons and a brother," was the brisk answer.

The girl turned away, metaphorically pressing her fingers in her ears.

"She can't care as I do," she said to herself. "Any way, I might let my sons go. But Ralph!" Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and she caught her breath sharply as a roar of "Good boy, Billy!" saluted a fresh recruit. The young fellow, flushed and triumphant, made his way through the crowd to an older man, who was watching him sourly.

"They took you, did they?" was his greeting. The younger nodded. "Well, you know what I think of you—going off to fight for a lot of measly niggers. What do you get for it—thirteen dollars a month and yellow fever?" The boy's face darkened, but he made no answer as they walked away.

Edith laid her fingers on Ralph's arm.

"Wouldn't you like to hit him?" she said. "How could he wet blanket the poor fellow so. No one has a right——" She checked herself guiltily, with a quick glance at Ralph's face. If he saw any inconsistency in her words, he was too wise to betray it.

"Well, well, Edith! Down here to enlist?" said a voice behind her.

"Oh, captain, don't!" she exclaimed, turning to an elderly man of military outlines. "I'm all against it. I think it's wicked! Everybody is patriotic but me, yet surely some of them must feel as I do. I'm all at sea. I can't let Ralph go."

"You can't help it, my child. A man's country is a rival that will cut out his sweetheart every time, if he's worth his salt. You'll catch the fire, and then you'll be glad of it. Didn't I go through it all in '61?"

"But I don't want the fire. I don't believe in the war," said Edith desperately.

"Neither do I, but I'm going if they'll take me. I've just about one fight left in me, and I want to have it out." The words, spoken with a laugh, thrilled Edith in spite of herself. She took her fingers out of her ears, for the first time since Ralph had made his announcement.

"I don't see how you can fight for a cause unless your heart is in it," she said, but there was no conviction in her voice.

"If your country wants you, never mind why. Don't sit at home and tell her she ought not to have run herself into that fix. Pitch in and pull her out—and then scold her, if you like. You've a right to your opinion, but she has a right to your fist!" The elderly soldier glowed with enthusiasm, and the men around clapped their approval. Edith lifted her head and drew a deep breath. Her heart was beating excitedly.

A movement in the crowd made her look up. A window high above them had been opened, and from it was thrust a flag—not the brand new, glaring stars and stripes, such as decorated the office below, but a soiled and faded emblem, ragged on the edges, darkly stained and slit with black edged wounds. As it shook itself out above their heads, the harsh reality of war against the brilliant ideal of its untried fellow below, a momentary hush fell on the crowd. Then the hats came off, and the feeling that had welled up broke out in the shout that thrills as no other human sound can, the shout that means "our country!" The significant odor of powder and the call of fifes seemed to vibrate from the torn folds as Old Glory swung itself free and streamed above their heads in its tattered magnificence. Edith caught Ralph by the arm,

her face uplifted, and knew that something had been born within her which nothing could conquer or kill.

Up went the voices as the hats had gone—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" echoing down the city street, Ralph and Edith shouting with the rest. The song left them looking straight into each other's eyes.

A flippant voice jarred against their ears: "What a lot of fuss over an old rag!" It was foolish, girl bravado, but Edith wheeled upon the speaker like an insulted goddess of liberty.

"You don't deserve to have a country," she said, with blazing eyes. "That 'rag' is worth a million human beings; it's greater than any city, or all of them put together. It means the nation!" Then she turned to the man beside her. "Go and enlist, Ralph. I want you to be among the first," she said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

PEMBERTON'S WIFE.

PEMBERTON was wandering through the South as a book agent when he met Nannie Richards. She was standing in a peach orchard. Perhaps it was the peach blossoms, perhaps it was the pretty face, or it may have been the dimity gown, which caused Pemberton to fall in love with the girl. He talked to her about the merits of his book. The girl had never seen any one so handsome before, and she had never listened to any one who discoursed in such mellifluent tones. Pemberton remained for a few days in the neighborhood and wrote a sonnet about peach blossoms and somebody in dimity who stood beneath them. The girl capitulated, and they were married.

Pemberton had no definite idea of what he intended to do in life. He thought that he would be willing to settle down in a clerkship. He found at the end of three years that the thirst for learning was strong within him. His head was full of unrealized ideals.

"I know how you feel," said Nannie one day. "You think that if you had not married me that you might have gone to college. Me and the baby drag you down. Now, there is no use in your saying no, Jim. I know I ain't worthy of you, but——"

"Am not," said Pemberton. "Don't say 'ain't.'"

The Pembertons had little money when they came to Horicon University. Pemberton tutored two or three youngsters in the preparatory department. He also wrote a sonnet which he sold to one of the magazines. Upon the strength of this he considered himself a literary genius.

"I am so proud of you," said Nannie when he showed the verses to her. "You will be a great poet some day, Jim. Then, when our ship comes in, I think we can afford to have a—a upright piano."

"Your biscuits were a little sad this morning," responded Pemberton.

The year went by and the summer vacation came. The Pembertons decided to remain in Horicon. Moving away would have been an expensive experiment. An ambitious young educator, with the assistance of several students, organized the Horicon University Summer School.

Then it was that Pemberton's wife, who for weeks had been evolving a plan of action, took a decisive step. She appeared, with books under her arm, as a student in the summer school. She knew no more than the veriest "Prep," yet such earnestness of purpose, and such determination to learn, the instructors at Horicon have never known.

For three weeks Nannie Pemberton walked every day to the institution on the hill. Then she was seen no more in the recitation rooms of the old college.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I find that the baby takes all my time."

The next day Pemberton appeared upon the scene. He attended the summer school for the rest of the term as a special student. It could not be expected that a genius should devote himself to the care of a baby, that his wife might get an education.

The new college year opened. A look of discontent seemed to have settled upon Pemberton's face. He grew daily more abstracted in his manner.

"Jim," said his wife one afternoon, as she came into his study with her little, parboiled hands behind her, "you don't seem to be happy. You've got your mind sot on something."

"Sit down," answered Pemberton, and there was such condescension in his tone that the woman blushed for joy. "The fact is, Anna, I feel that Horicon is too small a place for me. I am determined to bring before the world a new American School of Literature. I can do it best from the classic shades where Longfellow walked and the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' held gentle sway. I wish to go to Harvard."

"And you will, Jim," said his wife, as she went reverently away.

The poet nodded and did not even tell her that her grammar was faulty. That afternoon, as far as the baby and soapsuds would permit, Pemberton's wife spent in thought. The more she meditated, the more convinced was she that she had not done her full duty by her husband. She was sure

that she might easily work several more hours out of the twenty four than she had been doing. She blamed herself for not noticing before that Horicon was too small a place for his genius.

She went to a tailor shop that very afternoon and brought home a large, square looking package. All through the winter term Pemberton's wife toiled every night until after midnight sewing upon coats and trousers.

"Making clothes for Arthur," she always answered when Pemberton took his mind off his new American School of Literature long enough to ask her what she was doing.

While Pemberton lived in cloudland, a bank account in his wife's name was steadily growing. The man did not notice, as others did, that the bloom had left his wife's cheeks and that her form was bent and shrunken. All the time he could take from his study and from his tutoring was given to perfecting his great poem.

"I am not so sure," he said, "that it will be recognized in my lifetime. It is, I fear, too far in advance of the time for that. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, it will bring me posthumous fame."

"I'll help you get it, Jim," said his wife.

A widow of one of the missionaries, who made Horicon her home and had nothing to do especially, buttonholed Pemberton one morning, and told him he was not doing his duty by his wife.

"You ought to get her out in society more," she said.

That is the reason that the little woman, much against her will, found herself at the next reception of Pemberton's class. She realized that her hands had become coarse and red, and that her dress did not fit. She was glad to shrink back into a corner. She was thinking of the time when Jim would have the kind of fame with the long adjective, and she should be so happy, when she heard some one mention her husband's name.

She was so far back in the corner that the two young women who were talking did not see her.

"When his turn came to give a quotation in the German class this morning," the girl with the spectacles was saying, "he proceeded to air his domestic affairs. He rolled up his eyes and quoted from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell':

"'The passion is short and the regret is long.'"

"Being, as I take it," commented the girl with the yellow hair, "a public announcement of the fact that he is tired of his wife."

The widows of the missionaries and the relicts of the ministers, who dwell about that seat of Christian learning known as Horicon, heard a day or so later that Pemberton's child was ill from scarlet fever. The house was quarantined and Pemberton was penned up with his books and his epic poem. The little woman no longer bent over the washtub, and the packages ceased to go to and from the house to the tailor shop.

The carriage of a physician was seen before the door of the little cottage many times a day. The medical man had been sent by the missionary widows. The news spread through the college community that in spite of all that had been done, Pemberton's wife was "very low."

She had taken the disease from her boy. The forces of her life seemed spent.

"Her constitution has been undermined by overwork and lack of sleep," said the physician.

"She has a broken heart," he might have said, had he only known.

Even the great epic poem, which was the corner stone of the new American School of Literature, was deserted. Pemberton, face to face with the reality of life, knelt by his wife's bedside and between sobs, prayed that she might be spared to him.

There came a day when Pemberton's wife felt that the end of all had come.

"Jim," she said, "I hain't forgotten about Harvard and that fame with the long name that you wanted so bad. Unbeknownst to you, I've been saving money. There ought to be enough to get through a year at Harvard, allowing that it costs twice as much as it does here. Never mind about the baby. My folks has agreed to take care of him. Good by, Jim, and God bless you."

"Don't Nan!" moaned the man as he clutched his wife's thin white hand. "Can't you see that you are killing me? Come back! For God's sake, come back!"

* * * *

Pemberton was busy in his grocery store out in Iowa the other day, when he saw his own hand writing on a sheet of paper which he was wrapping about a box of axlegrease.

"Hello, Nan!" he said to a bright faced woman who had just come in. "Did you see that farmer who just went out? He's the custodian of the last remnant of the School of American Literature."

"You hadn't oughter give up your ideals, Jim, really you oughtn't," said Pemberton's wife, as she looked with tender reproach into her husband's eyes.

John Walker Harrington.

LITERARY CHAT

"MARCHING WITH GOMEZ."

Modesty is, perhaps, a characteristic of all war correspondents, at least of those who have actually been to the front in Cuba, instead of at Key West, for instance. Certainly it is one of the very evident qualities of Mr. Grover Flint. Possibly it was due to Mr. Flint's modesty, possibly to that hazy and unperceptive atmosphere which so often envelopes the occupant of an editorial chair —at any rate, whatever the cause may have been, this gentleman's reputation among his associates on the metropolitan daily with which he was for some time connected, was not that of a writer. A common remark among his fellow craftsmen at that time, when discussing the qualities of the lately returned war correspondent, was, "What a pity that Flint can't write!"

So much for the opinion of associate experts, for Mr. Flint's "Marching with Gomez" is one of the very best and most interesting of the recent contributions to literature about Cuba. The book—made up from field notes, taken during some four months of the spring and summer of 1896 as war correspondent with the insurgent forces —is very fascinating reading. Mr. Flint's style is so clear, so simple, and so picturesque, his appreciation of dramatic values so keen, and his artistic feeling so evident, that one follows the narrative of his experiences with unabated interest to the end. His felicity of expression is really admirable, and he gets "atmospheres," no matter whether it be of the interior of a mountain workshop, a desolated province, a guerrilla hanging, or a moving column of ragged soldiers, the infantry of "Free Cuba."

Banks of clouds obscured the moon, and cool showers blew in from the sea, as we zigzagged by *guarda rayas* (aisles for marking sections and carrying off cut cane) in the canefields, and through the tall moist grass of the pastures, up a hilly trail into the forest. Sometimes as we passed a clearing and the shadowy outline of a peasant's hut, dogs awoke and bayed until we were out of hearing. Once, as we splashed through a deep pool, a great white bird arose and floated, spirit-like, into the night ahead of us. We rode silently for perhaps an hour, slipping about in the mud on up grades, and trotting when our path offered a level, until a sharp challenge, "*Alto! Quien va?*" ("Halt! Who goes?") brought us to a stop. "Cuba," shouted the captain.

"*Avanza uno!*" ("Advance one!") came from the mysterious sentry in the bush. Then our captain jogged forward a dozen paces with the password, and called for us to follow.

That is Mr. Flint's account of his introduction into a "permanent" Cuban camp, and is but a bit, taken at random, out of the many picturesque descriptions with which the volume abounds.

Mr. Flint did not find the insurgents doing very much of anything, except to harass the Spanish forces wherever found—a skirmish, with as much damage to the Spaniards as possible, and then a retreat with the least possible loss to the Cubans. The battle of Saratoga, which the author describes, was really more of a pitched retreat than a pitched battle—the Spaniards doing the retreating; and this is the only engagement in his experiences which the author dignifies by the name of battle. It is this lack of aggressive warfare on the part of the insurgents to which Mr. T. R. Dawley, another war correspondent, so strongly objected. Mr. Flint makes no comments, but his narrative seems to show that the harassing policy was carried on in a judicious style, and later events have seemed to prove its effectiveness.

One inference is evident from this war correspondent's personal observations of the Spaniards under engagement, and that is that our own troops would have little difficulty in "licking them out of sight." On the other hand, their behavior under fire is very probably due more to the inefficiency, and perhaps cowardice, of their commanders, than to any lack of fighting spirit in the Spanish soldier.

"Atrocities," says Mr. Flint, "committed by the Spanish guerrillas about Cienfuegos have been of such medieval ghastliness that no one ever believed them, and reports of them are handled gingerly by news editors." And he devotes a chapter to "Typical Atrocities," describing what he himself saw of the victims of the Olayita massacre, which took place at the plantation of M. Duarte, a French citizen. The *reconcentrado* feature of the Spanish policy is not touched upon in this book. It had not been adopted at the time of Mr. Flint's visit.

As to annexation, a question which may come up in Cuba's future history, Mr. Flint says:

Gomez, as a practical soldier, did not venture to speculate on Cuba's future in detail. It was looking forward enough for him to see Cuba

under her own flag and government. Neither of these men (Gomez and Hernandez) approved of any scheme of annexation to the United States, or saw any conclusion of the war short of absolute independence. * * * * I have stated that no fighting Cuban I ever met favored annexation, nor have I seen a fighting Cuban who distrusted Cuba's ability to govern herself peacefully.

Scarcely until almost the closing paragraph is there a hint of the real danger to a war correspondent, should he be found among the insurgent forces. Escaping from Cuba, when his work was over, in an open whale boat, on a gusty night, almost from under the guns of Nuevitas harbor, "we all of us," says Mr. Flint, "had seen enough of Spanish methods to know what it meant to be captured, and that the authorities would not be anxious for a repetition of the lingering Competitor trial. If a cruiser or gunboat were to overhaul us, we knew we should be either run down or quietly shot."

Mr. Flint's literary style impresses the reader almost as forcibly as do the more or less stirring incidents of which he writes; and the book is illustrated, and very well illustrated, by the author's own hand. Yet not long ago, when newspaper editors were scurrying about in search of literary celebrities and noted artists as war correspondents, the author of "Marching with Gomez," after all his experiences in the field, was quietly holding down an editorial chair on one of the very dailies most rabid in the search.

THE STORY OF RACHEL.

One of the most interesting books of this day has just been published in Paris. It is the story of the great Rachel, by the widow of the man who took the little gamin, the child of the Jew Félix, and polished her into the greatest artist in France.

The book is a contradiction to the wail we hear from some quarters that talent is not appreciated. Samson heard of this Jewish child of twelve, sought her out, and begged her to come to him. He even offered to give her father a pension on condition that he would keep his daughter out of the common theaters. He followed her even when she went there; he procured her engagements to appear in drawingrooms, and finally got her a place at the Comédie Française. She had the characteristics of her race in a tremendous degree. The great spirit of tragedy, which seems to be marked in some lines on the face of every Jew, was incarnate in her. She had all the poetic and artistic heritage of her race, and with it she had an inordinate love of money. She would learn every great rôle. In fifteen years she created twenty six. She would bargain for her appearances with the shrewdness of a money lender. She had in her a fire which she did not understand, but which she was intelligent enough to use as the valuable gift it was. It was like something apart from herself.

HARVARD VIVISECTED.

When one picks up a volume of college stories, one has in mind a definite picture of what is coming. One foresees an assemblage of splendid, light hearted young fellows who call one another "old man" and talk an intricate, humorous patois; an atmosphere of sturdy good fellowship, of youth and loyalty and glorified intimacy; stunning seniors, irresponsible freshmen, and a few grinds staked out in the corners by way of contrast. The college publication and orations join the post graduate fiction in encouraging this popular ideal of a heart to heart relationship that binds all students into a happy band dancing around a benign Alma Mater.

Before one has read three pages of C. M. Flandrau's "Harvard Episodes," one realizes that this childish illusion is about to be wiped out. We are to see Harvard, not as an apotheosis of duck trousers and boyish charm, but as it really is, a community as graded and intricate as the world it is drawn from. A man in every way a gentleman may go there and at the end of two years find himself still as far aloof from the college world as he was the first day. In the world outside, a lawyer does not necessarily extend warm and immediate friendship to all other men in the same profession. In like manner, the fact of studentship at the same institution does not warrant precipitate intimacy. As one of Mr. Flandrau's characters puts it:

"It's about as sensible to suppose that your fellow students are going to take any notice of you, as it would be to expect people you had never met to lean out of their front windows and ask you to dinner if you were to stroll down the avenue some fine evening."

Mr. Flandrau's picture of Harvard life is daringly honest. He is not afraid to handle the word "society," or to betray what a power it is in college life. He gives us Harvard, not as we should choose to have it, but as it most assuredly is. At the same time he gives us a handful of strong, well told stories, subtle as well as bold, and free from all the forced funniness that has surrounded the undergraduate in fiction.

EXTERMINATED WORDS.

There are certain words which have grown so worn and battered in the service of American letters that there is nothing to do but to

grant them honorable retirement. They have been of value in their time, but every spark of vital meaning has been crushed out of them by overuse, until now their appearance throws a shabby, hackneyed air over all their surroundings.

One of the most fagged and unexpressive is the term "Bohemian." This was originally such a significant word that everybody wanted it; and all the little writers fell upon it and stripped it, so that it now lies shapeless and meaningless in the ditch of journalism. Every girl who cooks on a gas stove and dispenses with a chaperon calls herself a Bohemian. A man may win the title by a bad collar and a worse poem. Those who are economizing in apartments cover the lack of order in their meals and comfort in their living with the same convenient term, and all to whom the door of the social world is closed shriek "we Bohemians" over the wall to show that they would not enter if they could. From an expression that held a volume of meaning between its first and last letters, it has become a cheap catch word, applied to such a varied list of subjects that all its descriptive value is gone.

Another of these done to death words is "Cupid." Every ten cent poet has borrowed the myth for his versery (with the inevitable "stupid" for a rhyme) until by association it has gained the tawdry aspect of a last year's paper valentine. Writers, recognizing that the epithet was outworn, but liking the symbol, have tried to freshen it up as "the blind boy," "the little god who," etc., but these have failed to revive the lost charm. Cupid is hopelessly déclassé, and he who is to write freshly of love must invent a new symbolism.

There are dozens of other words, nouns and adjectives and adverbs, that are being rapidly spoiled by indiscriminate handling. "Dainty" and "quaint," in spite of their usefulness, have already succumbed to intemperate usage. "Atmosphere" must go soon, unless something is done to protect it. Nothing but a game law system will save our best and most significant words from being exterminated.

THE BIBLE MADE OVER.

It is natural that many people should resent the Polychrome Bible. Having grown up with the phrases of the old version in their ears, they find the new wording cold and comparatively meaningless. The old sacredness seems gone. It is like going back to one's home and finding it completely altered, with strangers living in it. The changes may be all for the better, but the nameless charm that has grown out of affection and long habit is gone. Therefore it is very hard to be just to the new translation, however one may admire its historical object. We have to remember that what is now our standard was once resented as an innovation.

Yet, allowing for prejudice, there seems to be often a distinct loss of dignity in the new wording. "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts," is a sonorous line, beautifully simple. Its new equivalent sounds trivial beside it—"This also from Jhvh proceeds." We have a Latin verb instead of the universally preferred Saxon, inversion to mar the sincerity, and a swinging dactyl instead of solemn spondees. If we are to more than coldly admit the value of this new version, we must be caught in babyhood and trained up on it.

COLLECTING AS AN INVESTMENT.

"If I were to begin life over again," said a collector of long experience, "I would hoard everything in the way of a book, pamphlet, periodical, or letter that came into my possession, even if I had to hire a warehouse in which to store the accumulation. If I lived to the age of three score and ten I should reap the benefit of my thrift; if not, my descendants would."

Questioned closely in regard to his meaning, the old collector continued: "In my opinion, the fad for collecting all sorts of odds and ends is simply in its infancy in this country, and yet it has attained proportions that no one could have predicted when I was a boy. In those days we used to collect postage stamps. I can well remember when a postage stamp album of the kind that every collector possesses nowadays was a rarity, and happy the boy who could call one his own. Half a dollar was an enormous price to pay for a single stamp then, and I do not remember that any one more than sixteen years of age ever thought of collecting them. A short time ago I met one of my old school boy friends, who asked me what had become of my stamp collection, and I was literally unable to tell him. Then he remarked that he had come across his own a short time before, while rummaging through some old, forgotten books and papers, and had sold it for eight hundred dollars.

"Soon afterwards I took some old letters, belonging to different members of my family, to an autograph dealer, and was amazed to find that certain comparatively insignificant names had a higher value in his eyes than those of some of the most famous men in history. He accounted for this by saying that people would naturally preserve every scrap of writing signed by one prominently before the public, and would take no

pains to preserve ordinary letters. This would make it very difficult for the collector of half a century later, who might be very anxious to obtain certain more or less obscure autographs in order to complete some particular collection, like that of the signers of the Declaration, or the members of the Continental Congress."

There is reason in the words of this old collector, and no one who is familiar with the high prices paid for odd numbers of old pamphlets, or rare editions of famous books, would think of disputing them. In this connection it may be said that at a recent London book sale Bernard Quaritch, the original publisher of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," paid more than a hundred dollars for a copy of the first edition, which he himself had printed in 1859, and had disposed of, with great difficulty, at the rate of one penny apiece.

Another recent sale that has attracted the attention of book lovers was that of a first edition of Burns, in the original paper covers and uncut, which brought more than twenty eight hundred dollars at auction in Edinburgh. And yet, less than thirty years ago, this same volume was advertised in the Scotch newspapers and disposed of for about thirty one dollars to a Mr. G. B. Simpson, a collector, who immediately paid ten dollars for a morocco case in which to preserve his treasure.

A BOHEMIAN POET AND PALMIST.

E. Heron Allen has lately placed on the literary market a version of some of the poems of Omar Khayyam. This is a venture into a dangerous field, but some critics have warmly praised his work, which has at least served to bring once more into notice a man who achieved a certain sort of fame in America, as well as in England, about a decade ago. At that time Allen enjoyed a remarkable vogue as a palm reader, and when he came to this country his studio was thronged with women of fashion who gladly paid him five dollars to have their future unfolded.

From New York he went to Chicago and other large American cities, and so widely were his soothsayings discussed that in a very short time he accumulated about five thousand dollars, with which he enjoyed himself royally. When that was gone, he settled down to the more commonplace work of a writer for newspapers and reader of manuscript for a publishing house. For a year or more he was a well known figure in Bohemian circles in New York. He was extremely kind to Selina Delaro, the actress, who had been a friend to him in the hour of his need, and was constant in his devotion to her during the long period of her last illness. The two had been in the habit of dining every night at a certain table in a cheap Sixth avenue restaurant greatly affected at the time by writers, artists, and actors; and after her death her chair always remained empty by tacit agreement. No one of the regular habitués of the place ever thought of occupying it.

Mr. Allen is remembered to this day as one of the few foreigners of his class who experienced the ups and downs of New York life and went away without leaving a trail of unpaid debts.

CONDENSED LITERATURE.

The book review is the dog biscuit of modern literature. It contains all the essential parts in a compact form, and will sustain intellectual existence for an indefinite period. A man can swallow fifteen reviews while he would be mastering one book, and so has fifteen chances of appearing intelligent instead of one chance of really being so.

To read a book and have a real, true opinion about it requires a distinct mental effort; and so, when one can buy a ready made opinion of fair quality with any paper or magazine, why should one bother to turn several hundred leaves and laboriously work out a home made opinion? The one he buys is probably the better article, and furnishes all the phrases necessary to literary conversation. And that is what one reads for—to show that one has read.

To be sure, one misses the individual flavor of the book, and the pleasure of the personal contact with the author. Moreover, every particle of matter so gained is used specifically and definitely, so that there is nothing left over to assimilate into one's general being and increase that elusive quality known as cultivation. But after all, we have little time for things in general, if we are to be well up in things in particular. One must choose between a showy but shallow mental existence and a deep but inconspicuous mental life.

Before choosing, it would be well to offer a dog a dog biscuit and an old fashioned mutton chop, and see which he takes. Animals often show surprising intelligence.

First editions of Rudyard Kipling's earlier books have a rising value, and Mr. Kipling himself seems to be a bull in the market. An English bookseller, whose shop is in Brighton, says that some months ago the Anglo Indian author walked in and inquired:

"Got any first editions of my books?"

The tradesman replied that he had not.

"Well, if you come across any, send them to my address, will you?"

This happened last summer, when Mr. Kipling was staying at Rottingdean, a tiny village that runs down to the sea at a gap in the white chalk cliffs of the Sussex coast, His near neighbor was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who has built a studio there. The chief attraction of the place, probably, is the fact that it is five miles from a railroad.

* * * *

Every now and then some wiseacre gravely asserts that the American comic papers are far inferior to *Punch*, and would have no success whatever were they published in Great Britain. As a matter of fact, an enormous quantity of American humorous matter is republished in England, two or three periodicals in London being made up entirely of *Life*, *Puck* and *Judge* matter, which they arrange to receive from the publishers of those papers in the form of advance sheets, sent weekly to them. On the other hand, very few of *Punch's* jokes enjoy currency in this country. This condition of things indicates that there is a certain demand for our native humorous products in the British markets, and very little demand here for theirs.

* * * *

Once upon a time, so runs the story, there was a man in London who had ventured upon various publishing schemes with but poor success, and was beginning to despair of ever making a fortune, when, by chance, he bethought himself of a huge scrapbook which his wife had compiled of various literary odds and ends that had enchained her fancy. She called her scrapbook "Titbits," and it occurred to her husband that such odds and ends, published in periodical form, might interest other people as well as his wife. The result of this meditation on his part was the appearance of a little penny paper called "Titbits" which proved so popular and gained such a wide circulation that its proprietor felt encouraged to place other literary ventures on the market, and it was not long before he became known as the publisher of a number of extremely popular penny periodicals. He is now a millionaire many times over and a baronet, while his wife, whose scrapbook proved the corner stone of their prosperity, finds her reward in the title of Lady Newnes.

* * * *

We hear so often of the great sums earned by a few successful books that many people have a vague idea that authorship is a royal road to riches. They do not realize that these much advertised volumes are the rarest of rare exceptions; that most books do not pay expenses; and that an unknown author's first work has not one chance in fifty of doing so.

Hear the testimony of a man whose books are known and read throughout the civilized world. "During the first twelve years of my literary life," Herbert Spencer recently said, "every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertising. For many years after, they failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them left me poorer."

Mr. Spencer could not induce any publisher to accept his first volume, "Social Statics." He issued seven hundred and fifty copies at his own expense, and it took him fourteen years to sell them. In those fourteen years the financial result of his work was a net loss of six thousand dollars. In the next ten years he was able to make this loss good. That is to say that after fourteen years of literary apprenticeship a man who is deservedly ranked as one of the geniuses of the age was able to earn six hundred dollars a year with his pen!

* * * *

Zola is not the first prominent author to suffer the penalty of the law, and if he writes a book within prison walls it will not be a new thing in literary annals. "The Pilgrim's Progress," which John Bunyan wrote during his twelve years in Bedford jail, is the most famous precedent; but there are others. Richard Lovelace, whose "To Althea, from Prison" is one of the classics of the English language, published "Lucasta" while held prisoner by the victorious Roundheads.

William O'Brien, the Irish author and politician, has been prosecuted several times on charges of sedition and libel, and one of his novels, "When We Were Boys," was written in prison. The late Edmund Yates was sentenced to four months' incarceration for a libel on Lord Lonsdale published in his paper, the *World*, but he was released after four weeks in jail.

When Tom Paine published "The Rights of Man" his bold utterances were so distasteful to George III's government that he was prosecuted and convicted, but before being sentenced he escaped to France. His enemies were so bitter that a man whose only offense was that of selling the proscribed book was condemned to fourteen years' transportation. Paine was imprisoned later, but for another reason. He was warmly welcomed by the revolutionists in France, and elected to the convention; but when he dared to oppose one of Robespierre's projects, the champion of liberty was promptly sent to jail, where he remained for nearly a year.

ETCHINGS

FOLLY AND FOOLS.

FOOLS rush in—and often come out millionaires.

When a man realizes what a fool he is, it is sometimes the first dawning of intelligence.

The thought that it is not pleasant to have fools around has never yet led any of us to take our departure.

Few productions of nature can equal the fool that a wise man can make of himself.

When we think what idiots we've made of ourselves, we generally console ourselves with the reflection that we must be remarkably shrewd to discover it.

The man that has never committed a folly is like a river that has either dried up or is about to overflow its banks.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," may be a very wise adage, but the sole effect it has upon most of us is to convince us that if we could only once get rich, we'd never again be poor.

H. C. Boultbee.

A NEW VERSION OF SOME OLD VERSES.

(With acknowledgments to the "other" poet.)

OH, say not woman's heart is caught
With every idle pleasure!
Ah, no! 'Tis only when she learns
Golf's name; it wander's never;
Deep in her heart that passion grows—
In spite of cyclones, rains, and snows,
She golfs, and golfs forever!

Ogden Ward.

HOLDING THE SKEIN.

WHEN Madge and I were sweethearts, in the winters long ago,
We used to trace the future in the fire's ruddy glow.
The pictures are forgotten, but the memories remain
Of Madge the yarn a winding, and I—I held the skein.

I watched her nimble fingers with their tips as red as wine,
And if the yarn grew tangled—why, it wasn't fault of mine,
For I was building castles where my little queen should reign,
While Madge the yarn was winding, and I—I held the skein.

Demure as any nun was she, this little queen of mine,
'Twas plain that I should be the oak, and she the clinging vine;
She bent to every whim of mine, and ne'er did she complain
In those days when she wound the yarn, and I—I held the skein.

But since we now are married, and our children clamber round,
And find the fire pictures that so long ago we found,
And now that there's a frock to mend and little socks to darn,
She winds me round her finger as she used to do the yarn.

Roy Farrell Greene.

SYLVIA IN THE SPRINGTIME.

VOICE of the youth of the year,
Wren song and thrush song and cuckoo note clear!
Melody's core, the articulate soul of the Spring—
Oh, to hear Sylvia sing!

Flower of the youth of the year,
Bell of the hyacinth, daffodil spear!
Day dream of beauty and veriest vision of grace—
Oh, to see Sylvia's face!

Clinton Scollard.

IN A GARDEN OLD.

THE hollyhocks grew prim and tall
Along the sunny garden wall,
And wore a staid and stately air,
But none with Polly could compare—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

The roses nodded by the walk,
Heads touching as when lover's talk,
Though sweet they were, and fair to see,
Polly was sweeter far to me—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

Though lavender and thyme both grew
Along the walk, and, gemmed with dew,
A tangled border of grass pinks,
Yet Polly was more sweet, methinks—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

And fragrant lilies, white and fair,
Poured out their subtle incense there,
But hung their heads with very shame
And envy when sweet Polly came—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

The four o'clocks oped wide their eyes
To greet her with a glad surprise,
And not a garden flower but knew
That one as fair as she ne'er grew—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

And though long years have come and flown,
And left the garden walks o'ergrown
With briers, weeds, and tangled grass,
In visions still she seems to pass—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

For of all scenes of bygone days,
Untouched yet by oblivion's haze,
Is that old garden, trim and fair,
And Polly waiting for me there—
Sweet Polly among the flowers.

Henry Cleveland Wood.

FORESHADOWED.

OUT from a frame with silver rim
That glints and gleams in the lamplight dim,
Looks the face of a maiden fair,
With eyes that follow me all about,
And a smile—the most adorable pout—
And a comb set high in her hair.

I saw it first, that radiant face,
Shrined in a dull photographer's case,
And straightway, then and there,
I fell in love with the witching wile
Of the tender eyes, the sunny smile,
And the Spanish comb in her hair.

So, though she smiles from my mantel shelf,
Among my treasures of rook and delf,
And brightens my fire shine,
I haven't a notion of what's her name,
Or where's her home, or whence she came,
For only her shadow is mine.

But I'm half inclined to believe it fate,
And that somewhere, some time, soon or late
I shall meet her face to face—
And then, if the sun caught half the truth,
I shall tell my story and beg, forsooth,
That she reign in her shadow's place!

Laura Berteaux Bell.

EIGHTEEN.

TODAY she is eighteen—oh, joy bells, ring gaily!
Ring out for the flower of her grace;
Her lips are the petals of newly blown blossoms,
The whitest white rose is her face.

And violets are dreaming beneath the dark lashes
Of eyes that are looking afar;
Yes, violets are dreaming in that gentle radiance
That shines like the light in a star.

Oh, glory of golden hair, royally crowning,
Shines fair o'er her beautiful face!
And, slender young throat, like the stem of a blossom,
What gave thee this exquisite grace!

Oh, lily bud hand, lying gently unfolded,
Asleep in thine own fragile calm,
Go hide thee away ere some too happy lover
Be stealing the dew of thy palm!

A tilt of her head, see, her dear face uplifting,
And now all her fair thoughts are given—
Some love frighted message sent down by the angels,
And sweet with aroma of heaven.

And e'en should I whisper her fair name so gently,
'Twould ruffle the down of her wings,
'Twould snap the fair cord of her weaving and dreaming,
And thinking of far away things.

And if I should tell her I love her, I love her,
Her wings would unfurl with a start;
For more than the charms of the humanly sweet is
The Kingdom of God in her heart!

Bettie Garland.

MY LITTLE CLOCK.

A LITTLE clock I have within
Keeps perfect time for me,
Dependent on no calendar
Nor tides of moon or sea.

It does not mark the silly hours,
But what of that reck I?
All time is wrong; some minutes drag,
Some days in seconds fly.

It has a system quite its own,
And ticks for me to hear
Whether another little clock
Is far away or near.

I feel the tiny pendulum
Go throbbing to and fro;
Sometimes 'tis like to run away,
Sometimes 'tis faint and slow.

And when it ticks so loud and fast
It drowns the whole world out,
Oh, then I know that other clock
Is near, beyond a doubt!

But when I scarce believe it goes,
So faint its time beats are,
The slow, dark minutes crawl like snails—
That clock is very far;

And if that other should run down,
My little clock, I know,
Would faint—and faint—and fainter tick,
Then gently cease to go.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

"SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I BEND TO THEE AND KISS THY PERFUMED PETALS RARE."

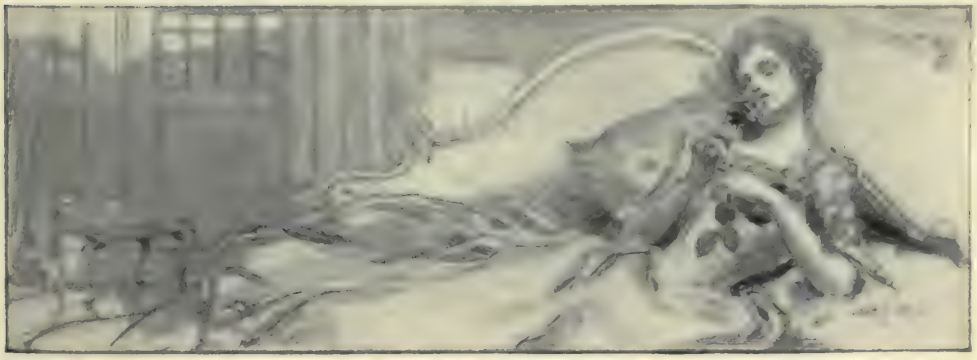
Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I bend to thee
And kiss thy perfumed petals rare,
And beg that thou wilt tell for me
My heart's fond story to my fair.
When she shall come with dainty tread
To breathe thy sweets—ah, then for me,
When o'er thee bending, lift thy head,
Give her this kiss I give to thee.
And may thy gentle touch convey
Unto her all my heart would tell,
For dare I speak, this would I say,
Sweet Jacqueminot, I love her well.

Meet thou her eyes, and like the flush
Of thine own bloom, then will her cheek,
Adorned with sweet confusion, blush
To hear the vows I bid thee speak.
And let thy every gentle art
Of sweet persuasion plead for me
Until thy story move her heart
To love's impassioned sympathy.
And when she takes thee for her own
To lie and die upon her breast,
I would thy fate were mine alone,
For I could know my love is blest.

James King Duffy.



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"GIN A BODY KISS A BODY."

From the painting by Maude Goodman—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. JULY, 1898. No. 4.

OUR FIGHTING NAVY.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF OFFICERS WHO HOLD THE POSTS OF HONOR AND OF DANGER IN OUR NAVAL SERVICE—AMERICAN SAILORS WHOSE RECORD SHOWS THAT EVERY MAN OF THEM IS ALWAYS READY TO DO HIS DUTY.

THE American naval officer offers striking confirmation of the law of the survival of the fittest. The path from cadet to captain is a long and hard one, and calls at every turn for manliness, courage, and hardihood. For four years the candidate for a commission must stay at the Naval Academy, and during that

FREDERICK V. McNAIR, UNITED STATES NAVY, THE OFFICER WHO HEADS THE LIST OF COMMODORES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS ("FIGHTING BOB"), OF THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.
From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

time his life is one steady round of drill and study. If at the end of two more years spent afloat he can pass a creditable examination in seamanship and gunnery he is made an ensign, and waits for the promotion that will carry him, in the slow process of years, through the grades of junior lieutenant, lieutenant, lieutenant commander, and commander, finally bringing him, although not until his hair is gray, the "eagle and anchor" which marks the rank of captain. The path, let it be said again, is a long and hard one, but there are few who think of

COMMANDER RICHARD RUSH, OF THE ARMERIA.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER, OF THE GUNBOAT BANCROFT.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. WISE, OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER YALE.

From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk.

COMMANDER JOSEPH G. EATON, OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER RESOLUTE.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK, OF THE ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

flinching from the duties and dangers before them.

"Why are you called 'Fighting Bob'?" was the question put not long ago to Captain Robley D. Evans, perhaps the best known officer of his grade in the navy.

"I never courted the distinction," was the reply, "and am no more of a fighter, and no more deserving of that title, than any other officer. Every one of them will fight when it is his duty to do so, and in all our navy individual cowardice is so rare that it is not worth considering. If the captain of a battleship with five hundred men on board goes into action, he does not make a discount of one hundredth part of one per cent for backing or skulking on the part of his crew."

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM A. KIRKLAND, SENIOR OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDANT OF THE MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD, CALIFORNIA.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

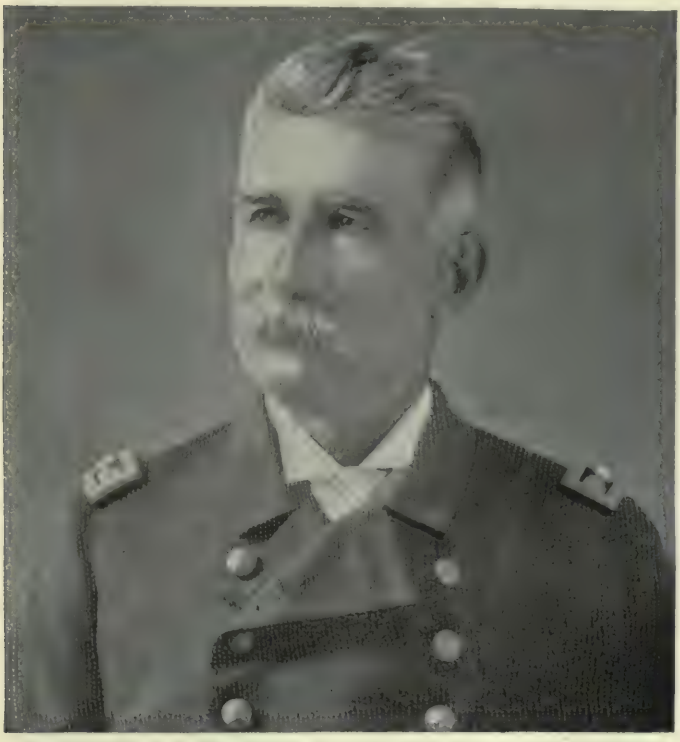
CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR, OF THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA.
From a photograph by Child, Newport.

And what is true of the man behind the gun holds good also of the commander on the bridge. There was furnished abundant proof of this during the Civil War. With the exception of the three lowest men on the list of captains, all of the sixty two highest officers in the navy were active participants in that

great conflict. Some of them fought under Farragut and Porter at the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the capture of New Orleans, the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, and the battle of Mobile Bay; others served with notable gallantry in Hampton Roads and before Port Royal, Charleston, and Fort Fisher. If there was a laggard among them, history contains no record of the fact.

It was as a young lieutenant in the Gulf that Admiral Dewey mastered the lessons which five and thirty years later made possible the victory of Manila, while Admiral Sampson, as executive officer of the Patapsco in the blockade of Charleston, first gave proof of the coolness and daring he has lately displayed in

CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER, OF THE CRUISER NEWARK.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



CAPTAIN LOUIS N. STODDER, UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.
From a photograph by O'Neil, New Bedford.

West Indian waters. On the morning of January 16, 1865, the Patapsco was ordered to enter Charleston harbor, and find and destroy the mines and torpedoes with which it was suspected the place was lined. She steamed in, with Lieutenant Sampson on the bridge, but had hardly passed the harbor's mouth when she became a target for the rifle bullets of the Confederate sharpshooters.

Their fire was withering, and the men on the Patapsco went down like wheat before a wind. Sampson ordered the sailors and marines on deck to go below, and held his place, a lone target for the bullets that flew about him.

Then, without any

CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS, OF THE CRUISER PHILADELPHIA.

From a photograph by Hargrave, New York.

CAPTAIN P. F. HARRINGTON, OF THE MONITOR PURITAN.
From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk, Virginia.

apparent reason, the firing ceased—a sure omen of evil! But it was too late to retreat, if such a thought entered the mind of any man. Foot by foot the little ironclad moved on, until a mighty roar broke the silence, and the boat shot upward, torn into a hundred pieces. Flames leaped from the hull; there was another explosion and still another, and then she sank slowly in the water. Lieutenant Sampson, blown a hundred feet into the air, fell into the sea yards away from the sinking hull. Twenty five of his crew were with him, alive; the others, to the number of four score, had met their death, as the men of the Maine met

CAPTAIN G. W. SUMNER, COMDT. OF THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD.
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

and Commodore McNair is an astronomer whose opinions are held in respect by students the world over. Commodore Howell is the inventor of the torpedo which bears his name, Commodore Kautz is master of half a dozen languages, and Commodores Watson and Robeson are civil engineers of signal ability.

Captain Philip was chosen from a score of officers as the one best fitted to command the Woodruff scientific expedition in its voyage around the world.

theirs in Havana harbor. Penned inside the ship, there was no escape for them. Lieutenant Sampson was rescued with the other survivors, and was ready next day for an experience as daring as the one he had just gone through.

Moreover, the American naval officer is generally something more than a fighter. Admiral Kirkland has made himself thoroughly familiar with the resources of the several republics of South America,

COMMODORE KAUTZ, COMDT. OF THE NEWPORT NAVAL STATION.
From a photograph by Glines, Boston.

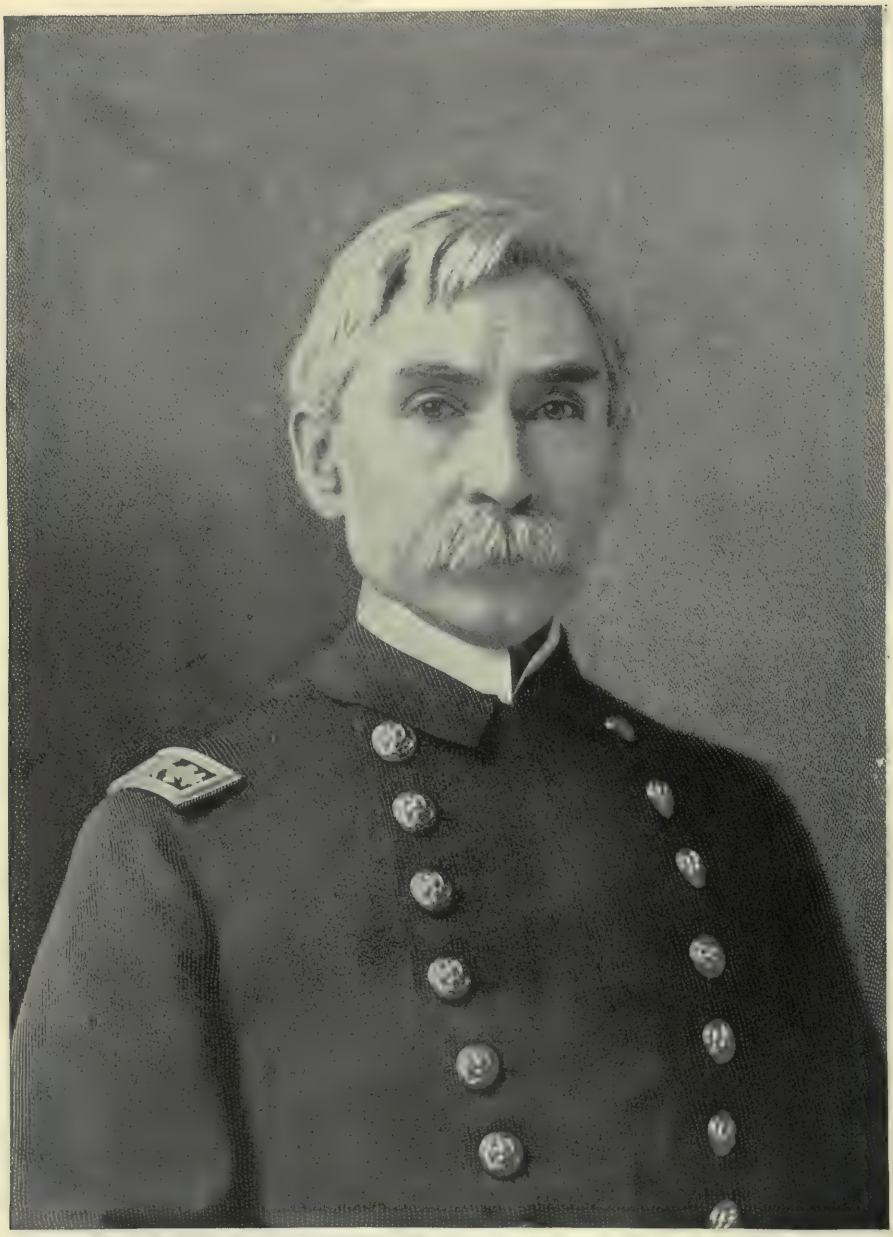
COMMANDER E. C. PENDLETON, COMDT. OF THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.
From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

Captains Rodgers, Barker, and Wise are acknowledged authorities on all matters pertaining to the construction of steel vessels; Captains Cooper, Taylor, and Goodrich have long been prominent as students and teachers of the history and practice of naval strategy; Captain Crowninshield has penned the best plea for the building of the Nicaragua Canal that has found its way into print, and Captains Harrington and Ludlow have made themselves valuable to the department by their study of

COMMODORE JOHN A. HOWELL, OF THE PATROL SQUADRON.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

the manufacture and use of torpedoes. Captains Sumner, Terry, Read, and Whiting are hydrographers of exceptional skill; Captain Evans is a designer and builder of bridges, whose services, whenever he is on leave of absence, are bid for in advance by the great steel companies; Captain Chadwick has made a thorough and exhaustive study of marine and international law, and Captain Jewell knows as much about the capacity of modern ordnance and high explosives as any living man.

The eighty five commanders, hailing



COMMODORE JOHN C. WATSON, OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADING SQUADRON.
From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

from almost every State in the Union, are the backbone of the navy. Upon them falls the brunt of the fighting in the present war, and from their ranks will come the flag officers of the next dozen years. Commander Willard H. Brownson, who stands near the middle of the list, is a typical sample of the material which will be used in the making of our future admirals and commodores. It was while commanding the Detroit on her maiden cruise that Brownson became famous. He took command of her in July, 1893, and went to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, where lay the fleet of Admiral Da Gama, of the Brazilian navy, in revolt against the government, which retained control on land. An ostensible blockade was

CAPTAIN JOHN J. READ, OF THE RECEIVING SHIP RICHMOND.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

COMMANDER BOWMAN H. McCALLA, OF THE CRUISER MARBLEHEAD.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

COMMANDER FRANCIS W. DICKINS, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, OF THE BATTLE-SHIP TEXAS.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN W. H. WHITING, OF THE MONITOR MONADNOCK.
From a photograph.

maintained, and American ships were not allowed to discharge their cargoes. Admiral Benham, commanding the American fleet in the harbor, resolved to break up this condition of affairs, and he gave Brownson, who is pluck and poise personified, the task of doing it.

Brownson's orders were to fire back if any of our merchant vessels were molested by the insurgents while seeking to discharge their cargoes. A shot from an insurgent vessel was fired at—but missed—one of the American vessels that was preparing to haul into its wharf. In-

stantly the Detroit answered with a six pounder, sending a shot under the insurgent's bow. The latter then fired one shot to leeward, and another over the merchantman. The Detroit answered with a musket volley that tore the stern post of the insurgent craft, after which Brownson steamed alongside the Brazilian, and, hailing her commander, told him that the Detroit would send him to the bottom if he fired again. It was this plucky challenge of the American captain to a Brazilian officer only a few yards from him that ended the rebellion. And Brownson, like his fellows, can do more than fight. He is one of the best hydrographers in the navy, and an accepted authority on deep sea soundings.

COMMANDER WILLIAM H. EMORY, OF THE YOSEMITE.
From a photograph by Pearsall, New York.

Above and below him on the list of commanders are many of the ablest and most resolute of our captains of the fleet, including Francis W. Dickins, Charles H. Davis, Bowman H. McCalla, Edwin White, George A. Converse, Eugene W. Watson, John F. Merry, William C. Gibson, Chapman C. Todd, Joseph N. Hemphill, Clifford H. West, Joseph G. Eaton, Edwin C. Pendleton, Walton Goodwin, Richardson Clover, James M. Miller, Richard Rush, and William H. Emory. Each of these officers is a fighter and a disciplinarian.

COMMODORE HENRY B. ROBESON.
From a photograph by Pearsall, New York.

Emory in particular is a man to be taken carefully into account in any forecast of the navy's future. Stories of this officer's sturdy character are common in the service. It is related of him that while a young lieutenant on the Asiatic station he had

COMMANDER W. H. BROWNSON, OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER YANKEE.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

COMMANDER CLIFFORD H. WEST, OF THE GUNBOAT PRINCETON.

From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.

CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW, OF THE MONITOR TERROR.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington

CAPTAIN SILAS W. TERRY, OF THE RECEIVING SHIP FRANKLIN.

From a photograph by Fitz-Patrick, Montevideo.

COMMANDER EDWIN WHITE.
From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

COMMANDER E. W. WATSON, OF THE SCINDIA.
From a photograph by Uyeno, Hong Kong.

occasion to reprimand an enlisted man who was physically a powerful fellow, with some notoriety as a bully among the crew. It came to Emory's ears that the man had remarked that "Lieutenant Emory had on his uniform for protection, or he would not have dared to be so severe." Emory went at once to the captain and got a tour of shore leave for the sailor, who gladly availed himself of the favor, but the lieutenant put on his civilian dress, and, overtaking the man, invited him into a back street and told him to defend himself. There was a hot fight for five minutes, and then Emory helped the jack tar aboard ship, and turned him over to the doctor for a week's convalescence.

Commanders Rockwell,

CAPTAIN PHILIP H. COOPER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.
From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

COMMANDER WALTON GOODWIN, OF THE SOUTHERBY.

From a photograph by Tamamama, Yokohama, Japan.

COMMANDER JOSEPH N. HEMPHILL, BUREAU OF YARDS AND DOCKS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

COMMANDER JAMES M. MILLER, OF THE MERRIMAC.

From a photograph by Parkinson, New York.

COMMANDER WILLIAM C. GIBSON, OF THE PENSACOLA.

From a photograph by Nickerson, Portsmouth, N. H.

Forsyth, and McGowan are veterans of the old volunteer navy. McGowan wears the medal of honor, never given save for conspicuous bravery in battle. The transfer of the revenue cutter service to the control of the Secretary of the Navy has added a number of men with remembrable records to the roster of fighting naval commanders. Captains George E. McConnell and Henry B. Rogers served as volunteer officers during the Civil War. Captain Louis N. Stodder, when a youngster of twenty two, was master of the Monitor in her epoch making encounter with the Merrimac, and a few months later he was one of the last to leave the famous iron-clad when she sank in a storm off Cape Hatteras in the winter of 1862.

CAPTAIN THEODORE F. JEWELL, OF THE PROTECTED CRUISER MINNEAPOLIS.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, OF THE DIXIE.
From a photograph by Moreno & Lopez, New York.

With such men as these to fight its ships and squadrons there need be no fear for the present and the future of the United States navy. Both are in strong, sure hands—how strong and how sure, we perhaps scarcely realize in the piping days of peace. It is only when there sounds the call to arms that we see the metal of our guns, and of the men behind them, fully tested. Not very many times in our history have we had to face the crisis of war, but whenever the hour has come it has found the men ready. Our sailors always welcome a chance for active service, however full of hard work, responsibility, and danger. There have doubtless been many Farraguts and Deweys in our navy who have failed of high renown only for lack of opportunity—as would Farragut and Dewey, had the wars that gave them their laurels come only a few years later in each case; and there may well be some among the American officers pictured here who will rank, a year hence, among our naval heroes.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

WILLIAM E. MASON.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY WILLIAM E. MASON,
United States Senator from Illinois.

Personal impressions of a well known member of our highest legislative body—The Senate's membership and methods, needed reforms in its rules, and the unnecessary air of mystery that surrounds its secret sessions.

THE most agreeable men I have ever known are the Senators of the United States. No set of gentlemen with whom the writer has been associated seem so considerate of one another's wishes and convenience. In fact, it is a question if this has not been carried too far, at times even to the point of interference with the transaction of public business.

The word "parliament" is derived from parley, or talk; and how they happened to call our august body the Senate, instead of the Parley-ment or Talk-ament, I cannot fathom. There are great Senators who can set their lips moving—that is, begin to parley—and then let them run for days at a time without apparent physical or mental effort.

The first parliament, so far as natural history shows, was organized by our interesting friends, the monkeys. For ages they have met in the forests and, one at a time, expressed their views. At the end of his parley each one is duly applauded, whether it is because of some wise saying, or simply because he has quit, I don't

know and cannot tell, as the learned professor who was to translate the monkey dialect, and possibly publish their *Congressional Record*, has, I think, not completed his work. Mankind says that the monkey imitates the man; but as they had a parliament or senate before the kings allowed men to have one, I hold that man, and not the monkey, is the imitator.

Under the Senate rules, however, applause is not allowed. There are two kinds of applause, affirmative and negative; we waive the former to bar the latter.

Among civilized human beings every legislative body has rules of procedure except the Senate of the United States. I do not mean to say that we have no rules. We have a book of rules as big as a Bible. I mean that there is no rule by which debate can be confined to the subject under consideration; there is no time, on this side of eternity, when a Senator must stop. He can take weeks if he wishes. There is no rule by which a given piece of business can be reached and disposed of by the majority when the majority is ready to act. Day after day pending legislation is dragged along; no matter how large the majority may be, one man can render it powerless to act. No matter that the people may have voted on the question at issue; no matter that business interests may hang in the balance; no hour can be fixed for a final vote until unanimous consent is obtained.

This is not fair and is not right. I admit that the minority has a right to be heard and to protest; but when the minority has had its rights as a minority, the majority ought to be allowed to carry out its policy. This is a country of majorities; all our officers are elected by majorities of the people. Our courts of last resort may differ as to law and facts, but the opinion of the majority is the opinion of the court. There are men in the Senate of the United States now who will never let the question rest until we have some rule by which the business of the government can be transacted by a constitutional majority.

No better illustration can be had than the difficulties encountered in passing the last Tariff Bill. Millions of dollars in business were suffering under the strain of waiting. Millions of dollars of revenue were lost to the government while waiting for "unanimous consent" to vote, although the people had voted on the question, and a large majority of the Senate was for the measure. The United States Senate will never be an American institution until the majority, and not the minority, controls its every action.

While discussing the rules, executive sessions should not be forgotten. Before I blossomed into a United States Senator I used to be a plain M. C. Sometimes it happened that I was in the Senate Chamber when an executive session was ordered. The first time I heard the motion made I said to myself: "Well, I guess I'll stay and see the fun." The motion to go into executive session was carried, and I was invited to—go out.

"But," I said, kind of swelling up, "I am a member of the House of Representatives of the United States of America!"

"Oh! Yes! Is that so?" said the polite officer. "But—you'll have to go."

And go I did, but I mentally shook my fist at the green baize door and said: "I'll just run for the Senate myself."

Men, as everybody knows, are never curious; but I confess that I was anxious to see what was done in the *sanctum sanctorum* known as the Executive or Secret Session of the United States Senate.

At last, after all my trials and tribulations (this is in confidence) my supreme hour came. A Senator from New England arose and solemnly and earnestly moved that we go into "executive session." I heard the magic words. My dream was to be realized. I saw the galleries cleared. I saw new M. C.'s get the gentle hint to go, just as I had. I wanted to walk out by the same door at which I had shaken my fist, and then walk in; but I was afraid that some part of the ceremonies of the supreme moment would escape me. I rushed to my seat, put my desk in order, dusted my coat collar with my fingers, smoothed my hair, and tried to look like my ideal of a Senator in executive session.

The bells all over the Senate end of the Capitol rang and made music to my ears. The chief page clapped his hands three times, and the pages all rushed from our sacred presence. Amidst the ringing of

bells and rushing of feet the people were all moved out, the doors were closed, and we were alone!

Thereupon the Senator who had moved the executive session struck a match in the usual way and lit a cigar, audibly informing his neighbor that it was the only one he had. He then moved that John Smith be confirmed in his $700 post office in Podunk. The President of the United States Senate, the Vice President of the United States, said: "Without objection it is so ordered." A motion to adjourn was carried. In one moment my dream was broken, and I was left with a taste in my mouth as insipid and unsatisfying as that of circus lemonade.

Seriously—if it is possible to be serious on this subject—the executive session is a farce. It may be well in times of war with other nations to have the government business as to treaties, and things of that sort, done in secret; but in ordinary business, and in times of peace, there is no reason for closed doors between the people and the men employed to represent them.

This leads to the thought of the election of United States Senators. The people pay the Senatorial salaries, and are bound by the Senate laws, but they have mighty little to say, in most cases, as to who shall be United States Senator. A State may go by fifty thousand majority in favor of one platform, and yet its Legislature may elect a United States Senator on the other platform. The Legislature elects the Senator, and it may or may not carry out the wishes of the people. This system removes the Senate too far from the people. Senators are often elected without having their public and political record before the public for an hour. In my humble opinion there is little prospect of the prompt transaction of public affairs until the people elect the United States Senators. But the Constitution? Well, let us amend it. That has been done, and each time it has been improved.

If a man holds his seat in the Senate by use of his check book he owes allegiance to no man. If he holds his seat at the dictation of a political boss, he bosses the people and serves the boss. But if he holds his commission from the people, he needs must answer to the people alone.

The pay of a United States Senator is $5,000 a year, with mileage of five cents a mile—which will about pay one's fare if one leaves his family at home and gets a pass for oneself, and also if one is not held up too often by the sleeping car, the dining car, and the boss of the road, commonly called the porter. We all admit that our pay is too small, but we have to admit that we all knew what the pay was when we so reluctantly accepted the office. I have examined the statutes and the Constitution very carefully, and can find nothing in either which prevents our resigning.

The politics of the present Senate is mongrel or non partisan, with no party in a clear majority. Republicans are divided into free silver and sound money Republicans; Democrats the same way. There are Independents, Populists, and What-nots. There is no party responsibility. Some committees are controlled by one party and some by the other, and an appropriation goes through as smoothly as the Ten Commandments through a Sunday school.

I wish that I had the space in which to describe some of the curious things that befall a United States Senator, and some of the people who write to him or call on him, or to bring before the readers of MUNSEY'S the public buildings we visit daily. Most marvelous of these latter is the Congressional Library. Every American citizen ought to see it. So closely connected is it with the United States Senate and the House of Representatives that we can have brought to us on the underground cable, in two minutes, almost any book ever published in our language.

Here are a few samples of letters that Senators receive:

SENATOR MASON:

Will carp eat gold fish? If not send me some carp.

Yours, etc.

This was referred, and I do not today know what the result was.

Another:

SENATOR MASON:

I wonder if you are my brother that left home in 1850. His name was William Mason too. If so please write, etc. etc. (Here followed a family tree.)

SARA MASON.

I did not leave home in 1850. In fact, that was the interesting year in which I first arrived at home. I hardly knew what to do with this letter. I was in Washington, she in Oklahoma, and I could not tell whether I wanted her to be a sister to me or not.

And here is another, just as written, all but the writer's name. I follow his punctuation and spelling. Let us call him John Brown. He was an honest man who thought the government ran a foundling home.

MR. MASON:

We want a baby. We want you to pick us out a baby, my wife wants a girl and I want a boy but never mind I don't care witch. Tell me what it cost.

Yours truly,
JOHN BROWN.

This was referred to the Foundlings' Home at Chicago.

One constituent argued his claim to be a United States consul as follows: "I am a Republican and have made sacrifices for my country. My present wife's first husband was a soldier." I cannot tell whether or not he meant that it was a continuing sacrifice.

Here is a letter covering eight pages of paper and nearly all of the subjects discussed in the last campaign. It is right on all questions and more than gratifying, for it approves my every vote. The last page is a solemn and unselfish prayer, and closes:

May God hold up your hands and make you strong to do battle for the people. May God shower his choicest blessings upon you is the prayer of your true and loyal friend,

S. B. B.

P. S.—Don't forget that I am a candidate for postmaster here.

Some time ago, while I was visiting a friend in Illinois, he showed me the pictures of three famous United States Senators, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. In the course of a most interesting conversation he told me that he had heard all three of these illustrious gentlemen take part in a single debate. One Senator had said to him that Calhoun was the lightning, Webster the thunder, and Clay the rainbow, of the Senate. Clay and Webster and Calhoun are dead, but their spirits live and still contend upon the Senate floor. Henry Clay can never die while there is one American citizen contending for the doctrine of protection to American industries. One can still see the spirit of Calhoun, like a lightning flash, pleading for State sovereignty, and still hear the swarthy Webster, like the voice of thunder, saying in reply: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

The contest begun by these two Senators did not end with death. It went on and on until the lightning flash of the South and the thunder of the North broke into the storm, the cyclone of the Civil War. For four years the trial of that cause lasted. It was tried at the firesides of all the people. It was heard amid the smoke of battles, in the hills, valleys, swamps, and above the clouds. The spirit of Calhoun wrote "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The spirit of Webster wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The spirit of Calhoun blockaded the Mississippi River. The spirit of Webster opened it forever to the Gulf. The spirit of Calhoun began the argument at Sumter, and the spirit of Webster closed the debate at Appomattox.

One of the most important duties of the United States Senate is the settlement of treaties between this and other countries. The last treaty under discussion was that pending between England and ourselves, and during its consideration the impracticability of the executive session was never better demonstrated. The proceedings were reported daily, but the giving of information being against the rules, they were never reported correctly. The writer ventures to say that no more learned and careful dissertations have been made for years than those delivered by the chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Senator Davis of Minnesota, and other thoroughly equipped constitutional lawyers on both sides of the question. The people were much interested as to the terms of the treaty, and general dissatisfaction was expressed when it was defeated. The arguments were neither reported nor printed. Requests for the whole debate still come from every quarter, but cannot be granted, because of the old and absurd practice of closing the doors and refusing to report the proceedings.

Those who voted for the arbitration treaty, as finally amended, gave strong

and patriotic reasons for so doing. Those who voted against it rested their action upon reasons as strong and patriotic, but different. Some said we were not sufficiently protected in the selection of the judges. Others believed that it would be time enough to establish the court when we had a difference to submit to a court. Still others claimed that under the treaty the British government could force us to arbitrate settled American principles, like the Monroe Doctrine or the right to levy import duties, which no citizen of the United States is ready to submit to a court composed of Europeans not in sympathy with the doctrines of a republic.

That the treaty was defeated does not show, even by implication, that the Senate favors war rather than arbitration. Quite the contrary is true—in proof of which see the resolution passed by both houses of Congress during President Harrison's administration, settling the policy of the nation in favor of arbitration, and inviting all the nations of the world to join in arbitrating all international differences. This does not apply to England alone, but takes in all nations, including such weaker sisters as Greece, Guatemala, and Venezuela.

England is, in diplomacy, the strongest nation in the world. She has improved in every way, as we have, since 1776. Still, we do not imagine that her anxiety to fix a court of arbitration is wholly in the interest of your Uncle Samuel. She has not yet entirely abandoned the doctrine of extending her territory and commerce by the aid of her navy. The sentiment of the people of the United States has always been opposed to this doctrine. We have no disposition to mix in quarrels that do not concern us; but there is a growing hope that when we sit down to the great peace dinner we may welcome the nations of the whole world. In any event, our sister republics of this continent—who, according to our brother, John Bull, do not entirely know the boundaries of their own homesteads—will be invited to partake of the hospitalities of peace and liberty.

William E. Mason.

TWO FANCIES.

THIS is the fancy that came last night,
That came when the moon rose over the hill
And we two stood in its silvery light
By the broken wheel of the mill.

This is the fancy—that long ago
When the old dead moon was a thing of life—
A younger world, as the wise men know—
That we were moon man and wife.

For the thought had come, and is with me yet,
That we were not strangers that sweet first time
When eager and shy our young eyes met,
And love rang its silent chime.

And this is the fancy that cheers my heart
When it feels despair—though die we must
That our souls will never be far apart
Though our bodies turn wind blown dust.

And that far away in the realms of space
In worlds that are better by far than this,
Again and again I shall seek your face
And win your first maiden kiss.

Tom Hall.

THE JOKE CLUB.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

It has been well said that there is no more serious obstacle to harmony in human relations than a difference of taste in jokes.

IT was a mystery how any one could have come into our family minus a sense of humor, yet there Rachel was, ten years old, and couldn't see a joke to save her life. She was so much younger than the rest of us that we had rather let her off so far, thinking that her absolute literalness was a childish trait which she would outgrow. But finally it began to dawn on us that if humor did not develop pretty soon it never would.

It was a trifling incident that started the great reform movement. Hugh came in to breakfast one morning, limping. He had stepped on a tack, he explained, and punctured his foot.

"I was like you, Rachel," he added. "I didn't see the point."

"How could I have seen it when I wasn't in your room at all?" she demanded. Hugh lay back wearily in his chair.

"It's no use," he said to me. "We've got to take that child in hand. She must learn to see a point without having to step on it first. Let's start a joke club."

The idea appealed to me, and we organized that very night. Rachel, dear little soul, was so interested and so thoroughly in earnest that we had to take it very seriously, so as not to hurt her feelings.

"You know, I really want to grow up funny, like Hugh," she said. "Perhaps, if you show me why you laugh at things, I can learn to say them, too."

It was agreed that the club should meet every night for five minutes after dinner, and that each member should bring a new and original joke. The first night Rachel was merely to laugh in the right place and explain why she laughed, but after that she would have to begin with simple little jokes herself.

"You must be careful what kind of wit you cultivate," Hugh began. "There's the hackneyed, commonplace kind, that finds suggestiveness in a tunnel and humor in a sneeze. You don't want that."

"I don't know what you mean about tunnels," Rachel said, "but a sneeze is real funny, sometimes, when it's loud."

Hugh laughed and gave up any attempt to classify.

"Well, you can hand in a good sneeze for your first joke," he said. "We'll start from there with your education."

"I guess you only mean that for a joke," Rachel said shrewdly, and beamed with pride when we all applauded.

The next night, as soon as dinner was over, Hugh turned gravely to Rachel.

"This afternoon, instead of coming straight home," he began, "I wheeled up to a girl's house to get her to take a ride with me, and as I went in one gate on my tandem, she went out the other on a different tandem. Do you see anything funny in that?"

Rachel considered earnestly, for she was glaringly honest.

"No," she had to confess; "truly, I don't, Hugh."

He held out his hand.

"Shake on it," he said cordially. "I don't, either. But that other fellow is telling it to his joke club as the best one of the season. And I shouldn't wonder if her joke club heard of it, too."

"Did you fall or anything?" Rachel was making a conscientious effort to put salt on the tail of the jest.

"My pride did," he answered. "Never mind. We won't any of us laugh at that. But I'll tell you something really funny. She's going to ride with me tomorrow afternoon, and I, knowing that other man's habits, am going to take her down a certain street at a certain minute, and he will see us whiz by. Now that's a joke worth telling. Edith, it's your turn."

"I have a better one than that," I said. "That particular young man is going out of town tomorrow for the day, and won't be back till evening." Hugh and I both laughed, but poor little Rachel looked puzzled and discouraged.

"I can't keep up," she said so mournfully that Hugh pulled her into his lap and began making bad puns. A particularly strained one on her own last name roused

an appreciative giggle, and as secretary of the club I was obliged to write it down, with the date, in a little blank book.

"When you get five or six pages along, you'll look back at that and wonder why you laughed," said Hugh, showing her the entry. "A sense of humor tells you when not to laugh even more than it does when to laugh."

But that was beyond Rachel.

"How did you know that Lester was going away?" he asked me when the meeting had adjourned.

"I had a note from him, saying that he might not get back in time for the Choral Club tomorrow night."

Hugh did not look especially sorry.

"I think we'll survive it," he said. "Well, I'm going out to make some calls."

I smiled to myself, knowing how many he would make, and where; then sighed a little, having troubles of my own.

Rachel was very solemn the next morning.

"Do I really have to have a joke ready by tonight?" she asked me, before she started for school.

"Well, I'd try to," I advised. "You'll have to begin some time, you know. Keep your eyes wide open for anything that happens. Maybe you will see something that will make a funny story."

"I'll watch," she said, and went soberly off, herself the best little joke ever played on a fun loving family. At dinner that night she seemed preoccupied, and did not even ask what we were going to have for dessert.

"I'm afraid it isn't funny enough," she said, when the club opened session. "It made me laugh, but then, you know, I was looking right at it. He was so big and fat and scared, and his bicycle wiggled so! And when a horse passed him he chattered all over."

I smiled sympathetically, but Hugh shook his head.

"No, Rachel; we can't laugh at that, I'm afraid," he said seriously. "It is rather commonplace. If you had told how, in trying to dodge a trolley car, he had run over a baby carriage and been flung head first into an ice wagon, and had then sued the driver for giving him the frozen face, it would have had a certain crude, funny paper amusingness about it. One could hardly call it subtle, in any case."

"But none of that happened at all," she protested. "It wouldn't be true."

"It doesn't have to be true, if it's funny," said Hugh. "You aren't trying to deceive people, you're just trying to give them a good laugh. Oh, you can't contaminate her," he added aside, in answer to my glance. "She is altogether too honest. She will grow up an unmitigated bore if we don't drill a little playfulness into her."

"I'm glad she won't be quite so playful as some," I was beginning with meaning, when the door opened, and the first soprano of the Choral Club brought Hugh to his feet with a jump. There is only one woman in the world (at a time) that can make a man scramble up in just that way.

Pauline smiled on every one impartially.

"Am I very early?" she asked. "Father was coming by here, so I made him leave me on his way."

"I don't believe there will be many here tonight," I said, while Hugh took her wraps. "Almost everybody is away."

"And it's all ready to rain," Pauline added. "But I just wanted a good time tonight."

"You'll get it," said Hugh boldly, shaking his head at her.

"How?" asked little Rachel, and there was a general laugh.

Only six or eight members had come when there was a growl of thunder, and the clink of rain on the windows. The Choral Club, in spite of its name, was not seriously musical, being merely an excuse for the informal assembling of a certain little set every few weeks. We generally sang a little for form's sake, then did as we pleased. Tonight a spirit of recklessness possessed Hugh, and as the thunder crept nearer and nearer, the excitement spread to the others, till they were ready for any foolishness.

"Let's play Hide and Go Seek," he proposed suddenly. "All over the house, you know. We're just evenly divided, so we'll hunt in couples, and Rachel can be a rover. Edith, we will give you and Duncan ten minutes to hide—anywhere, from the roof to the cellar. Hurry up! I bet Pauline and I find you."

I wavered, and for the first time since a certain incident three weeks before Duncan and I looked each other straight in the eyes. Something—the lightning or Pauline or the absence of Lester—had gone to Hugh's head, or he would never have made that suggestion. A long, tumbling peal of thunder set our pulses beating, and we faced the situation with a laugh of restored friendship.

"Come on," we said, and slipped out, closing the doors on the others.

We ran through the halls, that our footsteps might be misleading if any one were listening, then tiptoed up to the third story, and stowed ourselves in an unfinished part of the attic that was used for a trunk room. The rough beams sloped sharply down over our heads, and the pounding rain on the shingles seemed ready to break through any

minute. Now and then a blaze of lightning would cross the dusty little window, showing piled up trunks and boxes on all sides, a dressmaker's wire form looming ghostwise in a white sheet, and a little old crib swung on wooden supports.

We seated ourselves on a box behind a pile of trunks, and waited in throbbing excitement. Had we been hiding for our lives, we could not have felt the tension more than we did in those few moments alone in that mysterious room, with the storm so close to us. When steps sounded outside we cowered down in a tremor of elated fear. The door swung open.

"I don't believe they're in here," said Hugh's voice.

"We'd better look, though," Pauline answered, leading the way in. "They might have—oh, what's that?" She shrank back and seized Hugh as the lightning showed the sheeted form.

"It's a wire lady to sew dresses on," he said. "I won't let it hurt you, Pauline."

They laughed and crossed over to the window.

"'God makes the thunder for the women-folk to wonder at—
God makes it lighten just to frighten who He can,'"

said Hugh. "There's no use wriggling your fingers, Pauline. I've got to hold your hand. If I once lost you in this spooky place, I'd never find you again."

"Perhaps we had better go back, then," suggested Pauline. Duncan was choking down his laughter with an effort that made the box shake, though we both felt a little mean. I should have spoken then if I had dreamed what was coming. The next moment it was too late.

"Oh, we don't really want to find them, do we?" Hugh said. "I'm sure they don't want us to. Things have been wrong there, for several weeks, and I thought I'd give old Duncan a chance to straighten them out. I suspect that she turned him down just to see how it felt."

Well, I was paid now. If ever I was thankful for darkness, it was that minute. I could feel Duncan's eyes fixed on me, waiting for the next flash, but the storm seemed to have passed over.

"They do sometimes," admitted Pauline. "Do you really think Edith cares for him, Hugh?"

"I guess yes," was the confident answer, and I felt as though my face must be lighting up the room like a red lantern. I don't believe either of us breathed. "Oh, they'll come out all right!" he went on. "Let's talk about us. Do you suppose we'll come out all right, Pauline?"

"I shall," she said confidently. "I can't answer for you."

"But you can't do it all alone. It takes two to make a—anything."

"What's a—anything?" she asked in that wicked little half voice she kept for critical moments. "Oh, there's some one coming!" she added hastily. "Let's hide."

Some one really was coming. They had barely time to rustle into a corner behind an old bureau when the door swung open, letting in a faint light from the hall.

"I thought maybe they came in here," said Rachel's voice, a trifle plaintively. "It's a very queer game, any way. There are two of them down in the furnace room, and two in the butler's pantry, and two on the back stairs landing, and nobody seems to be looking at all. They just tell me to run and hunt."

"Well, perhaps you and I can get them going again," said another voice, and I caught my breath as I recognized it as Mr. Lester's. What Pauline did I don't know.

"Let's look out of the window," said Rachel, piloting him across the room. "See, the clouds have big holes in them, and there's the moon. I wish we could find Hugh and Miss Pauline, don't you? It would be a joke, you know, because they don't know you're here." The joke club was beginning to bear fruit, but I doubt if Hugh rejoiced in his pupil at that moment.

"Yes, there would be a joke on some one, I suppose," said Mr. Lester, rather moodily.

"Do you think they're lovers?" went on Rachel's cheerful voice. "Oh, see, here's the old cradle!" She patted a little old pillow that lay in it, and began to swing it gently back and forth. "Don't you wish there was a dear little baby in it?" she said. "I do love them. Wouldn't you like to have one of your own?"

My heart sank, for there was no knowing where the catechism would stop, but Mr. Lester did not seem disturbed.

"Yes, Rachel, I should, very much," he said, with a simple seriousness that made me warm to him.

"I'm going to have four, two girls and two boys," Rachel went on. "But I don't think I'll name any of them after me. Would you?"

"Why, Rachel is a pretty name, very," he said. "I think we'd better go and find the rest now, don't you?"

"Let's play a joke on them," said Rachel. "You know I'm learning to do jokes now, so that I'll grow up funny, like Hugh. I'll tell you"—lowering her voice to an excited whisper—"let's tell 'em you and I are lovers! It won't have to be true, you know, if it's funny. Won't Miss Pauline be mad!"

Lester laughed in spite of himself. As for me, I was weeping with smothered laughter and excitement. A great, stern silence overshadowed the other corner.

"Why?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Because you're her other beau, aren't you?" inquired Rachel, with beautiful simplicity. "I know about beaux, for Maggie tells me about Tim, and then—don't you ever tell!"

"Never!"

"I heard Hugh ask a girl to marry him once. I was playing cave under the sofa, and they didn't know it. Oh, you ought to have——"

"Come, we must go down," interposed Mr. Lester. "I imagine they are all looking for us by this time, don't you? Let's hurry."

There was an ominous silence in the attic as their steps retreated. I leaned exhaustedly against the wall, and Duncan stealthily mopped his eyes. Pauline spoke first, in a cool little voice.

"We may as well follow. I really think this game has gone far enough."

"Quite far enough," agreed Hugh with equal coldness. "I suppose it is Lester's turn now."

Pauline made no answer, and they departed in unfriendly silence.

"Well?" said Duncan.

"They didn't find us, any way," I exclaimed, jumping up. "Let's get out of this dreadful place. We must never breathe where we were."

"I don't know, myself, just where we are," he persisted.

"All in the dark," I answered. "Come."

It was the end of the evening before Hugh and Pauline came within the width of the room of one another. Then, with a formal apology, he drew her aside.

"I simply wish to tell you," he said, ignoring the fact that I was not two feet away, "that I have never seriously asked any girl to marry me in my life. Rachel must have overheard some fooling—I don't have to explain to you how one sometimes carries on—and have taken it seriously. That is all, but I wish you to believe it." He might have been explaining how he came to step on her gown, for all the feeling in his voice. There was a distinct pause, then:

"Aren't you going to take me home?" she said in that deadly little half whisper. When I looked Hugh was down at her feet, putting on her overshoes, and she was smiling serenely.

The joke club had barely a quorum for the next two or three meetings, for Hugh was either at Pauline's or in such a hurry to get there that he had no time for Rachel's education. He was getting a good deal of education himself, I fancy, for I could see that Pauline never gave him a smile without setting one aside for Mr. Lester, and there was no knowing which way the demure little cat would jump.

Sunday Hugh repented, and announced that the club would hold an important session, three cigarettes long, immediately after dinner. Rachel was very much excited.

"I've something to tell," she announced when she had been allowed to choose the three cigarettes that seemed to her the longest.

"Funny?" queried Hugh warningly.

"Yes," said Rachel with confidence. "I was coming over from Aunt Nellie's and I went around by the little bridge—and what do you think I saw, walking down through the willows?"

There was an impressive pause.

"Ghost?" Hugh suggested.

"No," said Rachel. "It was Mr. Lester and Miss Pauline, and he had his arm around her!"

No one laughed in the breathless silence that followed. Hugh laid down his cigarette. Rachel looked a little disappointed, but brought out her climax bravely.

"And then, just before they got to the bend, he kissed her, real hard. I saw him. I thought maybe she'd slap him—Maggie did Tim, the other night—but I don't believe she did."

Rachel had made a coup. Hugh, dark crimson, slammed out of the room, and Maggie, bright pink, fled to the pantry. Then we broke down and shouted with laughter. Rachel's little giggle joined in delightedly.

"Oh, I like the joke club!" she exclaimed, and set us all off again. "I wish Hugh hadn't run away," she added. "There was two cigarettes and a half more."

Though I couldn't help laughing, I was very sorry for Hugh, for this was no joke at all to him. He was angry and hurt and desperately disappointed. He made a plucky attempt to appear as if nothing had happened, and all the next week took pains to go out just as much as formerly, though I guessed it was not to Pauline's before she herself betrayed the fact. I met her down town towards the end of the week, and we stopped to talk, each a little constrained.

"When is Hugh coming back?" she asked very casually.

"Why, he hasn't been away," I answered in surprise, my wits not catching up for a second.

"Oh, I thought I heard that he was out of town. I must have mixed him up with some

one else," she said, bowing into the crowd. "Rachel is coming to Florence's little supper tonight, isn't she? That's good. Well, do run in soon."

"And bring brother back to the fold," I supplemented under my breath, as I smiled and nodded myself away. I felt no resentment against her, for Hugh was quite old enough to take care of himself, and, frankly, he had been known to play that game himself. I couldn't logically resent his being served in the same way occasionally.

I found Rachel getting ready for her party, and very important.

"Now, Maggie is going to take me over to Florence's," she said, "but Hugh will have to come and bring me back, mother says, and I'm so glad. Really, Edith, Hugh is so very beautiful that I like to have the girls see him. And then, you know, he can talk to Miss Pauline while I'm getting my things on."

Hugh was too proud to protest against his mission that evening, but when it was time to go he hung back and suddenly became very brotherly.

"Why don't you walk over there with me, Edy?" he said. "It's a great night." No amount of nocturnal loveliness had ever before suggested my going with him in that direction, but I understood, and went as matter-of-coursely as possible.

We found an excited troop of children going to Jerusalem around a double row of chairs, while Lester, at the piano, furnished the necessary accompaniment, watching the game—or Pauline, perhaps—over his shoulder. Rachel came up to us, beaming.

"Just a little longer," she begged. "We're having such a grand time, and I haven't been caught yet. Nobody has gone home."

"Oh, you can't take her away quite yet!" said Pauline, coming over to shake hands. So Hugh submitted. As some one claimed my outer attention, she turned to him.

"Hugh," she said, in a small voice with a hint of laughter in it, and several other ingredients that must have been trying to his resistance, "Hugh—you mad at me?"

If I had been a man and in love with her—and Hugh was both—I should have surrendered without a struggle. Perhaps the defiant jollity of the piano had something to do with his fortitude.

"I have been busy this week," he said indifferently. "Really, I have not been anywhere."

The music broke off, a signal for the children to scramble for chairs, and Mr. Lester came over and joined us.

"Thank you, Teddy," said Pauline, with a very special smile, and Teddy was evidently well repaid.

"Rachel, you must come now," said Hugh impatiently.

The next Sunday afternoon I was talking with Duncan in the library when Rachel wandered in, looking rather forlorn.

"Nothing's any fun any more," she said. "We don't even have the joke club, and I'm forgetting all I learned. Maggie told me one about sandwiches and it didn't make me laugh a bit. I wish some one would tell me a story." Nobody took the hint, and she evidently began to have an uneasy sense that something was happening.

"Is Duncan your beau, Edith?" she asked, in a tone of surprised discovery.

"Girls don't have beaux any more. They've gone out of fashion," I answered as collectedly as I could.

"Maggie does."

"Well, perhaps. But we don't."

"What do you have, then?"

"Oh, best young men, and little playmates, and things like that."

"What's Duncan?" Rachel persisted.

I looked at him consideringly.

"Do let's make it fiancé," he said, going on with the argument Rachel had interrupted.

"I suppose we might as well," I admitted, pressing my face against her shoulder.

"Ve—what?" she queried.

"Edith, you in here?" said Hugh's voice. "Here's Lester." I did my best to look glad, but Duncan wouldn't even try.

"I just ran in to get my umbrella, and to tell you something," he said, and I shuddered for what Hugh might be about to hear. "No, I can't stop long enough to sit down. I'm going abroad tomorrow."

"Going abroad!"

"Yes; our firm wants a representative in England for the next few months, so they are sending me. It was settled only yesterday, so I am simply chasing."

"It is a splendid thing for you," I said, wondering what it might mean to two other people.

"Yes; and I am very glad to get away for a while," he said, and there was a momentary silence. Then he squared his shoulders, as though putting something away from him. "I hadn't an idea of it till a week ago today. I went down to my uncle's to stay over Sunday, never dreaming that he had any such——"

"Last Sunday?" I interrupted.

"Yes; I was there from Saturday till Monday," he answered, surprised at my tone.

"Oh, I was thinking I had seen you!" I stumbled, with a glance at Rachel, who was unconcernedly amusing herself with Duncan's watch guard.

Hugh had never been on very friendly terms with Mr. Lester, naturally enough, but Mr. Lester, after saying good by to the rest of us, turned to him and held out his hand.

"I wish you every kind of good luck," he said, looking Hugh straight in the eyes. Hugh flushed a little, and gripped his hand with a new heartiness, and the two went out together.

In a few moments Hugh came striding back.

"Rachel," he exclaimed, "how could you have seen Lester last Sunday?"

"H'm?" said Rachel.

"Mr. Lester and Miss Pauline," I prompted. "Don't you remember saying you had seen them in the willows, when you were coming from Aunt Nellie's?"

"Oh, the joke club!" said Rachel, with a pleased smile of recollection. "And he kissed her. It wasn't really them, you know, it was two others, but I thought it would be funnier——"

"Do you mean to say that it was just a confounded lie?" Hugh blazed out.

Rachel's eyes began to wink very fast.

"I didn't lie," she protested, catching her breath audibly. "I just told it as funny as I could, the way you said to. It wasn't as big a fib as the iceman story you told me, and you know you said it didn't have to be true if it made people laugh. And they did laugh," she added, with a hiccup of injured feelings.

"But, good Lord——"

"Hugh, don't. It isn't fair," I interposed. "You haven't any right to blame her." Rachel was sobbing excitedly by this time, and Hugh relented.

"There, kid, it's all right," he said, rubbing the top of her head. "It was my fault. We won't scold each other."

"When you say it it's funny, but when I say it it's a wicked story," said Rachel, still aggrieved.

"We won't be funny any more, either of us," said Hugh, giving her a forgiving pat and starting for the door.

"Not even at the joke club?" asked Rachel, lifting her head.

He paused in the doorway.

"Rachel," he said solemnly, "the joke club is disbanded!"

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SIX.

He is with us again in the buff and the blue
That was soaked in the Delaware's flood,
Or on Lexington's field in the mist of the dawn
Was blackened with powder and blood.
His brown curly locks with a black ribbon tied
With gray are beginning to mix,
And bullets have riddled the rim of the hat
Of the spirit of Seventy Six.

The glance of his eye is as clear as the day,
And his heart is as stout as of old,
Though the lawn at his neck and the lace at his wrist
Are touched with a century's mold.
His musket is steady and true in its aim,
And the steel of his sword never sticks
In the worn leather scabbard that swings by the side
Of the spirit of Seventy Six!

Minna Irving.

TWO WOMEN AND A THEORIST.

BY PAUL ARMSTRONG.

A tale of matchmaking strategy—How one woman's wit and another woman's beauty were matched against a man's diplomatic egotism, and which side won the game.

DAVIS MONROE held curious opinions on the subject of feminine beauty. He maintained that nature never forgot herself, and if to one woman she gave beauty she never overdid the matter by giving her any great amount of brains. He used to defy his friends to disprove his theory, and if some one should mention a woman who was both beautiful and undeniably intelligent, he would exclaim:

"Ah, just so! But that is the exception which proves the rule."

Davis Monroe was rich, of course, or women would never have smiled on him after his having made public such a theory. In a young man, to be rich is to be petted, agreed with, and spoiled. He is sure to become an egotist, and that, of course, makes him easy prey—generally. So far as Monroe was concerned, however, the mammas had begun to believe that he was not marriageable; and they were about to consign him to the outer darkness of bachelordom when Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, of Philadelphia, chanced to meet him. It was at the home of Mrs. Kilsurd, her sister.

"Very curious young man," she had remarked, after having heard him expound his theories. "Interesting, too."

"Very," declared Mrs. Kilsurd. "Very curious. In spite of all I can do he shows no especial interest in Leona. I have quite given him up. He will be a bachelor."

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix laughed.

"Then you have decided there is no chance of his marrying?"

"Quite," declared Mrs. Kilsurd, with emphasis.

"Reason, if any?"

"A very good one. He maintains that he will marry no one but a woman who is both beautiful and intelligent; and in the same breath he declares that such a person does not exist."

Again Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix laughed—a quiet little laugh denoting pleasing reminiscences.

"How odd!" she mused.

Presently she looked at her sister.

"Then, of course, you have no objection to my marrying him to my niece, seeing that he fails to appreciate Leona."

"None whatever. In fact, I believe I should enjoy seeing you try;" and Mrs. Kilsurd laughed quietly.

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix met Davis Monroe at a musicale a week later, and she proved such a good listener that his pet theory seemed to be tottering. Then he suddenly remembered that it did not apply to women past the age of thirty.

There was one remark Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had made which fixed his attention.

"You must meet my niece, Grace Fillmore," she had said. "She has theories similar to yours."

As Davis Monroe recalled the words he concluded that the niece must be as homely as the aunt was beautiful.

Some two weeks later Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix returned to Philadelphia, knowing that Davis Monroe would follow a week later. On business, he had said. Upon her arrival Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix attempted to transfer her knowledge of the theories to her niece. But Grace Fillmore was beautiful and under thirty, and she could not grasp the situation as her aunt had.

"Now, Grace, listen: once a man has a pet idea he is as easy to handle as a mouse in a trap. He is absolutely powerless. It is his undoing. It is paralysis. It is——"

"But, aunty, I don't understand what you mean. If he is subject to paralysis——"

"No, no, Grace. Now listen. Can you follow directions?"

"Why, of course, if you——"

"Well, then, listen to him like a child would to a fairy tale. Never mind whether you understand what he is talking about or not. Just look him in the eyes, nod now and then, and if he stops ask him to continue. Declare that he is the most interesting man you have ever known. But don't talk. The man always wants to do the talking; and, besides, if you talk he may dis-

cover that you have not understood what he has been saying. Can you remember that?"

"I think so," said the clever girl. "Is he rich?"

"Two millions, twenty six, tall, handsome—everything. And there is no reason in the world why you should not marry him. You have only to look at him, listen, nod, and exclaim. But, *don't talk*."

Davis Monroe called earlier than Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had expected. The theorist had thought much of this girl who a clever woman had assured him was intelligent. He had become interested.

They met.

Grace Fillmore was disappointed in no way whatever. Davis Monroe was at once agreeably surprised and not a little suspicious; surprised at the girl's beauty, and suspicious of Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix' judgment of her intelligence.

As the hours wore away and he delivered himself of his theories, ideas, and beliefs, he became more and more interested and his suspicions gradually faded away. As he left the house he noticed that his voice was husky; he could remember nothing but a pair of interested, child-like eyes and a beautiful face.

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix and her niece had a consultation.

"I don't understand it," declared the girl. "How well we get on!"

Her aunt laughed musically.

"Did I do all right?" the girl asked.

"You were perfect, my dear," Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix said, patting her hands affectionately. "I'll ask him to dinner some night this week."

The affair progressed. Davis Monroe told the same tales, expounded the same theories, and discussed the same subjects again and again, without realizing it. He was entranced. Nor did the girl seem to realize the repetition. His theory of intelligence and beauty was worth more than ever now, for he had found the exception which proved the rule. And such a beautiful girl, too!

He proposed.

She accepted.

He went to his hotel the happiest egotist on earth.

She kissed Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, and declared that she was the dearest aunt any girl ever had.

Again Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix smiled, patted the girl's hands and wondered at Mrs. Kilsurd's stupidity.

A week later there was a quarrel.

Grace Fillmore had what she thought to be a graceful and attractive—in fact, a stylish way of carrying her hands.

Davis Monroe called her attention to the fact that she had "contracted a bad habit in her hands."

She informed him that he had no eye for either grace or beauty, to say nothing of style.

He mentioned the fact that from all appearances he had quite a considerable eye for "Grace," to say the least. But she would countenance no foolishness. He then defended himself bluntly and in man fashion.

To vanquish him she declared that she was not the girl whom he should marry, and released him from his engagement.

He apologized, and begged forgiveness and favor.

She was at first obdurate, but finally consented to the renewal of the engagement on condition that he did not venture to criticise her hands again.

He promised, and she told Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix of the quarrel and the final settlement.

That person, after a moment's silence, declared that no harm was done.

A month later Grace became careless, and attempted to talk with Davis Monroe on one of his pet theories. The remark she made chilled him. It was so silly that he could not forget it for hours.

That night he lay awake trying to recall what Grace had ever done which led him to believe her intelligent. She listened well, it is true, but his horse could do that.

The next day he attempted to draw her out concerning a certain land scheme which would forever dispose of the problem of overcrowded tenements. This particular scheme he had explained at least once to the last detail, and Grace had nodded and apparently understood.

His effort, however, was forestalled by Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, who took the conversation upon herself, and left Grace to agree with him when an argument arose.

Davis Monroe went home humble. Grace was clever beyond belief.

A few evenings later they were at the theater.

Grace had declared she loved tragedy above all things dramatic. He did also. In fact, he was at first surprised to find that on this line her tastes and his agreed.

But nothing surprised him of late. He had found his affinity.

The play was "La Tosca," which he had never before seen, and the terrible struggle of the heroine appealed to him. The villainy of the persecutor of the lover made his blood boil.

The scene where the heroine and the villain meet had been reached, and the climax

of the story was at hand. The house was noiseless as a tomb save for the suppressed breathing and an occasional stifled, hysterical exclamation.

Davis Monroe sat with hands clenched and his eyes ablaze with excited interest.

Philadelphia was not the city, nor a theater box the place. He was there—in that room of the villainous *Governor* watching the torture of a woman who loved. Her lover was without, in the courtyard, about to be shot. To Davis Monroe it was real, awful, tragic.

Suddenly Grace turned toward him, leaned forward, and touched his arm. Then in a whisper which sounded like a shout in the stillness of the house, she said:

"Do you see that hat that woman wears in the sixth row in the balcony, third seat from the end? I had a friend at school whose mother used to wear hats like that."

Just at that moment the heroine stabbed the villain, but Davis Monroe did not see it. He was answering in a hoarse, stammering voice:

"Yes, yes—yes—sixth seat from the hat, third row."

Then the act ended suddenly, and a burst of applause thundered from the audience. Grace was applauding as if anxious to ruin her gloves. Davis sat for a moment dazed and wondering.

"Did—did you ever see this play before?" he asked.

"No," said Grace, looking at him with eyes which he would have sworn reflected the excitement of the play; "but isn't it beautiful?"

Again he pondered.

Her eyes and her lips told him she had seen the play, but he could not believe it. Then suddenly he recalled a certain remark she had made. He thought of his plan to learn what she knew of his land scheme, and its result, and like a flash he recalled the part Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had taken in that conversation. He thought he understood. He looked at the girl furtively.

"Yes," he said; "the play is beautiful. But it's faulty."

"Oh, yes," said Grace Fillmore.

"Did you notice how she stole that knife from the church?" he asked. "Wasn't that clever, though?"

"Very," said she.

"I didn't like the idea of having that policeman coming in there while the hero was saying good by to his mother, did you?"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix' clever niece.

"Wasn't that leap from the bridge exciting?" he said.

"Very; I have never seen better acting," she said.

And thus, with similar remarks about things which never occurred, and which the commonest sort of intelligence would tell one could not occur, he trapped her.

The curtain rose on the final act, but Davis Monroe did not see it. He was at work on the next act of his own little tragedy. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was to marry this girl, who was worse than stupid. His first impulse was to run; then came saner thoughts.

The audience applauded, and Grace Fillmore joined in the demonstration. It drew his attention to her hands. A ray of light came into his pit of despair. Her hands! He had been thrown over once, the engagement snapped in an instant, because he had criticised her hands. Would it occur again? It was an easy and graceful way out. He could hardly wait until the play was finished to put it to the test.

At last his chance came. They were in the carriage.

"Really, Grace," he said, "your hands are very awkward."

"Mr. Monroe," she began in a voice which gave him hope.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted; "but if you knew how you looked——"

"I thought," she broke in, "you understood that subject was forbidden."

"Well, I can't help that," he went on. "I really must insist that——"

There was a sound of tearing kid and a ring was forced into his hand.

"But, Grace, don't be childish," he began.

"Mr. Monroe, you do not remember well," she said. "I release you. We are apparently not suited——"

"But, Grace," he interrupted, half apologetically, trying to force the ring back in her hand.

"Not another word, Mr. Monroe," she said stiffly.

The ride to her home was finished in silence.

At the door he said:

"Am I to understand that you wish our engagement broken off on account of a little thing like——"

"Let us not discuss it further. There is no engagement between us, Mr. Monroe. Good night."

She told Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix about it, and that diplomatic person, after a moment's thought, declared:

"You were quite right, my dear. He will call tomorrow."

But Davis Monroe did not call, and he is now a bachelor beyond recall.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY.

"The star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

THE mysterious influence of patriotism has its fountain head in the flag of our country. It gleams upon us from the stars; it is fastened to our existence by the immovable, unchangeable stripes. Its brilliant red teaches us to remember the heroes who brought it into existence to symbolize the birth of freedom. Its cerulean blue is emblematic of truth, of honor, of principle, and of that kind of glory which is everlasting. Its spotless white typifies the purity of purpose which actuated our forefathers who conceived it. "Its stars are the coronet of freedom; its stripes, the scourges of oppression. Wherever it appears, it is the symbol of power and the shield of safety; who clings to it, not all the tyrants on the earth can tear from its protection. There is no influence more august, there can be no holier thrill than that which the flag of our country inspires in every patriot's breast."

An American poet has aptly termed our banner the "Scarlet Veined." It seems like a channel through which the heart throbs of a mighty nation impel the life giving, liberty loving fluid of its people. It generates the atmosphere of freedom that we breathe; it creates the higher impulses which we absorb; it speaks to the highest and to the most lowly in the same even tone of power, of steadfastness, of unalterable and unqualified promise.

Tradition asserts that the prophets of old were no more directly inspired than was our own Washington in its selection. Picture those grand men, our national creators, as they were gathered together in that grim old Philadelphian chamber, to consult and to agree upon the adoption of a national emblem, as they had been directed to do by the Continental Congress. There were as many designs as there were men at that solemn conclave, and yet to Washington, upon whom all eyes rested, all hearts depended, every thought concentrated, there was not among them one which conveyed his heart's exalted hopes for the future of his country.

He alone submitted no design. He had imagined many, but was satisfied with none; and at last, perplexed, he rose in his place, so to state. Just then the sunlight streamed through the diamond paned window of the gable, high above their heads, and fell upon the table before him. The prismatic gleams begat colors and resolved themselves into shape before his eyes. The framework of the window separated the bars of light in their descent, so that when they met again upon the table they became stripes of red and white. Washington raised his eyes, and through the window saw the blue dome of heaven beyond, where so many nights, upon the battlefield, he had watched the glimmering stars. Instantly he saw the flag of freedom.

History has not recorded the words in which he gave the fruits of his inspiration to that august assembly, but with one voice his suggestions were adopted, and on the 14th of June, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes of alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, presenting a new constellation." Thirteen has proved to be America's lucky number.

It is only fair to add that there is another account of the source from which the pattern of the Stars and Stripes was drawn—an account that is less picturesque, but perhaps more historical. It is pointed out that Washington's coat of

arms consisted of stars and stripes, and that either he or, more probably, some other member of the committee—there is no actual evidence as to the individual originator of the design—adopted these heraldic emblems as no less appropriate for the banner of the army he commanded.

Be this as it may, historians agree that, some time during the first days of that eventful June, Washington, accompanied by other members of the committee, called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and from a rough draft which he had made she prepared the first flag. Washington's design contained stars of six points, but Mrs. Ross thought that five points would make them more symmetrical. She completed the flag in twenty four hours, and it was received with enthusiasm wherever displayed. "Betsy" Ross was manufacturer of flags for the government for many years, and was succeeded by her children.

A volume could be written upon the early history of the Stars and Stripes. There has been much controversy as to its first appearance on the field of battle. "My hand hoisted the first American flag," declared John Paul Jones, the pugnacious Scot who afterwards became famous as captain of the Bonhomme Richard; but this must have been one of the earlier banners, as the final pattern had not been adopted when Jones was serving as lieutenant on the Revolutionary frigate Alfred. John Adams claimed the honor for a New England officer. "I assert," he said, "that the first American flag was hoisted by Captain John Manly, and the first British flag was struck to him." Manly was a Massachusetts sailor whose schooner, the Lee, captured the British brig Nancy almost at the beginning of the war. His ensign was probably one of the pine tree flags, of which several different patterns were flown as early as the battle of Bunker Hill.

It was probably at Fort Schuyler, then besieged by the British, that the Stars and Stripes received its baptism of fire. The beleaguered patriots had some difficulty in finding materials of the proper color. They had to cut up linen shirts for the white stripes, and to patch together pieces of scarlet cloth for the red, while a fine blue camlet cloak, captured from a British officer, served for the canton. The flag's first important battle was that of Brandywine, where it suffered a defeat that was speedily and amply avenged when it flew in triumph at the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

Today, when New York is expressing her outburst of patriotic feeling by flying a hundred thousand flags, we can afford to recall the curious fact that she was the last American city to greet the Stars and Stripes, more than six years after its adoption as our national banner. King George's colors dominated the metropolis from a few days after the disastrous battle of Long Island till the end of the war. On the day agreed upon for the evacuation of the city—November 25, 1783—when the American troops reached the Battery at three o'clock in the afternoon, they found a British flag hoisted there upon a tall pole, with the halyards cut away. The departing garrison, the last of whom had just embarked, evidently wished to see their colors flying as long as they were in sight of land; but a young American soldier, Van Arsdale by name, climbed the pole, tore down the offending ensign, and set the Stars and Stripes aloft, in full view of the retreating squadron.

It is recorded, however, that the flag had been flown in New York earlier in the day. At sunrise a local boarding house keeper, whose name history does not seem to have preserved, ran up the Stars and Stripes over his residence. His daring action was reported to Cunningham, the British provost marshal, who ordered the rebel ensign down, as the garrison claimed military possession up to the hour of noon. The order being disregarded, Cunningham came in person to haul down the flag. Before he could touch it the mistress of the house rallied to its defense with a broomstick, which she wielded with such vigor and success that the provost marshal retreated in confusion, with the loss of most of the powder in his wig.

May 1, 1795, brought the first change in the Stars and Stripes. Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to Statehood, and Congress decreed that the flag should thereafter contain fifteen stars

and fifteen stripes. It soon became evident that the continual addition of new States would destroy the symmetry of the flag, and it was Captain S. E. Reid, of the famous privateer General Armstrong, who suggested to Congress the plan upon which the flag is built today. April 14, 1818, saw the restoration in perpetuity of the thirteen stripes, and provision made for the addition of a new star on every Fourth of July succeeding the admission of a State to the Union. Captain Reid's wife made the first flag with the original number of stripes, and with twenty stars, arranged in the form of one great star.

"Old Glory" is among the oldest of flags, although we are one of the youngest of nations. The present flag of Spain was adopted in 1785; the tricolor of France, in 1794; the Union Jack of Great Britain, in 1801; the banner of Portugal, in 1830; of Italy, in 1848, and of the German Empire, in 1871. It is claimed for the Stars and Stripes—and no flag except the French or the British can possibly dispute the claim—that it has been in more battles, and has waved over more victories on land and sea, than any banner in the world, and there is not a European standard for which so many men have fought and died. Something like a million lives have been laid down, that the Stars and Stripes might continue to wave over the land of the free.

Until two years ago all the American flags used in the army and navy of the United States were manufactured at the Brooklyn navy yard, but they are now also made at Mare Island, San Francisco. At these government factories the work has been reduced to an exact science. The bunting is carefully weighed, the colors tested with chemicals, the stars and the stripes measured to the breadth of a hair, and every stitch counted with minute exactness. The floor of the measuring room is a geometrical problem which might puzzle a professor of mathematics—a sort of mosaic combination of polished brass, hard wood, and arithmetic. The "hoist" of the standard flag must, to the fraction of a millimeter, be precisely ten nineteenths of the length.

Before the beginning of the present war with Spain, fourteen women were kept busy stitching flags; now there are forty four, and it is curious to see them working as diligently upon the flags of Spain as upon the Stars and Stripes. Every United States ship carries a full complement of flags of all nations, and of signal flags, and all these are made by our own government. Just now Spanish flags are in especial demand; our ships are even searching the high seas for them!

There is a new design in which the flag workers have made a special display of their skill—the President's flag. It has never yet appeared upon a battlefield, nor floated above a man of war, but the day may come when an American chief magistrate, making the grand tour of our territory, may take it with him to Cuba, to Porto Rico, or to the Philippines.

LOYALTY.

WHAT is true friendship? Hear the answer, then!
True friendship does not doubt, or fail, or fear;
It turns to calumny a deafened ear;
Its strength must needs be as the strength of ten
Because it is so pure and selfless, free
From morbid fancies and from vain alarms.
His honor questioned? Quick! a call to arms
To fight for him with might of loyalty!
And when his world seems dark, through grief and care,
Let friendship spread for him her wide, strong wings
And bear him up so swift and far and high
That every breath of clear, life giving air
Brings rest and courage, hopes of better things,
A healing calm, a great serenity.

Grace H. Boutelle.

Sunset.

A siren in the sea unrolled
The glory of her hair;
And on the waves, a mass of gold,
The sunlight rested there.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

THE PRIZES OF VICTORY.

THE MAGNIFICENT ISLANDS THAT ARE LOST TO SPAIN—SHALL WE RAISE OUR FLAG IN THE INDIES OF THE EAST AND OF THE WEST?—A GREAT PROBLEM AND A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

IT is tolerably clear, and is daily becoming clearer, that the United States is at a turning point in its history. The great question that is setting itself before us is not that of war or peace with Spain, or with any other foreign nation. It is something much more important, because the issues it involves are not temporary, but for all time. No one can precisely estimate its importance to the future of ourselves and of the civilized world, but there is no doubt that its influence upon history will be tremendous.

We are accustomed to hear of the vast extent of the British Empire, and to marvel at the way in which, within little more than a century, the people of a small group of northern islands have carried their flag over something like one sixth of the land surface of the globe. We are apt to forget that our own territorial expansion has been scarcely less remarkable, and that our own history has been one of periodical and immense annexations. A hundred and twenty years ago, when the successful revolt of our forefathers left England practically stripped of her colonial possessions, we were a mere fringe of settlers scattered along the eastern coast of North America. The vast territory to the west of us was partly unknown, but wholly covered by the self asserted sovereignty of European powers. Britain held Florida, to the south, and Canada, conquered from France, to the north; France was estab-

CUBA—A SCENE IN MATANZAS, ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

CUBA—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND BAY OF MATANZAS

CUBA—A SCENE ON THE YUMURI RIVER, MATANZAS. MATANZAS, FIFTY MILES EAST OF HAVANA ON THE NORTHERN COAST, IS THE SECOND COMMERCIAL CITY OF CUBA, WITH A POPULATION OF 56,000. IT LIES AT THE MOUTH OF TWO RIVERS, THE YUMURI AND THE SAN JUAN.

CUBA—THE DRIVE TO THE BELLAMAR CAVES, MATANZAS.

lished in our rear, along the whole line of the Mississippi; Spain had a sweeping and indefinite claim to the region beyond. It might well have been thought that of the four flags that flew upon the almost virgin continent, ours was the weakest competitor for dominion. Yet here is a brief summary of the great drama of empire that began then :

THE MARCH OF OUR FLAG.

In 1803 Napoleon, despairing of his ability to retain his splendid province of Louisiana, is glad to sell it to Jefferson

CUBA—THE CHURCH OF MONSERRATE, MATANZAS.

CUBA—THE TROPICAL GARDEN IN THE PLAZA, MATANZAS.

CUBA—THE YUMURI RIVER AT MATANZAS, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY LEADING INLAND.

CUBA—THE ROAD FROM MATANZAS TO THE BELLAMAR CAVES. IT MAY BE INFERRED FROM THIS PICTURE THAT AN ARMY OF INVASION IN CUBA WOULD HAVE LITTLE USE FOR BICYCLES.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—SCENES IN MANILA, THE CAPITAL CITY AND COMMERCIAL CENTER OF THE GROUP. MANILA IS ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON, WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANISH IN 1571, AND HAS A POPULATION OF 270,000.

PORTO RICO—VIEW OF SAN JUAN FROM THE DECK OF A VESSEL LYING IN THE HARBOR.

for a sum that now seems a ridiculously small payment. Sixteen years later Florida, ceded by England to Spain, is again transferred to us. At the same historical hour the Spaniards' other great mainland possession—Mexico—becomes an independent state, with a territory almost as vast as ours, divided from us by a thousand miles of a vague and debatable frontier. The irresistible logic of events clashes the two republics together in war, and the stronger takes from the weaker a princely empire stretching from Texas to Wyoming and to California.

Thus far our acquisitions are wholly of adjoining territory, and they make a state that is huge, indeed, yet thoroughly compact—"four square to all the winds that blow," with a frontier which, on three sides, is marked by the hand of nature. Yet it is an easy step to the purchase of Alaska, where Russia, at the beginning of this century, had been first in the field of colonization. Seven millions of dollars was the price of the sovereignty of that northern land, with its fisheries, its furs, and its rich stores of minerals; and even without its natural wealth, who would not vote thrice that sum today to prevent it from passing into the hands of any other power?

Since 1867 our career of national expansion has been halted; but is it over forever? This is the great question that the war with Spain has forced upon us. If the Spaniard is to be expelled from Cuba, from Porto Rico, and from the Philippines—almost the last fragments of his squandered heritage—what is to become of those tropical islands of east and west? The decision rests with us. It is not likely that we shall allow any foreign power or combination of powers to decide the question for us. A great problem and a magnificent opportunity seem to lie before us.

No doubt there will be many to oppose a proposition for the annexation of all or any of these Spanish islands. It has been so with every forward step of our flag; yet who would retrace a single one of those steps today? Jefferson was criticised for the Louisiana purchase. The war with Mexico was stoutly opposed, and the admission of Texas, when debated by the Senate, failed to secure the two thirds majority necessary for the approval of a treaty. Secretary Seward was told that he had wasted the money he paid for Alaska. Danger has been scented in every acquisition of territory, yet today we have not a foot of ground that we would give up.

HOW COLONIAL EMPIRES GROW.

In his famous book on "The Expansion of England," Professor Seeley points out that his country's colonial empire has not been built up by any settled and deliberate policy on the part of her rulers,

CUBA—VIEW OF HAVANA FROM THE INGLATERRA HOTEL, THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN THE CITY.

CUBA—GENERAL VIEW OF HAVANA, FROM THE HEIGHTS ACROSS THE HARBOR. HAVANA WAS FOUNDED IN 1519, AND IS BY FAR THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WEST INDIES, CONTAINING ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND INHABITANTS.

CUBA—THE PLAZA DE TOROS, OR BULL RING, IN HAVANA, IN WHICH WERE GIVEN THE BULL FIGHTS THAT ARE THE GREAT NATIONAL AMUSEMENT OF THE SPANIARDS.

but has grown up in spite of their indifference and neglect. Until very recent times the European governments have apparently cared little for the wide world beyond their own borders; and the threatened result is that a hundred years hence most of the "great powers" must inevitably find themselves dwarfed by the vaster states now establishing themselves upon such a scale of magnitude as the world never saw before—by Russia, by the United States, and by Greater Britain.

We in America have been benefited not a little by this European indifference. Had the Grand Monarque spent in defending Canada a few of the millions he flung into his baths and fountains at Versailles, French, and not English, might today have been the ruling tongue of North America. Had Napoleon foreseen the future of the new world, he would never have sold Louisiana for a mess of pottage while he dreamed of empire in the east. And at the same time we ourselves—

CUBA—THE INTERIOR OF THE PLAZA DE TOROS.

CUBA—THE PRADO, HAVANA, LOOKING DOWN TOWARD THE SEA. THE PRADO, WITH ITS DOUBLE ROW OF TREES, IS ONE OF THE SHOW STREETS OF HAVANA. MOST OF ITS BUILDINGS PROJECT ON ARCHES OVER THE SIDEWALK.

CUBA—THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, OR SPANISH CLUBHOUSE, HAVANA.

though with more justification, our unoccupied domain being far ampler than any European state—have shown a like reluctance for the path of expansion. We have hesitated where we might have stepped forward.

It may be recalled that in 1867 Mr. Seward, fresh from his notable achievement of the Alaska purchase, opened negotiations with Denmark for the sale of her West Indian islands of St. John and St. Thomas; but the Senate declined to ratify the bargain he made. A few years later, when Grant was President, it was proposed to annex either the whole of Santo Domingo, or the harbor of

CUBA—A CORRIDOR IN THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, HAVANA.

CUBA—THE DRIVE OF CARLOS III, HAVANA.

Samana, a valuable point in that little negro republic; but after much debate the plan fell through. Then came the suggestion of the Mole St. Nicolas, a part of Hayti, as a desirable acquisition; but again no active step was taken.

THE RACE FOR EMPIRE.

Within the last dozen years there has been a marked change in the general policy of the European powers. Several of them seem to have suddenly awakened to the importance of colonies and foreign stations for their flag, and there has ensued a desperate scramble for the remaining unappropriated corners of the earth. In this competition we have hitherto taken no part. We have seen the whole of Africa divided between the rival claimants; we now see the remnant of Asia threatened with a like partition. Is there anything left for us? Provinces once absorbed by France, England, Russia, or Germany are never likely to be in the market, as it were, again. But Spain, which has already lost a score of dependencies, is inevitably doomed to lose the three or four that remain to her. The change will be for their benefit, and very possibly for hers as well. The great question arises whether it will be for our benefit to take them.

CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Much depends, of course, upon the nature of these islands, on which so much of the world's attention is centered just now—upon their climate and situation, their natural resources, and their standing in the scale of civilization. Cuba is but a hundred miles off our own coast, yet comparatively few Americans have visited the Spanish West Indies; the Spanish East Indies are almost wholly unknown to us. What manner of countries are they—the Philippines, where Admiral Dewey made the first conquest of the war, and Cuba and Porto Rico, which, as we write, seem to lie at the mercy of our squadrons? The accompanying illustrations, engraved from recent photographs, will help to answer the question by picturing characteristic island scenes. A few statistics may also be of interest, at the risk of repeating facts already familiar.

CUBA—LA FUERZA, ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS IN HAVANA, ERECTED IN 1573.

In size, these islands are large enough to form a material addition to our territory, without being so unmanageable as

PORTO RICO—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE STREETS OF SAN JUAN.

Drawn from photographs.

CUBA—GENERAL VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM THE HARBOR.

CUBA—THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM THE TOWN. SANTIAGO IS THE SECOND CITY IN CUBA, WITH A POPULATION OF 71,000. IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1514, AND WAS FOR A TIME THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. IT IS STILL THE CAPITAL OF THE EASTERN DEPARTMENT. THE EXECUTION OF THE VIRGINIUS PRISONERS TOOK PLACE HERE IN 1873.

CUBA—THE PLAZA, SANTIAGO DE CUBA. THE LARGE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE SANTIAGO THEATER.

the vast tracts France and England have recently annexed in Africa. Cuba contains a few more square miles than Ohio, a few less than Virginia. Porto Rico is smaller than any State in the Union, except Delaware and Rhode Island. The total area of the Philippines, with their

CUBA—ROYAL PALM TREES IN THE SUBURBS OF MATANZAS. THE ROYAL PALM (OREODOXA REGIA) IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST SPECIES OF THE PALM FAMILY, GROWING IN FLORIDA AND THE WEST INDIES.

dozen large islands and more than a thousand small ones, is a little more than that of Nevada or Colorado.

As to their population, they are neither very thickly nor very thinly settled, the total for Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines being something less than ten million people. About half of this total belongs to Luzon, the island of which Manila is the capital. The present population of Cuba is a matter for speculation. The last census, taken in 1890, reported 1,631,687 people in the Queen of the Antilles. According to the sensational reports of men slain in battle, of women and children starved to death, and of families driven into exile, there can be very few survivors left there now; but it would be safer to wait for another census before making an estimate. It is certain, however, that with a stable government so rich an island could support many more inhabitants than she possesses. Porto Rico, which has been less harassed by civil disorder, is quite densely populated, having as many people as Connecticut.

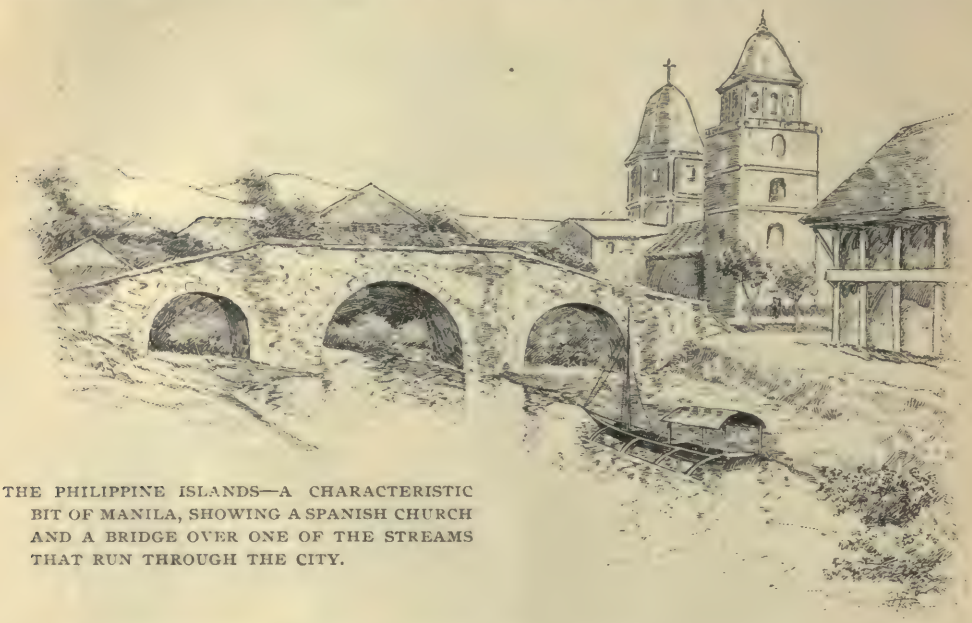
Of course it cannot be claimed that the ten million people of these Spanish dependencies are homogeneous with ourselves, or that we should find no difficulty whatever in extending our political system to include them. But what problem could they present in any way comparable to those that England has met and solved in India, where she rules three

CUBA—THE CASINO ESPAÑOL (SPANISH CASINO) AND CIRCULO DON CARLOS (DON CARLOS CLUB) AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

CUBA—THE PLAZA, CIENFUEGOS. AFTER SANTIAGO DE CUBA, CIENFUEGOS, WITH A POPULATION OF 41,000, IS THE PRINCIPAL SEAPORT ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CUBA, BEING, IN TIME OF PEACE, A CENTER FOR THE EXPORT OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

PORTO RICO—GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. SAN JUAN IS A CITY OF NEARLY THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, AND WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANIARDS UNDER PONCE DE LEON IN 1511.

hundred million Asiatics of widely different races, languages, and religions, civilized and uncivilized, and united only in numerical majority. These are by no means savages, though their place in the scale of civilization is far from high.



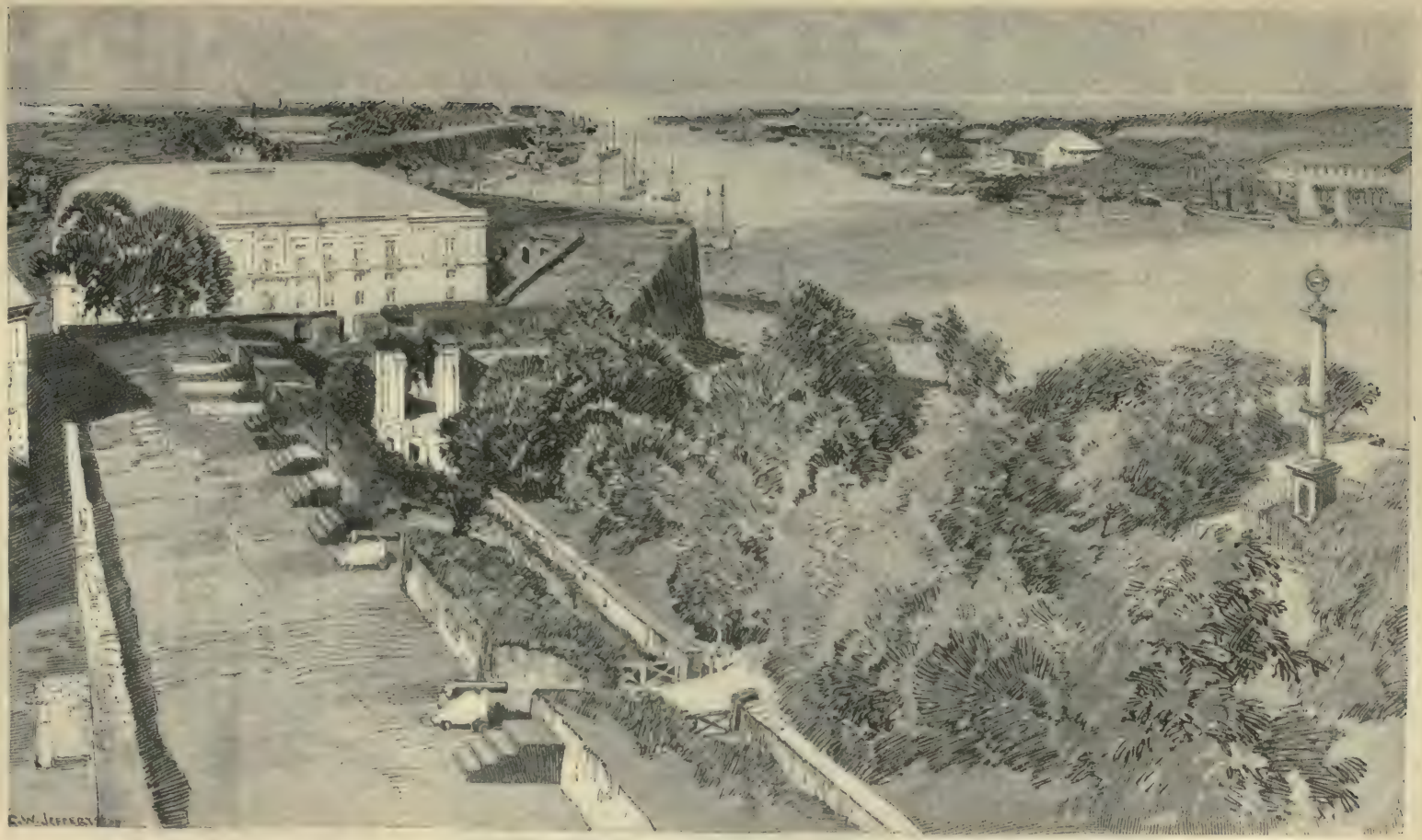
THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF MANILA, SHOWING A SPANISH CHURCH AND A BRIDGE OVER ONE OF THE STREAMS THAT RUN THROUGH THE CITY.

being absolutely alien to the power that governs them?

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS.

Of the seven or eight million people in the Philippines, Malay tribes form the Those who have lived among them—as very few Americans have—say that they are as industrious as the tropical climate permits, and as orderly as could be expected under Spanish misrule. It is worth noting that there is a considerable

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—A STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA, SHOWING THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE NATIVE HOUSES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—MANILA BAY AND THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, SHOWING A LINE OF THE OLD SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

colony of them in southern Louisiana, the origin of which is not quite clear. They are known there as "Manila men," and their ways of life are said to be precisely those of their kinsmen in the far east.

Besides the Malays, there is in the Philippines a race called the negritos, and believed to be the aboriginal people of the islands, corresponding to such tribes as the Bhils in India. Driven in past centuries from the best lands, they are found among the mountains, and their contact with civilization has been very slight. The Spanish population is inconsiderable, numbering only about five thousand, most of whom are not settlers, but merely transient residents. In the cities there is also a sprinkling of Chinese, Japanese, and other immigrants from Asia, and of miscellaneous half breeds. Rather a mixed list, perhaps; but it may be remembered that we have a rather mixed population here at home, and yet we seem to get along very well with it.

The Philippine climate is summed up in a Spanish proverb which describes it as "six months of dust, six months of mud, six months of all sorts of things." An account that is less epigrammatic, but whose arithmetic seems better, states that there are six months of dry weather and six months of rainy weather in the year. Stretching southward almost to the equator, the islands have no winter. From November to March, the heat is not excessive. From April to October, the climate is tropical indeed. During those seven months, practically no work is done between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. "In Manila," says an American who lived there for several years, "the whole population rises between four and five, and gets the work of the day out of the way before eight. Then they go into their houses—which are of stone and wood, with heavy roofs of tile and asphaltum—and stay there until sundown. At sundown the merchants open their heavy store doors and the streets suddenly start to life.

PORTO RICO—THE PRINCESS PROMENADE, A FASHIONABLE PARKWAY IN SAN JUAN.

PORTO RICO—SAN JUAN, LOOKING UP TO THE CITY FROM THE OLD SEA WALL OF THE HARBOR.

PORTO RICO—GENERAL VIEW OF MAYAGUEZ. MAYAGUEZ IS A SEAPORT ON THE WEST COAST OF THE ISLAND, WITH A POPULATION OF TWELVE THOUSAND.

The principal meal of the day is served at six, and after it the whole population goes out for a walk."

TROPICAL ARCHITECTURE.

The engravings in these pages will show that there is a general similarity in the architecture of Manila and of the Cuban and Porto Rican cities. In all of them houses are built after the old Spanish fashion, with solid, square, and forbidding walls, painted white for coolness, and presenting their best face to an inner court or patio. The patio is generally the most pleasant spot in the home; it will be decorated with palms, vines, or colored curtains, and here the family will gather for meals or for social intercourse.

A Philippine peculiarity, which may possibly commend itself to American house decorators, is the use of oyster shells for window glass. The shells, which are translucent and iridescent, are cut into tiny squares, and temper the glaring

PORTO RICO—THE ADUANA OR CUSTOM HOUSE AT MAYAGUEZ. THE CUSTOM HOUSE, AN IMPORTANT SOURCE OF GOVERNMENT REVENUE, IS USUALLY A PROMINENT BUILDING IN A SPANISH COLONIAL PORT.

PORTO RICO—THE CALLE DE CANDELARIA, MAYAGUEZ, A FAVORABLE SPECIMEN OF THE STREETS IN THE SMALLER TOWNS OF THE SPANISH WEST INDIES.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—A SCENE IN ONE OF THE CHIEF BUSINESS STREETS OF MANILA.

PORTO RICO—THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN, AND THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT IS "PUERTO RICO A CRISTOBAL COLON" —"PORTO RICO TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

CUBA—"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"—GRAVES OF THE UNIDENTIFIED DEAD FROM THE MAINE, IN THE CRISTOBAL COLON (CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS) CEMETERY, HAVANA.

tropical sunshine into a soft and beautiful light. One enthusiastic traveler declares that "a great window filled with these sprays of pearl shows the colors of ten thousand rainbows."

Those who oppose any extension of our national domain may dwell upon the terrors of West Indian hurricanes and fevers, and of Philippine earthquakes. They may quote such tales as this of the perils of the volcanic fires of Luzon and Mindanao: "Lakes have been thrown into the sky, hurling floods of water into the valleys below. Fish, crocodiles, sharks, serpents, to the extent of millions of tons, have been belched over the country, and ravines have been filled to the level with living flesh, scalded by hot water and steam from the volcanoes." Such a description is undoubtedly the wildest sort of exaggeration. Slight earthquakes are common in the Philippines, and severe ones have occurred, notably in 1860 and 1884; but it is safe to say that in none of these islands does nature wield any more destructive scourge than the dreaded tornado of our Western plains.

If we are threatened with exclusion from eastern Asia and its commerce by the usurpations of Russia, France, and Germany, the annexation of the Philippines, with a midway station at Hawaii, would be a most emphatic answer to the European challenge. The acquisition of the Spanish West Indies would be a momentous and magnificent step toward the fulfilment of what scores of our ablest statesmen, from Thomas Jefferson downward, have foreshadowed as the manifest destiny of the United States of America.

THE CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

I BEHOLD, as in a vision, stern Columbia, sword in hand,
And I hear the tramp of legions marshaling at her command;
Listen to the ringing challenge that she sends across the sea:
"They that wield the rod oppression must account for it to me!"

I behold her, the avenger, mighty in her righteous wrath,
Menacing the base pretender who impedes fair freedom's path;
In the lists her name is entered, champion of liberty,
There is none that may withstand her in the tilt with tyranny.

I behold her, God commissioned, striking ancient error down,
Wresting from the cruel despot sword and scepter, throne and crown;
All the watching world applauds her when she cuts the captive's thongs,
And, full fortified by justice, rights a martyred nation's wrongs.

Susie M. Best.

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them if they force him to go he will take Suzanne with him.

VI.

NOW, on hearing this Suzanne said, "Oh!" and sank back in her chair as though she were going to faint; but I burst out laughing, half because Ralph's impertinence tickled me and half at the sight of my husband's face. Presently he turned upon me in a fine rage.

"Be silent, you silly woman!" he said. "Do you hear what that mad boy says? He says that he wants my daughter."

"Well, what of it?" I answered. "Is there anything wonderful in that? Suzanne is of an age to be married, and pretty enough for any young man to want her."

"Yes, yes; that is true, now I come to think of it," said Jan, pulling his beard. "But, woman, he says that he wants to take her away with him."

"Ah!" I replied, "that is another matter. That he shall never do with my consent."

"No, indeed, he shall never do that," echoed Jan.

"Suzanne," said I in the pause that followed, "you have heard all this talk. Tell us, then, openly, what is your mind."

"My mind is, mother," she answered very quietly, "that I wish to obey you and my father in all things, as is my duty, but that I have a higher duty towards him I love and whom God gave me out of the sea. Therefore, if you send away Ralph without a cause, if he desires it I shall follow him as soon as I am of age, and marry him, or if you keep me from him by force then I shall die. That is all I have to say."

"And quite enough, too," I answered, though in my heart I liked the girl's spirit and guessed that she was playing a part to prevent her father from sending away Ralph against his will.

"All this is pretty hearing," said Jan, staring from one to the other. "Why, now that I think of it, I never heard that you two were more than brother and sister to each other. Say, you shameless girl, when did all this come about, and why do you dare to promise yourself in marriage without my consent?"

"Because there was no time to ask it, father," said Suzanne, looking down, "for Ralph and I only spoke together this morning."

"He spoke to you this morning, and now it seems that you are ready to forsake your father and your mother and to follow him across the world, you wicked and ungrateful child."

"I am not wicked and I am not ungrateful," answered Suzanne; "it is you who are wicked, who want to send Ralph away and break all our hearts."

"It is false, miss," shouted her father in answer, "for you know well that I do not want to send him away."

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"Then, why did you tell him that he must go and take your best horse and new hat?"

"For his own good, girl."

"Is it for his good that he should go away from all of us who love him, and be lost across the sea?" and choking, she burst into tears, while her father muttered:

"Why, the girl has become like a tiger, she who was milder than a sheep!"

"Hush, Suzanne," broke in Ralph; "and you, who have been father and mother to me, listen, I pray you. It is true that Suzanne and I love each other very dearly, as we have always loved each other, though how much we did not know till this morning. Now, I am a waif and a castaway whom you have nurtured, and have neither lands nor goods of my own, therefore you may well think that I am no match for your daughter, who is so beautiful, and who, if she outlives you, will inherit all that you have. If you decide thus, it is just, however hard it may be. But you tell me, though I have heard nothing of it till now, and I think that it may be but idle talk, that I have both lands and goods far away in England, and you bid me begone to them. Well, if you turn me out I must go, for I cannot stay alone in the veldt without a house, or a friend, or a hoof of cattle. But then, I tell you that when Suzanne is of age I shall return and marry her, and take her away with me, as I have a right to if she desires it, for I will not lose everything that I love in the world at one stroke. Indeed, nothing but death shall part me from Suzanne. Therefore, it comes to this: either you must let me stay here and, poor as I am, be married to Suzanne when it shall please you, or, if you dismiss me, you must be ready to see me come back and take away Suzanne."

"Suzanne, Suzanne!" I broke in angrily, for I grew jealous of the girl; "have you no thought or word for any save Suzanne?"

"I have thoughts for all," he answered, "but Suzanne alone has thought for me, since it seems that your husband would send me away, and you, mother, sit still and say not a word to stop him."

"Learn to judge speech and not silence, lad," I answered. "Look you, all have been talking, and I have shammed dead like a stink cat when dogs are about; now I am going to begin. First of all, you, Jan, are a fool, for in your thick head you think that rank and wealth are everything to a man, and therefore you would send Ralph away to seek rank and wealth that may or may not belong to him, although he does not wish to go. As for you, Ralph, you are a bigger fool, for you think that Jan Botmar, your foster father here, desires to be rid of you, when in truth he only seeks your good to his own sore loss. As for you, Suzanne, you are the biggest fool of all, for you wish to fly in everybody's face, like a cat with her first litter of kittens; but there, what is the use of arguing with a girl in love? Now, listen, and I will ask you some questions, all of you. Jan, do you wish to send Ralph away with these strangers?"

"Almighty! *Vrouw*," he answered, "you know well that I would as soon send away my right hand. I wish him to stop here forever, and whatever I have is his; yes, even my daughter. But I seek what is best for him, and I would not have it said in after years that Jan Botmar kept an English lad, not old enough to judge for himself, from his rank and wealth because he took pleasure in his company and wished to marry him to his girl."

"Good," I said. "And now for you, Suzanne; what have you to say?"

"I have nothing to add to my words," she replied; "you know all my heart."

"Good again. And you, Ralph?"

"I say, mother, that I will not budge from this place unless I am ordered to go, and if I do go, I will come back for Suzanne. I love you all, and with you I wish to live, and nowhere else."

"Nay, Ralph," I answered sighing; "if once you go you will never come back, for out yonder you will find a new home, new interests, and, perchance, new loves. Well, though nobody has thought of me in this matter, I have a voice in it, and I will speak for myself. That lad yonder has been a son to me for many years, and I who have none love him as such. He is a man as we reckon in this country, and he does not wish to leave us any more than we wish him to go. Moreover, he loves Suzanne, and Suzanne loves him, and I believe that the God who brought them together at first means them to be husband and wife, and that such love as they bear to each other will give them more together than any wealth or rank can bring to them apart. Therefore I say, husband, let our son Ralph stay here with us and marry our daughter Suzanne decently and in due season, and let their children be our children, and their love our love."

"And how about the Scotchmen who are coming with power to take him away?"

"Do you and Ralph go to the bush veldt with the cattle tomorrow," I answered, "and leave me to deal with the Scotchmen."

"Well," said Jan, "I consent, for who can stand up against so many words, and the Lord knows that to lose Ralph would have broken my heart as it would have broken that girl's, perhaps more so, since girls change their fancies, but I am too old to change. Come here, my children."

They came, and he laid one of his big hands upon the head of each of them, saying:

"May the God in Heaven bless you both, who to me are one as dear as the other, making you happy in each other's love for many long years, and may He turn aside from you and from us the punishment that is due to all of us because, on account of our great love, we are holding you back, Ralph, from the home, the kin, and the fortune to which you were born." Then he kissed each of them on the forehead and let them go.

"If there be any punishment for that which is no sin, on my head be it," said Ralph, "since never would I have gone from here by my own will."

"Aye, aye," answered Jan, "but who can take account of the talk of a lad in love. Well, we have committed the sin and we must bear the sorrow. Now I go out to see to the kraaling of the cattle, which we will drive off to the bush veldt tomorrow at dawn, for I will have naught to do with these Scotchmen; your mother must settle with them as she wills, only I beg of her that she will tell me nothing of the bargain. Nay, do not come with me, Ralph; stop you with your dear, for tomorrow you will be parted for a while."

So he went, and did not return again till late, and we three sat together and made pretense to be very happy, but somehow were a little sad, for Jan's words about sin and sorrow stuck in our hearts, as the honest words of a stupid, upright man are apt to do.

Now, on the morrow at dawn, as had been arranged, Jan and Ralph rode away to the warm veldt with the cattle, leaving me and Suzanne to look after the farm. Three days later the Scotchmen came, and then it was that for love of Ralph and for the sake of the happiness of my daughter I sinned the greatest sin of all my life—the sin that was destined to shape the fates of others yet unborn.

I was seated on the *stoep* in the afternoon when I saw three white men and some Cape boys, their servants, riding up to the house.

"Here come those who would steal my boy from me," I thought to myself, and, like Pharaoh, I hardened my heart.

Now, in those days my sight was very good, and while the men were yet some way off I studied them all and made up my mind about them. First there was a large young man of five and twenty or thereabouts, and I noted with a sort of fear that he was not unlike to Ralph. The eyes were the same, and the shape of the forehead, only this gentleman had a weak, uncertain mouth, and I judged that he was very good humored, but of an indolent mind. By his side rode another man of quite a different stamp, and middle aged. "The lawyer," I said to myself as I looked at his weasel-like face, bushy eyebrows, and red hair. Indeed, that was an easy guess, for who can mistake a lawyer, whatever his race may be. That trade is stronger than any blood, and leaves the same seal on all who follow it. Doubtless if those lawyers of whom the Lord speaks hard things in the Testament were set side by side with the lawyers who draw mortgage bonds and practise usury here in South Africa, they would prove to be as like to each other as the grains of corn upon one mealie cob.

"A fool and a knave," said I to myself. "Well, perhaps I can deal with the knave and then the fool will not trouble me."

As for the third man, I took no pains to study him, for I saw at once that he was nothing but an interpreter boy.

Well, up they rode to the *stoep*, the two Englishmen taking off their hats to me, after their foolish fashion, while the interpreter, who called me "Aunt," although I was younger than he was, asked for leave to off saddle, according to our custom. I nodded my head, and having given the horses to the Cape boys, they came up upon the *stoep* and shook hands with me as I sat, for I was not going to rise to greet two Englishmen whom I already hated in my heart, first because they *were* Englishmen, and secondly because they were going to tempt me into sin, for such sooner or later we always learn to hate.

"Sit," I said, pointing to the yellow wood bench which was seated with strips of *rimpi*, and the three of them squeezed themselves into the bench and sat there like white breasted crows on a bough; the young man staring at me with a silly smile, the lawyer peering this way and that, and turning up his sharp nose at the place and all in it, and the interpreter doing nothing at all, for he was a sensible man, who knew the habits of well bred people and how to behave in their presence. After five minutes or so the lawyer grew impatient, and said something in a sharp voice, to which the interpreter answered, "Wait."

So they waited till, just as the young man was beginning to go to sleep before my very eyes, Suzanne came upon the veranda, whereupon he woke up in a hurry, and, jumping off the bench, began to bow and scrape and to offer her his seat, for there was no other.

"Suzanne," I said, taking no notice of his bad manners, "get coffee," and she went, into the house again to prepare it,

looking less displeased at his grimaces than I would have had her do.

In time the coffee came, and they drank it, or pretended to, after which the lawyer began to grow impatient once more, and spoke to the interpreter, who said to me that they had come to visit us on a matter of business.

"Then, tell him that it can wait till after we have eaten," I answered. "It is not my habit to talk business in the afternoon. Why is the lawyer man so impatient, seeing that doubtless he is paid by the day?"

This was translated, and the lawyer asked how I knew his trade.

"In the same way that I know a weasel by its face and stink cat by its smell," I replied, for every minute I hated that advocate more.

At this answer the lawyer grew white with anger, and the young lord burst into a roar of laughter, for, as I have said, these people have no manners. However, they settled themselves down again on the yellow wood bench and looked at me; while I, folding my hands, sat opposite, and looked at them for somewhere about two hours, as the interpreter told them that if they moved I should be offended, and I was determined that I would not speak to them of their business until Suzanne had gone to bed. At last, when I saw that they would bear it no longer, for they were becoming very wrathful, and saying words that sounded like oaths, I called for supper and we went in and ate it. Here again I noticed the resemblance between the young man and Ralph, for he had the same tricks of eating and drinking, and I saw that when he had done his meat he turned himself a little sideways from the table, crossing his legs in a peculiar fashion, just as it had always been Ralph's habit to do. "The two had one grandfather, or one grandmother," I said to myself, and grew afraid at the thought.

VII.

When the meat was cleared away I bade Suzanne go to bed, which she did most unwillingly, for, knowing the errand of these men, she wished to hear our talk. Then, when she was gone I took a seat so that the light of the candles left my face in shadow and fell full on those of the three men—a wise thing to do if one is wicked enough to intend to tell any lies—and said:

"Now, here I am at your service; be pleased to set out the business that you have in hand."

Then they began, the lawyer speaking through the interpreter, asking, "Are you the Vrouw Botmar?"

"That is my name."

"Where is your husband, Jan Botmar?"

"Somewhere on the veldt; I do not know where."

"Will he be back tomorrow?"

"No."

"When will he be back?"

"Perhaps in two months, perhaps in three, I cannot tell."

At this they consulted together, and then they went on:

"Have you living with you a young Englishman named Ralph Mackenzie?"

"One named Ralph Kenzie lives with us."

"Where is he?"

"With my husband on the veldt. I do not know where."

"Can you find him?"

"No, the veldt is very wide. If you wish to see him you must wait till he comes back?"

"When will that be?"

"I am not his nurse and cannot tell; perhaps in three months, perhaps in six."

Now again they consulted, and once more went on:

"Was the boy, Ralph Mackenzie, or Kenzie, shipwrecked in the India in the year 1824?"

"Dear Lord!" I cried, affecting to lose my patience, "am I an old Kaffir wife up before the landdrost for stealing hens that I should be cross questioned in this fashion? Set out all your tale at once, man, and I will answer it."

Thereon, shrugging his shoulders, the lawyer produced a paper which the interpreter translated to me. In it were written down the names of the passengers who were upon the vessel India when she sailed from a place called Bombay, and among the names those of Lord and Lady Glenthirsk and their son, the Honorable Ralph Mackenzie, aged nine. Then followed the evidence of one or two survivors of the shipwreck, which stated that Lady Glenthirsk and her son were seen to reach the shore in safety in the boat that was launched from the sinking ship. After this came a paragraph from an English newspaper published in Cape Town, dated not two years before, and headed "Strange Tale of the Sea," which paragraph, with some few errors, told the story of the finding of Ralph —though how the writing man knew it I know not, unless it was through the tutor with the blue spectacles of whom I have spoken—and said that he was still living on the farm of Jan Botmar in the Transkei. This was all that was in the paper. I asked to look at it and kept it, saying in the morning that the Kaffir girl, seeing it lying about the kitchen, had used it to light the fire; but

to this day it lies with the other things in the wagon chest under my bed.

When the paper was finished the lawyer took up the tale and told me that it was believed in England that Lord Glenthirsk was drowned in the sea, as indeed he was, and that Lady Glenthirsk and her son perished on the shore with the other women and children, for so those sent by the English government to investigate the facts had reported. Thus it came about that after a while Lord Glenthirsk's younger brother was admitted by law to his title and estates, which he enjoyed for some eight years—that is, until his death. About a year before he died, however, some one sent him the paragraph headed "Strange Tale of the Sea," and he was much disturbed by it, though to himself he argued that it was nothing but an idle story, such as it seems are often put into newspapers. The end of the matter was that he took no steps to discover whether the tale were true or false, and none knew of it save himself, and he was not minded to go fishing in that ugly water. So it came about that he kept silent as the grave, till at length, when the grave yawned open at his feet, and when the rank and the lands and the wealth were of no more use to him, he opened his mouth to his son and to his lawyer, the two men who sat before me, and to them only, bidding them seek out the beginnings of the tale, and, if it were true, to make restitution to his nephew.

Now—for all this, listening with my ears wide open, and sometimes filling in what was not told me in words, I gathered from the men before they left the house—as it chanced, the dying lord could not have chosen two worse people for such an errand, seeing that, though the son was honest, both of them were interested in proving the tale to be false. Since that time, however, often I have thought that he knew this himself, and trusted by this choice both to cheat his own conscience and to preserve the wealth and dignity for his son. God, to Whom he has gone, alone knows the truth of it, but with such a man it may very well have been as I think. I say that both were interested, for it seems, as he told me afterwards, that the lawyer was to receive a great sum—ten thousand pounds—under the will of the dead lord, for whom he had done much during his lifetime. But if Ralph were proved to be the heir, this sum would have been his and not the lawyer's, for the money was part of his father's inheritance; therefore it was worth just ten thousand pounds to that lawyer to convince himself and the false lord that Ralph was not the man, and therefore it was that I found him so easy to deal with.

Now, after his father was dead the lawyer tried to persuade the son to take no notice of his dying words, and to let the matter rest where it was, seeing that he had nothing to gain and much to lose. But this he would not consent to, for, as I have said, he was honest, declaring that he could not be easy in his mind till he knew the truth, and that if he did not go to find it out himself he would send others to do so for him. As the lawyer desired this least of anything, he gave way, and they set out upon their journey—which in those days was a very great journey indeed—arriving at last in safety at our stead in the Transkei; for, whether he liked it or not, his companion—who now was called Lord Glenthirsk—would not be turned aside from the search or suffer him to prosecute it alone.

At length, when all the tale was told, the lawyer looked at me with his sharp eyes and said, through the interpreter:

"Vrouw Botmar, you have heard the story, tell us what you know. Is the young man who lives with you he whom we seek?"

Now I thought for a second, though that second seemed like a year. All doubt had left me, there was no room for it. Ralph and no other was the man, and on my answer might hang his future. But I had argued the thing out before and made up my mind to lie, though, so far as I know, it is the only lie I ever told, and I am not a woman who often changes her mind; therefore I lied.

"It is not he," I said, "though for his sake I might wish that it were, and this I can prove to you."

Now, when I had told this great falsehood, prompted to it by my love for the lad and my love for Suzanne, his affianced wife, my mind grew as it were empty for a moment, and I remember that in the emptiness I seemed to hear the sound of laughter echoing in the air somewhere above the roof of the house. Very swiftly I recovered myself, and looking at the men I saw that my words rejoiced them, except the interpreter, who, being a paid servant coming from far away, from the neighborhood of Cape Town, I believe, had no interest in the matter one way or the other beyond that of earning his money with as little trouble as possible. Indeed, they smiled at each other, looking as though a great weight had been lifted off their minds, till presently the lawyer checked himself and said:

"Be so good as to set out the proofs of which you speak, Vrouw Botmar."

"I will," I answered; "but tell me first, the ship India was wrecked in the year 1824, was she not?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the lawyer.

"Well, have you heard that another ship

called the Flora, traveling from the Cape, I know not whither, was lost on this coast in the same month of the following year, and that a few of her passengers escaped?"

"I have heard of it," he said.

"Good. Now, look here;" and going to a chest that stood beneath the window, I lifted from it the old Bible that belonged to my grandfather and father, on the white pages at the beginning of which was written the record of many births, marriages, deaths, and other notable events that had happened in the family. Opening it I searched and pointed to a certain entry inscribed in the big writing of my husband Jan, and in ink which was somewhat faint, for the ink that the traders sold us in those days had little virtue in it. Beneath this entry were others made in later years by Jan telling of things that had happened to us, such as the death of his great-aunt, who left him money, the outbreak of smallpox on the farm and the number of people who died from it, the attack of a band of the red Kaffirs upon our house, when by the mercy of God we beat them off, leaving twelve of their dead behind them, but taking as many of our best oxen, and so forth.

"Read," I said, and the interpreter read as follows:

"On the twelfth day of September in the year 1825 (the date being written in letters) our little daughter found a starving English boy in a kloof, who had been shipwrecked on the coast. We have taken him in as a gift of the Lord. He says that his name is Rolf Kenzie."

"You see the date," I said.

"Yes," answered the lawyer, "and it has not been altered."

"No," I added, "it has not been altered;" but I did not tell them that Jan had not written it down till afterwards, and then by mistake had recorded the year in which he wrote, refusing to change it, although I pointed out the error, because, he said, there was no room, and that it would make a mess in the book.

"There is one more thing," I went on; "you say the mother of him you seek was a great lady. Well, I saw the body of the mother of the boy who was found, and it was that of a common person, very roughly clad, with coarse underclothes and hands hard with labor, on which there was but one ring, and that of silver. Here it is," and going to a drawer I brought out a common silver ring which I once bought from a pedler because he worried me into it. "Lastly, gentlemen, the father of our lad was no lord, unless in your country it is the custom of lords to herd sheep, for the boy told me that in his own land his father was a shepherd, and that he was traveling to some distant English colony to follow his trade. That is all I have to say about it, though I am sorry that the boy is not here to tell it you himself."

When he had heard this statement of mine, which I made in a cold and indifferent voice, the young lord, Ralph's cousin, rose and stretched himself, smiling happily.

"Well," he said, "there is the end of a very bad nightmare, and I am glad enough that we came here and found out the truth, for had we not done so I should never have been happy in my mind."

"Yes," answered the lawyer, the interpreter rendering their words all the while, "the Vrouw Botmar's evidence is conclusive, though I shall put her statement in writing and ask her to sign it. There is only one thing, and that is the strange resemblance of the names;" and he glanced at him with his quick eyes.

"There are many Mackenzies in Scotland," he answered, "and I have no doubt that this poor fellow was a shepherd emigrating with his wife and child to Australia or somewhere." Then he yawned and added, "I am going outside to get some air before I sleep. Perhaps you will draw up the paper for the good lady to sign."

"Certainly, my lord," answered the lawyer, and the young man went away quite convinced.

After he had gone the lawyer produced pen and ink and wrote out the statement, putting in it all the lies that I had told, and copying the extract from the fly leaf of the Bible. When it was done it was translated to me, and then it was that the man told me about the last wishes of the dying lord, the father of the young Scotchman, and how it would have cost him ten thousand pounds and much business also had the tale proved true. Now at last he gave me the paper to sign. Besides the candles on the table, which being of mutton fat had burned out, there was a little lamp fed with whale's oil, but this also was dying, the oil being exhausted, so that its flame, which had sunk low, jumped from time to time with a little noise, giving out a blue light. In that unholy blue light, which turned our faces ghastly pale, the lawyer and I looked at each other as I sat before him, the pen in my hand, and in his eyes I read that he was certain that I was about to sign to a wicked lie, and in mine he read that I knew it to be a lie.

For a while we stared at each other, thus discovering each other's souls. "Sign," he said, shrugging his shoulders; "the light dies."

Then I signed, and as I did so the lamp went out, leaving us in darkness, and

through the darkness once more I heard that sound of laughter echoing in the air above the house.

VIII.

Now, although Suzanne heard not a word of our talk, still she guessed its purport well enough, for she knew that I proposed to throw dust into the eyes of the Englishmen. This troubled her conscience sorely, for the more she thought of it the more did it seem to her to be wicked that, just because we loved him and did not wish to part with him, Ralph should be cheated of his birthright. All night long she lay awake brooding, and before ever the dawn broke she had settled in her mind that she herself would speak to the Englishmen, telling them the truth, come what might of her words, for Suzanne was a determined girl with an upright heart. Now feeling happier because of her decision, at length she fell asleep and slept late, and as it happened this accident or fate was the cause of the miscarriage of her scheme.

It came about in this way. Quite early in the morning—at sun up, indeed—the Englishmen rose, and, coming out of the little guest chamber, drank the coffee that I had made ready for them, and talked together for a while. Then the young lord—Ralph's cousin—said that as they journeyed yesterday at a distance of about an hour on horseback from the farm he had noticed a large vlei, or pan, where were many ducks and also some antelope. To this vlei he proposed to ride forward with one servant only, and to stay there till the others overtook him, shooting the wild things which lived in the place, for to be happy these Englishmen must always be killing something. So he bade me farewell, making me a present of the gold chain which he took off his watch, which chain I still have. Then he rode away smiling after his fashion; and as I watched him go I was glad to think that he was no knave, but only an easy tool in the hands of others. We never met again, but I believe that death finished his story many years ago; indeed, all those of whom I tell are dead; only Jan and I survive, and our course is well nigh run.

When Suzanne awoke at length, having heard from a Kaffir girl that the strangers had ordered their horses, but not that the young lord had ridden forward, she slipped from the house silently, fearing lest I should stay her, and hid herself in a little patch of bush at the corner of the big mealie field, by which she knew the Englishmen must pass on their return journey. Presently she heard them coming, and when she saw that the young lord was not with them, she went to the lawyer, who pulled up his horse and waited for her, the rest of the party riding on, and asked where he was, saying that she wished to talk with him. And here I must say, if I have not said it before, that Suzanne could speak English, though not well, for the Hollander tutor had instructed her in that tongue, in which Ralph also would converse with her at times when he did not wish others to understand what they were saying, for he never forgot his mother language, though he mixed many Dutch words with it.

"He has ridden forward an hour or more ago. Can I take any message to him for you?" said the lawyer. "Or if you wish to talk of business, to speak to me is to speak to him."

"That may be so," answered Suzanne; "still, I like to draw my water at the fountain itself. Yet, as he has gone, I beg you to listen to me, for when you have heard what I have to say I think that you will bring him back. You came here about Ralph Kenzie, did you not, and my mother told you that he is not he whom you seek, did she not?"

The lawyer nodded.

"Well, I tell you that all this tale is false, for he is the very man;" and she poured out the true story of Ralph and of the plot that had been made to deceive them about him.

Now, as I have said, Suzanne's English was none of the best and it is possible that the lawyer did not understand. For my part, however, I think that he understood well enough, for she told me afterwards that his face grew heavy as he listened, and that at length he said:

"All this you tell me is very strange and weighty, so much so that I must bring my friend back to look more closely into the matter. Return now to the farm and say nothing of having met me, for by this evening, or tomorrow at the latest, we will come there again and sift out the truth of the question."

To this she agreed, being guileless, and the lawyer rode away after the other. All that day and all the next Suzanne scarcely spoke to me, but I saw that she was expecting something to happen, and that she glanced continually towards the path by which the Englishmen had journeyed, thinking to see them riding back to the farm. But they rode back no more, and I am sure that the cunning lawyer never breathed one word of his meeting with Suzanne and of what took place at it to the young lord. The book was shut and it did not please him to reopen it, since to do so might have cost him ten thousand pounds. On the third morning I found Suzanne still looking down the path,

and my patience being exhausted by her silence, I spoke to her sharply.

"What are you doing, girl?" I asked. "Have we not had enough visitors of late that you must stand here all day awaiting more?"

"I seek no new visitor," Suzanne said, "but those who have been here only, and I see now that I seek in vain."

"What do you mean, Suzanne?"

Now of a sudden she seemed to make up her mind to speak, for she turned and faced me boldly, saying:

"I mean, mother, that I told the Englishman with the red hair, the agent, that all the fine tale you spun to him about Ralph was false, and that he *was* the man they came to find."

"You dared do that, girl?" I said, then checked myself and added, "Well, what did the man say?"

"He said that he would ride on and bring the young lord back that I might talk with him, but they have not come."

"No, nor will they, Suzanne, for if they sought they did not wish to find, or at least the lawyer did not wish it, for he had too much at stake. Well, things have gone finely with you, seeing that your hands are clean from sin, and that Ralph still stays at your side."

"The sin of the parents is the sin of the child," she answered, and then of a sudden she took fire as it were, and fell upon me and beat me with her tongue; nor could I hold my own before this girl of eighteen, the truth being that she had right on her side, and I knew it. She told me that we were wicked plotters who, to pleasure ourselves, had stolen from Ralph everything except his life, and many other such hard sayings she threw at me till at last I could bear it no more, but gave her back word for word. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which had the best of that quarrel, for if Suzanne's tongue was the nimbler and her words were winged with truth, I had the weight of experience on my side and the custom of authority. At last as she paused breathless, I cried out:

"And for whose sake was all this done, you ungrateful chit, if it was not for your own?"

"If that was so, which is not altogether true," she answered, "it would have pleased me better if, rather than make me a partner in this crime, and set me as bait to snare Ralph, you had left me to look after my own welfare."

"What!" I exclaimed, "are you then so shallow hearted that you were ready to bid farewell to him who for many years has been as your brother, and is now your affianced husband? For you know well that, if once he had gone across the sea to England, you would have seen him no more."

"No," she answered, growing calm of a sudden, "I was not so prepared, for sooner would I die than lose Ralph."

"How, then, do you square this with all your fine talk?" I asked, thinking that at length I had trapped her. "If he had gone, you must have lost him."

"Not so," she answered innocently, "for I should have married him before he went, and then I could have been certain that he would return here whenever I wished it."

Now when I heard this I gasped, partly because this girl's cleverness took the breath from me, and partly with mortification that I should have lived to learn wisdom from the mouth of a babe and a suckling. For there was no doubt of it, this plan, of which I had not even thought, was the answer to the riddle, since by means of it Ralph might have kept his own, and we, I doubt not, should have kept Ralph. Once married to Suzanne he would have returned to her, or if she had gone with him for a little while, which might have been better, she would certainly have brought him back, seeing that she loved us and her home too well to forsake them.

I gasped, and the only answer that I could make when I reflected how little need there had been for the sin which we had sinned, was to burst into weeping, whereon Suzanne ran to me and kissed me and we made friends again. But all the same, I do not think that she ever thought quite so well of me afterwards, and if I thought the more of her, still I made up my mind that the sooner she was married and had a husband of her own to preach to, the better it would be for all of us.

Thus ended the story of the coming of the Englishmen, and of how Ralph lost his wealth and rank, for we never heard or saw more of them, seeing that in those days before the great trek we did not write letters, and if we had we should not have known where to send them, nor did the post cart pass twice a week as in this overcrowded land.

Now I must go on to tell of the doings of that devil upon earth, Swart Piet, and of how the little Kaffir witch doctoress, Sihamba Ngenyanga, which means "She who walks by the moonlight," became the slave and savior of Suzanne.

At this time the Heer van Vooren, Swart Piet's father, had been dead for two years, and there were strange stories as to the manner of his death, which I do not think it necessary to set out here. Whether or no Swart Piet did or did not murder his father

I cannot say, nor does it matter for, at the least, he worked other crimes as bad. After the death of the Heer van Vooren, however he may have chanced to die, this is certain, that Swart Piet inherited great riches, as we used to reckon riches in those days; that is, he had vast herds of cattle and goats and sheep, some of which were kept for him by native chiefs far away, as much land as he wanted, and, it was said, a good sum in English gold. But he was a strange man, not like to other men, for he married no wife and courted no misses, that is, until he took to courting Suzanne, and his only pleasure was to keep the company of Kaffir chiefs and women, and to mix himself up with the devilments of the witch doctors. Still, as every man has his fate, at last he fell in love with Suzanne, and in love with her he remained during all his wicked life, if that can be love which seeks to persecute and bring misery upon its object. It was just before the coming of the Englishmen that this passion of his manifested itself, for whenever he met the girl—outside the house for the most part, since Jan did not like to have him in it—he made sweet speeches and passed foolish pleasantries, which, to be just, I am sure Suzanne never encouraged, since all her heart was elsewhere.

Now, Swart Piet had information of everything, for his Kaffir spies brought it to him, therefore he very soon learned that Jan and Ralph had gone away with the cattle to the warm veldt, and that we two women were alone in the house. This was his opportunity, and one of which he availed himself, for now two or three times a week he would ride over from his place, take supper, and ask leave to sleep, which it was difficult to refuse, all this time wearying the poor girl with his attentions. At last I spoke my mind to him about it, though not without hesitation, for to tell truth Swart Piet, was one of the few men of whom I have ever been afraid. He listened to me politely and answered:

"All this is very true, aunt, but if you desire a fruit and it will not fall, then you must shake the tree."

"What if it sticks to the bough?" I asked.

"Then, aunt, you must climb the tree and pluck it."

"And what if by that time it is in another man's pouch?"

"Then, aunt," he answered, with one of those dark smiles that turned my blood cold, "then, aunt, the best thing that you can do is to kill the other man and take it out, for after that the fruit will taste all the sweeter."

"Get you gone, Swart Piet," I said in anger, "for no man who talks thus shall stay in my house, and it is very well for you that neither my husband nor Ralph Kenzie is here to put you out of it."

"Well," he answered, "they are not here, are they, and as for your house, it is a pretty place; but I only seek one thing in it, and that is not built into the walls. I thank you for your hospitality, aunt, and now, good day to you."

"Suzanne!" I called. "Suzanne!" for I thought that she was in her chamber; but the girl, knowing that Piet van Vooren was here, had slipped out, and of this he was aware. He knew, moreover, where she had gone, for I think that one of his Kaffir servants was watching outside and told him, and thither he followed her and made love to her.

In the end—for he would not be put off—he asked her for a kiss, whereat she grew angry. Then, for he was no shy wooer, he tried to take it by force; but she was strong and active and slipped from him. Instead of being ashamed, he only laughed after his uncanny fashion and said:

"Well, missy, you have the best of me now, but I shall win that kiss yet. Oh, I know all about it; you love the English castaway, don't you? But there, a woman can love many men in her life, and when one is dead another will serve her turn."

"What do you mean, Mynheer van Vooren?" asked Suzanne, afraid.

"Mean? Nothing; but that I shall win that kiss yet; yes, and before very long."

IX.

Now, in the valley of the hills, something over an hour's ride from the farm, and not far from the road that ran to Swart Piet's place, lived the little Kaffir witch doctoress, Sihamba Ngenyanga. This woman did not belong to any of the Transkei or neighboring tribes, but had drifted down from the north; indeed, she was of Swazi or some such blood, though why she left her own people we did not know at that time. In appearance Sihamba was very strange, for, although perfectly shaped and copper colored, rather than black, she was no taller than a child of twelve years old—a thing that made many people believe that she was a bush woman, which she most certainly was not. For a Kaffir, also, she was pretty, having fine small features, beautiful white teeth, and a fringe of wavy black hair that stood out round her head something after the fashion of the gold plates which the saints wear in the pictures in our old Bible. This woman, who might have been a little over thirty years of age, had been living in our neighborhood for some three or

four years and practising as a doctoress. Not that she was a "black" doctoress, for she never took part in the "smelling out" of human beings for witchcraft, or in the more evil sort of rites. Her trade was to sell charms and medicines to the sick, and also to cure animals of their ailments, at which, indeed, she was very clever, though there were some who said that when she chose she could "throw the bones" and tell the future better than most, and this without dressing herself up in bladders and snake skins, or falling into fits, or trances, and such mummery. Lastly, among the natives about, and some of the Boers, too, I am sorry to say, she had the reputation of being the best of rainmakers, and many were the head of cattle that she earned by prophesying the break up of a drought, or the end of continual rains. Indeed, it is certain that no one whom I ever knew had so great a gift of insight into the omens of the weather at all seasons of the year as this strange Sihamba Ngenyanga, a name that she got, by the way, because of her habit of wandering about in the moonlight to gather the herbs and the medicines which she used in her trade.

On several occasions Jan had sent animals to be doctored by this Sihamba, for she would not come out to attend to them, whatever fee was offered to her. At first I did not approve of this, but as she always cured the animals, whatever their ailments might be, I gave in on the matter.

Now, it happened that, a few months before, some traveler, who had guested at our house, gave Suzanne a little rough haired English dog bred of parents which had been brought from England. Of this dog Suzanne grew very fond, and when it fell sick of the distemper she was much distressed. So it came about that one afternoon Suzanne put the dog in a basket, and taking with her an old Hottentot to carry it, set out upon her gray mare for the valley where Sihamba lived. Now, Sihamba had her hut and those of the few people in her service in a recess at the end of the valley, so placed that until you were quite on to them you would never have guessed that they were there. Down this valley Suzanne rode, the Hottentot with the basket on his head trotting by her side, till, turning the corner, she came upon a scene which she had very little expected. In one part of the open space beyond, herded by some Kaffirs, were a number of cattle, sheep, and goats. Opposite to them in the shadow under the hillside were the huts of Sihamba, and in front of these grew a large tree. Beneath this tree was Sihamba herself with scarcely anything on, for she had been stripped, her tiny wrists bound together behind her back and a rope about her neck, one end of which was thrown over a bough of the tree. In front of her, laughing brutally, stood none other than Swart Piet, and with him a small crowd of men, mostly half breed wanderers of the sort that trek from place to place claiming hospitality on the grounds of cousinship or poverty, until they are turned off as nuisances. Also there were present a few Kaffirs, either headmen in Swart Piet's pay, or some of his dark associates in witchcraft.

At first Suzanne was inclined to turn her horse and fly, but she was a brave girl, and the perilous state of the little doctoress moved her to pity, for where Swart Piet was there she suspected cruelty and wicked motive. She rode on, yes, straight up to Swart Piet himself.

"In the name of Heaven, what passes here, mynheer?" she asked.

"Ah, Miss Suzanne, is it you?" he answered. "Well, you have not chosen a nice time for your visit, for we are about to—hang this thief and witch, who has been duly convicted after a fair trial."

"A fair trial?" said Suzanne, glancing scornfully at the rabble about her. "And were these friends of yours the jury? What is her offense?"

"Her offense is that she who lives here on my land has stolen my cattle and hid them away in a secret kloof. It has been proved against her by ample evidence. There are the cattle yonder mixed up with her own. I, as Veld Cornet of the district, have tried the case according to law, and the woman, having been found guilty, must die according to law."

"Indeed, mynheer," said Suzanne, "then, if I understand you right, you are both accuser and judge, and the law which permits this is one that I never heard of. Oh!" she went on angrily, "no wonder that the English sing a loud song about us Boers and our cruelty to the natives, when such a thing as this can happen. It is not justice, mynheer; it is a crime for which, if you escape the hand of man, God will bring you to account."

Then for the first time Sihamba spoke in a very quiet voice, which showed no sign of fear.

"You are right, lady," she said; "it is not justice, it is a crime born of revenge, and my life must pay forfeit for his wickedness. I, am a free woman, and I have harmed none and have bewitched none. I have cured sick people and sick creatures, that is all. The heer says that I live upon this land, but I am not his slave; I pay him rent to live here. I never stole his cattle; they were mixed up with mine by his servants in a far off kloof

in order to trump up a charge against me, and he knows it, for he gave orders that the thing should be done, so that afterwards he might have the joy of hanging me to this tree, because he wishes to be avenged upon me for other matters—private matters between me and him. But, lady, do not trouble yourself about the fate of such a poor creature as I am. Go away and tell the story if you will, but go quickly, for these sights are not fit for young eyes to see."

"I will not go," exclaimed Suzanne, "or if I go, it shall be to bring down upon you, Swart Piet, the weight of the law which you have broken. Ah, would that my father were at home. He does not love Kaffirs, but he does love justice."

Now, when they heard her speaking such bold words and saw the fire in her eyes, Swart Piet and those with him began to grow afraid. The hanging of a witch doctoress after a formal trial upon a charge of theft of cattle was no great matter, for such thefts were common, and a cause of much trouble to outlying farmers, nor would any one in those half settled regions be likely to look too closely into the rights and wrongs of an execution on account of them. But if a white person who was present went away to proclaim to the authorities, perhaps even to the governor of the Cape, whose ear could always be won through the missionaries of the London society, that this pretended execution was nothing but a murder, then the affair was serious. From the moment that Suzanne began to speak on behalf of Sihamba, Swart Piet had seen that it would be impossible to hang her unless he wished to risk his own neck. But he guessed also that the girl could not know this, and therefore he determined to make terms by working on her pity, such terms as should put her to shame before all those gathered there; yes, and leave something of a stain upon her heart for so long as she should live.

"I do not argue law with young ladies," he said, with a little laugh, "but I am always ready to oblige young ladies, especially this young lady. Now, yonder witch and cattle thief has richly earned her doom, yet, because you ask it, Suzanne Botmar, I am ready to withdraw the prosecution against her, and to destroy the written record of it in my hand, on two conditions, of which the first is that she pays over to me, by way of compensation for what she has stolen, all her cattle and other belongings. Do you consent to that, witch?"

"How can I refuse?" said Sihamba, with a bitter laugh—"seeing that if I do you will take both life and goods. But what is the second condition?"

"I am coming to that, witch, but it has nothing to do with you. Suzanne, it is this: that here, before all these people, as the price of this thief's life, you give me the kiss which you refused to me the other day."

Now, before Suzanne could answer, Sihamba broke in eagerly, "Nay, lady, let not your lips be stained and your heart be shamed for the sake of such as I. Better that I should die than that you should suffer defilement at the hands of Swart Piet, who, born of white blood and black, is false to both and a shame to both."

"I cannot do it," gasped Suzanne, turning pale and not heeding her outburst, "and, Heer van Vooren, you are a coward to ask it of me."

"Can't you?" he sneered. "Well, you need not, unless you please, and it is true that young women like best to be kissed alone. Here, you Kaffirs, pull that little devil up; slowly now, that she may learn what a tight string feels like about her throat before it chokes her."

In obedience to his command three of the evil fellows with him caught hold of the end of the rope which hung over the bough, and began to pull, dragging the light form of Sihamba upwards till only the tips of her big toes touched the ground.

"Doesn't she dance prettily?" said Swart Piet with a brutal laugh, at the same time motioning to the men to keep her thus a while.

Now, Suzanne looked at the blackening lips and the little form convulsed in its death struggle, and could bear the sight no more.

"Let her down!" she cried, and, springing from the saddle, for all this while she had been seated upon her horse, she walked up to Piet, saying, "Take what you seek, but oh, for your sake I wish to God that my lips were poison!"

"No, no!" gasped Sihamba, who now was lying half choked upon the ground.

"That is not our bargain, dear," said Piet; "it is that you should kiss me, not I you."

Again Suzanne shrank back, and again at his signal the men began to pull upon the rope. Then, seeing it, with her face as pale as death, she leaned forward and touched his lips with hers, whereon he seized her round the middle, and, drawing her to him, covered her with kisses till even the brutes with him called to him not to push his jest too far, and to let the girl go. This he did, uttering words which I will not repeat, and so weak was she with shame that when his arms were taken from round her she fell to the ground, and lay there till the old Hottentot, her servant, ran to her, cursing

and weeping with rage, and helped her to her feet. For a while she stood saying nothing, only wiping her face with the sun *kapje*, which had fallen from her head, as though filth had bespattered it, and her face was whiter than her white cap. At last she spoke in a hoarse voice:

"Loose that woman," she said, "who has cost me my honor!"

They obeyed her, and Sihamba, snatching up her skin rug, turned and fled swiftly down the valley. Then Suzanne went to her horse, but before she mounted it she looked Swart Piet straight in the eyes. At the time he was following her, begging her not to be angry at a joke, for his madness was satisfied for a while and had left him. But she only looked in answer, and there was something so terrible to him in the dark eyes of this young, unfriended girl that he shrank back, seeing in them, perhaps, the shadow of death to come. Then Suzanne went away, and Swart Piet, having commanded his ruffians to fire the huts of Sihamba, and to collect her people, goods, and cattle, went away also.

Just at the mouth of the valley something stirred in a bush, causing the horse to start, so that Suzanne, who was thinking of other things, slipped from it to the ground. Next moment she saw that it was Sihamba, who knelt before her, kissing her feet and the hem of her robe.

"Rise," she said kindly; "what has been cannot be helped, and at least it was no fault of yours."

"Nay, Swallow," said Sihamba, for I think I have said that was the name which the natives had given to Suzanne from childhood, I believe, because of the grace of her movements and her habit of running swiftly hither and thither—"nay, Swallow, in a way it was my fault."

"What do you mean, Sihamba?"

"I mean, Swallow, that although I am so small some have thought me pretty, and the real reason of Black Piet's hate for me is—but why should I defile your ears with the tale?"

"They would only match my face if you did," answered Suzanne grimly, "but there is no need; I can guess well enough."

"You can guess, Swallow, then you will see why it was my fault. Yes, yes; you will see that what I, a black woman, who am less than dirt in the eyes of your people, would not do to save my own life, you, a white chieftainess, and the fairest whom we know, have done of your own will to keep it in me."

"If the act was good," answered Suzanne, "may it go to my credit in the Book of the Great One Who made us."

"It will go to your credit, Swallow," answered Sihamba with passion, "both in that Book and in the hearts of all that hear this story, but most of all in this heart of mine. Oh, listen, lady; sometimes a cloud comes over me, and in that cloud I see visions of things that are to happen—true visions. Among them I see this: that many moons hence and far away I shall live to save you as you have saved me, but between that day and this the cloud of the future is black to my eyes, black but living."

"It may be so," answered Suzanne, "for I know you have the Sight. And now, farewell; you had best seek out some friends among your people and hide yourself."

"My people?" said Sihamba. "Then, I must seek long, for they are very, very far away, nor do they desire to see me."

"Why not?"

"Because, as it chances, I am by blood their ruler, for I am the only child of my father's head wife. But they would not have me set over them as chieftainess unless I married a man, and towards marriage I have no wish, for I am different from other women, both in body and heart. So, having quarreled with them on this and other matters, I set out to seek my fortune."

"Your fortune was not a good one, Sihamba, for it led you to Swart Piet and the rope."

"Nay, lady, it led me to the Swallow and freedom; no, not to freedom, but to slavery, for I am your slave, whose life you have bought. Now I have nothing left in the world; Swart Piet has taken my cattle, which I have earned cow by cow and bred up heifer by heifer, and save for the skill within my brain and this kaross upon my shoulders I have nothing."

"What, then, will you do, Sihamba?"

"What you do, Swallow, that I shall do, for am I not your slave, bought at a great price? I will go home with you and serve you, yes, to my life's end."

"That would please me well enough, Sihamba, but I do not know how it would please my father."

"What pleases you pleases him, Swallow; moreover, I can save my food twice over by curing his cattle and horses in sickness, for in such needs I have skill."

"Well," she said, "come, and when my father returns we will settle how it shall be."

X.

SUZANNE came home and told me her story, and when I heard it I was as a mad woman; indeed, it would have gone ill with Swart Piet's eyes and hair if I could have fallen in with him that night.

"Wait till your father returns, girl," I said.

"Yes, mother," she answered; "I wait for him—and Ralph."

"What is to be done with the little doctoress, Sihamba?" I asked, adding, "I do not like such people about the place."

"Let her bide also till the men come back, mother," she answered, "and then they will see to it. Meanwhile there is an empty hut down by the cattle kraal where she can live."

So Sihamba stopped on and became a body servant to Suzanne, the best I ever saw, though she would do no other work save attending to sick animals.

Ten days afterwards Jan and Ralph returned safe and sound, leaving some Kaffirs in charge of the cattle in the bush veldt, and very glad we were to see them, since putting everything else aside, it was lonely work for two women upon the place with no neighbor at hand, and in those days to be lonely meant to be in danger.

When we were together Jan's first question to me was:

"Have those Englishmen been here?"

"They have been here," I answered, "and they have gone away."

He asked me nothing more of the matter, for he did not wish to know what had passed between us. Only he looked at me queerly, and, as I think, thought the worse of me afterwards, for he found out that Suzanne and I had quarreled about the song I sang in the ears of those Englishmen, and what that song was he could guess very well. Yes, yes; although he had been a party to the fraud, in his heart he put all the blame of it upon me, for that is the way of men, who are mean and always love to say, "The woman tempted me," a vile habit that has come down to them with their blood.

Meanwhile another talk was passing between Ralph and Suzanne. They had rushed to greet each other like two separated colts bred in the same meadow, but when they came together it was different. Ralph put out his arms to embrace her, but she pushed him back and said, "No, not until we have spoken together."

"This is a cold greeting," said Ralph, amazed and trembling, for he feared lest Suzanne should have changed her mind as to their marriage. "What is it that you have to tell me? Speak on, quickly."

"Two things, Ralph," she answered, and taking the least of them first, she plunged straightway into a full account of the coming of the Englishmen, of all that had passed then, and of her quarrel with me upon the matter.

"And now, Ralph," she ended, "you will understand that you have been cheated of your birthright, and this I think it just that you should know, so that, if you will, you may change your mind about staying here, for there is yet time, and follow these Englishmen to wherever it is they have gone, to claim from them your heritage."

Ralph laughed and answered, "Why, sweet, I thought that we had settled all this long ago. That your mother did not tell the men quite the truth is possible, but if she played with it, it was for the sake of all of us and with my leave. Let them go and the fortune with them, for even if I could come to England and find it, there I should be but as a wild buck in a sheep kraal, out of place and unhappy. Moreover, we should be separated, dear, for even if you would all consent, I could never take you from your own people and the land where you were born. So now that there is an end to this, once and forever, let me kiss you in greeting, Suzanne."

But she shook her head and refused him, saying, "No, for I have another tale to tell you, and an uglier—so ugly, indeed, that after the hearing of it I doubt much whether you will wish to kiss me any more."

"Be swift with it, then," he answered, "for you torment me;" and she began her story.

She told how, after he had gone away, Swart Piet began to persecute her; how he had wished to kiss her and she had refused him, so that he left her with threats. Then she paused suddenly and said:

"And now, before I finish the story, you shall swear an oath to me. You shall swear that you will not attempt to kill Swart Piet because of it."

At first he would swear nothing, for already he was mad with anger against the man, whereupon she answered that she would tell him nothing.

At last, when they had wrangled for a while, he asked her in a hoarse voice, "Say now, Suzanne, have you come to any harm at the hands of this fellow?"

"No," she answered, turning her head away, "God be thanked! I have come to no harm of my body, but of my mind I have come to great harm."

Now he breathed more freely and said:

"Very well, then, go on with your story, for I swear to you that I will not try to kill Swart Piet because of this offense, whatever it may be."

So she went on setting out everything exactly as it had happened, and before she had finished Ralph was as one who is mad, for he ground his teeth and stamped upon the earth like an angry bull. At last, when she had told him all, she said:

"Now, Ralph, you will understand why

I would not let you kiss me before you had heard my story. It was because I feared that after hearing it you would not wish to kiss me any more."

"You talk like a foolish girl," he answered, taking her into his arms and embracing her; "and though the insult can only be washed away in blood, I think no more of it than if some beast had splashed mud into your face, which you had washed away at the next stream."

"Ah!" she cried, "you swore that you would not try to kill him for this offense."

"Yes, sweet, I swore, and I will keep my oath. I will not try to kill Swart Piet."

Then they went into the house, and Ralph spoke to Jan about this matter, of which, indeed, I had already told him something. Jan also was very angry, and said that if he could meet Piet van Vooren it would go hard with him. Afterwards he added, however, that this Piet was a very dangerous man, and one whom it might be well to leave alone, especially as Suzanne had taken no real hurt from him. Nowadays such a villain could be made to answer to the law, either for attempting the life of the Kaffir, or for the assault upon the girl, or for both, but in those times it was different. Then the Transkei had but few white people in it, living far apart, nor was there any law to speak of; indeed, each man did what was right in his own eyes, according to the good or evil that was in his heart. Therefore it was not well to make a deadly enemy of one who was restrained by the fear of neither God nor man, and who had great wealth and power, since it might come about that he would work murder in revenge or raise the Kaffirs on us, as he who had authority among them could well do. Indeed, as will be seen, he did both these things, or tried to do them. When his anger had cooled a little Jan spoke to us in this sense and we women agreed with him, but Ralph, who was young, fearless, and full of rage, set his mouth and said nothing.

As for Sihamba, Jan wished to send her away, but Suzanne, who had grown fond of her, begged him that he would not do so, at least until he had spoken with her. So he ordered one of the slaves to fetch her and presently the little woman came, and, having saluted him, sat herself down on the floor of the sitting room after the Kaffir fashion. She was a strange little creature to see in her fur kaross and bead broidered girdle, but for a native she was very clean and pretty, with her wise woman's face set upon a body that had it been less rounded might almost have been that of a child. Also she had adorned herself with great care, not in the cast off clothes of white people, but after her own manner, for her wavy hair, which stood out from her head, was powdered over with that sparkling blue dust which the Kaffir women use, and round her neck she wore a single string of large blue beads.

At first Jan spoke to her crossly, saying:

"You have brought trouble and disgrace upon my house, Sihamba, and I wish you to begone from it."

"It is true," she answered, "but not of my own will did I bring the trouble, O Father of Swallow," for so she always called Jan. Indeed, for Sihamba, Suzanne was the center of all things, and thus in her mouth the three of us had no other names than "Father" or "Mother" or "Lover" of Swallow.

"That may be so," answered Jan, "but doubtless Black Piet, who hates you, will follow you here, and then we shall be called upon to defend you, and there will be more trouble."

"It is not I whom Black Piet will follow," she replied, "for he has stolen all I have, and as my life is safe there is nothing more to get from me;" and she looked at Suzanne.

"What do you mean, Sihamba? Speak plain words," said Jan.

"I mean," she answered, "that it is not I who am now in danger, but my mistress, the Swallow, for he who has kissed her once will wish to kiss her again."

Now, at this Ralph cursed the name of Swart Piet aloud, and Jan answered:

"It is a bullet from my *roer* that he shall kiss if he tries it; that I swear."

"I hope it may be so," said Sihamba; "yet, Father of Swallow, I pray you send me not away from her who bought me at a great price, and to whom my life belongs. Look; I cost you but little to keep, and that little I can earn by doctoring your horses and cattle, in which art I have some skill, as you know well. Moreover, I have many eyes and ears that can see and hear things to which yours are deaf and blind, and I tell you that I think a time will come when I shall be able to do service to all of you who are of the nest of the Swallow. Now, if she bids me to go I will go, for am I not her servant to obey? Yet I beseech you do not so command her."

Sihamba had risen as she spoke, and now she stood before Jan, her head thrown back, looking up into his eyes with such strange power that, though he was great and strong and had no will to it, yet he found himself forced to look back into hers. More, as he told me afterwards, he saw many things in the eyes of Sihamba, or it may be that he thought that he saw them, for Jan was always somewhat superstitious. At least, this

is true that more than once during the terrible after years, when some great event had happened to us, he would cry out, "I have seen this place or thing before, I know not where." Then if I bade him think he would answer, "Now I remember; it was in the eyes of Sihamba that I saw it, yonder in the Transkei, before Ralph and Suzanne were married."

Presently she freed his eyes and turned her head, whereon he grew pale and swayed as though he were about to fall. Recovering himself, however, he said shortly:

"Stay if you will, Sihamba; you are welcome for so long as it shall please you."

She lifted her little hand and saluted him, and I noticed that it was after another fashion to that of the Kaffirs who lived thereabouts—after the Zulu fashion, indeed.

"I hear your words, chief," she said, "and I stay. Though I be but as a lizard in the thatch, yet the nest of the Swallow shall be my nest, and in the fangs of this lizard there is poison, and woe to the hawk of the air or the snake of the grass that would rob this nest wherein you dwell. Cold shall this heart be and stiff this hand, empty shall this head be of thought and these eyes of sight, before shame or death shall touch the swift wings of yonder Swallow who stained her breast for me. Remember this always, you whom she loves, that while I live, I, Sihamba Ngenyanga, Sihamba the walker by moonlight, she shall live, and if she dies I will die also." Then once more she saluted and went, leaving us wondering, for we saw that this woman was not altogether as other Kaffirs are, and it came into our minds that in the time of need she would be as a spear in the hand of one who is beset with foes.

That night as we lay abed I talked with Jan, saying:

"Husband, I think there are clouds upon our sky, which for many years has been so blue. Trouble gathers round us because of the beauty of Suzanne, and I fear Swart Piet, for he is not a man to be stopped by a trifle. Now, Ralph loves Suzanne and Suzanne loves Ralph, and, though they are young, they are man and woman full grown, able to keep a house and bear its burdens. Why, then, should they not marry with as little delay as may be, for when once they are wed Van Vooren will cease from troubling them, knowing his suit to be hopeless."

"As you will, wife, as you will," Jan answered somewhat sharply, "but I doubt if we shall get rid of our dangers thus, for I think that the tide of our lives has turned, and that it sets toward sorrow. Aye," he went on, sitting up in the bed, "and I will tell you when it turned: it turned upon the day that you lied to the Englishmen."

(To be continued.)

THE RED WING BLACKBIRD.

"The blackbird flutes his *o-ka-lee*."—EMERSON.

In swampy swales where alders grow
The red wing blackbird loves to go;
And on his coat of burnished jet,
Behold! two epaulets are set.

Or, should you call them drops of blood—
Not less may war be understood
To claim the badge upon his wings
As he for joyous freedom sings.

Above the marsh sedge, near the low,
Faint ripple of the runnel's flow,
Voiced by his clear cut *o-ka-lee*,
I hear the echo, "Cuba free!"

Joel Benton.

FAMOUS WAR PICTURES.

Stirring scenes of war from the brushes of six great military painters—Realistic incidents of battle and campaign as pictured by Détaille, de Neuville, Meissonier, Aimé Morot, Caton Woodville, and Lady Butler.

"THE RETURN OF THE SCOUTS."—A SCOUTING PARTY OF FRENCH CAVALRY RETURNS TO CAMP BRINGING IN FOUR GERMAN PRISONERS, TWO OF WHOM ARE UHLANS. DE NEUVILLE REPRESENTS ONE OF THE FRENCH TROOPERS AS CARRYING THE LANCES OF THE CAPTURED HORSEMEN.

"THE DEFENSE OF THE GATE OF LONGBOYAU."—ONE OF DE NEUVILLE'S MOST REALISTIC WAR PAINTINGS, SHOWING HOW A HANDFUL OF FRENCH SOLDIERS, ON ONE OF THE BATTLEFIELDS OF 1870, HELD A GATEWAY AGAINST AN OVERWHELMING FORCE OF GERMANS, TO COVER THE RETREAT OF THEIR GUNS.

"A CHARGE OF FRENCH DRAGOONS AT GRAVELOTTE."—THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE (AUGUST 18, 1870) WAS THE FIERCEST STRUGGLE OF THE FRANCO GERMAN WAR, NEARLY THIRTY FIVE THOUSAND SOLDIERS FALLING IN A LONG SERIES OF HAND TO HAND FIGHTS LIKE THAT PICTURED HERE BY ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

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"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."—R. CATON WOODVILLE'S SPIRITED RENDERING OF THE INCIDENT MADE FAMOUS BY TENNYSON'S POEM ON THE "NOBLE SIX HUNDRED." OF THE 670 BRITISH HORSEMEN WHO CHARGED INTO THE "VALLEY OF DEATH" AT BALAKLAVA (OCTOBER 25, 1854) ONLY 198 RETURNED.

"SCOTLAND FOREVER!"—WHILE THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE WAS THE SENSATIONAL INCIDENT OF BALAKLAVA, THE BATTLE WAS WON FOR THE BRITISH BY THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE, IN WHICH THE SCOTS GREYS, PICTURED HERE BY LADY BUTLER, TOOK AN IMPORTANT PART.

"AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY."—A CHARACTERISTIC WAR PAINTING BY DÉTAILLE, SHOWING AN ATTACK OF GERMAN CAVALRY UPON A FRENCH PROVISION TRAIN. THE WAGONS ARE DEFENDED BY A SLENDER GUARD OF INFANTRY DRAWN UP ALONG THE ROAD, WHICH IS MARKED BY THE LINE OF TREES.

"PRISONER!"—ONE OF AIMÉ MOROT'S DASHING CANVASES, RECORDING AN INCIDENT OF ONE OF THE BATTLES OF 1870, AND PICTURING THE GALLANTRY OF A FRENCH CUIRASSIER, WHO, WOUNDED IN A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY'S CAVALRY, CAPTURES A GERMAN HORSEMAN.

"FRIEDLAND, 1807."—THIS FAMOUS PAINTING, MEISSONIER'S MASTERPIECE, THE ORIGINAL OF WHICH IS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK, REPRESENTS NAPOLEON AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS GLORY, SURROUNDED BY HIS VICTORIOUS ARMY ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF FRIEDLAND (JUNE 14, 1807).

A LACK IN A LIFE.

BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

The strange experience of a dissatisfied millionaire whose spirits were raised by an unexpected contact with the soil of the earth.

WHEN I was twenty nine years of age my father died, and if he had left me as many thousands as he did millions, I think I might have developed into a happy man. As it was, there was a lack in my life which I found it difficult to put into words, and which perhaps was all the more real for that very reason.

There had never been a time in my life when I was denied anything which money could buy or influence procure. My mother loved me intensely, as her first born, and did her best to spoil me from the day of my birth to the day of her death—or after, for she left me almost all of her personal possessions. I was sent to private schools for my early mental training, and my education was finished by private tutors. My teachers always accorded me much more than my due of praise when I knew my lessons, and made excuses for me when I was delinquent. They were as affable and deferential as the rest of the world, and I could see that their chief aim was "to keep on the right side of me."

When my father died our attorneys politely condoled with me upon his death, and in the same breath congratulated me upon my accession to one of the world's great fortunes, hoping that they might have the honor of occupying the same trusted relation to the estate as in former years.

There was a lady to whom I was paying serious attentions, but she, too, received most of my speeches with a set smile, and never differed from me unless, gnawed by the restless feeling of lack, I said something impatient concerning myself.

I have wondered why, in writing of her, I have not called her a young lady; young in years she certainly was. Most of the girlishness had apparently been trained out of her. She was a martyr to "good form," and a brilliant match—brilliant with the brilliancy of knightly decoration or of golden specie—was one of the important points of vantage in her game with the world.

Most of my immense wealth was in bonds, stocks, and real estate, and though my interests undoubtedly often conflicted with those of my millionaire acquaintances—I hesitate to call them friends—they were always exceedingly cordial to me when we met.

I have found out since that I was occasionally attacked by "radical" newspapers and speakers, but they were generally too obscure to come to my notice. The general press lauded me for my occasional gifts and endowments, and sent reporters to interview me on questions of which I knew nothing whatever.

When I mingled with the public, I could not help but observe that I was whispered about and pointed out, and that people gazed at me with expressions of curiosity, envy, and even of a vague, impersonal dislike. I began to understand why men born with political power, instead of such dominion as mine, occasionally plunged nations into wars for their own personal relief and the distraction of their subjects, and without any real grievance.

One day when the lady to whom I have previously referred was out riding with me, our carriage passed a street car as it was slowing up at a crossing. Between the carriage and the car stood a rough looking man with a sallow face and a ragged beard, glossily black in some places, but blending to a rusty brown in others, so that when he raised his head in the sunlight one almost fancied that the pigment flowed to and fro. As the car approached him I noticed him grin broadly, and drawing back his hand he suddenly delivered a resounding whack to a man standing on the running board of the car. The receiver of the blow seemed to think it as good a joke as the other.

"Wouldn't I a let you have it if I had seen you first?" he shouted good naturedly, kicking heavily into the air to further indicate his meaning.

"Wouldn't you just?" roared the other as we passed on.

"How hopelessly vulgar the common mass of people are!" observed the lady at my side with supercilious disdain.

"Yes," I said mechanically, for her remark surprised me into a discovery that I had found something interesting in this scene.

The roughness jarred on me, of course, as did its bawling publicity, but there was something in it opposite to these, some embryo of good which my life had missed.

When our ride was ended I ordered the coachman to drive to my attorney's offices, and upon arriving there I learned that important business awaited my attention, so I sent the carriage home in advance.

It was dark when the obsequious senior partner bade me "Good evening," and I walked up the street alone. I had not gone far when some one tapped my shoulder with a quick, cordial touch and exclaimed, "By George, old man, but I'm glad to see your homely face again!"

There was something in the tone and in the gesture which brought a gush of moisture to my eyes, a something which seemed to reach back into my boyhood, which brought memories of my mother and almost, it seemed, of some previous, half plebeian incarnation. All this in a flash, of course, for in the same instant that I recognized an old playfellow at one of the private schools I had attended and felt my heart leap out to him, he straightened back and stammered: "Oh, I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Van Dyke, but I thought—I took you for Lawrence Potter."

"Ah!" I answered, "and you find I am only George Van Dyke. I'm sorry to disappoint you, Osborne." There was a touch of sadness and bitterness in my tone which surprised myself and which he evidently misunderstood for sarcasm, for he cried:

"Oh, I say, Mr. Van Dyke! I assure you it was a mistake. I didn't mean to offend——"

"But you haven't offended," I interrupted, forcing a laugh. "Come, Osborne, we used to be good friends. We'll renew the intimacy. Can't you come to dinner with me?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" he gushed. "So sorry I have an unbreakable engagement for tonight. Some other time, *any* other time, I shall be delighted, I'm sure."

"Well, come when you can," I responded carelessly and, I fear, coldly as I left him. His words of attempted cordiality to me were so different in tone from those in which he had addressed me as Lawrence Potter that the old heavy feeling of lack rolled back on my heart like a stone on a sepulcher.

I walked moodily on and turned into my own park, thinking of Walter Osborne and of the rough man with the black beard. I was like an eagle, in men's eyes, sitting on a lofty aery, and no one guessed that I was chained to the rock and could move but a little way. I am beating my wings against the air vainly.

"Keep quiet and hold up your hands!"

The command came in a low, determined voice. A dark figure had stepped from behind a tree and obstructed my pathway.

I did not stop to think. My instincts thought for me. Quicker than lightning there shot through my harassed brain that here was something tangible at which to fling myself, here was an outlet for my vexation of spirit different from what had ever offered before.

In a second I was on him. My left hand grasped his right wrist and flung the pistol upwards and out of his hand. My right hand sought his throat, and my heel struck at the back of his. Oh, the savage joy of that physical combat! I could have cried aloud for ecstasy. He had not counted on my attacking him and was caught off his guard, but he was game. I felt his muscles roll into hard mounds, as if rushing together in little squads and companies to repel the enemy.

He struck fiercely at me with his free hand and I loosened my grip on his throat partially to ward the blow. We came together, body to body. As we did so, I ducked my head, which crashed full in his face. A curse of pain came from him and he seemed to let out an extra link of strength, broke the grasp of my left hand, and in a second had me around the neck, holding me like a vise. His free hand swung at me in short arm blows.

I flung my left arm up over his shoulder across his face. I bent him backwards, and struck with all the force I could muster at the pit of his stomach, which wasn't far from where my own head was held. My very first blow was lucky enough to reach the spot. He gave a grunt and a gasp, and his muscles relaxed. I released my head, followed up my advantage, and forced him backwards to the earth, but though gasping and panting, he still struggled desperately and dragged me down with him. His right arm hooked my neck this time, but, being on top, I should now have had a distinct advantage had not he fallen almost within reach of the pistol, which lay—from a gleam which I caught of its polished barrel—but a few feet from the reach of his left hand.

He was stronger than I, and evidently used to "rough and tumble," for he seemed a very Antæus on the ground. He held me fast to his right side, and wormed along towards the weapon. My left hand was under him. My right he gripped with his left. I struggled to hold him back, but could obtain no brace, and I am afraid I lost my head for a moment. He seemed to be growing fresher, while I was wearing out. My wits came back to me, after a while, and I only made a feint of struggling, blocking him a little bit with my feet and legs, but allowing him to do most of the work and to drag both our

weights towards his goal. I realized that I was taking desperate chances. A flash of his hand towards the weapon, and if he grasped it fairly its barrel would be at my head in a second and I should be done for.

I awaited his movement. Suddenly it came. His grasp shot out along the path, but at the same instant my released hand came down on his throat with a jolt and forced his head back and away. He missed the pistol by a hair. I put every bit of nerve I had left into my grasp. I could feel his throat quiver and his tongue writhe within it. His breath came slower and slower, heavier and heavier. At last he brought his hands together above his head. I understood him. It was a prayer for mercy.

I released him, sprang up, and secured the pistol. "Roll over!" I panted. He did so, and I tied his hands behind his back with my handkerchief.

"Get up!" I commanded. He staggered to his feet. I marched him to a wing of the house where I had a private entrance to a den of my own. I took out my keys.

"What are you goin' to do with me?" he asked sullenly.

"I don't know, my friend!" I cried, and I was surprised at my own voice; it was so elated, so jocular. Hatless, covered with clay, and scratched with gravel, bleeding with wounds on my head and face from his hard fists, stained with the sweat and blood of both of us, I yet was happy!

For the first time in my life I had been thrown back on myself, despoiled of every adventitious aid of birth, position, fortune, servitors, friends. I had been stripped of every help of civilization, and had been hurled down to the basic elements of physical existence. I had been turned back ages and ages to the time when a man was a man, as a wolf was a wolf, and the fittest survived. Another and I had met, animal to animal, and I had won. Fortuitously, perhaps, but nevertheless I had won. My pulses tingled and my brain quickened. It was not that I rejoiced merely to have won a victory over a fellow being. No; it was because I had awakened my own personality. I was no longer the human embodiment of an estate. I was a man among men. Oh, I was so happy!

I opened the door and sent him in ahead of me. Then I felt for the electric buttons at the entrance, and pushed the white one. There was a gush of light.

"Take that chair in front of you, please," I sang out, with mock politeness, still in high spirits.

He obeyed sullenly, and the action brought his face toward me. It was the man with the black and ragged beard, and the pigment seemed to flow to and fro as he moved his head to stare around.

"What!" I cried, though I was in such an elated mood that I was hardly surprised, "you again?"

"No," he snarled, "it ain't me again. It's just me."

"Oh, we'll waive that point!" I laughed. "Do you know I owe you a debt of real gratitude?"

"I ain't kickin' on your payin' it, am I?" he retorted tersely.

"Yes," I continued; "I was in a very bad humor before our late unpleasantness, but since I have met you I feel quite jolly."

"Mighty good of you!" he grunted. "Mebbe you'd better keep me to liven you up a bit whenever you're off color."

There was more in his remark than he intended. "What if I *have* discovered that I possess a personality?" I thought. I really knew that before; but I felt a lack, nevertheless. It surely wasn't physical violence for which I was hungry.

"You can stop pulling at that handkerchief," I said, turning to him. "Remember I have the pistol, and even without it I whipped you once and can do it again."

How buoyant and boastful I was becoming!

"Well," he answered, "seein' as you got so much fun out of it before, I sh'd think you'd kind o' like to take me on again."

I had to laugh at the fellow. "No, thank you," I said; "though your disinterestedness does you credit. I have some other business with you. I want to ask you some questions, and I can assure you it will be to your interest to answer them truthfully."

He gave a grunt of assent and I went on.

"First, why did you hit that man on the street car such a whack today?"

He stared at me in surprise, and I now noticed that one of his eyes was so badly swollen that it was almost closed. My head must have struck him there.

"Ye're guyin' me," he said.

"Not at all. It was at the corner of Calumet Avenue and Forty First Street."

"Oh, you mean Bill Robinson!" he exclaimed, with a grin. Then he bit his lip and looked furious. "I know yer game," he growled. "You're tryin' to pump me."

"Don't be a fool," I said quietly. "If I had any particular designs against you I should have pressed down that police call on the wall long ago. Perhaps I may do it yet. Do you mind telling me why you whacked Bill Robinson?"

I could see he was puzzling to explain the truth of the matter involved by the novelty of the question.

"Course I don't mind tellin' you," he said; "but it's a fool question, an' that makes it hard to answer. I swatted him 'cause he's a good friend of mine, I s'pose."

"That's it, that's it!" I said eagerly. "But is it usually a mark of friendship to swat a man?"

"Why, o' course. You wouldn't swat a perfick stranger, would you? 'Cept," he added ruefully, twisting his features around to see if the movement would relieve the pain—"'cept in some case like you swatted me tonight. If a feller's yer friend, he understands you. He knows you're jokin' an' he allows for the way you feel. What's the good of a friend if he ain't a real pal to you? Why, I know Bill Robinson as well as if I was inside of him. He wouldn't hurt nor harm me for nothin'—nor me him." He had begun slowly, but ended with something like enthusiasm. Rough as his words were, they contained a pearl of truth to me.

It was the lack of what the French call *camaraderie*, the lack of meeting and knowing friends on the level plane of equality, the lack of personal contact, which I had felt. I was an estate. What have stocks and bonds to do with comradeship?

Suddenly I said, "Do you suppose you could be a pal, as you call it, to me?"

"Why, no!" he answered; "I don't s'pose so. I don't know who you are, but you're too big a bug; I can see that. I couldn't swing around in your circle. I'd be afraid of you, half the time. I'd be thinkin' all the time of how nice I'd got to be to you, 'stead of actin' just as I cussed pleased."

Ah, I understood Osborne better now. He had not *dared* to be my familiar. Why, this footpad was a mine of knowledge! What a happy fellow he must be!

"Well," I said, "you have friends. You are strong and look healthy, and today when I saw you you seemed as happy as if you didn't have a care in the world. Why did you waylay me?"

"Money, o' course."

"How much did you hope to get?"

"I didn't know. A hundred, if I was lucky. Any way, ten or twenty."

"Why don't you go to work?" I asked the hackneyed question gravely.

"Why don't *you* go to work?" This without any touch of flippancy.

"H'm! I hardly need to," I laughed.

"Yes, you do. Now, I ought to go to work and earn a livin'. You ought to, 'cause it would learn you a heap. I don't know what yer lay is, but a smart feller like you could learn more in a week about things you've asked me than I could tell him in a year. It stands to reason. No doubt you got a good job here secretaryin' or somethin', but you ought to try workin' a while."

"Thank you," I rejoined amusedly. "Really, I owe you more and more." I turned to my desk and filled out a check for a hundred dollars, and placed it before him where he could read it. "You can insert your name," I said. "I don't know it."

He glanced at the paper disdainfully.

"What's your game now?" he growled. "Goin' to play with me? Goin' to pretend to gi' me somethin' and let me go, only to be nabbed again when I go fer the dough?"

"Oh, very well!" I said. "I'll cash it for you." I took out a hundred dollars and laid the bills by the side of the check. "Only, you will, of course, indorse it, before I can pay you. It's a mere matter of form."

He looked at the money and then at me. "You—want—my—name?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, on the check," I said.

"Don't you see I can sign a false name?" he asked contemptuously.

"Certainly," I answered; "but why should you?" As I spoke, I went behind him and cut the handkerchief.

"You're the rummest feller I ever see!" he ejaculated. "Look a' here! Why don't you make me swear on the honor of a thief that I'll never steal no more? Why don't you make me promise somethin'? Course I'd do it. I'd be a fool not to."

I shook my head.

"Then what you want me to do?"

"I want you to indorse your check."

He seized the pen and signed in a cramped hand, "William Rooker," and there was no trace of hesitation, as if concocting a name. Then he turned the check over and seemed for the first time to see my signature. He thrust a heavy finger down upon it and looked up in utmost amazement.

"You?" he queried incredulously.

"Why, yes."

"An' you gi' me these plunkers for tryin' to rob you?"

"Oh, no! I give you those for value received."

My name had cast its spell over him. He was shamefaced now for the first time, and looked as if he were going to kneel at my feet, but I stopped him.

"There!" I said sharply. "So far you have been a man, even though a bad one. Don't let me lose a certain amount of respect I have for you. Good night."

He stiffened up. I saw a look of manliness mingle with his gratitude, and a conscientious determination shone in his face. He put out his hand, and I am not ashamed to to say that I shook it heartily.

"Good night," he said simply.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

In the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. The Rev. Mr. Thomasson, a tutor at Oxford, who has discovered Julia's identity, attempts to interfere and is carried off for his pains. Sir George and Fishwick set out in pursuit, meeting on the road Mr. Dunborough, who has been delayed by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. When not far from Bastwick, on the road to Bristol, the abductors become alarmed at the nearness of the pursuers and set their captives free. Julia and Thomasson apply at the house of a man known as Bully Pomeroy for shelter for the night, and after the girl retires the tutor acquaints his host and Lord Almeric Doyley, a dissolute young nobleman who is a guest there, with the true state of affairs. The desirability of recouping their fortunes by an alliance with the heiress dawns on them simultaneously, and each signifies his intention of marrying her. The result is a heated argument until Lord Almeric, noticing the cards on the table, suggests playing for her.

XXIV.

IT was a suggestion so purely in the spirit of a day when men bet on every contingency in life, public or private, decorous or the reverse, from the fecundity of a sister to the longevity of a sire, that it sounded less indecent in the ears of Lord Almeric's companions than it does in ours. Mr. Thomasson, indeed, who was only so far a gamester as every man who had pretensions to be a gentleman was one at that time, and who had seldom, since the days of Lady Harrington's faro bank, staked more than he could afford on a card, hesitated and looked dubious; but Mr. Pomeroy, a reckless and hardened gambler, gave a boisterous assent, and in the face of that the tutor's objections went for nothing. In a trice all the cards and half the glasses were swept pell mell to the floor, a new pack was torn open, the candles were snuffed, and Mr. Pomeroy, smacking him heartily on the back, was bidding him draw up.

"Sit down, man! Sit down!" cried that gentleman, who had regained his jovial humor as quickly as he had lost it, and whom the prospect of the stakes appeared to intoxicate. "May I burn if I ever played for a girl before! Hang it, man, look cheerful! We'll toast her first—and a daintier bit never swam in a bowl—and play for her afterwards. Come, no heel taps, my lord. Drink her! Drink her! Here's to the mistress of Bastwick!"

"Lady Almeric Doyley!" said my lord, rising and bowing with his hand to his heart,

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while he ogled the door through which she had disappeared. "I drink you! Here's to your pretty face, my dear!"

"Mrs. Thomasson!" said the tutor, "I drink to you. But——"

"But what shall it be, you mean?" Pomeroy cried briskly. "Loo, quinze, faro, langquement? Or cribbage, all fours, put, if you like, parson. It's all one to me. Name your game, and I am your man!"

"Then, let us shuffle and cut, and the highest takes," said the tutor.

"Sho! man, where is the sport in that?"

"It is what Lord Almeric proposed," Mr. Thomasson answered. The two glasses of wine he had taken had given him courage. "I am no player, and at games of skill I am no match for you."

A shadow crossed Mr. Pomeroy's face, but he recovered himself immediately. "As you please," he said, shrugging his shoulders with a show of carelessness. "I'll match any man at anything. Let's to it!"

But the tutor kept his hands on the cards, which lay in a heap face downwards on the table. "There is a thing to be settled before we draw," he said, hesitating somewhat. "If she will not take the winner—what then?"

"What then?"

"Yes, what then?"

Mr. Pomeroy grinned. "Why, then No. 2 will try; and if he fail, No. 3. There, my bully boy, that is settled. It seems simple enough, don't it?"

"But how long is each to have?" said the tutor, in a low voice. The three were bending over the cards, their faces near one another. Lord Almeric's eyes turned from one to the other of the speakers.

"How long?" Mr. Pomeroy answered, raising his eyebrows. "Ah! Well, let's say—what do you think? Two days?"

"And, failing him, two days for the second?"

"There will be no second if I am first," Pomeroy answered grimly.

"But otherwise," the tutor persisted, "two days for the second?"

Bully Pomeroy nodded.

"But then the question is, can we keep her here?"

"Four days?"

"Yes."

Mr. Pomeroy laughed harshly. "Aye," he said, "or six if needs be, and I lose. You may leave that to me. We'll shift her to the nursery tomorrow."

"The nursery?" said my lord, staring.

"Leave that to me."

The tutor turned a shade paler, and his eyes sunk slyly to the table. "There'll—there'll be no pressure, of course," he said, his voice a trifle unsteady.

"Pressure? Oh, no, there will be no pressure!" Mr. Pomeroy answered, with an unpleasant sneer; and they all laughed—Mr. Thomasson a little tremulously, Lord Almeric as if he scarcely followed the other's meaning and laughed that he might not seem outside of it. Then, "There is another thing that must not be," Pomeroy continued, tapping softly on the table with his forefinger, as much to command attention as to emphasize his words, "and that is peaching! Peaching! We'll have no Jeremy Twitchers here, if you please."

"No, no!" Mr. Thomasson stammered. "Of course not."

"No, damme!" said my lord grandly. "No peaching!"

"No," said Mr. Pomeroy, glancing keenly from one to the other. "And by token, I have a thought that will cure it! D'ye see here, my lord. What do you say to the losers taking five thousand each out of madam's money? That should bind all together if anything will—though I say it that will have to pay it," he continued boastfully.

My lord was full of admiration. "Uncommon handsome!" he said. "Pom, that does you credit. You have a head! I always said you had a head."

"You are agreeable to that, my lord?"

"Burn me, if I am not!"

"Then, shake hands upon it. And what say you, parson?"

Mr. Thomasson proffered an assent fully as enthusiastic as Lord Almeric's. The tutor's nerves, never strong, were none the better for the rough treatment he had undergone, his long drive, and his longer fast. He had taken enough wine to obscure remoter terrors, but not the image of Mr. Dunborough—*impiger iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*—Dunborough doubly and trebly offended! That recurred when the glass was not at his lips, and, behind it, sometimes the angry specter of Sir George, sometimes the face of the girl, blazing with rage, slaying him with the lightning of her contempt.

He thought it would not suit him ill, therefore—though it was a sacrifice—if Mr. Pomeroy took the fortune, the wife, and the risk; and five thousand only fell to him. True, the risk, apart from that of Mr. Dunborough's vengeance, might be small; no one of the three had had art or part in the abduction of the girl. True, too, in the atmosphere of this unfamiliar house—into which he had been transported as suddenly as *Bedreddin Hassam* to the palace in the fairy tale—with the fumes of wine in his head, and the glamour of lights and beauty before his eyes, he was in a mood to minimize even that risk. But under the jovial

good fellowship which Mr. Pomeroy affected, and which he strove to instil into the party, he discerned at odd moments a something sinister that turned his craven heart to water and loosened the joints of his knees.

The lights and cards and jests, the toasts and laughter—these were a mask that sometimes slipped and let him see the death's head that grinned behind it. They were three men alone with the girl in a country house, of which the reputation, Mr. Thomasson had a shrewd idea, was no better than its master's. No one outside knew that she was there; as far as her friends were concerned, she had vanished from the earth. She was a woman, and she was in their power. What was to prevent them bending her to their purpose?

It is probable that had she been of their rank from the beginning, bred and trained, as well as born, a Soane, it would not have occurred, even to a broken and desperate man, to frame so audacious a plan. But scruples grew weak, and virtue—the virtue of Vauxhall and the Masquerades—languished where it was a question of a woman who a month before had been fair game for undergraduate gallantry, and who now carried fifty thousand pounds in her hand!

Mr. Pomeroy's next words showed that this aspect of the case was in his mind. "Damme, she ought to be glad to marry any one of us!" he said, as he packed the cards and handed them to the others that each might shuffle them. "If she is not, the worse for her! We'll put her on bread and water until she sees reason!"

"D'you think Dunborough knew that she had the money, Tommy?" said Lord Almeric, grinning at the thought of his friend's disappointment.

Dunborough's name turned the tutor grave. He shook his head.

"He'll be monstrous mad—monstrous!" said Lord Almeric, with a chuckle; the wine he had drunk was beginning to affect him. "He has paid the postboys, and we ride. Ha! ha! Well, are you ready? Ready all? Hallo! who is to draw first?"

"Let's draw for first," said Mr. Pomeroy. "All together!"

"Altogether!

For it's hey, derry down, and it's over the lea,
And it's out with the fox in the dawning!"

sang my lord in an uncertain voice; and then, "Lord, I've a cursed deuce! Tommy has it! Tommy's pam has it! No, by Gad, Pomeroy, you have got it! Your queen takes!"

"And I shall take the queen!" quoth Mr. Pomeroy; then ceremoniously: "My first draw, I think?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thomasson nervously.

"Yes," said Lord Almeric, his eyes gloating over the blind backs of the cards as they lay extended in a long row before him. "Draw away!"

"Then, here's for a wife, and five thousand a year!" cried Pomeroy. "One, two, three—ugh! Oh, hang and sink the cards!" he continued furiously, as he flung down the card he had drawn. "Seven's the main! I have no luck! Now, Mr. Parson, get on! Can you do better?"

Mr. Thomasson, a damp flush on his brow, chose his card gingerly, and turned it with trembling fingers. Mr. Pomeroy greeted it with a savage oath, Lord Almeric with a yell of tipsy laughter. It was an eight.

"It is bad to be crabbed, but to be crabbed by a smug like you!" Mr. Pomeroy cried churlishly. Then, "Go on, man!" he said to his lordship. "Don't keep us all night!"

Lord Almeric, thus adjured, turned a card with a flourish. It was a king!

"Fal lal lal, lal lal la!" he sang, rising with a sweep of the arm that brought down two candlesticks. Then seizing a glass and filling it from the punch bowl, "Here's your health once more, my lady! And drink her, you envious beggars! Drink her, both of you! You shall throw the stocking for us. Lord, we'll have a right royal wedding! And then——"

"Don't you forget the five thousand," said Pomeroy sulkily. He kept his seat, his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets; he looked the picture of disappointment.

"Not I, dear lad, not I! Lord, it is as safe as if your banker had it! Just as safe!"

"Umph! She has not taken you yet!" Pomeroy muttered, watching him; and his face relaxed. "No, hang me, she has not!" he continued, in a tone but half audible. "And it is even betting she will not. She might take you drunk, but damn me, if she will take you sober!" And cheered by the reflection he pulled the bowl to him, and filling a glass, "Here's to her, my lord," he said, raising it to his lips. "But remember you have only two days."

"Two days?" my lord cried, reeling slightly—the last glass had been too much for him. "We'll be married in two days. See if we are not."

"The act notwithstanding?" Mr. Pomeroy said, with a sneer.

"Oh, sink the act!" his lordship retorted. "But where's—where's the door? I shall go," he continued, gazing vacantly about him—"go to her at once—and tell her—tell her I shall marry her! You—you fellows are hiding the door! You are—you are all

jealous! Oh, yes! Such a shape and such eyes! You are jealous, all of you!"

Mr. Pomeroy leaned forward and leered at the tutor. "Shall we let him go?" he whispered. "It will mend somebody's chance. What say you, parson? You stand next. Make it six thousand instead of five, and I'll see to it."

"Let me go to her!" my lord hiccuped fretfully. He was standing holding on to the back of a chair. "I tell you I—where is she? You are jealous! That's what you are! Jealous! She is fond of me—pretty, pretty charmer—and I shall go to her!"

But Mr. Thomasson shook his head, not so much because he shrank from the outrage which the other contemplated with a grin, as because he now wished Lord Almeric to succeed. He thought it possible, and even likely, that the girl, dazzled by his title, would be willing to take the young sprig of nobility; and the influence of the Doyley family was great.

He shook his head therefore, and Mr. Pomeroy, thus rebuffed, solaced himself with a couple of glasses of punch. After that Mr. Thomasson pleaded fatigue as his reason for declining to take a hand at any game whatever; and my lord continued to maunder and flourish and stagger. On this the host reluctantly suggested bed, and going to the door bawled for Jarvey and his lordship's man. They came, but were found to be incapable of standing separately. The tutor and Mr. Pomeroy therefore took my lord by the arms and partly shoved and partly supported him to his room.

There was a second bed in the chamber. "You had better tumble in there, parson," said Pomeroy. "What say you, will't do?"

"Finely," Tommy answered. "I am obliged to you." And when they had jointly loosened his lordship's cravat and removed his wig, and set the cool jug of small beer within his reach, Mr. Pomeroy bade the other a curt good night and took himself off.

Mr. Thomasson waited until his footsteps had ceased to echo in the gallery, and then, he scarcely knew why, he furtively opened the door and peeped out. All was dark, and save for the regular tick of the pendulum on the stairs the house was still. Mr. Thomasson, wondering which way Julia's room lay, stood listening until a stair creaked, and then, retiring precipitately, locked his door.

Lord Almeric, in the gloom of the green moreen curtains that draped his huge four poster, had fallen into a drunken slumber. The shadow of his wig, which Pomeroy had clapped on the wig stand by the bed, nodded on the wall as the draft moved the tails. Mr. Thomasson shivered and, removing the candle to the hearth—as was his prudent habit of nights—muttered that a goose was walking over his grave, undressed quickly, and jumped into bed.

XXV.

When Julia awoke in the morning, without start or shock, to the dreary consciousness of all she had lost, she was still under the influence of the despair which had settled on her spirits overnight, and had run like a dark stain all through her troubled dreams. Fatigue of body and lassitude of mind—the natural consequences of the passion and excitement of her adventures—combined to deaden her faculties. She rose aching in all her limbs—but most at heart—and wearily dressed herself; but neither saw nor heeded the objects round her. The room to which poor, puzzled Mrs. Olney had hastily consigned her looked over a sunny stretch of park, sprinkled with gnarled thorn trees that poorly filled the places of the oaks and chestnuts which the gaming table had consumed. Still the outlook pleased the eye; nor was the chamber itself, hung with a pleasant white dimity that lightened the faded panels on the walls—wherein needlework cockatoos and flamingos, worked under Queen Anne, strutted under care of needlework black boys—lacking in liveliness.

But Julia, wrapped in bitter thoughts and reminiscences, her bosom heaving from time to time with ill restrained grief, gave scarce a glance at the position, until Mrs. Olney appeared and informed her that breakfast awaited her in another room.

"Can I not take it here?" Julia asked, shrinking painfully from the prospect of meeting any one.

"Here?" Mrs. Olney repeated. The housekeeper never closed her mouth except when she spoke; for which reason, perhaps, her face faithfully mirrored the weakness of her mind.

"Yes," said Julia. "Can I not take it here, if you please? I suppose—we shall have to start by and by?" she continued, shivering.

"By and by, ma'am?" Mrs. Olney answered. "Oh, yes!"

"Then, I can have it here?"

"Oh, yes; if you will please to follow me, ma'am;" and she held the door open.

Julia shrugged her shoulders and, contesting the matter no farther, followed the good woman along a corridor and through a door which shut off a second and shorter passage. From this three doors opened, apparently into as many apartments. Mrs. Olney threw one of them wide and ushered

her into a room damp smelling and hung with drab, but of good size and otherwise comfortable. The windows looked over a neglected Dutch garden, so rankly overgrown that the box hedges scarce rose above the wilderness of parterres; beyond which, and divided from it by a deep sunk fence, a pool fringed with sedges and marsh weeds carried the eye to an alder thicket that closed the prospect.

Julia, in her relief at finding that the table was laid for one only, paid no heed to this, or to the bars that crossed the windows, but sank into a chair and mechanically ate and drank. Apprised after a while that Mrs. Olney had returned and was watching her with fatuous good nature, she asked her if she knew at what hour she was to leave.

"To leave?" said Mrs. Olney, whose almost invariable custom it was to repeat the last words addressed to her. "Oh, yes, to leave! Of course."

"But at what time?" said Julia, wondering whether the woman was as dull as she seemed.

"Yes, at what time?" Then, after a pause and with a phenomenal effort, "I will go and see—if you please."

She returned presently. "There are no horses," she said. "When they are ready the gentlemen will let you know."

"They have sent for some?"

"Sent for some," repeated Mrs. Olney, and nodded, but whether in assent or imbecility it was hard to say.

After that Julia troubled her no more, but, rising from her meal, had recourse to the window and her own thoughts. These were in sad unison with the neglected garden and the sullen pool, which even the sunshine failed to enliven. Her heart was torn between the sense of Sir George's treachery—which now benumbed her brain and now awoke it to a fury of resentment—and found memories of words and looks and gestures that shook her very frame and left her sick—love sick and trembling. She did not look forward, nor, in the dull lethargy in which she was for the most part sunk, was she aware of the passage of time until Mrs. Olney came in and, her mouth and eyes a little wider than usual, announced that the gentleman was coming up.

She supposed the woman to refer to Mr. Thomasson, and, recalled to the necessity of returning to Marlborough, gave a reluctant permission. Great was her astonishment when, instead of the tutor, Lord Almeric, fanning himself with a laced handkerchief and carrying his little French hat under his arm, appeared on the threshold and entered, simpering and bowing. He was extravagantly dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat and a mushroom stock, with breeches of silver net and white silk stockings, and had a large pearl pin thrust through his wig. But, alas! his splendor, designed to captivate the porter's daughter, only served to exhibit more plainly the nerveless hand and sickly cheeks which he owed to last night's debauch.

Apparently he was aware of this, for his first words were, "Oh, Lord, what a twitter I am in! I vow and protest, ma'am, I don't know where you get your roses of a morning, but I wish you would give me the secret."

"Sir!" she said, interrupting him, surprise in her face—"or," she continued, with a momentary flush of confusion, "I should say, my lord, surely there must be some mistake here."

"None, I swear!" Lord Almeric answered, bowing gallantly. "But I am in such a twitter"—he dropped his hat and picked it up again—"I hardly know what I am saying. To be sure, I was devilish cut last night! I hope nothing was said to—to—oh, Lord! I mean I hope you were not much incommoded by the night air, ma'am."

"The night air has not hurt me, I thank you," said Julia, who did not take the trouble to hide her impatience.

However, my lord, nothing daunted, expressed himself monstrous glad to hear it; and, after looking about him and humming and hawing, "Won't you sit?" he said, with a killing glance.

"I am leaving immediately," Julia answered, coldly declining the chair which he pushed forward. At another time his foppish dress might have moved her to smiles, or his feebleness and vapid oaths to pity. This morning she needed her pity for herself, and was in no smiling mood. Her world had crashed round her; she would sit and weep among the ruins, and this butterfly insect flitted between. "I will not detain your lordship," she continued, curtsying frigidly.

"Cruel beauty!" my lord answered, dropping his hat and clasping his hands; and then, "Look, ma'am," he cried—"look, I beseech you, on the least worthy of your admirers, and deign to listen to him. And—oh, I say, do not stare at me like that!" he continued hurriedly, plaintiveness suddenly taking the place of grandiloquence. "I vow and protest I am in earnest."

"Then you must be mad!" Julia cried, in great wrath. "You can have no other excuse, sir, for talking to me like that!"

"Excuse?" he cried rapturously. "Your eyes are my excuse, your lips, your shape! Whom would they not madden, madam? Whom would they not charm—insanitate—

intoxicate? What man of sensibility, seeing them, at an immeasurable distance, would not hasten to lay his homage at the feet of so divine, so perfect a creature, whom even to see is to taste of bliss! Deign, madam, to—oh! Oh, I say, you don't mean to say you are really of—offended?" Lord Almeric stuttered, again falling lamentably from the standard of address which he had conned while his man was shaving him. "You—you—look here——"

"You must be mad!" Julia cried, her eyes flashing lightning on the unhappy beau. "If you do not leave me, I will call for some one to put you out! How dare you insult me? If there were a bell I could reach——"

Lord Almeric stared in the utmost perplexity, and, suddenly fallen from his high horse, alighted on a kind of dignity. "Madam," he said, with a little bow and a strut, "'tis the first time an offer of marriage from one of my family has been called an insult! And I don't understand it. For hang me, if we have married fools, we have married high!"

It was Julia's turn to be overwhelmed with confusion. Having nothing less in her mind than marriage, and least of all an offer of marriage from such a person, she had set down all he had said to impudence and her unguarded situation. Apprised of his meaning, she felt in a moment a degree of shame and muttered that she had not understood; she craved his pardon.

"Beauty asks and beauty has!" Lord Almeric answered, bowing and kissing the tips of his fingers, his self esteem perfectly restored.

Julia frowned. "You cannot be in earnest," she said.

"Never more in earnest in my life!" he replied. "Say the word, say you'll have me," he continued, pressing his little hat to his breast and gazing over it with melting looks, "most adorable of your sex, and I'll call up Pomeroy, I'll call up Tommy, the old woman, too, if you choose, and tell 'em—tell 'em all!"

"I must be dreaming," Julia murmured, gazing at him in a kind of fascination.

"Then, if to dream is to assent, dream on, fair love!" his lordship spouted, with a grand air; and then, "Hang it, that's—that's rather clever of me," he continued. "And I mean it, too! Oh, depend upon it, there's nothing that a man won't think of when he's in love! And I am fallen confoundedly in love with—with you, ma'am."

"But very suddenly," Julia replied, beginning to recover from her amazement.

"You don't think that I am sincere?" he cried plaintively. "You doubt me! Then." and he advanced a pace towards her, with hat and arms extended, "let the eloquence of a—a feeling heart plead for me, a heart too—yes, too sensible of your charms, and—and your many merits, ma'am! Yes, most adorable of your sex—but," he added, breaking off abruptly, "I said that before, didn't I? Yes, Lord, what a memory I have got! I am all of a twitter. I was so cut last night I don't know what I am saying."

"That I believe," Julia said, with chilling severity.

"Eh, but—but you do believe I am in earnest?" he cried anxiously. "Shall I kneel to you? Shall I call up the servants and tell them? Shall I swear that I mean honorably? Lord, I am no Mr. Thornhill! I'll make it as public as you like," he continued eagerly. "I'll send for a bishop——"

"Spare me the bishop," Julia rejoined, with a faint smile, "and any further appeals—which I am convinced, my lord, come rather from your head, than your heart."

"Oh, Lord, no!" he cried.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" she answered, with a spice of her old archness. "I may have a tolerable opinion of my own attractions—women commonly have, it is said—but I am not so foolish, my lord, as to suppose that on the three or four occasions on which I have seen you I can have gained your heart. To what I am to attribute your sudden—shall I call it whim or fancy?" Julia continued with a faint blush—"I do not know, my lord. I am willing to suppose that you do not mean to insult me——"

Lord Almeric denied it with a woful face.

"Or to deceive me. I am willing to suppose," she repeated, stopping him by a gesture as he tried to speak, "that you are in earnest for the time, my lord, in desiring to make me your wife, strange and sudden as the desire appears. But it is an honor which I must as earnestly and positively decline."

"Why?" he cried, gaping, and then, "Oh, swounds, ma'am, you don't mean it?" he continued piteously. "Not have me? Not have me? And why?"

"Because," she said modestly, "I do not love you, my lord."

"Hey? Oh, but—but when we are married," he answered eagerly, rallying his scattered forces, "when we are one, sweet maid——"

"That time will never come," she replied cruelly; and then, gloom overspreading her face, "I shall never marry, my lord. If it be any consolation to you, no one shall be preferred to you."

"Oh, but, damme, the desert air and all that!" cried Lord Almeric, fanning himself violently with his hat. "I—oh, you mustn't talk like that, you know. Lord, you might

be some queer old put of a dowager!" And then with a burst of sincere feeling, his little heart inflamed by her beauty, and his manhood—or such of it as had survived the lessons of Vauxhall and Mr. Thomasson—rising in arms at sight of her trouble, "See here, child," he said, in his natural voice, "say yes, and I'll swear I'll be kind to you! Sink me if I am not! And mind you, you'll be my lady, and go to Ranelagh and the Masquerades with the best. You shall have your box at the opera and the King's House; you shall have your frolic in the pit when you please, and your own money for loo and brag, and keep your own woman and have her as ugly as the bearded lady for what I care. I want nobody's lips but yours, sweet, if you'll be kind! And, so help me, I'll stop at one bottle, my lady, and play as small as the churchwarden's club! And, Lord, I don't see why we should not be as happy together as James and Betty!"

She shook her head, but kindly, with tears in her eyes and a trembling lip. She was thinking of another who might have given her all this, or as much as was to her taste; one with whom she had looked to be as happy as any James and Betty. "It is impossible, my lord," she said.

"Honest Abram?" he cried, very downcast.

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"S'help me, you are melting!"

"No, no!" she cried; "it is not—it is not that! It is impossible, I tell you. You don't know what you ask," she continued hurriedly, struggling with the emotion that almost mastered her.

"But, curse me, I know what I want!" he answered gloomily. "You may go farther and fare worse! Swounds! I'd be kind to you, and it is not everybody would be that!"

She had turned from him so that he might not see her face, and she did not answer. He waited a moment, twiddling his hat; his face was overcast, his mood hung between spite and pity. At last, "Well, 'tisn't my fault," he said; and, then relenting again, "But there, I know what women are! Vapors one day, kissing the next. I'll try again, my lady. I am not proud."

She flung him a gesture that meant assent, dissent, dismissal, as he pleased to interpret it. He took it to mean the first, and muttering, "Well, well, have it your own way. I'll go for this time. But hang all prudes, say I!" he withdrew reluctantly, and closed the door on her.

As soon as he was gone, the tempest which Julia's pride had enabled her to stem for a time broke forth in a passion of tears and sobs, and throwing herself on the shabby window seat, she gave free vent to her grief. The happy future which the little beau had dangled before her eyes, absurdly as he had fashioned and bedecked it, reminded her only too sharply of that which she had promised herself with one in whose affections she had fancied herself secure despite the attacks of the prettiest Abigail in the world! How fondly had she depicted life with him! With what happy blushes, what joyful tremors! And now? What wonder that at the thought a fresh burst of grief convulsed her frame, or that she presently passed from the extremity of grief to the extremity of rage, and, realizing anew Sir George's heartless desertion and more cruel perfidy, ground her tear stained face in the dusty chintz of the window seat, that had known so many childish sorrows, and there choked the fierce, hysterical words that rose to her lips.

Or what wonder that her next thought was revenge? She sat up, her back to the window and the unkempt garden, whence the light stole through the disordered masses of her hair; her face to the empty room. Revenge? Yes, she could punish him, she could take his money from him, she could pursue him with a woman's unrelenting spite, she could hound him from the country, she could have all but his life! But none of these things would restore her maiden pride, would remove from her the stain of his false love, or rebut the insolent taunt of the eyes to which she had bowed herself captive. If she could so beat him with his own weapons that he would doubt his conquest, doubt her love—if she could effect that, there were no means she would not adopt, no way she would not take!

Pique in a woman's mind, even in the best, finds in a rival the tool readiest to hand. A wave of crimson swept across Julia's pale face, and she stood up on her feet. Lady Almeric! Lady Almeric Doyley! Here was a revenge, the fittest of revenges, ready to her hand, if she could bring herself to take it. What if in the same hour in which he heard that his plan had gone amiss he heard that she was to marry another?—and such another that marry almost whom he might she would take precedence of his wife! That last was a small thought, a petty thought, worthy of a smaller mind than Julia's; but she was a woman, and the charms of such a revenge in the general came home to her. It would show him that others valued what he had cast away; it would convince him—she hoped so, and yet, alas! she doubted—that she had taken his suit as lightly as he had meant it. It would give her a—a home, a place, a settled position in the world.

She followed it no farther, perhaps be-

cause she wished to act—and knew it—on impulse rather than reason, blindly rather than on foresight. In haste, with trembling fingers, she set a chair below the broken, frayed end of a bell rope that hung on the wall; and having reached it, as if she feared her resolution might fail before the event, pulled and pulled frantically, until hurrying footsteps come along the passage, and Mrs. Olney entered with a foolish face of alarm.

"Fetch—tell the gentleman to come back," Julia cried.

"To come back?"

"Yes! The gentleman who was here now."

"Oh, yes, the gentleman!" Mrs. Olney murmured. "Your ladyship wishes him?"

Julia's very brow turned crimson, but her resolution held. "Yes, I wish to see him," she said imperiously. "Tell him to come to me!"

She stood erect, panting and defiant, her eyes on the door, while the woman went to do her bidding—stood erect, refusing to think, her face set hard, until far down the outer passage—Mrs. Olney had left the door open—the sound of shuffling feet and a shrill prattle of words heralded Lord Almeric's return. Presently he came tripping in with a smirk and a bow, the inevitable little hat under his arm, and was in an attitude that made the best of his white silk stockings before he had recovered the breath the ascent of the stairs had cost him.

"See at your feet the most obedient of your slaves, ma'am!" he cried. "To hear was to obey, to obey was to fly! If it's Pitt's diamond you need, or Lady Mary's soap box, or a new conundrum, or—hang it all, I cannot think of anything else, but command me! I'll forth and get it, stap me if I won't!"

"My lord, it is nothing of that kind," Julia answered, her voice steady, though her cheeks burned.

"Eh? What? It's not?" he babbled. "Then, what is it? Command me, whatever it is!"

"I believe, my lord," she said, smiling faintly, "that a woman is always privileged to change her mind—once?"

My lord stared; then, gathering her meaning as much from her heightened color as from her words, "What?" he screamed. "Eh? Oh, Lord! Do you mean that you will have me? Eh? Have you sent for me for that? Do you really mean that?" And he fumbled for his spy glass that he might see her face more clearly.

"I mean," Julia began, and then more firmly—"yes, I do mean that," she said, "if you are of the same mind, my lord, as you were half an hour ago."

"Crickey, but I am!" cried Lord Almeric, fairly skipping in his joy. "By jingo, but I am! Here's to you, my lady! Here's to you, ducky! Oh, Lord, but I was fit to kill myself five minutes ago, and those fellows would have done naught but roast me. And now I am in the seventh heaven. Ho! ho!" he continued, with a comical pirouette of triumph, "he laughs best who laughs last. But—Lord! you are not afraid of me, pretty? You'll let me buss you?"

But Julia, with a face grown suddenly white, shrank back and held out her hand.

"Sakes! but to seal the bargain, child," he remonstrated, trying to get near her.

She forced a faint smile and, still retreating, gave him her hand to kiss. "Seal it on that," she said graciously. Then, "Your lordship will pardon me, I am sure. I am not very well, and—and yesterday has shaken me. Will you be so good as to leave me now—until tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" he cried. "Tomorrow? Why, it is an age! An eternity!"

But she was determined to have until tomorrow—God knows why! And with a little firmness she persuaded him, and he went.

XXVI.

Lord Almeric flew down the stairs on the wings of triumph, rehearsing at each corner the words in which he would announce his conquest. He found his host and the tutor in the parlor, in the middle of a game of shilling hazard which they were playing, the former with as much enjoyment, and the latter with as much good humor, as consistent with the fact that Mr. Pomeroy was losing and Mr. Thomasson played against his will. The weather had changed for the worse since morning. The sky was leaden, the trees were dripping; the rain hung in rows of drops along the rails that flanked the avenue. Mr. Pomeroy cursed the damp hole he owned, and sighed for town and the Cocoa Tree. The tutor wished he were quit of the company—and his debts. And both were so far from suspecting what had happened up stairs—though the tutor had his hopes—that Mr. Pomeroy was offering three to one against his friend when Lord Almeric danced in upon them.

"Give me joy!" he cried breathless. "D'you hear, Pom? She'll take me, and I have bussed her! March could not have done it quicker! She's mine, and the—and the pool! She is mine! Give me joy!"

Mr. Thomasson lost not a minute in rising and shaking him by the hand. "My dear lord," he cried, in a voice rendered unusually rich and mellow by the prospect of

five thousand pounds, "you make me infinitely happy. You do, indeed! I give your lordship joy! I assure you that it will ever be a matter of the deepest satisfaction to me that I was the cause under Providence of her presence here. A fine woman, my lord, and a—a commensurate fortune."

"A fine woman? Gad, you'd say so if you had held her in your arms!" cried my lord, strutting and lying.

"I am sure," Mr. Thomasson hastened to say, "your lordship is every way to be congratulated."

"Gad, you'd say so, Tommy!" the other repeated, with a wink. He was in the seventh heaven of delight.

So far all went swimmingly, neither of them remarking that Mr. Pomeroy kept silence. But at this point the tutor, whose temper it was to be uneasy unless all were on his side, happened to turn, saw that he kept his seat, and was struck with the blackness of his look. Anxious to smooth over any unpleasantness, and to recall him to the requirements of the occasion, "Come, Mr. Pomeroy," he cried jestingly, "shall we drink her ladyship, or is it too early in the day?"

Bully Pomeroy thrust his hands deep into his breeches pockets and did not budge. "'Twill be time to drink her when the ring is on!" he said, with an ugly sneer.

"Oh, I vow and protest that's ungenteel," my lord complained. "I vow and protest it is!" he repeated querulously. "See here, Pom, if you had won her I'd not treat you like this."

"Your lordship has not won her yet!" was the churlish answer.

"But she has said it, I tell you! She said she'd have me."

"She won't be the first woman who's altered her mind—nor the last!" Mr. Pomeroy retorted, with an oath. "You may be amazingly sure of that, my lord!" And muttering something about a woman and a fool being akin, he spurned a dog out of his way, overset a chair, and strode cursing from the room.

Lord Almeric stared after him, his face a queer mixture of vanity and dismay. At last, "Strikes me, Tommy, he's uncommon hard hit!" he said, with a simper. "He must have made surprising sure of her. Ah!" he continued with a chuckle, as he passed his hand delicately over his well curled wig, and glanced at a narrow black framed mirror that stood between the windows, "he is a bit too old for the women, is Pom! They run to something lighter in hand. Besides, there's a—a way with the pretty creatures, if you take me, and Pom has not got it. Now, I—I flatter myself I have, Tommy; and Julia—it is a sweet name, Julia, don't you think?—Julia is of that way of thinking. Lord, I know women!" his lordship continued, growing the happier the longer he talked. "It is not what a man has, or what he has done, or even his taste in a coat or wig—though, mind you, a French *friseur* does a lot to help men to *bonnes fortunes*—but it is a sort of way one has got! The silly creatures cannot stand against it."

Mr. Thomasson hastened to agree, and to vouch her future ladyship's flame as proof of my lord's prowess. But he was a timid man, and the more perfect the contentment with which he viewed the turn things had taken, and the more nearly within his grasp seemed his five thousand, the graver was the misgiving with which he regarded Mr. Pomeroy's attitude. He had no notion what shape that gentleman's hostility might take, or how far his truculence might aspire; but he guessed that Lord Almeric's victory had convinced the elder man that his task would have been easy had the cards favored him; and when, a little later in the day, he saw Pomeroy walking in the park in the drenching rain, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his wrap rascal and his chin bent on his breast, he trembled. He knew that when men of Mr. Pomeroy's class take to thinking some one is likely to lose.

At dinner, however, the tutor's fears were temporarily lulled. Mr. Pomeroy put in a sulky appearance, but his gloom, it was presently manifest, was due to the burden of an apology, which being lamely offered and readily accepted he relapsed into his ordinary brusk and reckless mood, swearing that they would have the lady down and drink her; or, if that were not pleasing, "Damme, we'll drink her, any way!" he continued. "I was a toad this morning. No offense meant, my lord. Lover's license, you know. You can afford to be generous, having won the pool."

"And the maid," said my lord, with a simper. "Burn me, you are a good fellow, Pom! Give me your hand. You shall see her after dinner. She said tomorrow, but hang me, I'll to her!"

Mr. Pomeroy expressed himself properly gratified, adding demurely that he would play no tricks.

"No, hang me, no tricks!" my lord cried, somewhat alarmed. "Not that——"

"Not that I am likely to displace your lordship, her affections once gained," said Mr. Pomeroy.

He lowered his face to hide a smile of bitter derision, but he had only the tutor to fear; for Lord Almeric, fatuously happy, was

blinded by vanity. "No, I should think not!" he said, with a conceit which nearly deserved the other's contempt. "I should think not, Tommy! Give me twenty minutes of a start, as Wilkes says, and you may follow as you please! Didn't I bring down the bird at the first shot?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Didn't I, eh? Didn't I?"

"Most certainly, your lordship did," repeated the obsequious tutor, who, basking in the smiles of his host's good humor, began to think that things would run smoothly after all. The lady was toasted, and toasted again. Nay, so great was Mr. Pomeroy's complaisance and so easy his mood, he must needs have up three or four bottles of Brook & Hellier that had lain in the cellar half a century—the last of a batch—and gave her a third time in bumpers and no heel taps.

But that opened Mr. Thomasson's eyes. He discerned that Pomeroy had reverted to his idea of the night before, and was bent on making the young fop drunk and exposing him in that state to his mistress; perhaps had even the notion of pushing him on to some rudeness that, unless she proved very compliant indeed, must ruin him forever with her. Three was their dinner hour; it was not yet four, yet the young lord was already flushed and a little flustered; talked fast, swore at Jarvey, and bragged of the girl lightly and without reserve. By six o'clock, if something were not done, he would be unmanageable.

The tutor stood in no little awe of his host. He had tremors down his back when he thought of his violence; nor was this dogged persistence in a design as cruel as it was cunning calculated to lessen the feeling. But he had five thousand pounds at stake, a fortune on which he had been pluming himself since noon; it was no time for hesitation. They were dining in the hall at the table at which they had played cards the night before, Jarvey and Lord Almeric's servant attending them. Between the table and the staircase was a screen. The next time Lord Almeric's glass was filled, the tutor, in reaching something, upset the glass and its contents over his own breeches, and amid the laughter of the other two retired behind the screen to be wiped. There he slipped a crown into the servant's hand, and whispered him to keep his master sober and he should have another.

Mr. Pomeroy saw nothing and heard nothing, and for a time suspected nothing. The servant was a crafty fellow, a London rascal, deft at whipping away full bottles. He was an age finding a clean glass, and slow in drawing the next cork. He filled the host's bumper and Mr. Thomasson's, and had but half a glass for his master. The next bottle he impudently pronounced corked, and when Pomeroy cursed him for a liar, brought him some in an unwashed glass that had been used for Bordeaux. The wine was condemned, and went out; and though Pomeroy with unflagging spirits roared to Jarvey to open the other bottles, the butler had got the office and was slow to bring it. The cheese came and went, and left Lord Almeric cooler than it found him. The tutor was overjoyed at the success of his tactics.

But when the board was cleared, and the bottles were set on, and the men withdrawn, Bully Pomeroy began to push what remained of the Brook & Hellier after a fashion that boded an early defeat to the tutor's precautions. It was in vain Thomasson clung to the bottle and sometimes returned it Hertfordshire fashion. The only result was that Mr. Pomeroy smelled a rat, gave Lord Almeric a backhander, and sent the bottle on again, with a grin that told the tutor he was understood.

After that Mr. Thomasson had the choice between sitting still or taking his own part. It was neck or nothing. Lord Almeric was already hiccuping and would soon be talking thickly; the next time the bottle came round the tutor retained it, and when Lord Almeric reached for it, "No, my lord," he said, laughing. "Venus first and Bacchus afterwards. Your lordship has to wait on the lady. When you come down, with Mr. Pomeroy's leave, we will crack another bottle."

My lord withdrew his hand more readily than the other had hoped. "Right, Tommy?" he said. "What's that song? 'Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure, sweet is pleasure after pain!' Oh, no, damme, I don't mean that!" he continued. "No! How does it go?"

Mr. Pomeroy thrust the bottle almost rudely into his hands, looking daggers the while at the tutor. "Take another glass!" he cried boisterously. "Swounds, the girl will like you the better for it!"

"D'ye think so, Pom? Honest?"

"Sure of it! 'Twill give you spirit, my lord."

"So it will!"

"At her and kiss her! Are you going to be governed all your life by that whey faced old Methodist? Or be your own man? Tell me that."

"My lord, there's fifty thousand pounds upon it," said Thomasson, his face red; and he set back the bottle. The setting sun, peeping a moment through the rain clouds, flung an angry yellow light on the board and the three flushed faces round it. "Fifty

thousand pounds," repeated Mr. Thomasson firmly.

"Damme, so there is!" cried my lord, settling his chin in his cravat and dusting the crumbs from his breeches. "I'll take no more. So there!"

"I thought your lordship was a good humored man and no flincher," Mr. Pomeroy retorted, with a sneer.

"Oh, I vow and protest—if you put it that way," said the weakling, once more extending his hand, the fingers of which closed lovingly round the bottle, "I cannot refuse. Positively I cannot."

"Fifty thousand pounds," said the tutor, shrugging his shoulders. Lord Almeric slowly drew back his hand.

"Why, she'll like you the better!" Pomeroy cried fiercely, as he thrust the bottle back again. "D'you think a woman doesn't love an easy husband, and wouldn't rather have a good fellow than a thread paper?"

"Mr. Pomeroy! Mr. Pomeroy!" cried the tutor, shocked.

"A milksop! A thing of curds and whey!"

"After marriage, yes," muttered the tutor, pitching his voice cleverly in Lord Almeric's ear, and winking as he leaned towards him. "But your lordship has a great stake in't, and to abstain one night—why, sure, my lord, it's a small thing to do for a fine woman and a fortune!"

"Hang me, so it is!" Lord Almeric answered. "You are a good friend to me, Tommy!" And he flung his glass crashing into the fireplace. "No, Pom, you'd bite me. You want the pretty charmer yourself. But I'll be hanged if you shall have her. I'll walk, my boy, I'll walk, and at six I'll go to her, and take you, too. And mind you, no tricks, Pom! Lord, I know women as well as I know my own head in the glass! You don't bite me."

Pomeroy, with a face like thunder, did not answer a word; and Lord Almeric, walking a little unsteadily, went to the door, and a moment later became visible through one of the mullioned windows; his back to which, he stood a while, now sniffing the evening air, and now—with due regard to his mixed silk coat—taking a pinch of snuff.

Mr. Thomasson, his heart beating, wished he had had the courage to go with him. But this would have been to break with his host beyond mending; and besides, it was now too late. He was still seeking a propitiatory phrase with which to end the dreadful silence when Pomeroy anticipated him.

"You think yourself vastly clever, Mr. Tutor!" he growled, his voice hoarse with anger. "You think a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I see."

"Ten in the bush," said Mr. Thomasson, affecting an easiness he did not feel. "Ten fives are fifty."

"Two in the bush, I said, and two in the bush I mean," the other retorted, his voice still low. "Take it or leave it," he continued, with a muttered oath and a swift side glance at the windows, through which Lord Almeric was still visible, walking slowly to and fro, and often standing. "If you want it firm, I'll put it in black and white. Ten thousand, or security, the day after we come from church."

The tutor was silent a moment. Then, "It is too far in the bush," he answered, in a low voice. "I am willing enough to serve you, Mr. Pomeroy. I assure you, my dear sir, I desire nothing better. But if—if his lordship were dismissed, you'd be as far off as ever. And I should lose my bird in hand."

"She took him. Why should she not take me?"

"He has—no offense—a title, Mr. Pomeroy."

"And is a fool!"

Mr. Thomasson raised his hands in deprecation; such a saying, spoken of a lord, really shocked him. But his words went to another point. "Besides, it's a marriage brocage contract—and void," he muttered.

"You don't trust me?"

"'Twould be no use, Mr. Pomeroy," the tutor answered, gently shaking his head, and avoiding the issue presented to him. "You could not persuade her. She was in such a humor today my lord had special advantages. Break it off with him, and she'll come to herself; and she is wilful. Lord, you don't know! *Petruchio* could not tame her."

"I know nothing about *Petruchio*," Mr. Pomeroy answered grimly. "But I've ways of my own. You can leave that to me."

But Mr. Thomasson, who had only parleyed out of compliance, took fright at that and rose from the table, nervously shaking his head.

"You won't do it?" said Mr. Pomeroy.

The tutor shook his head again, with a sickly smile. "'Tis too far in the bush," he said.

"Ten thousand," replied Mr. Pomeroy, his eyes on the other's face. "Man," he continued forcibly, "do you think you will ever have such a chance again? Ten thousand! Why, 'tis eight hundred a year! 'Tis a gentleman's fortune."

For a moment Mr. Thomasson did waver. Then he put the temptation from him and shook his head. "You must pardon me, Mr. Pomeroy," he said. "I cannot do it."

"Will not!" Pomeroy cried harshly.

"Will not!" And would have said more but at that moment Jarvey entered behind him.

"Please, your honor," the man said, "the lady would see my lord."

"Oh!" said Pomeroy coarsely, "she is impatient, is she? Devil take her for me! And him, too!" And he sat sulkily in his place.

But the interruption suited Mr. Thomasson perfectly. He went to the outer door, and, opening it, called Lord Almeric, who, hearing what was afoot, hurried in. "Sent for me!" he cried, in a rapture, pressing his hat to his breast. "Dear creature!" And he kissed his fingers to the gallery. "Positively she is the kindest, sweetest morsel! The most amiable charmer who ever wore a petticoat! I vow and protest I am in love with her! It were brutal not to be, and she so fond! Stuff me, a cross word would break her! I'll to her! Tell her I fly! I stay but for a dash of bergamot, and I am with her!"

"I thought that you were going to take us with you," said Mr. Pomeroy, watching him sourly.

"I will! 'Pon honor, I will!" replied the delighted beau. "But you'll see she will soon find a way to dismiss you, the cunning baggage, and then 'Sweet is pleasure after pain!' Ha! ha! I have it aright this time! Sweet is Hea—oh, the doting little baggage! But, flames and raptures! Let us to her. I vow if she is not civil to you, I'll —I'll be cold to her!"

(To be continued.)

A SONG FOR THE SAILORS.

A song for the men who have sailed the seas
Under the stripes and the stars,
For our sailor lads of all degrees,
Our valorous Yankee tars!
The man on the bridge when the tempests shriek,
And the gunner at his gun,
And the lad who runs the flag to the peak,
Behold they are all as one!

Call the roll, aye, call the roll,
From that first and fortunate crew
That flung to the winds from the northern pole
The flag of the brave and true!
Oh, their names they shine in a lusty line,
And stanch were the ships they manned;
And they smote the ships of the queen of the brine
For the love of their motherland!

Glory be to that knight of the sea,
And his heroes, conflict scarred,
Who laughed at the odds of one to three
On the stout Bonhomme Richard!
And to him, when around there was ruin and wreck,
Who roused in his patriot ire,
And crossed the flood from deck to deck
In the face of a galling fire!

Praise to the victor of Lake Champlain,
McDonough of dauntless mien,
To him who harried the Tripoli main
And the coast of the Algerine;
To those who fought in that fearsome fight
Whence the Monitor "bore the bell,"
And to him who, lashed to the mizzen height,
Drove straight through the jaws of hell!

A song for the dead, for the heroes sped
To the haven of no return,
But a song as well for those that tread
Their path with its perils stern;
A song for our sailors of all degrees.
Our tried and our trusty tars,
For every man who has sailed the seas
Under the stripes and the stars!

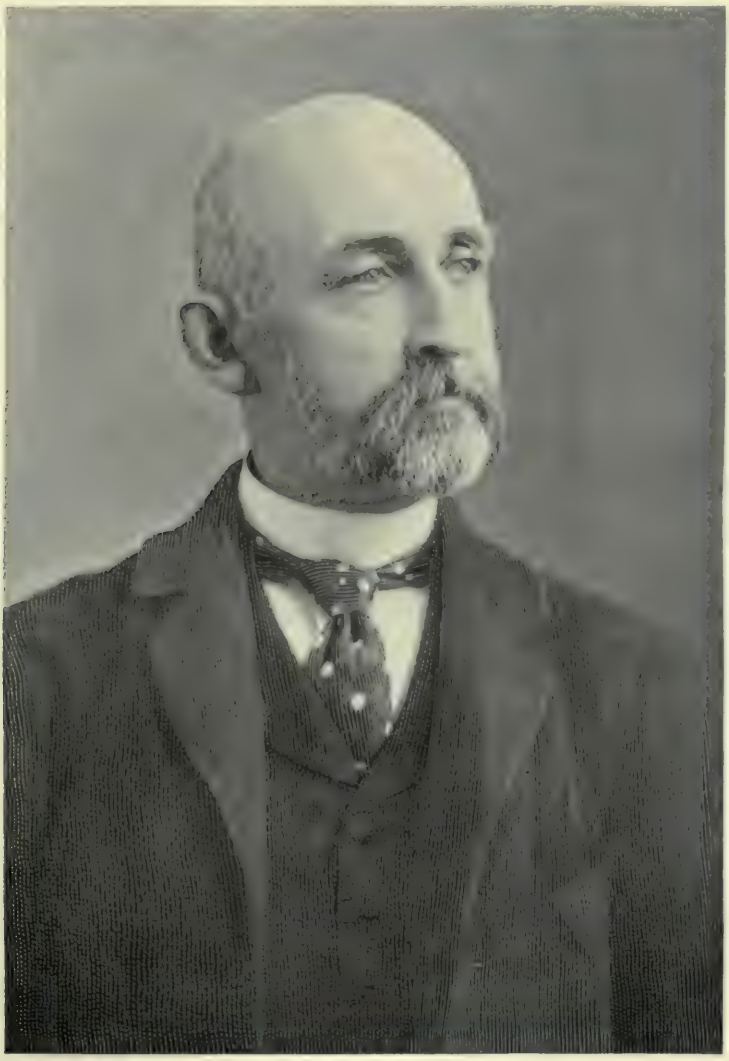
Clinton Scollard.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE GREAT CHESSBOARD OF WAR.

Reputations are often quickly made in war time. Promotion comes rapidly in the army and the navy—all the more rapidly when, as in the present case, a new army and a new navy are practically created to meet a sudden call—and to any one of scores or hundreds of officers any day may bring the chance for brilliant service. The soldier and the sailor are always ready to risk their lives for their country, and in return their country is always ready to hail them as heroes.

But while the fighting men play the picturesque parts in the great drama, it will not do to lose sight of those whose rôle is less showy but certainly not less important. The soldier in the field, the sailor on his gun deck, are like single pieces on a great chessboard. Amid the smoke



CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN, THE FOREMOST AMERICAN AUTHORITY UPON NAVAL STRATEGY.

MARK A. HANNA, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO, AND ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FRIENDS AND ADVISERS.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

of battle each can see only his own part of the board. His task is assigned to him by the master mind who stands at the central point, surveys the whole game, and moves pawns and castles steadily toward the grand final result. So it is that our forces, wide apart as the earth's diameter, are linked into an intelligent unit by the wires that keep them in touch with the government at Washington. Here, where policies are formulated and campaigns planned, where daily orders are flashed to army and fleet, to camp and supply station—here are the men whose share in the war is the most onerous and the most important of all. To the soldier and the sailor the path of duty, difficult and dangerous though it be, is almost always an obvious one. "His not to reason why, his but to do or die"—for his whole decalogue is to obey instructions. The executive authority whose task it is to issue those instructions—this is the man to whom there come sleepless nights

and bitter hours of doubt; who must let others gather the brightest laurels of victory, while on him falls the direst sting of repulse; who must meet the divided counsels of friends and the clamor of relentless political foes.

ARTHUR P. GORMAN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MARYLAND, A DEMOCRATIC LEADER IN THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Our present administration has been forced into a position of peculiar difficulty. Perennial hurry is an American characteristic, and events having forced us into a foreign war, press and public vehemently clamor for the instant annihilation of the enemy. That enemy has a considerable army; we have practically none, for Congress has steadily refused to allow the creation of anything more than a skeleton body of trained soldiers. He has the advantage of fighting on the defensive—an advantage far greater in the warfare of today than in that of a generation ago. Our navy is powerful enough to give us control of the sea—as it would not have been had the war come a few years earlier, or had our antagonist been a little stronger; but it can deal no final blow without an army to follow where it strikes. Here was a case where premature action meant the risk of disaster, while delay involved consequences almost equally unpleasant. It was not

an easy situation for the administration to confront.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS.

The creation of an army and the waging of war on sea and land are not simply matters of military science; they are also vast business undertakings, involving the raising and expenditure of many millions of dollars, the organizing of supply departments, and the placing of great contracts with manufacturers. Besides and beyond all this, too, modern politics is not unmindful of business considerations in deciding the issues of peace or war. It is not strange that the President should have found some of his foremost assistants and advisers, in the executive and legislative departments, among those who are by training and instinct business men as well as politicians. There is Alger, for instance, whose commercial experience has been of great value to him as Secretary of War; and there are Hanna and Elkins, two prominent Senators who stand very close to the administration.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

To these two Senators add the names of Foraker, the other representative of the President's State; of Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs; of Gorman, a veteran leader of the Democrats, and we have a Senatorial quintet whose influence upon the course of affairs at Washington is of the first importance, and whose patriotic service in the

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA, AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST CHAMPIONS OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

present emergency has been of the highest value.

OUR AMBASSADORS IN EUROPE.

There is another group of men who have a delicate and important part to play in the present political complication—our representatives at the courts of the great European powers.

During the Civil War, when foreign jealousy was several times upon the point of extending covert or open aid to the enemies of the Union, our ministers, especially those in London and Paris, had vitally important work to do. Today, most of the courts of Europe are far more in sympathy with Spain than with ourselves, and the republic of France, which

might have been expected to stand with us, has been our most hostile critic. She might grasp at an excuse for interference, should one be given her. It is fortunate that we deal with her government through so capable and so tactful a personality as

disinclination to be photographed, with the result that most of the newspaper sketches have been little better than caricatures. The portrait given here is from a recent photograph, and it will be seen that every feature is characteristic

FRANK S. BLACK, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AND A "POSSIBILITY" IN THE FIELD OF NATIONAL POLITICS.

From a photograph by the Albany Art Union, Albany.

General Horace Porter. General Porter is adding the laurels of a successful diplomat to those he has already won as a soldier, a politician, a postprandial orator, and an author.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

There are few men in the country of equal prominence in official life with whose actual appearance the public is so little familiar as with that of Governor Frank S. Black of New York. The Governor has always shown a marked

of the man, every line delineating intellect and firmness.

Although Governor Black is personally reserved and somewhat taciturn, few who come in contact with him but are impressed with his honesty, straightforwardness, and ability. It is also worthy of comment that the public press and the public generally are noting in his acts the unfolding of a character heretofore possibly unsuspected, in his independence of restraint or coercion by his party leaders.

Governor Black is equipped for a

JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO, AND ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

political career by the fact that he is a "man of the people." Born about forty four years ago in Maine, and passing his early youth in his native place, his removal to Troy, a few years ago, was the beginning of a hard struggle for advancement in his profession. He was handicapped by very slender resources, and also by pecuniary obligations of his deceased father's family at home, which his sense of personal honor prompted him to take upon his own shoulders. Finally came the recognition so well deserved, and after breaking up the desperate gang of ruffians then in political control of Troy, one of whom expiated with death the crime of murder in an election day brawl, he was sent to Congress. From there to the Governor's chair was but a single step.

In stature tall, like one of the pines of his native State, in features and character as rugged and firm as the rock on which it grows, Mr. Black, the unknown country lawyer of a few years ago, is today one of the possibilities in the broader field of national politics.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SAILOR.

Captain Charles Dwight Sigsbee, now commanding the United States cruiser St. Paul, long ago won a well deserved reputation for courage and coolness—qualities that mark the ideal sailor—which was only

GENERAL HORACE PORTER, WHO AS AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS HOLDS A POSITION THAT IS JUST NOW AN IMPORTANT AND RATHER DELICATE ONE.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

confirmed at the time of the destruction of the Maine. New Yorkers have not forgotten an incident that occurred last summer, shortly after he took command of the ill fated battleship. The Maine was passing along the East River, and in that narrow and crowded stream an excursion steamer, full of women and children, got under her bows. Captain Sigsbee, who was on the bridge, saw that he must either cut down the pleasure boat or steer into a freight pier. A collision with the frail wooden steamer would scarcely scratch the Maine's paint, but it would mean the loss of perhaps a hundred lives. Running into the pier would

save them, but it might mean a serious accident, possibly a court martial for wrecking his ship. The choice was made instantly.

"Hard a port!" he shouted. "Sound the call to collision quarters!"

The ship crashed into the pier, luckily without injury to herself, and the excursion boat passed in safety.

On another occasion Captain Sigsbee deliberately sank his ship to save her from a still worse fate. He was in command of the coast survey steamer Blake, and was anchored in a West Indian port, when a hurricane came up, and in the heavy sea the ship's anchors began to drag. She was drifting to utter and inevitable destruction on a reef. Where she lay, there was a soft, sandy bottom. The captain ordered her scuttled, and down she went. Later, she was pumped out and raised—an expensive operation, but far less costly than building a new ship.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, who sank a coal ship in the mouth of Santiago harbor, is an instance of the way in which war makes new heroes in a day. His daring exploit brought out a crop of stories from those who knew him at Annapolis, where he graduated only nine years ago. He was a quiet, studious, and rather eccentric boy, who was hazed a good deal in his plebe year. An upper classman is said to have labored for weeks—all in vain—to make young Hobson declare that white was black, "because I say it is, sir!" One day the boy of fifteen broke out with; "I do not desire, neither will I tolerate, any more of your scurrilous contumely!"

His success in the examinations soon won him the academy's respect, and though he was the youngest man in his class he graduated at its head.

* * * *

One of Commodore Winfield Scott Schley's early recollections is of a dinner given by General Scott to all the young men the old soldier could find who bore his name. There were several scores of guests at the banquet, which was given in a New York hotel; and there is no telling how many more might not have been there had they known of it. General Scott made a speech during the evening, and expressed his gratification at having his name left to posterity in such promising young hands.

* * * *

Commodore Schley is not related to the conqueror of Mexico, who was merely a friend of his parents. Nor is he of Teutonic birth or descent, as has been inferred from the orthography of his surname. Schley—pronounced "Sly"—is the name of a family that has been settled in Maryland since colonial days.

Of all our flag officers, the one who boasts the most ancient lineage—or could boast it if he wished, which he probably doesn't—is Admiral Dewey. In that wondrous and veracious book, "Americans of Royal Descent," he appears as a lineal descendant of the thirty third generation from King Alfred the Great.

* * * *

An officer in our navy seldom reaches the rank of admiral very long before he is retired by the age limit, causing all his subordinates to move up one number on the list. In war time, special promotions are given, changes of duty are frequent, and new commands are constantly created. It is very possible that while this number of MUNSEY'S is on the press, there may be changes of rank or assignment among the sailors mentioned in it.

Early in July Admiral Kirkland, now the senior officer on the active list of the navy, and the first Southerner to reach that position since the Civil War, will be retired. In the natural course of promotion this will advance William T. Sampson—who, though acting as a rear admiral, and commanding the most powerful American fleet that ever sailed, is only a captain—to be junior commodore.

* * * *

When Queen Wilhelmina is crowned, next month, among the jewels she wears there will probably be some that once lay buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Part of the Dutch crown jewels were stolen in 1829 from the palace of Laeken, in Belgium—then a part of the Netherlands—by an Italian named Polari, who secreted some of his spoil in Brussels, and escaped to New York with the rest. The

theft was a mystery for nearly two years, and threatened to cause political complications. The royal house of Orange was very unpopular in Belgium, and it was openly hinted that the real thief was one of the Dutch princes. Finally Polari was betrayed by an associate, and nearly all the jewels recovered, gems worth two hundred thousand dollars being dug from a hiding place in what is now Greenwood Cemetery.

* * * *

The name of Alexander Gollan, British consul general at Havana, has often been mentioned in the war despatches. Mr. Gollan is a Scotchman, hailing from Gollanfield, Inverness, and he has been in Queen Victoria's consular service for nearly forty years. He was long stationed at Rio Grande, Brazil, where he married a Brazilian lady, and subsequently at Manila. He has announced his intention of retiring as soon as the situation in Cuba permits—which looks as if he may not have found service in the Spanish colonies altogether to his liking.

* * * *

A strange turn of fortune has come to one of the four English socialists who, a dozen years ago, were tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of inciting public disorder. The individual in question is H. H. Champion, who began life as an artillery officer, saw active service in Afghanistan, and left Queen Victoria's army to become a vigorous and conspicuous assailant of existing social and political conditions. Later he quarreled with his fellow reformers, and went to Australia, to found a newspaper, of which he is still the editor. The other day his cousin, Major Urquhart, fell in battle on the upper Nile, leaving Mr. Champion heir to a large estate and an annual income of $35,000.

People are wondering what a professed socialist will do with this considerable slice of unearned increment.

* * * *

There is a new "Lord of Burleigh," the Marquis of Exeter, who owns "Burleigh House by Stamford Town," having died and been succeeded by his son. The new marquis is a young man who came of age last year. He is a somewhat distant cousin to Lord Salisbury, the family name of both houses being Cecil, and both tracing their descent to the great Lord Burleigh of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

He succeeds to an estate that has dwindled since the days when "not a lord in all the country was so great a lord" as the romantic nobleman who disguised himself as a landscape painter to win the heart of a village maiden. The son of that poetic marriage, the second Marquis of Exeter, stoutly opposed the building of railroads through his paternal acres, with the result that the great arteries of traffic went elsewhere and his land sadly depreciated in value.

* * * *

It is probable that Paris will some day possess a "Rue Sarah Bernhardt"—but not until after the famous actress' death. A Mme. Thiriay recently wrote to the municipal council, suggesting that the naming of a street after Mme. Bernhardt would be a fitting tribute to the leading Parisian exponent of an important branch of art. The committee that considered the letter report that "the great French tragédienne deserves to have her name given to a street, but it is the rule not to use the name of a living person. The idea is good, but not opportune."

Mme. Bernhardt will no doubt be gratified to know that she is thought worthy of an honor bestowed upon Victor Hugo and other great Frenchmen, but she will be in no hurry to earn it by fulfilling the necessary condition.

* * * *

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts recently offered to furnish sufficient money—about a quarter of a million dollars—to install a water supply for the city of Jerusalem. The ancient capital of David has doubled its population in the last twenty years, and now contains sixty thousand people, who are dependent for drinking water upon cisterns filled by the winter rains. The need was urgent, but it was found that before the work could be begun it would be necessary to pay some fifty thousand dollars in bribes to officials in Constantinople. This characteristic exhibition of Turkish methods killed the project, and defeated the public spirited proposition of Lady Burdett-Coutts.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

The remarkable development of sympathetic feeling between the English speaking races—How the saying that "blood is thicker than water" may prove to be the keynote of the history of the coming century.

THE recent expressions of friendly sympathy between the United States and Great Britain have been too numerous, too emphatic, and too evidently sincere to be regarded as merely a passing phase of mutable public opinion, or as a political move brought about by the special circumstances of the hour. We are making history rapidly just now, and it looks as if, in drawing closer to the kindred peoples of England and her colonies, we were setting the keynote of the story of the twentieth century.

The rivalry of nations has made the history of the world, but the coming century may not see its grand issues settled by the sword. There are other factors in working out the fate of peoples. A mutual understanding between Britain and America would be more likely to assure the world's tranquillity than to break it; but whether the future be one of war or of peace, the influence of such a rapprochement would be tremendous. The old balance of power would be utterly upset. The European concert would be obsolete. With all the English speaking races standing together, there would not be much doubt as to the hegemony of the world.

Prophecy is always dangerous, but facts and figures point morals, and intelligent study of the past throws light upon the future. The small states of ancient Greece and of medieval Italy had their day as leaders of the civilized world; they fell before the larger states that grew up around them. Today, the political control of the earth centers in the comparatively small continent of Europe, which is divided among six so called great powers and several minor ones. Of the great powers, three—Germany, Austria, and Italy—have practically no foothold on the globe's surface beyond their own limited and already crowded territory, less in each case than the largest of our forty five States. France is in the same case, for she has no colonies in any true sense of the word, and no foreign possessions that are likely to be a source of strength rather than of weakness. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that these states must, in the not distant future, be dwarfed by the three that control between them about half of the land surface of the world, and in numbers are already the largest of the civilized nations and the most rapidly increasing. Extent, of course, is not the sole index of power, but any fair review of the situation will indicate that the next century will see three great world powers standing head and shoulders above the rest, towering up on a greater scale than any empire of the past—two of the European nations and one in the new world—Russia, the United States, and Britain with her colonies.

That we should always continue to hold aloof from the politics of the world is impossible. For more than a hundred years Washington's advice has been our golden rule, and it is a notable tribute to his wisdom that the principle he laid down should have held good so long amid the changing conditions of these latter days. It still has its value, but we have outgrown it, as we are outgrowing the Monroe Doctrine. Formal alliances we may not expect to make; they may be unnecessary. But we have our place to take in the world, and our part to play in the management of its great politics.

If Russia, Britain, and ourselves are to be the great world powers, a good understanding between two of the three would manifestly be a guarantee of the peace of the world. Towards Russia we have no possible cause for hostility. Our diplomatic intercourse with her has always been particularly courteous. Beyond that, if her government has ever shown any special readiness to serve us, as some think it has, there can be no manner of doubt that its action was dictated by regard for its own interests. The one autocratic régime of Europe can have no deep seated and disinterested love for a democracy that once defied tyrants and now ridicules and despises them. "It is inconceivable," as a recent speaker said, "that a nation which believes in human lib-

erty, in the government of the people for the people, can have any real sympathy with that eastern despotism." Russia may have a great transformation before her. When that is accomplished, it will be time to think of regarding her with any sentiment warmer than that of diplomatic courtesy.

The obvious grounds for sympathy with England have been recited so often that a reiteration of them might be irksome. Community of language, kinship in race, similarity of institutions, fellowship in religion —these have been exploited until the speaker or writer is almost afraid to mention them lest he excite a yawn or a smile. Then there is the commercial argument, scarcely less familiar. She is by far our best customer. The statistics of the last fiscal year show that we exported a little more than a thousand million dollars' worth of American goods, of which Great Britain and Ireland—whose ports are almost the only ones that admit our products free of duties—took nearly half, or almost four times as much as our next best customer, Germany. The exact figures were these: total domestic exports, $1,032,007,603; to the United Kingdom, $478,444,592; to Canada, Australia, and other colonies and dependencies of England, $111,940,464; making a total for all British countries of $590,385,056, or more than 57 per cent of the whole, while Germany, second in the list, took less than 12 per cent, and France, which stood next, only 5 per cent.

Contrast these figures with those that show our relations with the Spanish American countries, which a certain political school has sought to cultivate at the expense of our present commercial allies. During the last statistical year the ten republics of South America—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela—bought from us goods worth, in all, a little more than thirty million dollars—just under three per cent of the total we sold abroad. Business considerations do not decide everything in politics, but they have their influence, and a very weighty influence it properly is.

The number of English and American families who are united by personal ties is far greater than is the case with any other two nations. We may jest about the marriages of American girls to the scions of prominent English houses, but the fact remains that these alliances, and many others that are not chronicled, have their effect. Joseph Chamberlain can influence the English people, and cannot his American wife influence Joseph Chamberlain?

The newspapers have perhaps made a little too much of some recent utterances of English public men. "Overtures for alliance," we have been told, were made by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury. This is scarcely accurate, though the words of the colonial secretary and the prime minister were interesting and significant. It is not likely that any responsible move toward a formal alliance will be made. As another Englishman, Sir Edward Grey, said the other day, it is not necessary to "take a great friendly sentiment and think to make it stronger by placing it within the four corners of a piece of parchment."

The vast majority of British people have always had a feeling of sympathy with the United States. Our press, in the past, has not as a rule either fully reciprocated or fairly recognized the sentiment that has undoubtedly existed across the Atlantic. Just now, as if to make amends, it is perhaps making a little too much of it. The official world seems inclined to follow suit, as if to salve the diplomatic buffet we dealt England in the Venezuela matter by a special display of amity. It would be a mistake to expect too rapid and definite developments to follow. The statesman who does anything to bring the two nations nearer accomplishes a service to his country and the world, but great things move slowly.

The true bond between Britain and ourselves is unwritten, and likely to remain so, yet it is palpable enough. The American who lands in England does not feel himself to be quite a foreigner, nor is he regarded as such. Let him cross the Channel, and in France, Italy, or Spain he will find himself an absolute alien. To the continental European the Englishman and the American are indistinguishable, and it is no great slander to say that the only interest he takes in either of them is a financial one.

The rivalry of the Latin and the Anglo Saxon is an ancient one. Their struggle was fought out on many a bloody field in the middle ages. It drove the Armada to destruction on the shores of England, and sent Drake and Hawkins to harry the Spanish main. It was waged over three continents in the great wars of Louis XIV. It shattered the conquering legions of Napoleon against the "thin red line" of Waterloo, and banished the French dictator to St. Helena. Now again, after nearly a hundred years' slumber, it has awakened in a new phase to a new drama of war—our present conflict with the Spaniards. It is not strange that in that conflict we should have the sympathy of British people the world over, but it is gratifying that that sympathy should have found such decided expression and such prompt response.

Words, it may be said, are cheap; but

there is more in this than words. One result is that no hostile combination of jealous powers will attempt to interfere with our settlement of the future of the Spanish dependencies. And as the president of the American Society in London said at a recent gathering of six hundred representative Englishmen and Americans, "As you have stood by us in our day of trial, when your day of trial comes count upon us."

We have seen no better statement of the situation than that made by a member of the Canadian parliament, Mr. Pattullo, of Ontario, in a speech recently delivered in New York. "The dream and the policy of your early statesmen," he told his hearers, "was for isolation and peace. They were wise in their day and generation. But fate may have more in store for you than the wisest of them foresaw, a destiny very different from their visions. You may not be able to control the forces now in motion. You are already in material resources, in population, and in the possibilities of material development the greatest nation of the earth. But it looks as if you might be more than this. The inevitable outcome of this war may be that you will become one of the greatest naval powers of the world.

"If you use your power for peace all will be well; if for needless war it will be an unmixed evil to you and the world. You have the future now in your own hands. But I may be permitted to express the hope, and I for one believe, that if you plant your forts for good in Cuba, in the Philippine Islands, or in Hawaii, you will not do so in the spirit of territorial aggrandizement. You have now enough of territory and to spare. But while you are seeking the means of protection for your navy in cruising the oceans, your new forts and coaling stations will stand, as those of Britain always have, the outposts of civilization, on which you will keep burning for all time in the face of the world the lamp of human liberty.

"Whether in accepting and achieving your inspiring destiny you will act in alliance with the great motherland of Anglo Saxon nations, the future alone can determine. But if there be not an alliance between Great Britain and the United States in form, there ought at least to be for all time a union of hearts among peoples of the same race, of the same language, and with mutual interests the world over. Every great event in the world's history of late seems to have shown the essential unity in interest of Great Britain and of this greater Britain beyond the seas. In Armenia a couple of years ago, American interests, through your missionaries, were affected more than those of some European powers. The concert of the Anglo Saxon world at that time might have settled the Armenian question for civilization and Christianity. Every event in the far east of late has shown that the interests of this great industrial and commercial nation of the future are bound up with the interests of that great trading nation which believes in open ports."

In the many answers that have been given to the question why there has been, in the past, an unfriendly feeling toward England among so large a part—yet not a majority—of our countrymen, the two chief reasons assigned have been the old grudge of our two early wars, and the carrying across the Atlantic of the unappeased enmity of Irish immigrants. Surely it is time to let the Revolution—in which we won a signal triumph—and the somewhat purposeless struggle of 1812—of which we had decidedly the worst, notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary—become history, as they have in England. Our struggle, as a matter of fact, was with George III and his ministers, not with his people; and the quarrel is too remote to remain a live issue. As to the grievances of Ireland, it is hard to see why they cannot be safely intrusted to the Emerald Island itself, which has considerably more than its share of representatives in the British House of Commons, with a proportionate allowance of lung power.

A great theme may inspire a minor poet, and if ever the present English laureate has risen to the heights of song it was in his recent greeting to America:

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain;
For you are lords of a strong young land and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale:
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong;
May our friendship last long as love doth last and be stronger than death is strong."

OUT OF HIS PAST.

BY H. L. HAWTHORNE.

The part pride played in the wrecking of three lives—How a mystery at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis culminated in a tragedy in far off Chili.

IN a little, curved street leading down to the bay from the grounds of the capitol at Annapolis, there lived, a few years ago, a German tailor, who, starting as an industrious immigrant, with a very limited English vocabulary and a still more limited amount of capital, had grown, by strict attention to business, from next to nothing to something slightly better in the course of eighteen years. Here in his dingy shop, which, during all this time, had retained its unambitious interior, Adam Hetsch made for his friends and neighbors their unobtrusive Sunday bests, which met the social demands of this ancient and somewhat contracted town with entire satisfaction.

Among the State Representatives was the Hon. Henry Beckman, a man of German extraction, who, by some chance, opened the door of Hetsch's dingy shop one afternoon, and put in motion a series of events about which were eventually drawn this obscure German family's fate lines. It so happened that the Hon. Beckman, on some visit of political significance, stood in immediate need of a pair of trousers, and on going down hurriedly from the capitol had noticed the tailor's display in Hetsch's window. Its meagerness had deterred him at first, but when he glanced at the name over the door he mounted the wooden steps and entered.

True to his past experience as a small politician, the Hon. Beckman talked to Hetsch of his business, the condition of the tailor trade, and the rights and wrongs of tailors generally. From that to politics was but a step, and the duties of his own position, now for the first time being assumed, enabled him to impress his importance upon the obsequious Hetsch.

The trousers, by some accident, proved a success, and when the honorable gentleman dropped in to pay his bill, he expressed his approval warmly.

"They are excellent," said he, viewing Hetsch's handiwork. "Why don't you get business among the midshipmen at the naval academy?"

"Ach! dat iss not fer me," answered the modest Hetsch, and then, his jealousy rising, he added, "Dose fellers vass too prout fer my shop. Dey must haf Noo York. Det tink Annapolis vass too leetle fer dem. Dey turn up der noses at us peeples."

"Too proud for us, eh! I tell you, sir, this false pride is eating away the very foundation principles of our republican institutions, and it is openly fostered and nourished and emphasized in the national academies. It should be checked. The American people owe it to themselves and to posterity to see that class distinctions are blotted out of these schools of the people."

The Hon. Beckman, continuing, pointed out the growing ascendancy of aristocracy in our land, to all of which the little tailor gave a cheerful assent. The statesman, finding a willing listener, expanded on the matter, in the course of which he found that the Representatives themselves could govern the class of boys who went to these schools, and were, therefore, responsible in a way for their social tone. He recalled, too, a letter received a few days before from the Secretary of the Navy, reminding him that the representation from his district at the naval academy was unfilled, and requesting that the nomination of a candidate for cadetship be made as promptly as possible. Before the hour had passed the Hon. Beckman had offered the cadetship to the tailor's son Felix, a youth of good parts, who had seemed well content to take up the burden of his father's trade with stolid acquiescence, and who now, with his father, stood confounded by the contemplation of the honors thus held out to them.

In the next few days, Mr. Beckman became more and more determined on the boy's appointment; partly because no political creditor had asked for the place for some henchman's son, partly by the sympathy of his German blood, and partly by the impulse to leaven the aristocratic naval loaf with a little of democratic commoner.

Young Hetsch's appearance was not much against him, but it certainly was not

in his favor. His education had been fairly good, but special training would be necessary to get him past the opening test, and Beckman, who had now entered strongly into his design, finally induced the somewhat awestruck father to draw forth from its hiding place the scanty savings of years to pay for the unfinished schooling of the young candidate.

The boy Felix was not enthusiastic, but he followed obediently in the lead of the bustling Beckman. He went to his tasks without ardor and without excitement, and one day, at the end of three months, his strict application to his books brought success. The official envelope of the Navy Department was broken under the light of the oily lamp of the Hetsch home, and in it was found the announcement of his successful candidacy, with orders to report forthwith to the superintendent.

Hetsch's career at the academy was as quiet and as unobtrusive as his father's shop windows. He studied industriously, and made a few friends, but sought and acquired no special prominence among his fellows. During the first year, his Saturday afternoons were spent at his father's house. His presence was an excuse for the little tailor to uncoil his legs, and the somewhat frowzy *frau* to lay aside the kitchen spoon, and for both to sit quietly while he told them of his "marks," his room, his drills, and his other occupations. The father and mother grew gradually in awe of this young fellow in blue, with his natty cap and its golden anchor. It seemed to them that he had entered into a new life in which they had no concern, and into which they had no wish to pry. To the mother particularly he seemed a new being, a feeling partly due to her inability to understand the words he used in telling them of the great school by the Severn. When he came, she would wash the marks of the kitchen from her hard, knotty hands, steal softly into the room where he sat talking, look gently at him, and sit quietly down in her shabby rocker with a half smile, in which awe and motherly pride mingled, illumining her placid German face. To the father, the son's new and elevated surroundings were a source of timid pleasure and respect. Thus brought in contact with the imagined aristocratic atmosphere of the academy, his peasant nature bowed before it, and his attitude to the boy lost much of the fatherly, though his heart was full of love and proud satisfaction.

Into his son's life he intruded but once. He sought out his room one afternoon, after study hours, but his short visit was confused by the bustle of cadets about the building, the sounds of bugles, and the air of alert activity everywhere, from all of which he escaped with relief to his tailor's table, polished by years of unflagging toil.

As the years went by, the boy grew absurdly out of proportion to the narrow side street, the musty shop, and the unlettered parents. Just when the realization of this came upon him, Felix could not have told. He never entered the social circle of his fellow cadets, so the gulf between his early life and that toward which he grew came to be seen but slowly. Toward the end of his third year he became aware of an effort in making his Saturday afternoon visit at his home. He began to dread the weak black eyes of his father, which never failed to brighten when he opened the dingy door with its jangling bell, and his mother's greasy dress and lank hair grew unpleasantly obtrusive. He found himself at a loss in the disjointed talks during those wearisome hours. One Saturday, as he put on his full dress preparatory to the usual visit, his room mate burst in on him.

"Hello, Dutch!" cried he. "Out for your usual Saturday afternoon disappearance? Say, you mum old figurehead, where do you hide yourself, any way? I told Conant that I believed you went down to the wharf and communed with your kin, the oysters; but he insists that you go up to the legislature to satisfy yourself on your wisdom of keeping still. Conant has an idea that his wit is simply excruciating. I'll give you a pointer, old man; Squib Higgins swears he'll follow in your wake today, to find if this offishness about the girls doesn't mean some particular girl. You keep your eye on Squib."

Hetsch flushed and replied:

"Higgins had better attend to hunting a two five in mechanics. I have friends in town I go to see."

His room mate laughed. "That's one on Squib. But I say, Dutch, you're the deepest old oyster on the beach. Why, I don't know the first thing about you. You're from Maryland, aren't you? Of course, saw it in the register. Baltimore, I suppose —though you're Dutch as sauerkraut, for all that. By the way, there's a thin legged little tailor out in town with your name. Stumbled in there one day to see if I couldn't underbid those New York robbers on a cit suit for furlough. But the old Dutchman seemed so flabbergasted at a civilized person piping him up that he fell into a Dutch calm, so I scuttled."

Just then the first call for the dinner formation sounded, at which Hetsch's room mate dashed to his bowl to begin a hurried toilet, talking rapidly of a projected

sail on the Severn after dinner, in one of the cutters.

Hetsch's reticence on the subject of his parents had at first been due to his uncommunicative nature, and latterly to an unconfessed but increasing impulse to keep his humble connections out of sight. In the mind of the young cadet, at the beginning of his academy life, there was no moral cowardice in thus putting out of view that which might tend to lose him the respect or friendship of his fellows. It was the wish of his people to separate from him in his naval life, and as he had no social aspirations there was little or nothing to lose from the general knowledge that he was the son of a poor and ignorant German tailor. As he grew older, however, with the added dignity of an upper classman, on whom his juniors must look with respect, and he found himself becoming more identified with the great national naval establishment which was to be the scene of his future career, his ambition was roused, and by contrast, his origin rose before him as a clog and a menace. As the years had gone by he had thought that he saw in his father's manner a certain air of conscious pride, of ownership, of the well dressed and well appearing cadet. On this afternoon he returned to his quarters, when dinner was over, with the uneasy feeling of being pursued by the shabby, crooked figure of his father, and the loose, peering face of his mother. Slowly he took off his cap and button covered jacket, lay down on his narrow iron bed, and for the first time spent a free Saturday afternoon away from the ill smelling sitting room of his people.

Felix Hetsch had quite misunderstood his father's state of mind. The old tailor had willingly surrendered himself to second place in the family precedence, and while in the privacy of his home his heart glowed as he and the mother talked of the greatness of their boy, he never boasted to his humble customers of the relationship. He felt, in an indistinct way, that his son's standing would suffer from their acknowledged presence, and he was quite willing to keep out of the way. To the mother it was all a dream. She saw her son growing great before her very eyes. He spoke a language she could not understand, wore the uniform and seemed especially under the protecting eye of that wonderful government to which she had come, from the toil worn fields of Germany, for comfort and freedom. He was being filled with that mysterious force called knowledge, so overpowering to her dim conception. She all but worshiped him.

During his last year at the academy, Felix Hetsch gradually fell out of the habit of his Saturday visits. It was easy to make excuses to the poor innocents of the tailor shop. Then the day of graduation came and passed; and through the bustle and confusion, the coming and going of crowds of sightseers, the brilliant ceremonies and the prolonged and wearisome speeches, and diploma distribution, Hetsch caught glimpses, now and then, of two worn and frightened, yet very happy faces, so startlingly out of tone with the gaiety and sprightliness of fashion which filled the walks and lawns of the academy.

Contrary to custom, orders for sea met some of the class, and among them, to Hetsch's relief, were his own. In a week he was on his ship, alone at last with his career, the dust of the past shaken from his shoes, and his classmates scattered, never, as a body, to meet again.

The two years in the European squadron passed but too quickly. He drank in his new life with deepest pleasure. The great nations of the old world became undying impressions, with their wonders of palaces, their fleets and armies, their elegancies, riches, and art. The humble scenes of his boyhood had gone from him, and not even a letter bore to him the lost faces of the little old people in the crooked by street of Annapolis.

The orders for his final examination brought him again to the old haunts. With a step almost of indifference, he reached the door of the cottage, but the jangling of the bell brought a rush of memories. As he entered there rose about him the suffocating sense of distasteful ties, which he seemed destined never to shake from him. To his eyes nothing had changed. The contrast to the world in which he had moved made it impossible to him to note that there was an added touch of poverty to the rooms before him, through which there came slowly a shabby little man with weak eyes and an untidy, dull faced woman.

Their greeting was gentle and loving. He was grateful for their lack of effusion. He could not know how wonderful he had grown to them. They were frightened, but deeply thankful to look upon his face again.

"Felix," whispered the little man, "your mutter and me vas glat you vas safe from der sheep." The German was mindful of that stormy passage in the steerage of twenty years before.

Felix passed a month with them, and then was assigned to sea service again, this time to South America. During this period at his old home, he bore with them decently and with a pleasant spirit. He asked noth-

ing of his father's affairs, for conditions seemed not to have changed. And yet there were signs, though he failed to notice them, of a certain and steady decline in the uninviting surroundings.

Emboldened, perhaps, by his son's absence from the town, the little tailor, in a perfectly human way, had indulged in gentle boasts of his great son to his modest patrons. The infrequent letters from abroad made texts for him as he measured and sewed and bargained. Slowly jealousies were aroused, at first decreasing his limited custom, finally making for him enemies and competitors. At the time of his son's return, he had reached a low ebb in his affairs, and he could barely keep matters going.

Hetsch's expenses in Europe had, of course, absorbed most of his pay, but he had felt no uneasiness about his people. The conditions in the cottage were perfectly congenial and satisfactory to them, and when they were very old and wanted rest he would be their sheet anchor. By that time he would be well able to afford them ample comfort.

Once he had said to his father:

"Father, wouldn't you like to live in a larger house?"

"No, mein sohn, dis house iss goot 'nough. I like dis house. You vas a leetle poy here;" and his eyes grew weaker than usual as he turned slowly to his needle.

The shop seemed quiet in these days of waiting, and once he asked in a tone of mild interest:

"Father, where are your neighbors and customers? Is business all right?"

"Yah, mein sohn," hastily answered the father. "Business, he iss all right."

"Perhaps they're afraid of me," Felix suggested, with a careless smile.

"Yah," the tailor answered eagerly, "dot iss it; dey tink you iss a great man;" and even the fear of being discovered could not hide the proud glisten of his eyes.

Felix bade them a quiet good by one day and boarded the train for New York. The whirling wheels left farther and farther behind the unwholesome memories of a pinched and sordid boyhood, of the ill smelling back sitting room and the jangling shop bell. They left behind, also, the little bowed figure of the tailor, his weak eyes running with tears, the frowzy wife bending hesitatingly above him, and about them both the knowledge and the evidences of poverty run to earth.

The U. S. S. Wachusett moved lazily along the Pacific coast of South America, touching here and there at ports of no importance, and stopping for months at the great seaboard cities. The process of "showing the flag" was pleasantly but thoroughly done, with tenders of fêtes by admiring friends, and adventurous trips into the back country to lighten the monotony. Two years of easy voyaging passed, and then came a long stretch to the westward, touching in at the Marquesas and Tahiti, and after six months, a snug harbor at Talcahuana, Chili.

The wardroom of the Wachusett was in a state of lively excitement as the "messenger" dumped on the center table a double armful of long accumulated mail.

"'Are we forgotten when we're gone?'" quoted the navigator, with a grin. "Well, hardly."

"I think I'll draw out of the game," said the paymaster drily, as he extracted a handful of letters from the mass.

"I've never known it to fail, in delayed mails," quoth the marine officer, "that the letters I want never arrive, while those that turn up are usually—er—surprises, and"—examining a long tailor account—"not always pleasant."

Hetsch took up the few papers and letters falling to his share, and with his usual reserved manner withdrew to his stateroom. His mail was short and quickly read; a chatty letter from his old room mate, a communication from the superintendent of the academy asking if he would accept an assignment at Annapolis in the Department of Languages, and lastly, a brief, scrawly letter from his father. It was of old date, some four months back, and told in his poor, scratchy, ill spelled words that his humble life was unchanged, but that the mother was growing a little old; in fact, seldom left her bed. The small pile of papers consisted mainly of naval literature, but among them he unfolded a Baltimore journal, in which his eye caught at once the bold blue lines of a marked column, topped by the usual heavily printed heading.

His startled eyes grew dark and fierce as he looked, then, with quivering pulse and heavily beating heart, he read word by word the fateful tale of his hidden life and the consequences of his indifference and cold neglect.

It read:

"A pitiful leaf from the record of two lonely lives! A son's neglect, and a father's broken heart! Adam Hetsch and his wife died at the county home yesterday within an hour of each other."

Then followed, in a column or more, the humble annals of the little tailor from the steerage of the great liner to his death bed in the almshouse. The crooked by street of Annapolis came into view, with the dark little shop, the jangling door bell, the

squalid surroundings, item by item, so dreadfully familiar in his boyhood memories. Then his own name flashed up at him from the printed page, and with shame crimsoning his cheeks, he saw himself ignobly hiding away those two shabby lives that he might be saved confusion, shaking from him one by one the tendrils which those loving hearts had woven about him, and finally, with no thought of their fate or of their welfare, abandoning them to the grudging pity of public charity.

He learned that for years his father's simple trade had languished largely, so the article stated, through the humble tailor's possession of an aristocratic son. It was an offense to his lowly neighbors to hear him in his innocent admiration of his great boy. The struggle against poverty had been long and grim. At length the shop was closed, and in a shabby back room the two toiled on with such intermittent work as came their way. The mother soon became bedridden, while the little tailor, sallow and wizen, hovered about the streets seeking something for his weakening hands to do. The end came slowly, for the little man fought sturdily to the last. Perhaps he was buoyed by the secret hope that his boy would come back, and that then he could tell him a little of his troubles. But he would not tell him now. Oh, no! The boy must live like a great man, perhaps dine with governors and generals, and who was he, to stand in the way?

But the weak little eyes drooped and glistened as he crept to the tumbled bed where the *frau* lay pining and starving, thinking only of her son.

The county took them in finally, but the struggle had been too severe. Both grew older and more feeble within the year, then stolidly and without complaint they went their way. At noon the mother died, and an hour later the little tailor opened his weak and wandering eyes, and with a gentle nod to the nurse whispered:

"Mein sohn, he vill come back safe from hiss sheep, so? He was a great man, mein sohn;" and then he died.

So this was what the world thought of it all! Ensign Felix Hetsch of the navy held up to public scorn, jeered at, exposed! Why were they so quiet out in the ward room? Were they, too, reading this Baltimore paper with its shameful story and its stinging comments? Wretchedness sat upon his woful face, and doom burned in his sunken eyes. So this was what the world thought of it!

* * * *

At the sharp crack of the pistol, the officers sprang into the ward room, where they saw a hazy blue smoke creeping through the lattice above Hetsch's door. In a moment they were in his stateroom, or peering in at the crowded entrance.

Hetsch lay on his bunk quite dead. On the floor lay his revolver. In the air was the mingled odor of smoke and burned paper. A Baltimore journal, from which a long clipping had been taken, was found on the dresser. The clipping was never discovered, but nevertheless, in time they heard the story.

MASKS.

We see them here and there in many places,
Where life seems darkest and where fortune basks;
Old, young, and middle aged, a host of faces—
How many of them, think you, are but masks?

Behind the scenes, the coming and the going,
The old and new, the play times and the tasks,
Lie hidden depths that are beyond our knowing;
We see the maskers, but who sees the masks?

The priest at shrine, the clown at courtly revel,
The pilgrim with his staff and water flasks,
The saint and sinner, devotee and devil,
Pass and repass, but not without their masks.

Could we have truth and put away beguiling—
Nay, then, such truth no truthful seeker asks!
Come, baffled fate, and thou shalt find us smiling;
Roses for thorns—for men and women masks.

Ernest McGaffey.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

Just what it means to be a woman reporter on a great daily newspaper—A vivid picture of the life, showing its struggles and humiliations as well as its rewards.

THE Association of Collegiate Alumnae, an organization which has fo one of its ends the issuing of statistics concerning the college woman in the various occupations she enters after graduation, sends me annually a request for information on "women in journalism."

"How many women journalists are there?" the A. C. A. inquires. "What are their incomes? What are the hours and the seasons of their labor? What dignities have they attained? Are many of them managing editors or city editors? And what advice should be given to young women ambitious to be journalists?"

The document—which does not give room for exhaustive answers—set me to thinking about "women in journalism." That is in itself a somewhat unusual thing for a newspaper woman. Her profession, if one may so designate her unlearned, helter skelter calling, leaves her but little time for meditation upon its merits and demerits. She is either in a state of cheer, born of the proximity of pay day, the cloudlessness of the weather, and the fact that she has not been assigned to interview the haughtiest and most exclusive dame in New York, or she is plunged into morose rebellion against her trade and the universe by the opposites of all these. In neither mental condition is unhurried deliberation or impartial judgment easy—and to that lack of thought upon our business it is doubtless due that there are many of us.

Going back to the pertinent question of the A. C. A. (the ladies love to think their organization famous enough to be recognizable by mere initals), how many women journalists are there? They average, probably, five to each of the large city dailies. On some conservative sheets there are but two or three, reserved for such dainty uses as the reporting of women's club meetings and writing weekly fashion and complexion advices. On other, more progressive papers there are eight or ten, scurrying breathlessly through the town to see bankers or murderers, to report teas or trials, to interview the latest strike leader or to ask the newest divorcée questions which she will decline to answer unless she needs advertising for some post-matrimonial venture.

Neither of these classes is editorial. There are, however, a few women in small executive positions on daily papers. They have charge of the "woman's page"—sacred to currant jam and current gossip concerning subjects of no importance. Or they are in charge of a section of a Sunday supplement. They enjoy a certain measure of ease and seclusion. If it is sometimes borne in upon their minds that the management regards their departments either as an abuse of excellent space for the sake of a hypothetical circulation among women, or as a joke scarcely connected with real newspaper work, they console themselves with their undeniable dignity, their assured incomes, and their power among those of their sisters who need free advertising.

Even those whose lowly positions keep them in the sour grape attitude toward the editors of the "woman's departments" will admit that it is pleasanter to sit before a roll top desk and plan pages than it is to catch trains for points in New Jersey where disagreeable things have just happened. It is pleasanter to say unto trembling young women, "Go and watch them depart," than it is to be a trembling young woman and to obey the curt command. But for all that, the woman editor's position is not altogether desirable. She knows that her work is not too seriously regarded by the men whose vision must sweep the horizon from Cuba to Cathay for news, and whose brains are busy with the planning of policies which shall give their papers power. It is humiliating to do no work worth being taken seriously. It is stagnating—and no one knows this more keenly than the woman's page editor—to have no more vital subject for thought, so far as her profession is concerned, than the presentation in new form of an article on chafing dish suppers or on Mlle. Lightfoot's complexion regimen.

She knows, moreover, that it is worse

than stagnating—that it is debasing—to assume toward all things and beings feminine the attitude which custom seems to demand of her. No woman is ever mentioned on a "woman's page" who is not, if not transcendently beautiful, at least gifted with "a charm of manner all her own." No actress is there whose home life is not of a sort to gladden every mother's heart. No woman lawyer or doctor is anything but "deliciously feminine"; no woman orator exists—on the woman's page—who is not shy as April anemones; there is no artist who is not about to wrest the laurels from Rosa Bonheur's long threatened brows. There is no reformer harshly haranguing the world on unsavory subjects who is not herself a star of saintliness and a rose of sweetness. No Congressman ever had a wife whose brilliancy as a hostess and whose personal fascination did not cause the enraptured woman's page editor and reporter to grovel before her. She who orders and edits all this occupies the highest executive position yet obtained by women in journalism—in spite of the remarkable ability which distinguishes them all on one another's woman's pages. She has drifted into doing work either puerile or servile. She is generally a woman of intelligence and skill.

I wonder if the good ladies of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will consider her career quite worth while.

Then there are the reporters. They call themselves "special writers" when they are reserved for particularly sensational work, but their business is reporting. Those whose association with the news of the day is through the women's clubs or the tailors are intellectually in the same category with the woman's page editors. So far as doing any real work either for their sheets, their times, or themselves is concerned, they might as well be cutting paper dolls. Opening the paper in the morning, they are gratified if their section has not been omitted. It has been, if there is any rush of actual news. Their work is tolerated, not needed. They are a meringue at a luncheon. If time is plenty it may be eaten—once or twice in the week. Even then it palls. But in busy seasons, busy folk skip the fluffy sweet.

Then there are the rest of the reporters—who "take their chances with the men" and try to enjoy the proud equality. On a morning paper they report for work between eleven and twelve o'clock. They go to their desks. Men of all sorts and conditions, their attitudes of all degrees of ease, lounge about at the work tables. They read their papers and smoke. They laugh and joke. They yawn and tell who won at poker last night, or criticise So and So's story with pungency. As is unavoidable in such a gathering, there are some whose manners are not all the caste of Vere de Vere demands, and many who see no good reason for reserve and view dignity as unfriendly stiffness.

To be sure, these offer no deeper offense to their feminine associates than is conveyed by a too easy manner and a tendency to pay personal compliments. Undoubtedly women mixing with men anywhere are subjected to somewhat similar trials; there will always be familiar persons ready to comment on their work, their neckties, and their eyebrows. There are these in newspaper offices also. Sometimes the women who begin by resenting it all frigidly grow gradually to tolerate it.

They say—and to an extent they define the situation properly—that they are more philosophical. Their critics say that they have grown callous. Smoke no longer sickens them—which is a good and necessary thing. They do not keenly object to the easy, unkempt style of their associates. The shirt sleeves and elevated feet of such men as are addicted to negligée of dress and manner are overlooked. The woman who does not to some extent show an interest in what is known as "the gossip of the shop" is regarded, not without reason, as a prig. But "the gossip of the shop"—talk of the city editor's palpable unfairness, the "fakes" of the rival papers, the way that Smith's wife always has to come to the office on pay days to get even a tithe of his earnings, the genuineness of Miss Jones' blonde hair, and so on, is not particularly elevating. It is, however, the mental food offered the woman reporter while she waits in the office for her assignment. Sometimes she waits a couple of hours, sometimes a couple of days.

When assignments come they do not always seem to her desirable. She is, in the beginning, often a gentlewoman. She would swoon, if she were not too athletically reared, at the thought of speaking to a man known to be a wife beater. She would become a pillar of ice at the suggestion that she should ever approach a woman of evil notoriety. Most of all, she would regard as insulting a proposition that she should pry into the private affairs of her neighbors. The mere thought of addressing any one to whom she was not properly introduced would seem outrageous to her.

Having become a reporter of the class to which I am now referring, what happens? She is sent to the office of a broker; she runs the gamut of his office boys' and clerks' stare; she may gain admittance to his sanctum. She is not introduced to him.

of course. She is to ask him, tactfully, if it is true that he runs a bucket shop for women up town, or if it is a fact that his daughter eloped with her riding teacher, and if he will kindly furnish a photograph of her to accompany his denial of the rumor.

Or, as the woman reporter idly waits for her assignment, the city editor summons her and impressively bids her take the one o'clock train for the scene of the coal mine strike in Pennsylvania. He frowns with busy annoyance at the suggestion that she would like to go home for a hair brush. Finally she compromises by sending a telegram requesting that a packed portmanteau follow her. She adds another, telling the hostess with whom she was to dine that she cannot come. Then she goes to the coal mines.

Here the good ladies of the A. C. A., doubtless, will see a chance for doing work worthy a trained intelligence and a sympathetic heart. Here is a development of the capital and labor problem. Here the reporter may really help the cause of right and progress. The good ladies of the A. C. A. do not know of newspaper policies.

The reporter belongs, perhaps, to the clever organ of the capitalists. She has not been told what to find among the coal miners, but she knows. She is to find comfortable homes—owned by miners; flourishing schools, attended by miners' children; neatly dressed wives of miners, holding the fat babies of miners in their well developed arms. She is to see mine superintendents and owners greeted with friendly, though perfectly self respectful, bows from the workmen as they drive along the road. She must see their wives playing Lady Bountiful to any sick families there may be among the miners. Of course she is permitted to see a few low browed malcontents of foreign birth and un-American feeling. She may also notice a little poverty and distress, but it must be caused by drunkenness or wilful neglect of opportunities—a neglect due mainly to a passion for attending socialistic meetings. Such is the glorious opportunity given for real "work" by the capitalistic organ.

Or it may be that she is employed by the rampant "people's" paper. She will find a starving family in every block; hollow eyed mothers, and babies too feeble even to wail, will reveal themselves to her at every step. And in each case her veracious reports will be the foundation for inspired editorial utterance. Neither reporter—neither the busy young woman from the "people's" sheet nor the one from the brokers'—will be guilty of absolute falsity. Each will find instances of what she seeks. She will accentuate, not invent. But insincerity will permeate her work and insincerity will warp her mind. In time the women reporters come to regard this lightly, but there is probably not one who did not begin her career with clearness of mental vision and honesty of purpose. That these are inevitably lost is the greatest harm that the journalistic life does women. It is infinitely worse than the deterioration of manners, which is also inevitable. It is as bad, though more subtle, than the lapses in morals in their narrower sense which some other occupations induce.

In case that it has not been the reporter's privilege to dash, all unprepared, into the wilds of Pennsylvania, she has probably dawdled about the city room for an hour or two. Then she has received her assignment. If it is the day of the Charity Ball, she is to go to the houses of the women who will be its patronesses. She is told, if the city editor is in a mood of expansive generosity, to "take a cab." The privilege of taking a cab is one which, to the managerial mind, seems to compensate for all indignities. When an editor wounds a woman's pride by telling her that she must interview butlers and ladies' maids he applies the balm of "a cab." On Charity Ball days more newspaper women ride in carriages than all the rest of the year.

In a cab, then, she drives, her pride pocketed, but squirming restlessly in its hiding place. She goes to the patronesses' houses. She requests descriptions of the frocks and jewels with which they are to dazzle beholders. Sometimes the description is willingly, not to say eagerly, given; sometimes it is refused with all the ungraciousness that can be infused into a refusal. Sometimes the reporter stands in the hallway—the butler eying her as a detective does a ticket of leave man—and there is borne through its tapestried length a far carrying, crystal clear utterance: "My gown? What impertinence! Tell the young person certainly not!" And the "young person" is not always philosopher enough to smile and tell herself that it is not she, but the *Morning Clarion*, that is being snubbed by an underbred woman with a loud voice and a heavy purse.

She returns to the office after a while and the city editor asks confidently: "Well, how many? What, only nine? Did you take a carriage as I said you might?"

Then she explains wearily that not even the sound of the hired wheels upon the asphalt has proved an *open sesame* to all fashionable dressing rooms, and begins to write her vapid little paragraphs on Mrs. A's brocade and Mrs. B's point lace.

While she is doing this, she is told to "finish that up as soon as possible" and go to the ball to assist the dapper youth who does society for the paper. She eats whenever the pause comes. She goes to the ball; she assists the society reporter. She comes back to the heated, hurried office a little before midnight and dashes off pages of copy as fast as her fingers will work. It has long ceased to be a question of speed of thought. Tired out, with tense nerves, she goes home to such refreshing sleep as she can snatch. The next morning half past ten finds her traveling down to Park Row again, ready for the new adventures.

She interviews murderers and makes close analytical studies of murderesses. To do this she visits jails and grows accustomed to their murky atmosphere and to their stolid keepers. She attends trials and tries hard to keep from feeling keenly out of place in scenes where men squabble and fight, and where the lowest and the guiltiest thoughts of human beings are laid bare.

Nothing is sacred from her. That is doubtless because the inquisitive public declines to let anything be sacred from it. She interviews the woman just appallingly widowed; she interviews the woman whose domestic infelicities are bruited abroad. She pesters royalty within the city walls by constant requests for bulletins of its movements, its tastes, and its intentions. She hardens herself to be impertinent, and in proportion as she succeeds in the womanly process she counts herself improving in her work.

She denies herself many physical luxuries, as well as those of sensibility and refinement. "Abandon headaches, ye who enter here," is the impalpable lettering over the city room door. Headaches interfere with the getting of news and with the writing of it. Weather must also become the merest trifle to the woman who essays reporting. She must be willing to wade through snow, to swim, if need be, overflowing gutters, to face cutting winds, to tramp in dog day heat, and at the end to write as sparklingly as nature and education permit.

That such an occupation requires women of strong physical and nervous constitution is sufficiently apparent. It has passed into an axiom on Newspaper Row that four years of journalistic work mean an attack of nervous prostration for a woman. Some escape this by the simple process of having less momentous spells of illness, with their enforced rests, at briefer intervals. Occasionally one works for years with no breakdown and no sickness worthy of note. But she is regarded almost with awe as one slightly uncanny.

No woman reporter makes an engagement which has not a proviso attached. She "accepts with pleasure"—unless she chances to be writing her interview with the wife beater or with the captain of the Vizcaya at the time when the dinner party is given that she may meet the distinguished sculptor or the man who might have been her fate. She will go to the theater joyfully on Wednesday—unless she happens to be at Highland Falls obtaining the statement of the last woman who has become known to fame as the heroine of an Enoch Arden story. She will attend her sister's wedding—if she isn't stranded in a Connecticut town whence no trains leave before morning, but where a most interesting centenarian is celebrating his birthday. And these things, though trifles, doubtless, to the strong minds of men, are trials to the sex that has an inherited fondness for occasions that permit it to wear its best clothes.

That from all these causes the newspaper woman has her detractors is not a matter to cause marveling. She is not, as a rule, well dressed. She pins her ugly walking hat on hair which she may have time to keep neat, but which she never has time to dress becomingly. She fastens up her sturdy boots; she can't wear attractive frivolities in shoes when she does not know whether she will be climbing the Berkshire Hills or picking her way over Greenpoint cobbles by nightfall. She is tailor made or ready made as her income permits, but there is a painful lack of individuality about her serges and her shirt waists. Some are fresher than others; some show the marks of last week's wetting. Some still have the lines of the tailors' iron. But they are alike to a degree that must be distressing to the esthetes she meets sometimes.

Her manners are not always what the editors of the etiquette columns and the gifted composers of the advice to débutantes would approve. The office life leads insensibly into tolerating a lack of punctiliousness from men; it is only a step thence to a lack of fastidiousness in herself. To look upon talk with a shoplifter or a snub by a servant as a natural feature of the day's work necessarily destroys some of that delicacy which used to be considered a charm. The restaurants where her haphazard meals are taken, are not the nicest schools of deportment. Out of town assignments, traveling by train and carriage, staying at country hotels, buying her own tickets, and making her own bargains, rub the bloom from a woman no matter how high minded or sensitive she is.

This is the story of what the average newspaper demands of its women. It means all

of her time, all of her strength, the loss of many things non essential to happiness and goodness perhaps, but dear to women from long association—the loss of almost all social life; the consequent drifting away from all friends but those of her office and her profession; loss of attentions, meaningless enough, but dear to her since the time of Eve, and loss of much that has constituted her charm in times past.

What does it offer her in return? She is regarded as not an ill paid person among women workers. Those who sit in state and are responsible for the pages of soft soap and sugar make from forty to fifty dollars a week. Occasionally a woman who has achieved a unique position, though it may not happen to be an admirable one, can command a higher salary than that. In New York there are two women drawing $100 a week. One of them earns hers by her reputation for undertaking daring feats; the other by her daring style.

The average salary for the woman who does not occupy an executive position, and who has not become identified with a distinct and popular line of writing, is much less. She earns from twenty to thirty five dollars a week. If she works "on space"—that is, if she is paid not by the week, but by the piece, to speak in jobbing terms—she may make more and she may make less. The average rate a column is about seven dollars. A column a day is an unusually good allowance. Many days—sometimes whole weeks—will pass without the space writer's happening upon a "story" worth half that allowance in the paper.

But even the twenty dollar a week salary does not seem hopelessly small pay to the woman who is earning her living in some other way. The average teacher grumbles: "We get less." She gasps with horror at the thought that women whose renown must be chiefly that of sensationalists have salaries equal to a college president's.

She overlooks the important fact that whereas she and the college president and all pedagogues work nine months in the year, the newspaper woman works eleven and a half; that whereas the pedagogue works five days in the week, the newspaper woman works six; that whereas the pedagogue works four or five hours a day, the newspaper woman works ten, and very often twelve or fifteen.

She works ten hours a day, six days a week, and fifty weeks a year; that is 3,000 hours a year. If she is paid what is a fair average—$30 a week—she earns fifty cents an hour. The teacher teaching from nine until two for five days a week, and for thirty six weeks, works 900 hours a year. If she gets $1,000 she spends her time more than twice as advantageously from a monetary point of view as the journalist who earns $1,500 a year. In the ordinary instances newspaper work does not pay financially.

It does not offer advancement sufficient to allure an ambitious and clever woman. There are no managing editors among women; there are no city editors; there are no night editors. There is a rumor that on one Chicago paper—the *Post*, if I recall aright—a woman is employed as an editorial writer. With that the whole sisterhood comforts itself. There is a remembrance which it hugs to its heart—that once a woman was Sunday editor on a New York paper. And it refuses to go on and admit that her day of glory was brief, that she now writes fashion articles for a syndicate, and that the paper that made the experiment was itself an experiment which failed.

It is not by what it holds out to ambition, any more than by what it offers greed, that the newspaper manages to compensate its women for all that it forces them to give it.

To say that it has a fascination is to say no more than may be said of opium by the opium eater, or of the car of the great god Juggernaut by its victims. It has such a fascination, one that is inexplicable. It has also its well defined rewards for such as can obtain them. They are not handed through the cashier's window on pay day. They are not compliments, though these are smoothers, also, of the rough road newspaper women must travel.

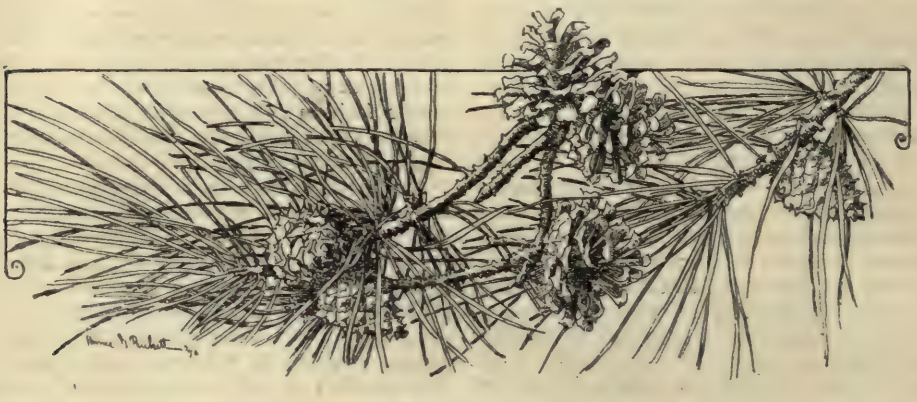
If a woman counts wide experience of life as gain, it is hers. She knows the teeming sweat shops of the East Side, and she sits at banquets where clever men and women make epigrams. She gauges the depth of the visiting foreign poet's soul, and she accurately reckons the length of his hair. She visits sinners in their cells. She finds saints in unexpected places. She meets shams at every turn and gradually she comes to recognize them. She is forced to regard the world objectively, and that for a woman is a blessing too great for easy measuring. If she is made sometimes insincere in her work, at any rate she acquires a certain sense of proportion which answers for the sense of humor men tell her she must forever lack.

If she is a woman of sterling sense—and if she is not she will not long find her services required—bigotry will become impossible to her. She will find the uncouth man, who at the end of her first fortnight arouses her wrath by his personalities, doing her the kindest services. She will learn that the reporter with an ungovernable fondness for a pipe and an ungraceful attitude is cleverest

of his tribe at difficult work. She will, when she grows used to it, be not averse to the transformation of men from flatterers and cavaliers into friends and comrades.

The effect of her work depends so largely on the handling of trifles that she will watch for them and take pleasure in them. And the woman who has learned to find joy in trifles has the one rustless weapon against ennui and disgust. The newspaper woman is watchful for pussy willows silvering a thicket on a late winter day in the country; she listens to the tune the street piano grinds, and she watches the tenement children dancing to it, when she climbs Avenue B stairs in search of her "story." Her eyes are open always for "local color," and so sometimes they catch a glimpse of what the godly might call divine radiance.

Do these compensations compensate? Only the newspaper woman can tell and her verdict will depend, alas, upon the weather and her assignment on the day when her decision is demanded. And the present obscurity of the good ladies of the A. C. A. will probably remain unenlightened.



THE IDEAL.

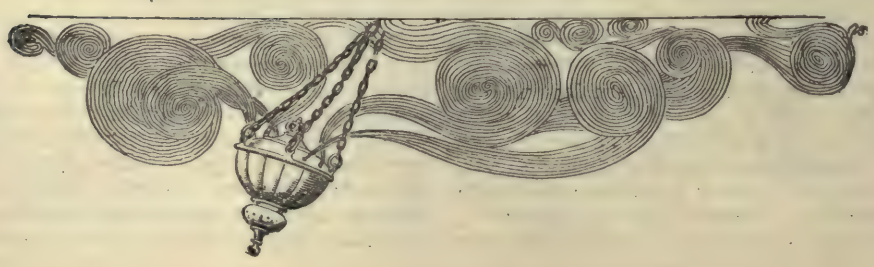
THERE is a figure fairer far
  Than Phidias ever wrought or feigned;
At hand the stone and chisel are—
  O sculptor, free the vision veined!

There is a scene to Titian's dreams
  Would ne'er in its lost light arise;
Thy childhood's mountains, fields, and streams—
  O painter, limn their splendid dyes!

There is a chord whose elfin tones
  Beethoven's soul could never seize;
Thine instrument before thee moans—
  O master, touch the yearning keys!

There is a song all but divine
  That never rung through Sappho's brain;
Its words are simple, few, and thine!—
  O poet, build the matchless strain!

Henry Jerome Stockard.



THE STAGE

ALICE NIELSEN'S DARING.

Undaunted by the notable wrecks that strew the way—Camille D'Arville, Della Fox, Lillian Russell—Alice Nielsen, late leading soprano with the Bostonians, announces that she will tempt fate as a lone star in October next. Her temerity seems all the greater when we recall the fact that she has been in the eye of the playgoing public little more than a year, having achieved the success which makes the artist's name stand out from a bill as though printed in letters of a different color, only in March, 1897, when she appeared in the New York production of "The Serenade." However, stage chronicles tell us that length of service has little to do with the possibility of "hits" in the realm of stars.

Miss Nielsen has many things in her favor —a good voice, a pleasing presence, and abounding vivacity. And, after all, to employ a quotation we have had occasion to use many times in this department,

ALICE NIELSEN AS "YVONNE" IN "THE SERENADE."

From a photograph by the Rose Studio, Providence.

"the play's the thing." Miss Nielsen has secured two good men to provide her with the vehicle on which so much depends. They are the makers of "The Serenade"—Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. And the present name of the new work is "The Fortune Teller." It is rumored, moreover, that Eugene Cowles is to leave the Bostonians and become a member of Miss Nielsen's company.

The Bostonians, by the way, are sadly in need of freshening up. Last August they announced for the final night of their season at Manhattan Beach the "burial" of "Robin Hood," intimating thereby that that standby for so many seasons would positively never again be revived. They declared that in addition to "The Serenade" they had several other new operas of whose merits they were confident, and yet, lo and behold, during their spring season at Wallack's, "Robin Hood" again bobbed up serenely, and the only other work offered during the four weeks' engagement was "The Serenade." They played to good houses, so we suppose it is all right. But why does the management appear heartily ashamed of clinging to this dear old friend of Sherwood Forest, and periodically give out that it has no further use for him?

MARY HAMPTON, WHO CONTEMPLATES STARRING.

From a recent photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MARY HAMPTON'S FINE RECORD.

Nobody seems to understand why Charles Frohman went to England for the leading woman of the Empire stock company to succeed Viola Allen. Jessie Millward is un-

CARRIE PERKINS AS "MOTHER HUBBARD" IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MARGARET MAYO, OF THE "SECRET SERVICE" COMPANY.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

doubtedly a good actress, but with so many well equipped women already in his own service to choose from, it seems a pity that an American could not have been selected. In Mary Hampton, who has played Miss Allen's rôles on tour for several seasons, he would have found an admirable artist for this important post. Her *Rosamund* was a brilliant success, and her splendid work with Sothern in "An Enemy to the King" is still fresh in the mind of the playgoer. During this past winter she has been enacting *Renee* in "Under the Red Robe."

It is announced that Miss Hampton has resigned from the Frohman company and, like Miss Nielsen, contemplates launching out for herself. We trust that the rumor to the effect that she is to use an Indian war drama entitled "The General's Daughter" is not authentic. Indians are proverbially bad luck pennies to all who tamper with them in the play line, "The Girl I Left Behind Me" being the exception that proves the rule.

At this writing Miss Hampton is engaged as leading woman for "Shenandoah," the war inspired summer revival at McVicker's, Chicago.

THE REVIVAL OF THE STOCK SYSTEM.

The great success of the Castle Square Opera Company has incited managers all over the country to inaugurate stock systems on the same general basis—good all round productions at reasonable prices. This is not only a good thing for the public,

CARRIE RADCLIFFE, LEADING WOMAN OF A PHILADELPHIA STOCK COMPANY.
From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

but serves as an excellent training school for actors as well, although it involves a tremendous amount of work, as the bill is changed once a week, calling for never ending rehearsals. But there are some theaters where the amount of labor involved exceeds even that required in these organizations. We give a portrait of Carrie Radcliffe, leading woman at Forepaugh's, Philadelphia, where two performances a day are given six days in the week, and a new play is produced every Monday afternoon. One of the New York critics who attended a presentation of "The Wife" at this house spoke in almost enthusiastic terms of the excellent results obtained.

A good deal of rubbish, by the way, has been written about stock companies during the last few months. In fact, the critics' camp has been divided into two parties, one on the side of the syndicate, and the other against it, and the opinions of both have been colored by their sympathies. This is extremely unfair to the public, who care not a whit whether the company producing a play belongs to a "trust" or is a thoroughly independent organization. What the people want are good plays, well presented, and if the critics blindly ignore that which is worthy simply because it may be presented under the auspices of a management to which their paper is hostile, the reader is cheated out of his rights.

"A fair field and no favor" seems to be

a needed motto for the play reviewer just now.

SOCIETY AND THE VARIETY STAGE.

Nothing better illustrates the fickleness of the dwellers in the modern Vanity Fair, and their instability in matters of taste, than the extraordinary degree of popularity achieved of late years by the people now termed "vaudeville artists," but formerly known as "song and dance men."

ROLANDE DAVIS, OF THE MAY IRWIN COMPANY.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

It is not so very long ago that the variety stage was voted distinctly "low" in the august circles of Vanity Fair. Well bred women shuddered at the idea of going to such a place as Tony Pastor's, and everybody with any sort of pretense to social standing believed that variety performances of every sort were vulgar to the last degree. Very early in the eighties, however, some enterprising amusement seekers from the regions of fashion discovered Harrigan & Hart's, which for two or three seasons had been one of the most popular and interesting playhouses in the town. Then it became the fashion to go down to the little bandbox across the way from the old St. Nicholas Hotel, and enjoy an entertainment furnished by a company composed entirely of variety actors.

MAEBELLE THOMPSON, OF THE DALY COMPANY.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

About the same time pieces like "The Tourists" and "Fun on the Bristol" leaped suddenly into favor with the better classes of society. These so called farce comedies were simply very bad variety shows, and were heartily despised by bootblacks, policemen, and other intelligent citizens who had been brought up in the galleries of New York variety houses; but the men and women of fashion, who had never seen the really good variety performers, declared that they were bright, fresh, and original. They were supported in this view by certain venerated dramatic critics, who had never before dreamed of crossing the threshold of Tony Pastor's playhouse, and felt, when they commended such ponderous fun making as that of Saulsbury's troubadours, that they were "discovering" a new and characteristic phase of native dramatic art.

In due course of time the slaves of fashion learned that a really good variety show was better than the inferior imitations that they had previously thought so alluring. They began to pay cautious visits to Tony Pastor's, and even to Koster & Bial's, all of which seems laughable to us when we consider the modern music hall's popularity with the most fashionable men and women of New York.

MARIE STUDHOLME, OF THE ENGLISH "CIRCUS GIRL" COMPANY.

From a photograph by The Carbon Studio, New York.

If Eph Horn or Nelse Seymour could return to earth and see the way in which vaudeville artists—the variety man no longer exists—are patronized by the exclusives of Vanity Fair, he would curse the ill luck which put him on the earth a quarter of a century too soon. The woman who entertains on a large scale knows that she can offer her friends nothing that will please them better than the "specialties" of some well known performer. May Irwin recently received six hundred dollars for singing half a dozen songs in a swell drawingroom, and it must have amused her to recall the days when the same people would have scorned to send for her on the ground that Tony Pastor's people were "impossible." Carmencita, Chevalier, and Weber & Fields have also appeared with success in many private houses.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and the present craze not only affords the rich and well to do a good deal of amusement, but also brings to the most popular form of entertainment known on the American stage a degree of prosperity and importance in the public mind that it has never enjoyed before.

THE METROPOLITAN SEASON IN RETROSPECT.

One fact stands out with striking prominence in looking back over the New York theatrical season of 1897-98. This is the unusual number of flat failures dotting its course. Many of these plays were such obvious weaklings that their coming to performance at all must be set down to their managers' fixed determination to trust to chance rather than judgment.

To offset this dismal side of the ledger there has been one success not only greatly overtopping every other hit of the season, but smashing all receipt records of recent years. We refer, of course, to "The Little Minister," in which Maude Adams has been playing steadily to packed houses from September 27 to June 14. Is the play or the star the magnet in the matter? In answer to those who assert that it is Miss Adams, opponents can point to the almost equally long run of the piece at the Haymarket in London. Some aver that the name is a great factor in the problem, implying that those who would not attend the playhouse on ordinary occasions, will do so to see a piece dealing with a clergyman who must be all that he should be, as there is the novel to vouch for him. Undoubtedly the book's great vogue had a good deal to do with the success of the play—although there is a greater departure from the story than has been the case with most of the other dramas made from novels. But aside from all accessory influence, "The Little Minister" is constructed with rare cleverness to enchain public interest. There is a strong element of variety, the scene shifting from outdoors to indoors and giving opportunity for picturesque mounting, while the incidental music adds another enjoyable feature, and the comedy element dominates everything.

The other hits of the year in English plays were Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," and Carton's "The Tree of Knowledge," both produced by the Lyceum stock company. The remainder of the season's successes were all American made, namely, Goodwin's "An American Citizen," by Mrs. Ryley; "A Virginia Courtship," by Eugene Presbrey; "The Conquerors," by Paul Potter; "The Moth and the Flame," of the Kelcey-Shannon organization, by Clyde Fitch, and Lottie Blair Parker's "Way Down East."

In the comic opera field the star comedians have contented themselves with works carried over from previous seasons. With the single exception of Frank Daniels with "The Idol's Eye," the novelties were both produced by stock companies—DeKoven and Smith's "The Highwayman," and Sousa's "The Bride Elect." The success of both these offerings should be a particular source of pride to their devisers, as they have won through intrinsic merit alone, and have not been carried into the haven of hits on the strength of a low comedian's high reputation.

The music hall realm witnessed the continued steady advance of Weber & Fields in the favor of the best class of theater goers. Housed in a hall of small dimensions and no particular pretense to beauty, this enterprise has secured an enormous clientage by turning the profits of its early success back into the business. Other shows advertising "star casts" are put out of countenance by the combination of talent one finds in the burlesque bills here.

One more notable feature of the season is the capture of the city by the Castle Square Opera Company. Not only has it crowded the American Theater from Christmas Day, but the quality of the audience has been noticeable as well as its quantity. All sorts and conditions of people are in evidence there. Lovers of good music do not hesitate to pay as little as seventy five cents for their seats simply because they can afford to ride to the theater in their own carriages. The company has won a reputation for far more than its low rates, and is now an important element in the amusement purveying of the city.

The theaters closed for the summer even earlier than last year. The Casino will prob-

ably be the only house to keep its doors open straight along. Its production of an annual review is set down for July 4, a month later than usual.

A good deal has been said about the effect of the war on theater going. As a matter of fact, the political situation has had very little influence one way or the other, unless possibly the conflict has actually played into managers' hands by admitting of the revival of dramas like "Shenandoah," for some time laid on the shelf. Pretty quick work was done by Oscar Hammerstein in his "War Bubbles," produced May 16, and containing matter relative to the battle of Manila, fought just two weeks previous. That the best thing in the conceit was a travesty on a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, having no earthly connection with the war, is a straw showing that managers are evidently determined to entice audiences with the bait of the topic of the hour, no matter by how slight a thread military titles are linked to performances.

* * * *

Apropos of the war, a Paris journal announces that the Theater Royal, of Madrid, now holds the record for the largest receipts ever received at a single theatrical performance. This is set down at a million and a half of francs ($300,000), and was paid for seats and boxes at a benefit performance given late in April to raise a fund for the purchase of a warship to fight against the United States.

* * * *

Although the character that Carrie Perkins impersonates in "Jack and the Beanstalk" is not one naturally associated with grace and beauty, she is clever enough to make her *Old Mother Hubbard* attractive, and yet still keep the figure within the picture. She hails from Massachusetts, and began playing at the Boston Museum, in 1877. Among the prominent companies of which she has been a member was that of Dixey, in "Adonis," and Rice's Surprise Party, which produced "Evangeline." Miss Perkins almost invariably designs her own costumes.

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Among our portraits this month are those of three players who are recent acquisitions to the stage. Rolande Davis is a cousin of Caroline Miskel Hoyt, and has been playing during the past season with May Irwin's company in "The Swell Miss Fitzwell." Margaret Mayo is a Western girl, from Portland, Oregon, and possesses musical and literary talent, as well as a taste for acting. She has been playing the part originated by Odette Tyler in "Secret Service." Maebelle Thompson is a native of the national capital, and joined Mr. Daly's company some two years ago. Among her parts are *Winnie* in "The Last Word," and *Inis* in "The Wonder."

* * * *

In our notice of "The Master" a few months ago, we stated that we awaited the English verdict with interest. This has now been registered and agrees with that expressed in this department—which was at direct variance with that of the critics on the daily press. The London *Stage* declares that the leading part is "only a lath painted to look like iron," and wonders what John Hare saw in the piece likely to draw the public.

* * * *

We give a new portrait of Marie Studholme, who is now enacting *Dora* in the company producing "The Circus Girl" on tour in England. She was last seen here in the ill fated "In Town."

"The Circus Girl," by the way, was withdrawn from the London Gaiety on May 7 (after a run of 497 performances) giving place to another maiden—"A Runaway Girl," a new musical comedy built on the same lines and which promises to have an equally successful career. Seymour Hicks, the clever young actor and husband of Ellaline Terriss, is one of the authors, and Miss Terriss is the heroine, who runs away from a convent and joins a band of wandering minstrels. Mr. Daly will undoubtedly stage the piece in New York during the autumn.

* * * *

American plays are just now dotting London so thickly that the fact is becoming a byword of comment in the papers over there. For instance, the *Graphic* recently remarked: "When the entire London stage is occupied by American companies it has been pointed out that the new theaters, which have sprung up of late with such prodigious rapidity in the suburbs, may afford to English companies a convenient refuge—at least till the fashion of the hour undergoes a reaction." Last year we had "Secret Service" over there; this, we have had "The Heart of Maryland," "Too Much Johnson," "The Conquerors," and "The Belle of New York," with more to follow.

Now look out for a succession of failures. This massing of hits will inspire a stampede of managers across the ocean that sooner or later will kill the goose that lays the golden sovereigns. Of course it is but natural that the craze should spread, but it would be a pity to disturb good first impressions by an indiscriminate rush of ill chosen "attractions" to a market that must soon suspect it is being "worked."

STORIETTES

WAR EXTRA NO. 13.

The air was thrilling with reiterant cries of "Extra! Extra! Extra!" Through every street rushed small boys eager to dispose of their bundles of glaring headlines, but eager, too, to get back to headquarters and obtain the next edition, now a mass of cold metal and a chaotic confusion in the worried brain of some prominent official, but soon to be brought into conjunction in war extra No. 18, 20, or 30, as the case might be.

Washington was astir. The quiet serenity of a nation at peace with all the world had been disturbed, and, whatever the private opinions of her servants, national pride and glory were at stake and had to be upheld. A call to arms had sounded from one end of the land to the other. From all points of the compass troops were steadily tramping toward the South. Important assignments were hourly made; leave takings and sudden departures were the order of the day; messengers hurried here and there, and vehicles rushed from point to point.

The gossips of the capital who had no personal concern in the tragic moment were discussing pretty Katharine Duval and Teddy Lawrence. Their affairs were all well known. His adoration, her scornful flouting of him; his twenty proposals, her twenty refusals; these were public property. The main point against her was that one moment she cruelly laughed her suitor to scorn and the next demanded his complete submission to her will. In this capricious behavior she had transgressed the limit of endurance accorded to flirting and coquetry even in Washington's liberal society.

Extra No. 13, issued at one o'clock on this particular day, announced that Lieutenant Edward Lawrence would leave Washington at four o'clock, presumably to confer with Gomez. That he would land in Cuba, etc., etc. To every one who read the announcement that this favorite of the winter's gaieties was to be rushed into the midst of dangers, perhaps to death on a battlefield or in some plague ridden hospital, occurred the questions: How will Katharine Duval feel? Will she regret her treatment of this persistent lover or not, now that he is to be taken from her, perhaps forever?

It was just two o'clock. Miss Duval stood in Senator Duval's library, while down Senator Duval's front steps rushed tumultuously a blue coated messenger boy, one crisp dollar bill in his hand and another in prospect, provided he accomplished his mission.

Miss Duval's appearance would probably have seemed sufficient answer to the above questions of the gossips if they could have seen her. She was gowned apparently for a reception, in filmiest gray chiffon and white lace, while neither in her eyes nor on her cheeks was there sign or symbol of regret. Yet extra No. 13 lay on the library table. There was no sign either of impatience or excitement. On the contrary, her patience was warranted to last until half past two, at which hour she expected her messenger or——

Lieutenant Lawrence read the tiny blue note thrust into his hand by the panting messenger:

> I must see you before you go. Come at the earliest possible moment.
>
> KATHARINE DUVAL.

Lawrence wasted three moments considering the matter, and three more in writing a note saying that he was extremely sorry that duty prevented, and so on and so forth.

But his divinity had been unusually unkind the night before. The laugh with which she had rejected his twenty first avowal of adoration still rang in his ears. He wanted a kinder, sweeter memory to take with him; so he yielded and went.

He was six minutes late, and Miss Duval's cheeks were pink, but perhaps impatience was not the only cause of this unwonted color.

"Oh, Teddy, you're so late! And the time is so short, any way. I can't let you go this way—positively can't. We—we must be married at once." One of Miss Duval's hands was in his, the other rested on his coat.

"But——"

"No," she waved aside his protesting "but"; "there's no time for argument. I couldn't do a thing until I saw whether you came. You must rush and get the license and the ring, and I'll get the bishop. It's awfully irregular and queer, but he'll come, I know. I shall be back with him at quarter past three, and you must be here a little before that to explain things to papa. He will be here at three, sharp. I've just telephoned to him."

If this conversation seems one sided it is

only because it is quite impossible to reproduce Mr. Lawrence's part in it. This consisted of gasps, echoes of Miss Duval's words, with a few interspersed adjectives. When it came to a question of action, however, he was ready. Perhaps he did waste one minute, but to neither of them did it seem sixty seconds, nor to either of them did it seem wasted.

At precisely half past three o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence were receiving the bishop's congratulations and the parental blessing. Then followed a momentary silence. No one seemed quite ready to say the obvious words, to speed the departing bridegroom, to console the bereaved bride.

"I didn't intend to, Ted. I do assure you I thought that all I wanted was to prove my love to you and to be yours absolutely and entirely, to belong to you until death——" Here the bride's voice broke. "I thought I could let you go, but I cannot. I am going with you just as far as I can."

Three masculine protests answered this assertion, but Mrs. Lawrence heard none of them. After her departure the maid found, at intervals on the stairs, a varied collection of hatpins and stickpins. A gray hat lay on the first landing, a gray bodice on the upper step, and a gray skirt just inside her bedroom door. But all this was in order that precisely at three forty she might again enter the library gowned in dark blue serge, a traveling bag in her hand, ready to accompany her husband.

The three protests were repeated, but Mrs. Lawrence deemed them unworthy an answer. She kissed the bishop—had he not baptized her and confirmed her and, best of all, married her? Then she drew her father's head down. A flash of tears dimmed the old blue and the violet eyes alike, but she whispered in his ear, "You'd do it yourself, you know you would, if you were in my place," and the old Senator could not gainsay her.

At three fifty five they arrived at the station.

"Extra! Extra! Extra!" rang the familiar cry.

"Oh, Ted, do get me one! I haven't seen an extra for over two hours."

The first words that met her eyes were these:

Lieutenant Lawrence will not leave until tomorrow, or possibly the following day. The messages to Gomez will have to be held back until more definite arrangements have been made for their transmission.

Lieutenant Lawrence's orderly was already at the station with orders from headquarters for the lieutenant to remain in Washington and await further instructions.

"Oh, Ted!" gasped Mrs. Lawrence; then she added philosophically: "Well, it can't be helped now, and, any way, you do know now that I love you, don't you?"

Kathryn Jarboe.

MARRIAGE ON FRIENDSHIP.

"So you won't marry me?" I said indifferently.

"I didn't say quite that," said Miss Morris, trailing one hand in the lake after the fashion of young women when in a canoe.

I splashed water with my paddle and waited.

"In the first place," continued Miss Morris, "you are not in love with me."

I said nothing. I was, awfully, but I am a very reserved young man, and I think twice before I speak. Leisure hour practice in playing solitaire has taught me never to lay down a card until I am absolutely forced to part with it.

"In the second," added Miss Morris, "I am not in love with you."

There was a note of injury in her voice. She had doubtless expected some denial of her first proposition.

I grasped my paddle more firmly and began to make for the dark shadows at the other side of the lake. We had been drifting and were coming into too near a view from the hotel. Moreover, Miss Morris was watching me in order to judge the effect of her last remark, and I did not wish to give her any satisfaction. She is a college young woman, of a psychological turn of mind, and is collecting data for a paper on the emotions.

"Well?" said she finally, in a tone which meant, "What have you to say for yourself?"

Accordingly I spoke.

"I don't remember," said I, with dignity, "that I mentioned anything, Kathleen, except to ask you to marry me."

"No, that's just it," said Miss Morris, with resentment. She was not getting so many points on the emotions as she had expected. She concealed her chagrin, however, and resumed.

"Do you believe in marriage founded on friendship?" said she.

"Why not?" said I. "Some people consider friendship on a higher plane than love. There is a tranquillity about friendship which love can never have. It is therefore more lasting. The lilies are cooler than the roses, but they live longer." I made this last statement somewhat rashly, I admit, but I hoped that Kathleen had not yet taken up the study of botany at college, or if she had that she would mistake my words for some poetic

quotation. In this hope I was disappointed, for she giggled.

When she was through giggling, she took her hand out of the water. It must have been just awfully cold, and my own hands are very large and warm. I should have liked—but, as I have said, I am a very reserved young man.

Kathleen dried her wet hand on her handkerchief, laid it all pink upon her smooth white one, and leaned forward—confidentially I thought, but perhaps it was only to obtain a closer survey of my face. "Do you know," said she, "I have often thought that if I were desperately in love with a man, I would not marry him if I could?"

I was startled, and my heart was really very heavy, but I laughed in a trivial way that I have.

"Isn't that attitude unusual?" I asked.

"Not for me," replied Miss Morris coolly. "Just imagine if you loved a person very dearly and imagined yourself loved in return, how it would be to discover some day that the other's love was a thing of the past, and all you had left to you was your own love and a memory."

"Terrible!" said I. "But isn't there just a chance that the other's love might remain true?"

"Think for yourself," said Miss Morris. "Among how many married people do you find the lover and sweetheart? Why should the expression of love change if the love remains the same?"

"Perhaps the expression doesn't change," I suggested. "Probably it is only concealed from the public and has full demonstration in private."

"You know that isn't true," said Kathleen, and as I have observed that nine times out of ten Miss Morris is right, I was silent.

"Just think what it is like to be in love," said she.

"How can I?" I murmured, lifting my eyebrows.

"Oh, come!" said Miss Morris, and for some reason she appeared much ruffled. That is the way with young women. They are so inconsistent. Had not Miss Morris but recently informed me that I was not at all in love? And here she was requiring me to know what it was like.

"Perhaps I could imagine," said I, and Kathleen smiled.

"Tell me, then," said she, and with that she shut her eyes and leaned provokingly back in the cushions so that I couldn't see her face very well. And yet, were it not that Miss Morris never blushes, I could have sworn that her left cheek was unusually red.

"Well," said I, "let's see. First of all there is the falling in love. Sometimes it comes suddenly and we call it love at first sight. Personally I cannot understand that kind."

"Nor I," said the cushions faintly.

"Then there is the love that grows gradually, almost imperceptibly, and takes possession of the person, as it were, all unawares. Perhaps the person has been rather unimpressionable on the whole, and has never had a good idea of what love is—has sneered at it when he found it in novels, and has scorned it in poetry. But one day he meets a little girl with brown, soft hair which has ruddy lights all through it, and deep eyes that have a way of being violet at one time and gray at another. And after he has known her a while he notices these things.

"This girl has a fashion of half closing her eyes when he corners her in argument, and it delights him. He forgets all his points for thinking of her eyelashes. And there is an atmosphere about the girl that makes his blood move swiftly and happily when he is near her, so that just to be in her presence is a joy, even though she treats him abominably, and he thinks he is wretched. When she lets him take her hand the whole world changes, and he wonders why in the creation he wasn't made to feel that way all the time. He dreams a good deal by day—likes to do it, in fact—and makes up for it by sleeping very little at night. He grows thin and——"

"That will do," said Miss Morris, emerging very suddenly from the cushions. "You have been reading Jerome, and you never looked healthier in your life."

I stopped speaking with some slight embarrassment. It is annoying to be pulled up in that way when one is just warming up to one's subject. I was not aware that I had brought myself into the conversation at all. Moreover it is a matter of comment between myself and the scales that I have lost ten pounds in the last three weeks.

Miss Morris resumed the conversation, however.

"If love is what you imagine," said she softly, "you must see for yourself that few married people seem to be in love. If they were so at first, and I suppose some of them were, how much better it would have been never to have married and to have been forced to see the gradual cooling of affection. It would have been better to have separated at the time when they loved most and to have given one another no opportunity to discover personal faults."

"I cannot agree with you," said I wearily, and I began to paddle towards the boat house. "Of course, we all have our faults, but when a man loves a woman with his

whole heart, her faults have a way of seeming lovable to him, too. I don't believe true love ever dies."

"Do you think the person you were imagining would feel just the same as before when he was near that girl two years after marriage?"

"Yes," said I; "I feel sure of it."

"Yet, after all, the question has nothing to do with us, because we are not in love."

"So you have said," said I.

"Nevertheless, at the same time, you believe thoroughly in a marriage upon friendship?"

"I would marry you upon friendship," said I, and therein I spoke truly, for I would have married her on friendship if I could not have her love, and on indifference if I could not have her friendship. I would have taken her any way.

"Very well," said Kathleen; "I will marry you."

We had been drawing nearer and nearer to the wharf, and now I silently drew up the canoe and stepped out. I stooped over to hold the canoe with one hand, while I reached the other to Kathleen. She disdained it, however, and placed her own upon my shoulder. At her touch my strength suddenly left me so that I could scarcely steady the canoe. I suppose I changed countenance, for Kathleen looked at me with open curiosity.

"Then, so you do love me?" she said slowly.

"Yes," said I. I was mortified to have let her find it out and at the same time I was glad—for what lover is there who is not glad to have his lady know his love?

I hoisted the canoe to my shoulder and carried it into the boat house. All my strength had returned, and although I had so little cause I felt as if I had triumphed.

I packed away the cushions and rugs, and came back to the sunshine. And just at the edge of the light, two hands, the touch of which I should have known anywhere, caught the front of my coat, and my love's brown head was on my heart. She has such dear ways, has Kathleen; but I put both arms around her swiftly, for fear she might run away.

Kathleen goes bac' to college tomorrow to begin her senior year, and, as I have said, it is understood between us that in another summer she will marry me on friendship.

L. B. Quimby.

A BIT OF CLAY.

The studio was hung with plaster casts. A mask of the Venus de Milo smiled vacantly at the opposite wall, while another of St. Jerome frowned down upon the crowd of girls chattering away like blackbirds beneath it. Fantastic plaster arms, hands, and feet sported themselves here and there between the masks, and miniature anatomical figures added a certain grotesqueness to the incongruous grouping.

A full length Hercules occupied a corner of the studio, and near it a young man prepared to work in clay. He removed the cloth from a half finished bust, and stood waiting for the girls at the other end of the room to settle down and quit their chattering. He placed a screen about the bust, hiding it from their view, and, taking up a tool, held it poised, ready to begin.

The girls were supposed by the teacher to be hard at work copying from the casts, but instead they were idling away their time talking about anything and everything but art, standing together in their big painting aprons which gave them the look of grown up children.

"I'm tired of these old casts," said Lucille, a little French Canadian. "I've done nothing but copy from them for two solid years. Sit down there, Marie, and let us draw you as we did yesterday. It's better practice, any way, than these old things full of finger prints."

Marie curtsied with mock gravity. "In other words," said she, "if I am not a Venus, my face is clean. You do me too much honor. But I decline to have myself caricatured. Some of those things you sprung on me yesterday were nightmares. Jennie made my eyes so big they seemed about to fall on the floor; and Susanne drew my face so thin that I looked like a picked robin."

"There were others," murmured Susanne.

"Others? I should think so. Charlotte made me look like a dime museum freak. One would think, to look at her sketch, that I had water on the brain, my head was so abnormally large. It was all out of proportion."

"Well, sit down and let us try it again," entreated Lucille. "We will see if we can't do better. Besides, Jean is waiting for us to get quiet so he can go to work."

Charlotte closed her two hands over her mouth. "Hello, Jean!" she cried, "can't you work while people are talking? You ought to be able to concentrate your mind better than that. Go ahead. We'll be quiet."

"What are you working on, Jean?" asked Susanne—her name was plain Susan, but the girls had given it a French frill. "That old negro? I should think you would be sick and tired of him by now. To my certain knowledge you have done him in every known medium — charcoal, crayon, red

chalk, pen and ink, oils, and clay. Why don't you get you another model?"

"Jean is what you might call an industrious person," said Marie. "He stays by a thing until he finishes it. He doesn't gyrate from plaster casts to living models and back again to plaster casts, like some people I know. He sticks by his old clay."

"And a good deal of it sticks by him," said Lucille.

"The first thing we know," Marie went on, "he will be like that sculptor—what's his name?"

"We give it up," cried the girls, in a chorus.

"Well, any way, the fellow who was so enamored of his art that he died for it. One cold night he was afraid his clay would freeze, so he got out of bed—I suppose the bed didn't have any other covers on it—and put his only coat around the statue. The next morning they found the statue all right; the clay hadn't frozen, but the sculptor had."

"You tell that so feelingly, Marie," remarked Susanne, "you nearly make me weep. Why don't you practice in private if you *will* tell touching stories like that?"

The others laughed, and Marie closed the discussion, which threatened to become general. "Be quiet," said she. "I am going to pose."

She took her seat in the center of the group, the mark for a dozen pairs of eyes—more, for Jean glanced constantly in her direction, working rapidly, modeling first with his little sawlike tools, then pressing the medium tenderly between his forefinger and thumb. Under his manipulation the plastic clay was fast fashioning itself into a thing of beauty.

For a while there was stillness in the studio. There could be heard only the scratching of swift pencils over rough drawing paper. Once a girl uttered an annoyed exclamation, then rose and ran about the room in search of an eraser; then, resuming her seat, she worked with energy, fearing that Marie would tire and quit posing before she could finish her sketch.

One sketched her in profile, another took a three quarter view, and still another, back of her, drew the mass of sunny braids coiled about her head, with the merest suggestion of a rounded cheek and a dimple.

Suddenly Marie yawned and stretched herself.

"There," they exclaimed, "you have spoiled the pose! We'll never get it again in the world."

"It's a terrible loss to art, I know," said Marie; "but I'm tired and I'm going to quit." She stood erect, clasped her hands above her head, and yawned again. "Another thing," she added, "this is the very last time I am going to pose. As I remarked before, I am tired of your old caricatures."

She started around the circle back of their chairs, examining the sketches.

"Of all the horrible things!" she laughed. "When *will* you girls learn to draw? See this, Jean"—raising her voice—"see how they have made me look. *Is* one of my eyes half an inch lower than the other?"

But he did not answer her question, though he looked straight at her in the musing, dreamy way in which artists study their models.

"He's in the clouds as usual," said Susanne, holding her sketch off at arm's length and peering critically at it. "There's no earthly use in trying to call him back. Say, Marie"—with a quick change of subject—"this isn't so bad, is it? It seems to me the contour of the head is very good, and so is the drawing of the eyes."

Marie bent over the back of the chair and studied it a moment. "It's a fortunate thing," she said meditatively, "that artists see their own work through rose colored glasses. Now the whole thing seems abominably out of drawing to me. If that face looks like mine, let me crawl off somewhere and die."

And they separated with a laugh, each going to her work; some to the room in which a class painted in oils from the living model—a crossing sweeper brought in from the street—others to the class in pen and ink, where they prepared themselves for illustrating; and others home.

Marie stood in the little dark room where the students took off their aprons and washed their brushes. Hers lay in a heap, unwashed. "Oh, these old brushes!" she cried in dismay. "I forgot them, and now look how dry and sticky they are! How shall I ever get them clean?"

Clara Washburn, a girl of fifteen, stood at the sink, rubbing her brushes on a great cake of yellow soap, then nimbly back and forth across the palm of her hand. "Leave them," she said. "I will wash them for you."

The same thing happened every day. Marie forgot her brushes, and Clara washed them for her. She threw her arms around the child's neck and kissed her. "You are the dearest girl in the world," she said.

And for Clara that was quite enough pay. She left her own brushes and commenced to wash Marie's, while the elder girl drew off her apron, smoothed her hair, stuck two long hatpins in her hat, and went out into the hall. The door of the studio where the plaster casts hung was still open. She glanced in.

It was growing late. The subdued north light falling on the casts gave them a softened effect; the finger prints of the students were no longer visible. The face of Venus gleamed delicately in this tender light. Even the frown of St. Jerome showed less severe. A "Fighting Gladiator," thrusting out his doubled up fist, appeared to menace her as she stood in the doorway, while "Mercury," standing perilously on one toe upon a ball—the earth—beckoned her to come in.

The studio was not peopled alone by these dim plasters. Jean still worked there on his clay. He worked swiftly and silently, a smile lingering about his lips as he deftly manipulated his tools—the smile of the artist satisfied at last with his own handiwork.

Marie tiptoed up behind him. So absorbed was he that he did not notice her nor hear her footsteps.

Before him was the bust of a girl. She was shrouded in a great painting apron. This apron, high at the neck, fell into simple and graceful lines about her shoulders. In a marvelously dexterous way he had given the effect of checks—the broad checks of her own painting apron. She looked from the apron to the face—it was her own! No need to complain here of the incorrectness of the drawing, the poorness of the likeness; the features were perfect. There was in them the quizzical, half tired, sleepy look of a girl sitting for her portrait, trying to keep awake under the fire of a dozen eyes. The lips were slightly parted, the eyes were pensive, and there was a tiny, distracting dimple in the rounded cheek.

Marie laughed, so pleased was she with this charming likeness of herself, and Jean, dropping his tool, turned his face to her. It was suddenly ashen as the faces of the plaster casts on the walls.

"Why, Marie!" he exclaimed, "I thought you had gone home long ago," and he attempted to cover the bust with a cloth.

"I came back to see what you were doing," she explained. "Take that cloth off and let me see it again. I like it."

Jean obediently removed the cloth, and they stood looking at the face. It returned their look, lifelike, with its parted lips and speaking eyes.

"It is good," said Marie.

She flushed as she glanced questioningly up and found his eyes upon her. What beautiful eyes he had, but how sad they were! She looked away, disturbed by the vague trouble in them; wondering if he did not care for her, since he had done her so beautifully in clay. Jean was so silent, so reserved, she could never understand him.

The class in oils had broken up. The sound of the girl's voices came down the hall. They roused Jean from his reverie. He sighed.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" he asked. "I have worked hard on it. While you were sitting for those girls, you were also sitting for me. Isn't it exquisite? Aren't the eyes caressing, dreamy? Isn't the mouth adorable? Isn't that little dimple in the cheek the sweetest thing in the world?"

He appeared to have forgotten not only her presence, but her very existence. He half shut his eyes, he formed his two hands into tubes, and looked through them. He lost himself in a kind of ecstasy over the beauty of his own creation. Marie watched him, wondering why, since she stood there so near him, a live girl, real flesh and blood, with an adorable mouth and a dimple, he should so rave over a bit of senseless clay.

Presently, with a last lingering look, he started forward, and before she could prevent it he had crushed the face between his hands; quickly kneading it down, down, until nothing was left of its beauty, until there remained on the working table only a shapeless lump of clay. This he continued to work as a woman works her bread; he sprinkled water on it from a bowl, and when it was sufficiently moist he spread the cloth over the pitiful ruin and, turning from it, faced her again.

"It was a beautiful dream," he said then; "and it is ended as all dreams end—in nothingness."

A tear quivered and fell from Marie's long lashes. A sense of loss overwhelmed her. That face had been so like hers. It was as if a part of herself lay buried underneath that cloth.

"Whichever pathway we choose in life," Jean went on, with a sob, "the opposite one seems the best. That pathway was full of flowers. I could almost smell them, they were so sweet; but it was not for my feet. They had already chosen another."

A swarm of girls passed the door. One of them looked in.

"Is that you, Marie?" she asked. "Come on and go home with us."

"Yes, go on," said Jean, "but first let me show you something."

He drew a little photograph from his pocket and held it up before her. The face was sweet, the eyes all alight, softly radiant.

"Don't you think she is pretty, Marie?" he asked. "She is—my wife."

"Come on, come on!" cried the girls; and Marie, followed by the smile of Venus, which seemed suddenly to have changed from vacancy to mockery, walked slowly out and away toward home, like one in a dream.

Zoe Anderson Norris.

LITERARY CHAT

A NEAR VIEW OF LABOR.

Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff is a lecturer on sociology in Princeton University, according to the testimony of the title page of his book, "The Workers." It is to be presumed, then, that he has made his living by talking to undergraduates on such subjects as "The labor problem that confronts us," "The under strata of metropolitan society," or "What shall the poor do during the winter evenings?"

It was while engaged in wrestling with these problems that Mr. Wyckoff conceived the idea of studying the condition of unskilled laborers in a practical fashion. With this purpose, he set out for a tramp across the country, taking no money in his purse, and determined to earn his living entirely by manual labor. He has described his adventures in a volume called "The Workers," which is not only thoroughly interesting, but is also an important contribution to the science of which its author has made a special study.

Mr. Wyckoff tells us how he went from house to house looking for something to do, and sometimes for something to eat. He tells us how it feels to work hard in the open air all day long, and also how good hearty food tastes to a ravenous man at the close of the day's work. He enters into the details of his nomadic life, describing the different sorts of company which he encounters, and the way in which he is received in the different houses where he asks for work or food. In short, he gives us a clear insight into the lives of the poorer laboring classes, whom, as Ambrose Bierce says, "we honor and avoid," and whom we have always with us.

Mr. Wyckoff has done his work without the aid of statistics. He tells us nothing about the percentage of starving men in the world, nor does he figure out how much each one would receive were the accumulated wealth of the planet to be divided equally among us all. For all that, the quality of accuracy underlies his pages, and we should be thankful to him for presenting us with the result of his investigations in an interesting, rather than in a dry form.

The humanity of the book is perhaps its strongest point. He has interested himself, apparently, in the people with whom he has been thrown in his journey, and in some of these he interests us so well that we are loath to have him leave one humble scene without telling us more about the characters that he has introduced to us there. This human quality is well evidenced in the following description of his boarding house in Highland Falls, where he was employed for a few days on the work of demolishing a building at West Point:

> Mrs. Flaherty wears toward me now a motherly air of possession; and she wrinkles her brows in perplexed protest when I tell her that I am going away in the morning, with no knowledge of where I shall find another place. She wipes her mouth with the corner of her apron, and tells me, with increasing emphasis, that I'd better stay by my job and let her care for me decently, and not go wandering about the country and, as likely as not, come to harm.
>
> Her husband is a painter, a little round man with red hair and high spirits, who is a well preserved veteran of the Civil War, and very fond of telling you of his life as a "recruitie." Minnie is their daughter. She inherits her father's hair and gives promise of his rotundity, but just now Minnie is fifteen, and the world is a very interesting and exciting place. She took her first communion last Easter, still wears her confirmation dress on Sunday, and is really pretty in a blushing effort to look unconscious when Charlie McCarthy calls.
>
> Charles appears regularly on Sunday afternoons, I gather. He is a driver for an ice dealer, is not much older than Minnie, and is very proud of a light gray suit and a pair of highly polished brown boots.
>
> Tom is Minnie's only brother. He is a stoker on a river boat, and can spend only his Sundays at home. Tom is a little past his majority, and takes himself very seriously as a man. He tells you frankly that he is earning "big money," and is anxious that you shall escape the knowledge that he is a libertine.

Mr. Wyckoff works successively as a day laborer, a hotel porter, a man of all work in an asylum, a farm hand, and a logger. The best chapter of his experiences is perhaps the one in which he describes his life in a Pennsylvania logging camp, and makes us familiar with Fitz Adams, the boss, Black Bob, Sam, the bookkeeper, and, most interesting of all, Dick the Kid, the handsome young logger with wages in his pocket that he is burning to spend.

The final pages of this chapter and of the book could well be omitted. They are devoted to a description of a prayer meeting, and somehow the words do not ring as they do in the other portions of the volume. In the other chapters there are occasional horrified references to the habit of blasphemous speech, which is common enough in all grades of society, and not wholly unknown in the university which is the scene of Mr.

Wyckoff's professional labors. But the sort of religion that is infused into the prayer meeting scene does not serve to round out the satisfaction which an intelligent reader derives from the main part of the book, and somehow suggests the fact that it was put in as a sort of sop to those piously inclined, just as a sensational newspaper always makes a great spread with its Easter number.

There is one moral to be drawn from "The Workers," namely, that there are plenty of jobs waiting for the sober, industrious, decent, and reasonably intelligent man. If Mr. Wyckoff had only been in search of work he need not have traveled far.

A RED RAG TO THE RHYMESTRESS.

In reviewing a collection of college poems, a contemporary says: "In the verses from the women's colleges one unpleasant spectacle presents itself more than once—that of a girl writing in the character of a masculine lover. This is certainly less what the world desires of rhymestresses than lullabies." That gage was not thrown down unconsciously. There is something malicious in the very wording, especially that of the last line. Nothing exasperates the average college woman more than to be treated as though her femininity were all that mattered—as though she were not a human being as well as a daughter, wife, and mother. Man, she protests, is the father of children and the bread winner, yet the world does not look at him merely in the light of these two functions and reprove him for thinking of anything else. Nor does he neglect them because his horizon is unlimited. Nature will see to it that there are plenty of lullabies, for the rhymestress is no less a woman because she is also a reasoning, learning, wondering human being.

As to her writing "in the character of a masculine lover," why, nine women out of ten are cleverer at love making than the man who is giving them points. They are more nimble, more wide awake to the importance of trifles, more sensitive to the shades of mood. They are given to saying in many ways, with delicate variations, what a man is satisfied to state once, baldly. They are artists where he is a crude workman. A woman seldom goes through a love scene without realizing how much better she could have done it, had the title rôle been given to her. She must write, to show how she would like to be loved. Let man read and profit by it!

SILENCING THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Inventors, in their craze for mechanical perfection, pay no more attention to what they throw aside with the old imperfection than a new railroad pays to the wild flowers it must crush out of its path. At this very moment some of our noblest poetry is in peril of mortality, all because a youth in the Middle West has invented, or is trying to invent, a noiseless cannon.

A quiet battle may be pleasanter for those who are in it, but they are a handful to those who thrill at the echoes of war resounding through our literature. And how can it echo without any noise? Half of the grandest war hymns and battle prayers of the future will never be written if the inspiring voice of war is stilled. Those of the past will lose all their resounding glory, since future readers will not know how to hear in them the rattle and thunder they tell of, and all their vivid phrases will have grown cold and unmeaning.

And what will the story writers and war correspondents do, with half their vocabulary swept away? The dull roar of artillery, the booming of cannon, the barking of guns, the crackling of muskets—how can any writer of warlike scenes, from Kipling in India to Richard Harding Davis in Cuba, get along without these reverberating phrases? The beauty and the picturesqueness of war were laid aside with plumed helmets and gleaming breastplates. Now its impressive voice is to be smothered and inarticulate, without glamour; it will become simply businesslike murder—a thing of no literary value.

"HE WHO HATH WINGS."

The desire to fly has become a mania among earth bound mortals, who continue to kick off bravely from the housetops, in spite of the wreckage in the streets below. "He who hath wings, let him soar," Swinburne flings back from the song heights to which he has risen, but the young aspirant on the roof devoutly believes that wings can be made for any willing shoulders, and that the longing to fly in itself marks him a skylark.

And so every man who feels the stirring of spring within him, every woman whose heart can give more than the normal number of beats to the minute, calls the feeling inspiration and plunges into literature. "I want to write a poem. What shall it be?" is the literal expression of the modern writer's attitude. When he creates, it is not because some great idea came to him with a force and a glory that sent every other thought scudding out of sight, and set him quivering with the need to give it form. He first catches his mood, then, finding himself duly exalted, hunts around for an idea to which the mood may be applied.

One type of writer makes his selection

with a keen eye to the salability of the coming product. When his little fire is kindled, he looks about for something to fry. If he can find nothing, rather than waste the heat, he takes some very beautiful words and molds them and pats them and marks them and puts them in the oven, and sells them as poetical pattycakes.

This literary baker represents the practical side of modern letters, and is, on the whole, more endurable than the housetop fledgling who wants to spend his energies in aimless flights, just because it's so lovely to be away up in the air. This one pets and enjoys his soul as a woman does old lace. He longs to be up among the immortals, not that he may sit at their feet and learn, but that mankind may see him there. And so he binds on his futile wings much as the Chinaman does his silken cue, that there may be a convenient handle with which to yank him into paradise.

THE FAME STALKERS.

The trembling schoolgirl author, with her manuscript tied up in blue ribbons, and her identity cloaked by a rhythmic and flowery *nom de plume*, has faded into a gentle memory. There are still plenty of schoolgirl authors, but they do not tremble at the sanctum door, and their typed manuscripts are held by brass headed fasteners, while their chief ambition is to have their real name known as far as a magazine can travel.

"Now, how soon can you let me have an answer on that?" they say with business-like severity, and the editor realizes that, instead of being an autocrat in their eyes, he is but a mechanical tool by means of which they seek to carve their names on the future.

"Of course, you may not care for the subject," says one of these, laying an offering on the desk, "but I don't think you'll find anything to criticise in the literary style." "It is exactly what you want," another modestly asserts.

"Two magazines have been after me for this, but I decided to give you the first opportunity. I'd so much rather you had it," declares a third, so confidently that, if the editor is not careful, he will find himself buncoed into a twinge of gratitude.

And they will scold him, too, on occasion. "Why, I could have sold that spring poem in any number of places, and now you've kept it so long, it's too late. I think you ought to pay me something even if you don't take it," they declare, for, to drive a keen, hard, money making bargain, there is no one ahead of the minor poet.

There is no longer anything sacred about the sanctum; it is nothing more than a retail commission house. If this strenuous, assertive, bargain driving young race continues to develop along the same lines, the editor will become in time as timorous and impotent as the schoolgirl author he bullied in the good old days.

THE WRITER AND THE PROOF READER.

The laity accepts the general fact that the author swears at the proof reader much as it recognizes that a dog barks at a cat, without troubling itself about the source of the animosity. It has little conception of the stealthy malignity of the being who strews red ink symbols down the galleys, or his power to wound and humiliate the writer.

If he left the printed words simply and honestly "pied," as the unsubtle printer prefers them, the writer would bear no grudge, since a buried idea is less mortifying than a mangled one. But the proof reader gives conscientious attention to reversed letters, syncopated syllables, and all the little blunders that could not possibly mislead the reader. When he comes to a word that is correctly spelled and perfectly aligned, and yet, not being the word the author used, throws the meaning completely off the track, then he shows his disposition, and, slipping by with an inward chuckle, leaves it to stare the author in the face, knowing that his dismay will be like that of the innocent starling when from one of the eggs she has been mothering flaunts a cuckoo.

For instance, when the writer refers to the heavy swell upon the ocean, a sneaking "m" is allowed to replace the "w," and all the dignity of his storm scene is wrecked. His allusion to the "purple cow" comes out flat and pointless, since the printer, not being well grounded in his *Lark*, reads it "purple coin," and when the villain speaks "with a sound like the snarl of a cur," it is modulated into "the smile of a cow," and the proof reader, grinning to himself, passes by on the other side. A staid and respectable women's club is written up as a "haven" of delight, and comes out in bold black type as a "harem," bringing on the author a storm of indignant letters. He is made to appear fool and blackguard, and suffers no less keenly because everybody else is too hurried to notice the fact. "Such a fuss over one little word," the public would say. But to the writer the least syllable is of measureless consequence, and he blushes and winces at his distorted work as a parent would if his child came to him with pink eyes and lavender hair.

CONCERNING LITERARY "FAKES."

At the close of a century which has seen such an enormous development of the art

of writing as a means of livelihood, it is worth while to stop and glance at some of the literary "fakes" with which the helpless public has been inundated for so long and with such insistence that many of us, from mere force of reiteration, are beginning to take some of their authors at their own valuation.

About thirty years ago Mr. Dodgson, under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, produced "Alice in Wonderland." It was a book of great cleverness and originality, and like all thoroughly good literary work, it will probably last as long as there are children to read it. Some years later Mr. Edward Lear wrote a book of "Nonsense Verses," with illustrations of the crudest description, both in drawing and in coloring; and this won also deserved success. But since that time a host of imitators have arisen, and the immortal verses, "'Twas brillig" and "There was an old man who said how," have been copied and paraphrased *ad nauseam*.

A literary genius will produce a set of verses like these:

A blue dog sat upon a tree,
With mien depressed and sad.
He held a dollar in his mouth,
Alas, 'twas all he had!

and every one is called upon to admire them. As the average American is terribly afraid of being considered "unappreciative," he has not the moral courage to confess that they sound like pointless nonsense, and joins in the cry of "How clever!"—especially as any reference to impecuniosity is supposed to enhance the original brilliancy of any theme. And so the author gets a reputation for "brightness" at a very small outlay of work and none of originality, and people are represented as going about the streets quoting his work.

Another scourge is the "pastel," which in various forms and at different epochs has devastated many of our leading magazines. About the year 1878 Turgenieff wrote those exquisite sketches which were translated into German under the name of "Gedichte in Prosa." Some similar bits of work were also translated about 1890 from sundry French authors, and published under the title of "Pastels in Prose." Since that time aspiring young writers have tried their hands at the same form of composition, with some such result as this:

The Poet stood upon the seashore. At his feet stretched the ocean, wide, limitless, unfathomable.

Far out upon the horizon gleamed the flame of the lightship. And the Poet's soul went out to the light, as he said: "Thus are the waters of Circumstance ever placed between the soul that yearns and the goal of her ultimate ambition."

And at his feet still stretched the ocean, wide, limitless, unfathomable.

If the pastel happened to deal with two mystical people, unknown except by hearsay on this side of the Atlantic, and called *Pierrot* and *Columbine*, its success was assured. It was straightway pronounced "an exquisite thing," and "so French," for, in a pastel, to be French is everything.

The affectation of interlarding writing with French words and phrases is an old one, but a change is noticeable in the words themselves. Fifteen years ago a writer vindicated his claim to culture by introducing into his work such sentences as "*Je ne sais quoi*," "*qui vive*," and "*au revoir*"; but nowadays no such simple phrases are considered any proof of knowledge of the world. To give the impression of a protracted residence in Paris (a sure sign of ability in any direction) it is now necessary to call the region about South Washington Square "the *quartier*," to allude casually to finishing dinner with a "*demitasse*" or a "*mezagrin*," and to indulge in longer phrases, such as, "*cet artiste a perdu sa prise sur nous*," or "*c'est bien fait; vous voilà enfin arrivé*"—none of which would suffer in the least by a literal translation.

An easy way of "forming a style" is to hunt up a few obsolete words, and by using them with sufficient frequency create an impression of great familiarity with English writers of say the Elizabethan era. The prolonged and widespread use of the word "vagrom" is a case in point, and shows what may be done by a combination of ignorance and a desire for "style." It has a Chauceresque sound, and, unaware of its special connection with *Dogberry*, numberless literary frauds have used it as a synonym for "vagrant."

A recent and trying form of "fake" is the "authors' reading," which is now given on the smallest pretense for the benefit of anything and everything. It always commends itself to the managers of benevolent enterprises by the fact that it costs nothing to get up except the rent of a hall. Human nature is so constructed that it likes to hear itself talk, so an invitation to read from his own "works"—heaven save the mark!—is eagerly accepted by the young man who tells you he has "five hundred dollars' worth of manuscript on hand," and by the young woman who writes for the "Quips and Wiles" department of some enterprising periodical. Surely the men who gave the first authors' readings in aid of the Copyright League never dreamed what disastrous results would ensue in future years.

Why is it that in the domain of art alone the poseur meets with success? Should we

feel any more sure of the quality of our groceries if the proprietor of the shop where we buy them arrayed himself in weird garments and attempted to write poetry? Would the solidity of our furniture be improved if the vendor thereof played on the violin or gave "studio teas"? Not at all. Any success which a business man meets with is apt to be the result of supplying a good article of the kind desired. Why should not literary success be based on the same principles?

What we need is a little independence of judgment. A thing is not necessarily clever because it is printed on brown paper. Let us pray that we may be given the grace to perceive this, and the courage to assert it.

Rudyard Kipling received a graceful compliment from Australia, the other day. It seems that a certain Dr. Nicholls, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the works of the Anglo Indian writer, recently died at Port Germain, South Australia. Remembering his love for his favorite author, his friends inscribed on the stone that marked his resting place the last verse of Kipling's "L'Envoi." A photograph was sent to Mr. Kipling, who immediately wrote the following characteristic letter of acknowledgment:

DEAR SIR:

I cannot tell you how touched and proud I am to think that you found any verses of mine worthy to put on a good man's grave. You must be a brotherly set of folk at Port Germain to do what you have done for the doctor's memory, and here in England I take off my hat to the lot of you. There is nothing a man's people value more than the knowledge that one of their kin has been decently buried when he has gone under in a far country, and some day or other Port Germain will get its reward. Will you send me a copy of a local paper so that I may know something more about your part of the world? What do you do? What do you expect? What back country do you serve? And how many are there of you? I want to learn "further particulars," as the papers say.

* * * *

As soon as a man does something sufficiently great an inquisitive horde starts up to discover what he can't do. One of these has just triumphantly held up the fact that Kipling does not show himself heart to heart with nature in his writings; that his soul is not linked to her fair works; that he is never contemplative in her presence. Moreover, he has dealt little with love, comparing very unfavorably with Keats in that matter.

It would be about as reasonable to compare a skylark with a war horse. When a man has done great things, why should the earth be ransacked for the great things he has not done? It is no discredit to the war horse that he does not build nests in the tree tops. We can blame him only when he fails as a charger.

There are plenty to write about nature and love. Kipling has written about men. When we have deep, solemn chords, such as "Jehovah of the Thunders, Lord God of Battles, aid!" what does it matter if the man who struck them deals but little in trills and grace notes?

* * * *

If the public is tired of hearing the author rail against the grasping publisher, ever playing vampire to a helpless brotherhood, it will find another side to the matter in "Authors and Publishers," of which the seventh edition, revised and enlarged, has recently appeared. The book is written by G. H. and J. B. Putnam, who have good reason to know the publisher's side of the quarrel, and can tell harrowing tales of authors who did not keep their agreements and books that would not sell.

The authors, having the public ear already turned up to them, have poured into it all their troubles, and the literary temperament is not one to underestimate the size of the pea under the twenty mattresses, being supersensitive and not without vanity. The publisher, meanwhile, has had to endure in silence, except when at long intervals a book of this nature has given him a chance to slip in a chapter in defense of his kind. And then it dawns upon us that he is perhaps a trifle less black than he is painted.

* * * *

A number of prominent critics have come forward lately and held out a friendly hand to certain vagabond phrases that have long passed freely among the people, but have never been recognized between covers. Now, the tramp "had rather" is being escorted into a circle of authority by a college professor, and receiving thumps of welcome and approval from writers and editors not given to promiscuous hospitality. "His origin may be a trifle irregular, but he's a good fellow, after all," they say. "Everybody likes him. Let's have him up."

Yet it was only a little while ago that those in authority were impressing on us the fact that this waif had neither father nor mother, nor ancestors of any kind to give it a right of existence. Even the chance to slip in as an idiom was denied it, since the legitimate phrase, "would rather," lay in plain sight, ready to do all the work of that department. Now the writers are showing an increasing leniency to words and phrases of dubious origin. With the new element come fresh force and originality, while a certain elegance and purity are inevitably lost. If more blood, less fineness, is the need of today, they have done well to unbar the doors.

ETCHINGS

HUMAN PINWHEELS.

SOME minds are like Fourth of July pinwheels: they run rapidly enough, but go nowhere; their light is sufficiently bright, but it cannot be utilized; their heat serves only to consume themselves.

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG.

FROM dusk 'til dawn the livelong night
She kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the stripes of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray
The Continentals filed away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats;
They bore the marks of want and cold,
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled,
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.

When fell the battle's leaden rain,
The soldier hushed his moans of pain
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,
The snowy stripes, and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag!

Minna Irving.

THE SPANISH PRIVATEER.

IN the blue of Newport harbor,
Where the cruisers come and go,
And the yachts are rocked at anchor
With their folded sails of snow,
And the guns of old Fort Adams
From the frowning ramparts peer,
Lie the dark decaying timbers
Of a Spanish privateer.

Whither bound or what her errand,
Or the port from which she came,
Is a mystery of the waters,
Like her captain and her name.
But with all her cannon loaded
And her decks for action clear,
And her colors at the masthead,
Sank the Spanish privateer.

Was she wrecked without surrender,
Was she scuttled by her crew,
When the smoke of battle drifted
And the leaden bullets flew?
History's pages all are silent
As the seaweed on her bier,
Or the ghostly shadows hiding
In the Spanish privateer.

In an iron banded locker
In the hold beneath the brine
Divers found a rusty cutlas
And a flask of golden wine;
But her sailors' bones are coral
In the deep for many a year,
And the fish are crew and captain
Of the Spanish privateer.

Time has stripped her of her glory
Since they steered her by the stars,
Gone is all her spreading canvas,
Gone are all her slender spars;
But the hulk that soon will crumble
In the tides and disappear
Will forever keep the secret
Of the Spanish privateer.

Minna Irving.

LIPS AND EYES.

As I passed her house I thought I would call
and take her by surprise.
"Why, how do you do?" said her lovely lips.
"What kept you away?" asked her
eyes.

"I doubted my welcome," I sadly said, and
spoke without disguise;
"Are you sure of it now?" asked her laughing lips. "You know you are sure,"
said the eyes.

"I have tried my utmost and more," I said,
"to stifle my heart's vain cries;"
"It's a serious case," said the careless lips.
"It is for us," said the eyes.

"Your cruel words dug the grave of hope,
and in hope's grave love lies."
"White lies or black?" asked the scoffing lips.
"Oh, piteous sight!" said the eyes.

"But now I must go, for I sail tonight, and
time unpitying flies;"
"Don't let me keep you," exclaimed the lips;
"Do let us keep you," the eyes.

She gave me a cold, cold hand to take, and
we said our last good bys;
And then, as I feared to kiss her lips, I kissed
her on the eyes.

A man can hear two languages at once if he
only tries:
"I don't see how you *dare!*" said the lips;
"But *we* see," said the eyes.

E. W.

"ONE KILLED."

A BRILLIANT victory! Hear the shout
Ringing through all the land!
Enemy utterly put to rout—
Vainly essayed a stand.
The streets are crowded, men hurry across;
A nation with joy is thrilled
Because 'twas achieved with a trifling loss;
But Jim—our Jim—was killed!

The flags are flaunting exultingly,
Proud in their arrogant scorn.
Thanks arise for a victory
With naught—almost—to mourn.
Yet in my heart, like a cut from a knife,
A pain that won't be stilled—
An insignificant loss of life
When Jim—our Jim—was killed?

"A marvelous thing that in such a fight,"
Come comments over the wire,
"The list of casualties should be light
In the face of a venomous fire.
One dead is the sum, from a bursting shell"—
O God, that Your wisdom willed,
When otherwise all would have been so well,
That Jim—our Jim—was killed!

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE FOREST BRIDGE.

As I go over the forest bridge
In the amber lights of dawn,
The fresh leaves whisper silkily
Like the tread of a fleeting fawn.
And mists appear
Like genii queer,
Where the deep, wet hollows yawn.

Under the bridge, with a soothing lisp,
The soft dark waters flow;
The maples curve their shapely tops
And ripple the dusk below.
Mosses and reeds
And river weeds
On the moist, wide margin grow.

The merry reapers seek the fields
Where the wheat and barley stand,
And just beyond the broken stile
I see them cross the land;
And one is there
With chestnut hair,
Who waves his strong brown hand.

The wild white morning glory loops
The bridge's beams adorn;
Beneath its edge the windflowers pale
And the cuckoo buds are born.
The land hath not
A sweeter spot
Than the forest bridge at morn.

Hattie Whitney.

NATURE'S BABE.

WHEN Mother Nature bore the world
She clasped it to her breast;
She bathed it where a brooklet purled,
Then in white clouds 'twas dressed.

Again she clasped it to her breast,
Sang to it soothingly,
And whispered: "I love you the best;
You're all the world to me!"

Tom Hall.

THE EAST.

THE pious oriental, be it morn or vesper
bell,
Turns toward the east for life and hope; but
I, love's infidel,
Toward east or west, or north or south,
wherever thou may'st be,
That way I turn for life and hope, for that
is east to me.

Clarence Urmy.

THE SEA'S SONG.

SONG of the summer sea
Splashing the sandy shore,
Telling of ocean lore
In mystic minstrelsy,

Sing you our promised ships
That never reach their port,
While we their coming court,
Tear eyed, with quivering lips?

Sing you of distant wrecks
Broken on coral reef,
While, in the cottage, grief
Ever the soul must vex?

Sing you the storm king's rage
Rolling on high the main,
Mocking at human pain
Till death's cold hand assuage?

Or of fruit laden isles
Far from the path of ships,
Where time unreckoned slips
And summer ever smiles?

Sing you the mermaid's song
Echoed in shells' faint croon,
As it was sung the moon
In the fair nights gone long?

Song of the summer sea,
Though we incline the ear,
None can tell joy from fear,
None may know smile from tear,
In your strange melody.

Wood Levette Wilson.

MY KLONDIKE.

WHY should I join the Klondike quest
For wealth, and brave the weary miles?
At beauty's fireside will I rest,
Where pearls are found—when Mabel smiles.

And on those lips, whose Cupid's bow
Appeals by its enticing hue—
No other lips attract me so—
I see the blushing ruby, too.

In rubies nor in pearls alone
The limit of the riches lies;
A chance there is for me to own
Those diamonds in Mabel's eyes.

The gold that glints within her hair,
The ivory of neck and arms—
What treasure trove! Yet I declare
I've not exhausted half her charms.

But why in terms of sordid pelf
Describe what priceless is? Know, then,
Fair Mabel I'll possess—herself
Will make me wealthiest of men.

Edwin L. Sabin.

COACHING SONG.

WHEN a clear blue sky and a cooling breeze
Have driven the grime of the fog away,
When the air asparkle with mirth and life
Thrills with the joy of the cloudless day;
When the savor of forest and field and sea
Have somehow strayed to the smoky street,
When a restless pulsing leaps in the veins,
Then a singing voice in the heart repeats,
"Up and away! Up and away!
Welcome the gift of the glorious day!"

Just out of the bounds of the busy square
The coach is waiting, and up we spring;
The guard's clear horn sounds a rollicking air;
The galloping hoofs of the horses ring;
The crack of the whip it is good to hear,
The coachman's face is ruddy and brown,
And the merriest day of all the year
Is our coaching day out of London town,
Fooling along, speeding along,
"Twickenham Ferry" our coaching song!

What matters it whither our journey tends?
The sway and the swing of the coach is best,
Perhaps at the Court of the Roystering King
We willingly loiter a while and rest,
But the tarnished splendor of days gone by
Is not so fair as a wayside flower,
And the radiant blue of an English sky,
And the sunshine's gold, are a royal dower.
So up and away! Up and away!
Welcome the gift of the glorious day!

Grace H. Boutelle.

A SPECIAL SALE.

WHEN Nancy bought her wedding gown
Cupid played clerk the while.
I saw the rascal mark it down
A sixpence for each smile.

And, when the bargain was complete,
He bowed down to his knee;
"The usual discount for a sweet
And merry heart," quoth he.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

WE will not quarrel, dear, today,
While skies are softly blending
Their mingled hues of gold and gray,
And peace seems never ending.
So let's reserve our little spat
Till morrow dawns—or after that!

The birds, the happy little birds,
Are harping in the tree tops;
Along the beach, as white as curds,
Its shining spray the sea drops;
We have eternities to fill
With incivilities at will.

But for today—this azure day
Was made for something kinder;
The merry notes of birds at play
Shall be our heart's reminder,
And we the birds shall emulate,
And let our little quarrel wait.

Come, love, forget the hasty speech,
The thoughtless word—remember
The year that has for all and each
Its spring and its December.
And love is like the year—so sing
With all the heart, and keep it spring.

Joseph Dana Miller.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

From a painting by the young Texan artist, S. Seymour Thomas, exhibited at the Paris Salon this year.

The battle of San Jacinto was fought on the San Jacinto River, seventeen miles from the present city of Houston, between 783 Texans under Houston and sixteen hundred Mexican troops under Santa Anna. The Mexicans were routed, Santa Anna was taken prisoner, and the independence of Texas was assured by Houston's brilliant victory.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. AUGUST, 1898. NO. 5.

THE LEADERS OF OUR ARMY.

A GROUP OF TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIERS—THE COMMANDERS OF THE GREAT ARMY THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS PUT INTO THE FIELD TO FIGHT FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES.

UNSKILLED and halting leadership promises to play no part in the conduct of the American army in the present war with Spain. Himself a soldier, President McKinley has seen to it that the men selected to plan our campaigns and fight our battles in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the east are officers of long ex-

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, A FAMOUS SOUTHERN VETERAN, NOW COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES P. EAGAN.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.
From a photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. BATES.
From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

BRIGADIER GENERAL DANIEL W. FLAGLER.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, ULYSSES S. GRANT'S ELDEST SON.
From a photograph by See & Epler, New York.

perience and proved capacity as disciplinarians and strategists. That each member of the group has the essential quality of bravery goes without saying. No event of the future could be more certain than that the army is to be well drilled, well fought, and well handled by men whose trade is war, and who are masters of their calling.

Miles, Merritt, and Brooke, the ranking generals of the permanent establishment, are typical American soldiers; so, too, is each one of the twelve men named as major generals of volunteers. Of the latter group seven are officers in the regular army, while five have generally been called "civilians," though three of them are graduates of West Point, and all of them performed distinguished service in the war between the States.

William Montrose Graham, commander of the Second Corps, has been forty three years in the service. "Light Battery Billy" was the nickname by which he was known in the old Army of the Potomac, and nowhere is there his superior as an officer of artillery. James F. Wade, commander of the Third Corps, served in the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers, and now holds the rank of brigadier

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, COMMANDING THE FIFTH CORPS, THE FIRST ORDERED TO THE INVASION OF CUBA.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

general in the regular army. He is known in the service as "Sheridan's double," and is, like Little Phil, a cavalryman of the finest type. Joseph C. Breckinridge, a member of the famous Kentucky family of that name, fought in the Civil War as an officer of the Second Artillery, and for the past decade has been inspector general of the army.

John J. Coppinger, commander of the Fourth Corps, is an Irish soldier of fortune in whom Lever would have found an ideal hero for one of his rattling romances. In his youth he wandered from the Emerald Isle to Italy, and as a member of the Papal Guards fought against Victor Emmanuel. Then he came to America, and, in 1861, was made captain of New York volunteers. During the next four years he took part in thirty

BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS VINTON GREENE.
From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

BRIGADIER GENERAL GUIDO N. LIEBER.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE M. STERNBERG, SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON, DISTINGUISHED IN THE CIVIL WAR AS A FEDERAL CAVALRY LEADER, NOW COMMANDING THE SIXTH CORPS.

From a photograph by Bucher, Wilmington, Delaware.

one battles, and was twice wounded, the last time on the day that Lee surrendered. His service on the frontier since 1865 has again and again proved him a dashing soldier, fully capable of high command. When the present war opened he commanded the department of the Platte.

William R. Shafter, whose corps, the Fifth, was the first to invade Cuba, and Henry C. Merriam and Elwell S. Otis, who have gone with Merritt to Manila, all served as officers of volunteers in the Civil War, entering the permanent establishment upon its reorganization in 1866. Shafter is gruff, sturdy, and warm hearted. Those serving under him will have plenty of hard fighting to do, but they will also know that their commander is a man who wages battles in order to win them, and who would not needlessly risk the life of a single soldier. Merriam is a man of brains, resolute of will and purpose,

and Otis is an accomplished soldier, specially fitted for the delicate and perilous work ahead of him.

soldiers of wide experience, two of them having made a brilliant record in the Federal service, and the others having

BRIGADIER GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, NICKNAMED "FIGHTING GUY," A WELL KNOWN CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

The five civilians named for major generals—James H. Wilson, commander of the Sixth Corps; Fitzhugh Lee, commander of the Seventh Corps; Joseph Wheeler, chief of the cavalry division operating with Shafter; Matthew C. Butler, and J. Warren Keifer—are all

been eminent Confederate commanders. Wilson won his double star within three years from leaving West Point, and there was no incident of the Civil War better worth remembering than the great raid in 1865 of his cavalry corps of twelve thousand sabers, which formed a brilliant

BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB FORD KENT, RECENTLY PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE TWENTY FOURTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

ending to the Union operations in the West. General Wilson left the regular army in 1870, and has since been engaged in railroad and engineering operations. He is still in full physical and mental vigor, and has lost none of the spirit and enthusiasm of his youth.

MAJOR GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, NOW SERVING WITH THE MANILA EXPEDITION.
From a photograph by Hofstetter, Vancouver.

Fitzhugh Lee, like Wilson, was a dashing leader of cavalry. A lieutenant of dragoons in the old army, he "went with his State" when the Civil War broke out, and rose swiftly to the rank of major general, with command, when his famous kinsman surrendered to Grant, of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was under thirty years of age when the war ended, and has since served in Congress, as Governor of Virginia, and as consul general at Havana. General Lee is white haired, blunt, and

BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS L. GUENTHER.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY C. HASBROUCK.
From a photograph by Cheyne, Hampton, Virginia.

BRIGADIER GENERAL M. V. SHERIDAN, BROTHER OF THE LATE GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN M. WILSON, CHIEF OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB KLINE, RECENTLY PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE TWENTY FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

From a photograph by the Electro Photographic Company, Tampa.

kindly, with a fullness of habit which betokens a man on good terms with himself and with the world.

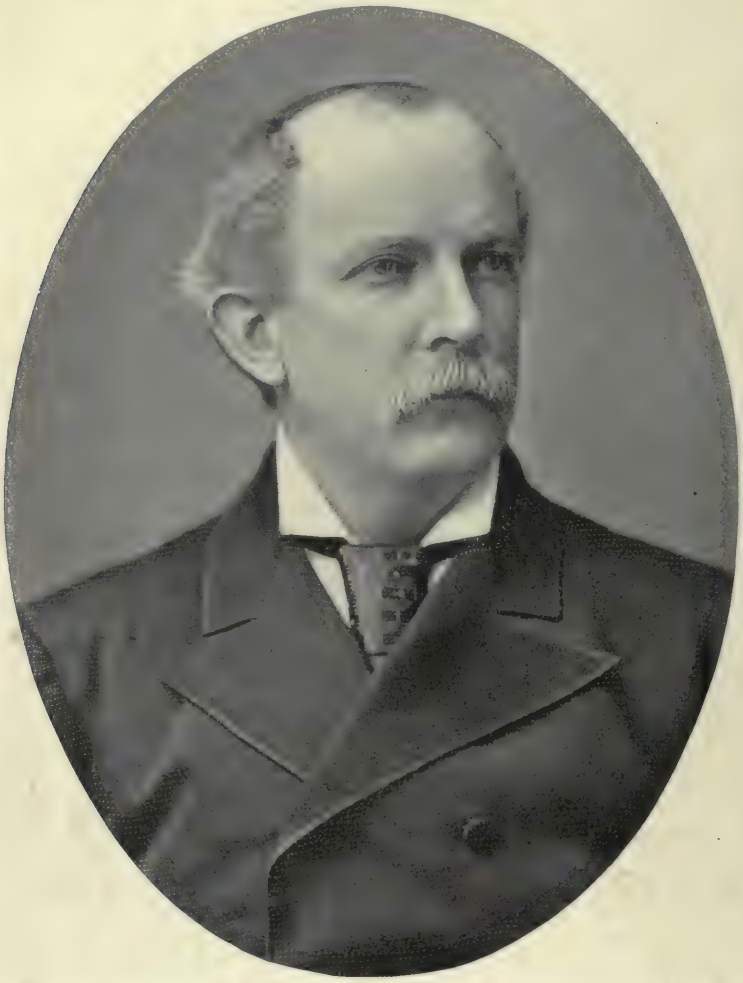
Joseph Wheeler, on the other hand, is a first class brand of fighting material done up in a small sized package. He is short of stature, does not weigh more than a hundred pounds, and looks more like a country schoolmaster than the splendid soldier he proved himself to be a generation ago. Wheeler entered the Confederate service in 1861, as colonel, and when the war ended held the rank of lieutenant general, with command of all the cavalry under Johnston. For a dozen years past he has been a member of the popular branch of Congress.

Matthew C. Butler, the former South Carolina Senator, is not a graduate of West Point, but he lost a leg in the Civil War, during which he rose from captain to major general, with command, at its close, of a division of cavalry under Johnston; and as he has since maintained his interest in military affairs by active connection with the National Guard of his State, his soldierly qualities are not merely a reminiscence.

General Keifer was long a member of the House of Representatives from Ohio, and served as speaker of the Forty Seventh Congress. He has a notable Civil War record, having gone to the front as a major of Ohio volunteers, and

having risen to a brevet major generalship. He saw plenty of hard fighting, and was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Forty of the three score officers named as brigadier generals of volunteers have been chosen from among the fighting veterans of the regular army, and nine of this number—Royal T. Frank, Francis L. Guenther, Alexander C. M. Pennington, John I. Rodgers, Edward B. Williston, Marcus P. Miller, Henry C. Hasbrouck, Wallace F. Randolph, and Joseph P. Sanger—belong now, or have been identified in the past, with the artillery arm of the service. Generals Frank, Guenther, Pennington, and Rodgers have more than forty years' service apiece to their credit. Prior to his present commission, General Frank was for ten years commandant of the artillery school at Fort Monroe. General Guenther took part in the suppression of John Brown's raid, and served with distinction from the opening to the close of the Civil War. General Pennington, an officer of exceptional ability, rose to the command of a brigade between 1861 and 1865; while General Rodgers has a notable war record, and has been selected as chief of artillery on the staff of General Miles.



MAJOR GENERAL MATTHEW C. BUTLER, FORMERLY A CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL AND UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

General Williston entered the army

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH C. BRECKINRIDGE, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN, WHO HAS BEEN FOR TEN YEARS INSPECTOR GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

from civil life in 1861, was continuously in service during the Civil War, and ranks among the foremost artillerymen of the time. General Marcus P. Miller is another sturdy and clear headed veteran, with a record as an artillerist which dates from 1858. General Hasbrouck has served with the Fourth Artillery ever since he was graduated at West Point in 1861. General Randolph entered the Fifth Artillery as a second lieutenant in the opening months of the Civil War, made a record as a hard fighter before it was over, and is one of the surviving heroes of the tunnel escape from Libby. General Sanger served with the First Artillery from 1861 to 1888, and is an honor graduate of the artillery school. Since 1889 he has served as assistant inspector general.

Twelve of the brigadier generals of volunteers—Abraham K. Arnold, Guy V. Henry, Samuel S. and Edwin V. Sumner, Charles E. Compton, Louis H. Carpenter, Samuel M. B. Young, Henry W. Lawton, Adna R. Chaffee, John M. Bacon, Alfred

BRIGADIER GENERAL ROYAL T. FRANK.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN I. RODGERS.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

BRIGADIER GENERAL H. W. LAWTON.
From a photograph by Havens, Jacksonville.

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM MONTROSE GRAHAM,
COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS.

BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD B. WILLISTON.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES RUSH LINCOLN.

BRIGADIER GENERAL J. P. S. GOBIN.

E. Bates, and Michael V. Sheridan—won their spurs as captains of cavalry. General Arnold served with the Fifth Cavalry during the Civil War, and has been colonel of the First since 1891. He is an officer of wide experience and signally skilled in the handling of troops. General Henry—"Fighting Guy," as he well deserves to be called—is perhaps the best known officer of his rank in the army. He commanded a brigade in the Civil War, and has since had a hundred hard knocks in active service. Both Arnold and Henry hold the medal of honor given by Congress for bravery in battle.

The two Sumners are brothers, sons of the Major General Sumner who won distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars. During the latter struggle General Samuel S. Sumner served with the Fifth Cavalry, receiving three brevets for gallantry, and he has been colonel of the Sixth Cavalry since 1896. General Edwin V. Sumner got his training as a trooper under the dashing Stoneman, and since 1865 has had a hand in half a dozen hard fought Indian campaigns. He attained his colonelcy, with command of the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment, four years ago. Generals Compton, Carpenter, and Young each fought their way from the ranks to a colonelcy of volunteers in the Civil War, and Young, before it was ended, commanded a brigade. All three are capable and active minded officers.

General Lawton went to the front in 1861 as a sergeant of Indiana volunteers. The close of the war found him commanding a regiment. Between 1871 and 1888, while lieutenant and captain in the Fourth Cavalry, he made a record as a redoubt-

COLONEL ALFRED T. SMITH.

COLONEL EVAN MILES.

COLONEL WILLIAM H. POWELL.

BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES KING.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

BRIGADIER GENERAL LOUIS H. CARPENTER.
From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN A. WILEY.
From a photograph by Jackson, Franklin, Pennsylvania.

BRIGADIER GENERAL ABRAHAM K. ARNOLD.
From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.

able Indian fighter—a record which fills many pages in the annual reports of the war department. Since 1889 he has served as assistant inspector general. General Lawton, unless all signs fail, will be one of the heroes of the present war.

General Chaffee may be another. This officer served through the Civil War in the Sixth Cavalry, and by stout fighting before and since 1865 made his way from the ranks to a colonel's uniform. He is a born soldier, in love with his calling, and master of its every detail. The same may be said of Generals Bacon and Bates, both of whom are commanders of proven bravery and capability. General Bacon has been an officer of cavalry since 1862, and General Bates made a brilliant reputation as an Indian fighter before his transfer to the pay department in 1875.

General Sheridan is a younger brother of "Little Phil," whose aide he was during the Civil War, and is known in the service as a thorough soldier.

The infantry arm and the staff of the permanent establishment have furnished no less than fifteen brigadier generals of volunteers—John S. Poland, Simon Snyder, Jacob F. Kent, Thomas S. Anderson, Hamilton S. Hawkins, John C. Bates, Andrew S. Burt, George M. Randall, George W. Davis, Theodore Schwan, Robert H. Hall, Jacob Kline, Loyd Wheaton, Arthur MacArthur, and John C. Gilmore. Only four members of this group, Generals Poland, Kent, Hawkins, and Hall, are graduates of West Point, but the others had effective training in the Civil War, and Generals Wheaton, MacArthur, and Gilmore wear the medal of honor as token of the part they played in that great conflict.

Generals Snyder, Bates,

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. GILMORE, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MILES.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL SIMON SNYDER, PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.

From a photograph by Huffman, Miles City, Montana.

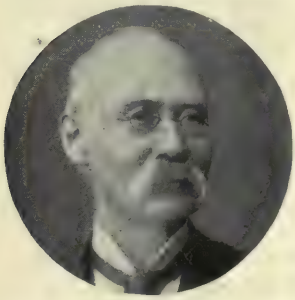
COLONEL ALFRED S. FROST, FIRST SOUTH DAKOTA VOLUNTEERS.

BRIGADIER GENERAL OSWALD H. ERNST.

COLONEL J. H. WHOLLEY, FIRST WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS.

Burt, Randall, Schwan, and Kline have since seen much and hard frontier service, and the first named holds a brevet for gallantry at Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, in 1877. General Anderson, leader of the advance guard of the army sent to Manila, has been colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry since 1886, and is an admirable mixture of brains and bravery, while General Davis is a firm, vigilant officer, well equipped for important command.

Among the other civilian brigadiers, Generals Harrison Gray Otis, John A. Wiley, and Joseph K. Hudson are fighting veterans of '61—Otis served with President McKinley in the Twenty Third Ohio volunteers—and Generals William C. Oates and James Rush Lincoln are Confederate soldiers. Oates, who lost



COLONEL C. R. GREENLEAF, CHIEF SURGEON OF TROOPS IN FIELD.

COLONEL G. G. HUNTT, SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

COLONEL E. P. PEARSON, TENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

Four of the remaining brigadier generals of volunteers—William Ludlow, Peter C. Hains, George L. Gillespie, and Oswald H. Ernst—have records as brilliant and efficient members of the corps of engineers, dating back to 1861. Three of the brigade commanders named from civil life—Frederick D. Grant, Francis V. Greene, and Charles King—are graduates of West Point, each of whom has served a dozen years or more in the regular army. Those best fitted to judge have entire confidence in General Grant's soldierly qualities, and General Merritt, who knows a good officer if ever a man did, has borne speaking testimony to the ability of Generals Greene and King—both better known, hitherto, as literary men than as soldiers—by having them assigned to service under him in the Philippines.

an arm at the siege of Richmond, won a colonel's commission by his gallantry on the field of battle.

Moreover, among the colonels and junior line officers of the regular army are any number of men of natural aptitude and thorough training, who for years have been making ready for the work that now confronts them. Officers, to name but a few of them, like John H. Page, Evan Miles, Daniel W. Benham, William H. Powell, Edward P. Pearson, Alfred T. Smith, Charles A. Wikoff, and George G. Huntt, the career of each of whom shows a steady advance from the lowest grade—in some cases from the ranks—to a colonel's commission, only wait an

BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE, LATE COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK STATE.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

emergency to prove themselves equal to its demands.

As in 1861, so in 1898, the younger officers of the permanent establishment have found in the making and conduct of a volunteer army a rare and welcome opportunity for advancement and quick promotion. Captain Edward E. Hardin, Seventh Infantry, has been made colonel of the Second New York volunteers; Captain Cornelius Gardener, Nineteenth Infantry, of the Thirty First Michigan; First Lieutenant Alfred S. Frost, Twenty Fifth Infantry, who has risen from the ranks since he entered the army in 1881, of the First South Dakota; First Lieutenant Charles W. Abbot, Twelfth Infantry, of the First Rhode Island; First Lieutenant Elias Chandler, Sixteenth Infantry, of the First Arkansas, and First Lieutenant John B. McDonald, Tenth Cavalry, of the First Alabama, while command of the First Washington, now in the Philippines, has fallen to Lieutenant

BRIGADIER GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN S. POLAND.
From a photograph by Walker, Cheyenne.

BRIGADIER GENERAL LOYD WHEATON.
From a photograph by Henry, Leavenworth, Kansas.

BRIGADIER GENERAL A. C. M. PENNINGTON.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, AND CONSUL AT HAVANA.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by C. Parker, Washington.

John H. Wholley, Twenty Fourth Infantry, who was graduated at West Point less than ten years ago, and who is one of the youngest colonels, if not quite the youngest, in the volunteer service.

The recruiting, movement, equipment, feeding, payment, and medical care of an army of a quarter of a million men is a task calling for abilities of a highly trained and very special order, and it is reassuring in a time like this to study the names of the several chiefs of staff of the war department, and to learn the sort of service for which those names stand. Quartermaster General Marshall I. Ludington served during the Civil War as chief quartermaster of various divisions of the Army of the Potomac, and has since been attached in the same capacity to almost every department of the permanent establishment. During actual hostilities between 1861 and 1865 General Ludington was actively engaged as a volunteer officer, and made a record of which any fighter might well be proud.

So did General John M. Wilson, chief

MAJOR GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN AND FORMER SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From a photograph by Baumgardner, Springfield, Ohio.

of engineers, who won the medal of honor by his gallantry at Malvern Hill. General Daniel W. Flagler, chief of ordnance, received three brevets for gallant and meritorious services under Sherman. General Charles P. Eagan, chief of the subsistence department, is one of the heroes of the war against the Modocs. General George M. Sternberg, head of the medical department, was continuously in service from beginning to end of the Civil War, and so was Colonel George R. Greenleaf, now chief surgeon of the army in the field, while General G. N. Lieber, judge advocate general, has served in his branch of the army for more than a generation.

And finally there is Adjutant General Henry Clark Corbin, whose duties make him practically chief of staff to the President. Entering the volunteer service as a private in 1861, General Corbin rose to be a colonel of the line. He knows the army from top to bottom, and is, moreover, a natural organizer and leader of men.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

THE WEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY JOHN ALDEN ADAMS.

THE RICH OPPORTUNITIES THAT WILL BE OFFERED TO FORTUNE SEEKERS WHEN THE GREAT TROPICAL ISLAND GROUP, WHOSE PROGRESS HAS SO LONG BEEN RETARDED BY THE MILLSTONE OF SPANISH MISRULE, SHALL BE OPENED AS A NEW FIELD FOR AMERICAN ENTERPRISE—WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF TYPICAL SCENES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE great island group named after King Philip II of Spain—the Philip of the Armada—seems likely to have more history in the next few years than it has had in the last three centuries. Nowhere else on the earth's surface, perhaps, have the forces of civilization moved so slowly as in this remote Spanish colony. Nowhere else, probably, is there so rich a storehouse of undeveloped wealth, waiting to yield its treasures to the grasp of the strong hand of modern enterprise.

To see how extraordinarily slow the development of these islands has been, it is worth while to recall a little history. It was in 1519 that Fernao de Magalhaes, better known as Magellan, sailed from Spain on his last and most famous voyage. For him that voyage ended with the discovery of the Philippines, and his death in battle with hostile natives; only one of his five ships was to return to Spain, bringing back eighteen of the two hundred and sixty five men who started with the expedition, and winning the historical renown of the first circumnavigation of the globe. In 1565, Spaniards crossed the Pacific from Mexico to settle in the eastern islands. Six years later Manila was founded, to be for more than three hundred years a capital of Spain's colonial empire.

A HISTORICAL COMPARISON.

In other words, though the Philippines were first sighted by Europeans twenty four years later than the mainland of North America, the earliest permanent

MANILA HARBOR, AND THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. THIS DRAWING, MADE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE LOW LYING SHORE OF MANILA BAY.

THE SHIP YARD AND NAVAL ARSENAL AT CAVITE. CAVITE IS SITUATED UPON A SMALL PENINSULA PROJECTING INTO MANILA BAY ABOUT A DOZEN MILES BELOW THE CAPITAL. IT WAS CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY IN HIS FIRST ATTACK UPON MANILA.

THE SPANISH MILITARY STATION AT CORREGIDOR. CORREGIDOR IS AN ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF MANILA BAY, WITH A LIGHTHOUSE, AND WITH GUNS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO COMMAND THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR, BUT WHICH SIGNALLY FAILED TO KEEP OUT DEWEY'S SHIPS ON THE MORNING OF MAY 1, 1898.

settlement was made in the same year in both, and Manila was nearly fifty years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. If the comparison thus suggested be rejected as an unfair one, compare what the Spaniards have done in the Philippines with the advance of the Anglo Saxon race in Australia, whose colonization began in 1788, or in South Africa, British only since 1806; or with the development of India under its present rulers, whose power dates from Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757.

A MODERN SPANISH CHURCH AT CAVITE. THE ROMAN CATHOLIC IS THE ONLY CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES; IT POSSESSES MANY CHURCH BUILDINGS AND MONASTERIES, AND EXERCISES GREAT INFLUENCE AMONG THE NATIVES.

While civilization has fought its battles and won its triumphs in America, in Asia, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, the Philippines are little changed from the days when the King of Cebu came down to meet Magellan and to be baptized into the Christian church. Among the many discreditable facts of Spain's history as an imperial power, this is one of the least creditable.

She cannot make the excuse that the islands are not worth developing. Their natural resources are undoubtedly great—probably are scarcely equaled by those of any other territory of the same size. It is only through the paralyzing influence of the Spanish colonial policy that so much of them remains, as it does today, almost a *terra incognita*.

PHILIPPINE HEMP AND SUGAR.

All observers testify that the soil of the islands is of extraordinary fertility, and that almost every tropical tree or plant, fruit or vegetable, will flourish there. There is at least one valuable product peculiar to the Philippines—Manila hemp, the fiber of a species of banana. Of this about a hundred thousand tons are exported annually, the United States alone taking nearly half of that quantity, to make it into ropes and cables. The present methods of cultivating and preparing the hemp are described as exceedingly primitive. It sells for about sixty dollars a ton, and its use might be greatly extended if its production could be cheapened. There is a chance here for some enterprising and inventive American; and when the chance arises, the enterprising and inventive American is pretty sure to be on the spot.

Besides hemp, the products that have made the export trade of the three Philippine commercial ports—Manila, Ilo Ilo, and Cebu—are sugar and tobacco. The sugar cane industry, all over the world,

THE THEATER OF AROCEROS, JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MANILA. THERE ARE SEVERAL THEATERS IN MANILA, AND OPERATIC OR THEATRICAL COMPANIES SOMETIMES JOURNEY THERE FROM PARIS AND MADRID. PERFORMANCES ARE GIVEN SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK, AND THE AUDIENCES—WHICH SMOKE INCESSANTLY—ARE OFTEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC THAT WHOLE SCENES ARE REPEATED AS AN ENCORE.

THE OLD SEA WALL OF MANILA AND SHIPPING AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. THE STREAM IS DEEP ENOUGH TO ADMIT SHIPS OF LIGHT AND MEDIUM DRAFT TO THE QUAYS AND WAREHOUSES OF THE CITY.

MANILA—A WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, WITH THE CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO IN THE BACKGROUND. THE COLUMN AMONG THE TREES, ON THE RIVER BANK, IS MAGELLAN'S MONUMENT.

now seems to be seriously threatened by the development of beet sugar; but in the Philippines, where the cane grows in phenomenal richness, immense profits have been made by Spanish planters, and may still be made. "On the islands of Luzon and Samar," says Manley R. Sherman, a former American resident of Manila, who has narrated his experiences in the New York *Sun*, "I have known plantations that cleared three hundred dollars per acre in one year. Negrito laborers get from five to ten cents a day for cultivation, and nature does the rest." Here, too, there is abundant room for improvement in methods and machinery. "Philippine agriculture," Mr. Sherman adds, "is three hundred years behind the times. Ox carts are used for transportation, and oxen for plowing. I have seen planters using a bent stick or a prod with an iron point for a plow. Think of having the cane crushed by several hundred men with clubs, when simple machinery would do it better, more cheaply, and a hundred times quicker!"

MANILA TOBACCO.

For the Philippine tobacco it is claimed that its excellence has not hitherto been fully realized by the world at large. It is most widely known in the form of the Manila cheroot, which is made from the cheaper grades of leaf—"of the first thing that comes handy," one traveler declares—chiefly for the sailors of foreign ships. Cigars and cigarettes are everywhere in the Philippines, in the mouths of men and women alike—and of children, when they can get them. They are phenomenally cheap; a couple of tiny copper coins will buy a package of thirty cigarettes, and the ordinary cigars cost from thirty cents to about $1.30 a hundred. A five cent cigar is a rare and expensive luxury, indulged in only by the very rich, and never seen outside of the capital.

The manufacture of cigars and cigarettes is the chief industry of Manila, and here again the methods in vogue are said to be very imperfect. The Spaniards have kept the business entirely in their own hands, allowing no one to embark in it except those who have the political influence to secure the necessary licenses. About eight years ago, when Weyler was captain general of the Philippines, his two brothers came out from Spain, and, under a special concession, established a large cigar factory in the suburb of Binondo. It is said to have made them millionaires.

POSSIBLE FORTUNES IN COFFEE, RICE, INDIGO, AND COCOANUTS.

While hemp, sugar, and tobacco have hitherto been the staples of Philippine trade, it is probable that almost every commercial product of the tropics can be raised advantageously in one or other of the islands. Experiments have been made that indicate some of these possibilities. For instance, there was a coffee plantation, a good many years ago, at the northern end of the island of Luzon. A few of the seeds were scattered over the surrounding hills by birds or animals, and the soil proved so congenial that the plants have gradually spread all over that part of Luzon. The natives gather thousands of pounds of berries from these self sown bushes; but comparatively little is being done in the way of systematically cultivating coffee for the market—although it is a product for which there is a constantly increasing demand throughout the civilized world.

Rice is a crop that yields with extraordinary abundance in the Philippines, where it has been introduced—again in a primitive way and on a small scale—by the Chinese. Indigo is another very profitable product, and cocoa another, but in both of these the islands are far outdone, as producers, by competitors whose natural advantages are less.

The cocoanut tree is the native's most valued possession, almost his staff of life, furnishing him with food, wine, oil, vinegar, fuel, vessels, ropes, and fishing lines, as well as with fiber to be woven into cloth. But it takes several years for the trees to come into bearing, and though a properly planted grove will yield two or even three hundred dollars an acre, there has been a marked lack of enterprise in raising cocoanuts commercially. Other fruits—the orange, lemon, the guava, the pineapple, the banana—grow wild in the Philippine woods; so, too, do vanilla and pepper, laboriously cultivated in countries where nature is less profuse in her gifts.

Mindanao, the southernmost of the

larger Philippine islands—Luzon being the northernmost—is precisely in the latitude of Ceylon, and it is just as far north of the equator as Java is south of it. British capital and enterprise have made Ceylon a tropical garden, prosperous and peaceful, thickly dotted with profitable plantations of tea, coffee, quinine, cocoa, and cinnamon. The Dutch have been

These alone, could the problems of transportation be solved, would represent tens of millions of dollars. There is also a great abundance of cedar and other cheaper woods, suitable for building, or for use in railway construction and mining—factors that may soon begin to figure in the commercial prospects of the Philippines.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT CAVITE, A CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMEN OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

equally successful in developing the commercial wealth of Java, which produces, besides tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, valuable crops of indigo, rice, and spices. With a far better climate than that of Java, and with a soil much more fertile than Ceylon's, the Philippines ought to surpass both those islands as a field for tropical agriculture.

WEALTH IN PHILIPPINE LUMBER AND MINING.

But agriculture is by no means the only source of possible wealth in these eastern islands. There are vast areas of almost virgin forest, full of thousands of trees of the most valuable species—ebony, mahogany, logwood, and ironwood.

As for mining, its possible future development is an interesting subject for speculation. Gold, copper, and coal are certainly to be found in the islands, and probably there are other metals and minerals there. We are still making strikes in the Rocky Mountains, and are only just beginning to discover the riches hidden in the rocks of Alaska; it may be generations before the forest clad peaks of the Philippines have been thoroughly explored.

"GOLD IS THE WORLD'S DESIRE."

Meanwhile, though the Spaniards, in the three centuries of their rule, have done nothing to develop the mineral wealth of the islands, it is undoubtedly

THE PASIG RIVER ABOVE MANILA. THE PASIG FLOWS THROUGH A WIDE VALLEY, LEVEL AND FERTILE, AND FULL OF NATIVE VILLAGES AND PLANTATIONS. IT SUPPLIES MANILA WITH DRINKING WATER, WHICH IS PIPED TO THE CITY FROM SANTALAN, ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES UP THE RIVER.

NATIVE FISHERMEN ON THE PASIG, IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. THEIR METHOD OF FISHING WITH A LARGE SQUARE NET, LET DOWN INTO THE WATER BY ITS CORNERS, AND RAISED WITH A RUDE CRANE, IS ONE THAT IS COMMON TO MANY PRIMITIVE REGIONS.

THE PAVILION ON THE PASIG RIVER BUILT FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF COBURG (THEN DUKE OF EDINBURGH) WHEN HE VISITED MANILA AS AN ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—TWO PORTRAITS OF A TAGAL GIRL, A NATIVE OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

great. It is known that gold was found in Luzon, and exported to China, long before Magellan landed. Frank Karuth, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, says that "there is not a brook that finds its way into the Pacific Ocean whose sand and gravel do not pan the color of gold." An English company, the Philippines Mineral Syndicate, has been at work, more or less experimentally, on the eastern coast of Luzon during the last few years, and has found quantities of alluvial gold and large deposits of low grade ore; but Mr. Karuth reports that "only the fringe of the auriferous formation has been touched." In a country where roads are practically unknown, it has been regarded as useless to prospect for the veins that probably crop out in the mountains from which the gold bearing streams flow.

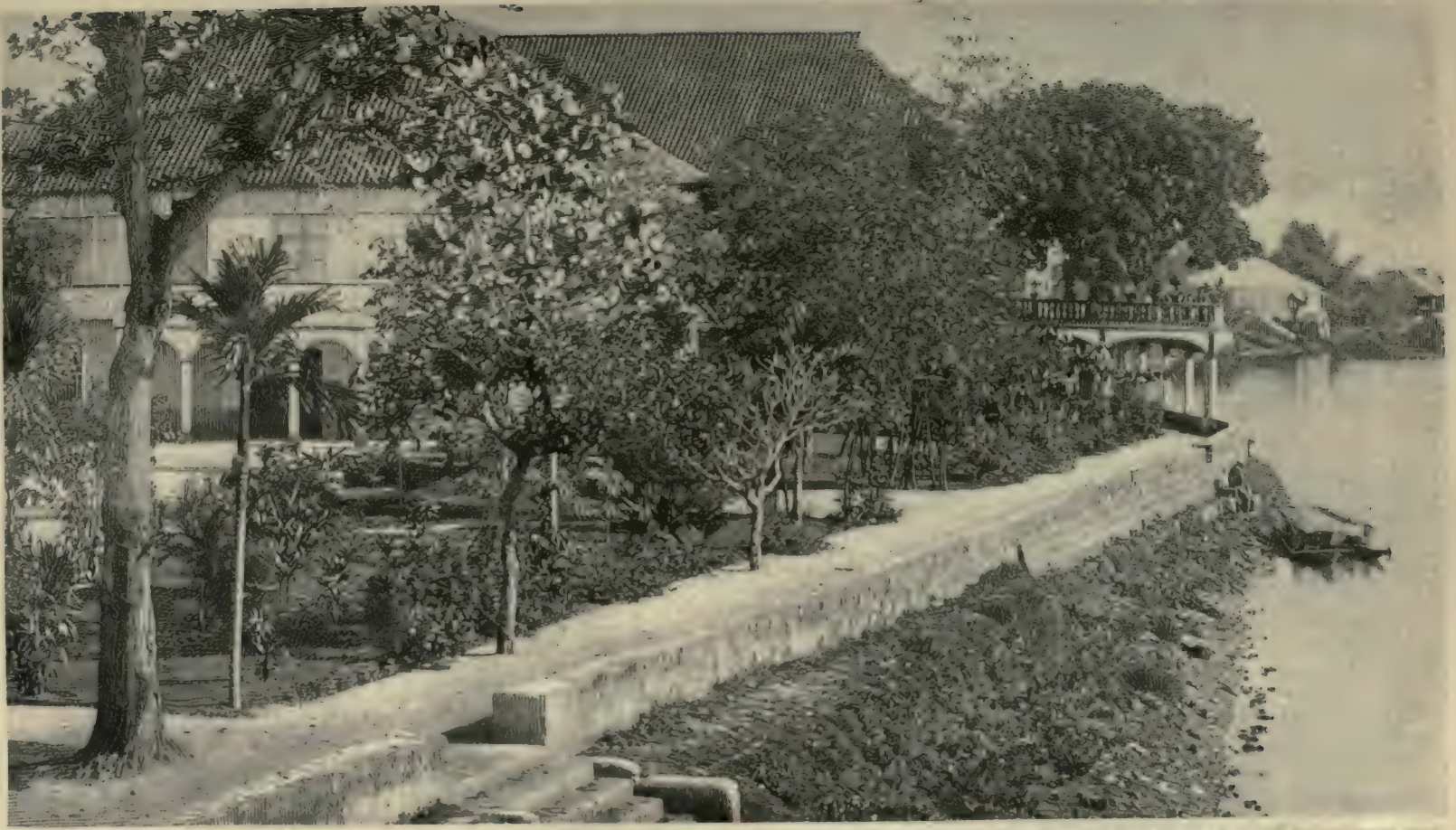
Along these streams the Malayan natives and the Chinese have been washing out the yellow dust for centuries. The extent of this primitive production of gold is quite unknown; indeed, it has generally been concealed by the workers, for obvious reasons. Most of it has gone in trade to Chinese merchants and peddlers, who have sent it to Hong Kong and Amoy. Luzon has not been the only source of this traffic; alluvial gold is exported from Cebu, from Mindoro, and from Mindanao. Specimens brought from the last named island—the least settled and least known in the group—are said to prove that somewhere in its mountain ranges there must be rich veins of quartz.

COAL MINING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

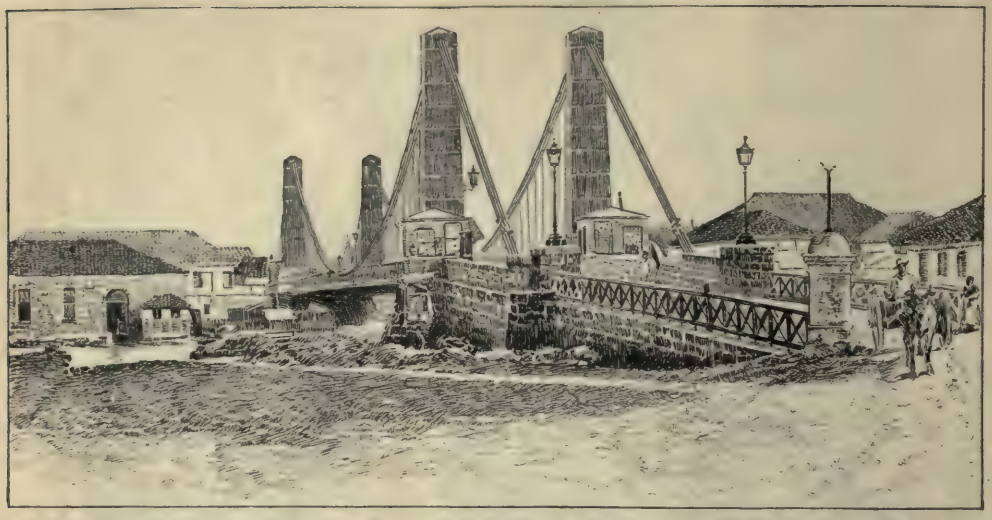
Coal is a less romantic and attractive mineral than gold, but as a means of wealth it is less risky and scarcely less potent. In Japan, whose geological formation is similar to that of the Philippines, coal mining has been developed, in recent years, into an important industry; and it may very possibly become so in the other island group. Up to the present time, work has been done only in two or three places where the mineral crops out upon the surface; and mineralogists assert that these surface beds are not true coal, but a superior grade of lignite. At any rate, they have furnished

RUINS OF SHOPS AND DWELLING HOUSES IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF MANILA AFTER A FIRE. THERE ARE MORE THAN SIXTY THOUSAND CHINESE AND CHINESE HALF BREEDS IN MANILA, AND THEY FORM A LARGE PART OF THE COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CLASS.

THE OLD STONE BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THIS BRIDGE HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES INJURED BY EARTHQUAKES, AND THE PICTURE SHOWS THE FIRST ARCH ON THE RIGHT REPLACED WITH A WOODEN TRESTLE.



THE PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL, ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THE TWO GREAT MEN OF MANILA ARE THE CAPTAIN GENERAL, WHO REPRESENTS THE CIVIL AND MILITARY POWER OF SPAIN, AND THE ARCHBISHOP, THE LOCAL HEAD OF THE CHURCH; AND THE PALACE OF THE FORMER IS ONE OF THE FINEST RESIDENCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.



THE IRON SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THE STREET LIGHTS SHOWN IN THIS AND OTHER VIEWS OF MANILA ARE OIL LAMPS. ELECTRIC LIGHTS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUT UP IN SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS AND BUSINESS HOUSES.

fuel of commercial value. In Masbate, one of the smaller islands, a local steamship owner discovered coal or lignite, and set native laborers to break it out with crowbars. As long as his men could reach the vein, he supplied his boats with it; then, presumably, rather than install mining machinery, he went elsewhere for fuel. An Englishman who visited the place reported that there were six hundred thousand tons of available coal left in the deposit, and probably very much more than that in the immediate neighborhood.

Great beds of copper ore are known to exist in Luzon, but they have not been worked because they are in a spot not readily accessible. There is also lead ore, which Mr. Karuth examined and found to contain zinc blends and traces of both silver and gold. Here our knowledge of the Philippine's mineral resources ends, but it is very unlikely that those resources end at the same point.

THE PHILIPPINE CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

It may naturally be asked why, if this eastern archipelago offers such a variety of opportunities for the creation of wealth, so little has been done to develop it. With the earth so thoroughly exploited as it is today, how is it that in a group of islands known to Europeans for nearly four centuries nature's invitation to the fortune seeker has been so strangely disregarded? Is there no dark side to the picture—dark enough to neutralize its bright spots and spoil its attractiveness?

The explanation does not lie in the climate. Some tropical islands are fair to look upon, and rich in resources, but deadly to the stranger who pitches his tent upon them. Not so the Philippines; they are not one of the spots that nature has marked as a white man's grave. They have their fierce suns and their drenching rains, like other lands near the equator; but they are not unhealthy—indeed, there are few healthier places between the tropics. No exact figures of the death rate are obtainable, but the testimony of travelers as to the general salubrity of the islands is unanimous, though some of them complain rather loudly of such almost inevitable discomforts of tropical life as the bloodthirsty mosquito and the intrusive ant. There is malaria in some districts—but less severe, apparently, than in many low lying places in the United States. Beri-beri is the only disease endemic in the islands, and it is one of the least formidable of tropical fevers. The plague that has wrought such havoc along the Asiatic coast from Canton to Bombay during the last few years has not been reported from Manila. Yellow fever, the scourge of

TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—A MESTIZO (HALF BREED) GIRL IN SPANISH DRESS, AND ANOTHER IN A NATIVE COSTUME OF PINA CLOTH.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

South America and the West Indies, is unknown there.

MANILA'S TROPICAL SUMMER.

Detailed descriptions of the Philippine climate are apt to be misleading, as there is a great diversity of weather conditions in an archipelago stretching north and south for nearly a thousand miles. Regions that face the southwest monsoon, which blows from August to December, have their wet season during those months, while on the other side of the mountain ranges the dry season prevails. In Manila, there are five months of pleasant temperature—from November to March. April is hot, May and June still hotter, the mercury rising above ninety degrees every day; but in the evening the atmosphere is almost always tempered by a sea breeze, which makes sleep possible. In August begin the rains, which are not as heavy as in many tropical countries, the total fall for the year being from eighty to a hundred and ten inches.

It is probably true that the long hot season in Manila causes less discomfort than the brief and fiery summer of New York or Chicago, because the Filipinos know their climate and adapt their daily lives to it, as the Americans of the temperate zone cannot, or at any rate do not. The day begins at four o'clock in the morning, and most of its work is done before eight. From noon to four or five o'clock the town is like a city of the dead, nobody stirring abroad except under absolute compulsion. At six it reawakens; the principal meal of the day is served, and then the whole population drives or walks in the cool of the evening, thronging the Luneta, the fashionable promenade along the Pasig River.

THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD OF THE SULUS.

If the Philippine climate is not such as to repel Americans or Europeans, neither is the character of the inhabitants. All authorities—except the Spanish officials—agree that of the several tribes of the archipelago all are peaceable and tractable, with one exception, the people of the Sulu islands, at the southwestern extremity of the group. The Sulus, whose native Mahometan sultan still maintains

VIEW IN SAN MIGUEL, THE FASHIONABLE RESIDENTIAL SUBURB OF MANILA, IN WHICH MOST OF THE CITY'S WEALTHY MERCHANTS AND THE SPANISH OFFICIALS HAVE THEIR HOUSES.

NATIVE HOUSES IN SANTA ANA, A SUBURB OF MANILA. THESE TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF PHILIPPINE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE ARE LIGHTLY BUILT OF BAMBOO, TO MINIMIZE THE DANGER OF EARTHQUAKES; THEY ARE FAIRLY LARGE, AND HAVE THICK, HIGH PITCHED ROOFS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST HEAT.

TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—TWO TAGALS FROM A "BACK DISTRICT" OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, AND A MESTIZO GIRL OF MANILA.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

his barbaric court, with a merely nominal submission to a vague Spanish suzerainty, were the *orang laut* ("men of the sea") whose pirate ships were for centuries the terror of navigators of the China Sea. They made a desperate resistance to the punitive raids of Spanish gunboats, the struggle in this most eastern stronghold of Islam being a curious reminder of a long past chapter of history—the battle for Mahomet's westernmost province, when the ancient gates of Granada opened to the conquering banners of Castile in the great days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Nominally, at least, Sulu piracy is now finally suppressed, and there is no doubt that it will never attempt to raise its black flag again when a strong and stable government shall be established at Manila.

TAGALS, VISAYAS, AND CHINESE.

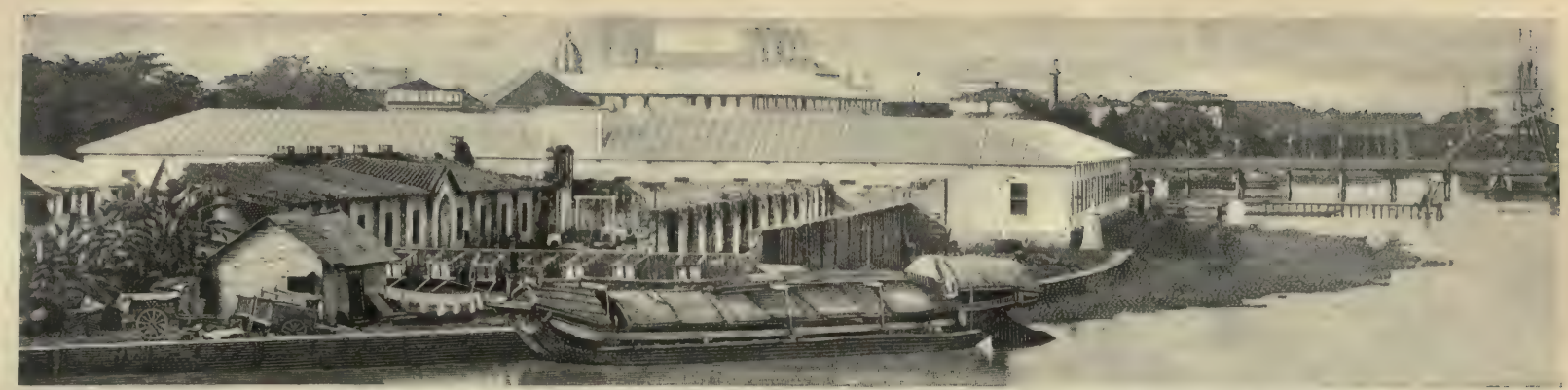
It is characteristic of the scarcity of accurate information about the Philippines that their population should be estimated at figures so far apart as seven millions and seventeen millions. The natives are of mixed blood and of several tribes, the principal ones being the Tagals of Luzon and the northern islands, and the Bisayas or Visayas of Mindanao and the southern part of the group. They are classified as belonging to the Malay division of the great human family, their near kinsmen being the people of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Java, and their more distant relatives the Siamese, Chinese, and Japanese.

The principal foreign element in the islands is due to the immigration of Chinamen, of whom—of pure or mixed blood—there are more than sixty thousand in Manila alone. The Chinese are not a universally popular people, but they do much more than their share of the work in the Philippines, and would be invaluable as a labor supply in any industrial development. The native islanders are less apt, perhaps, but teachable and willing, and have more energy than most dwellers in the tropics.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

Much has been said of earthquakes and volcanoes in the Philippines, and some alarming pictures have been painted of the terrors of the earth's subterranean fires in that quarter of the globe, but upon

SUGAR DRYING ON A PLANTATION IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. RAW SUGAR IS ONE OF THE CHIEF EXPORTS OF THE PHILIPPINES, AND THE METHODS USED IN ITS PRODUCTION ARE VERY PRIMITIVE. INSTEAD OF CRUSHING MACHINERY, NATIVES ARE EMPLOYED TO CRUSH THE CANE BY HAND.

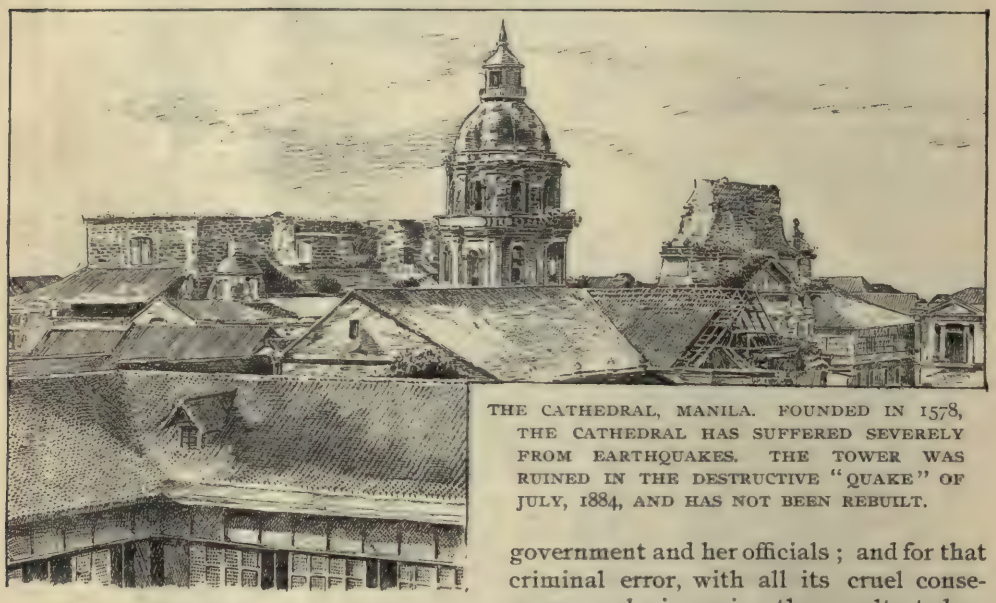


A MANILA CIGAR FACTORY. THE MAKING OF CIGARS, CIGARETTES, AND CHEROOTS IS THE CHIEF MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY OF MANILA, AND THE LONG, LOW TOBACCO FACTORIES, CROWDED WITH NATIVE WORKERS, ARE A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THE CITY AND ITS SUBURBS.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CEBU. CEBU, ON THE ISLAND OF THE SAME NAME, ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF MANILA, IS AN OLD SPANISH SETTLEMENT. AND RANKS AS THE THIRD PORT OF THE PHILIPPINES, WITH A CONSIDERABLE EXPORT TRADE IN HEMP AND SUGAR.

THE GATEWAY OF THE RESIDENCE OF ONE OF THE RICH MERCHANTS OF MANILA, WHO KEEPS HIS CARRIAGE AND FOLLOWS THE EUROPEAN FASHIONS.

a calm consideration of the facts they do not seem to constitute a menace to would be immigrants. Far more damage has been done, in the last ten or twenty years, by the tornadoes of our Western plains than by the Philippine earthquakes. The Johnstown flood wrought greater destruction of life and property than the worst of them. We were warned that California was an earthquake country, when we annexed it; yet it has become a great State.



THE CATHEDRAL, MANILA. FOUNDED IN 1578, THE CATHEDRAL HAS SUFFERED SEVERELY FROM EARTHQUAKES. THE TOWER WAS RUINED IN THE DESTRUCTIVE "QUAKE" OF JULY, 1884, AND HAS NOT BEEN REBUILT.

We have heard all the more of volcanic action in the Philippines, no doubt, for the reason that Manila seems to be the center of its greatest energy. There is a volcano—one of the few active ones in the islands—within sight of the city, and slight "quakes" are frequent. The finest edifice in the town, the cathedral, stands with a ruined tower—shattered in the earthquake of 1884, and never repaired. This may be enough to alarm the newly arrived traveler—just as a stranger in St. Louis might be unfavorably impressed if the buildings injured by the great tornado of May, 1896, still stood as the storm left them.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TAX COLLECTOR.

It is no natural or physical disadvantage that accounts for the waste and neglect of the rich resources of the Philippines. These richly endowed islands have been kept in their primitive darkness and barbarism by the power that should have lifted them into the light of civilization and set them in the flowing stream of modern life. Her treatment of them is but one count in the long and terrible indictment that history brings against Spain for the opportunities she has neglected and the trusts she has betrayed. She has regarded her subject peoples in no other light than as sources of revenue for her government and her officials; and for that criminal error, with all its cruel consequences, she is paying the penalty today.

In the Philippines, the representative of Spanish rule has been the tax collector. The system that ruined the Roman Empire was revived there, a *gobernadorcillo* being appointed for each district, and held personally responsible for the taxes. If the receipts fell below the estimate, he had to make up the deficiency; if they exceeded it, he pocketed the surplus—the result being that the last peseta was relentlessly wrung from the luckless inhabitants. There were poll taxes, taxes on every form of property, taxes on all mercantile transactions, taxes on every kind of amusement. There were taxes on marriages and taxes on funerals. In some provinces the native must carry his tax receipts constantly with him; if found without them, he was liable to arrest and punishment. For non payment, the penalties—after confiscation of property—were whipping and imprisonment.

A STREET OF NATIVE DWELLINGS IN LEGASPA, PROVINCE OF ALBAY. ALBAY IS THE SOUTHERNMOST PENINSULA OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, AND CONTAINS THE FAMOUS VOLCANO OF MAYON, WHICH IS CONSTANTLY IN ERUPTION.

VIEW ON A CREEK RUNNING INTO THE PASIG RIVER. MANILA AND ITS SUBURBS, LYING ON LOW, FLAT GROUND ALONG THE PASIG, ARE INTERSECTED BY A NETWORK OF RIVERS AND CREEKS, AND IN TIME OF FLOOD THEY BECOME AN EASTERN VENICE, WHERE STREETS ARE REPLACED BY WATERWAYS.

A COUNTRY ROAD AND PLANTATION BUILDINGS IN THE PROVINCE OF PAMPANGA, ISLAND OF LUZON PAMPANGA, WHICH IS NOT FAR FROM MANILA, IS A RICH SUGAR PRODUCING DISTRICT.

It is no wonder that a peaceable and inoffensive people were driven to desperation, and that rebellion has been smoldering or blazing in the Philippines almost constantly. The result has always been disastrous to the natives, who have lacked arms, organization, and leadership. The Spaniards have kept them down—or tried to do so—with merciless severity. Thousands have been arrested and shot on suspicion. An American resident in Manila at the time testifies that in the month of November, 1896, there were eight hundred executions in the city. And the cost of all military operations is charged upon the colonial treasury, making the taxes continually heavier and harder to bear.

A SPANISH CHURCH AND MONASTERY AT ANTIPOL, FIFTEEN MILES FROM MANILA. THE SMALLER PHILIPPINE TOWNS USUALLY HAVE A CHURCH FOR THEIR MOST PROMINENT BUILDING.

NO FOREIGNERS WANTED.

With this outrageous fiscal system, which has rendered peace and public order an impossibility, the Spaniards have pretty well excluded from the Philippines all commerce other than their own. Mr. Sherman, who has been quoted already, tells of "a young Englishman who spent five thousand dollars in starting a cocoanut grove near Cavite. The Spanish were so much afraid that he would induce other enterprising foreigners to come and do likewise, that they ruined him by all manner of imposts and exactions. For instance, he had to pay a hundred dollars before he picked his first crop, and he had to pay an export duty of ten per cent extra because he was not a native." In the same way, he says, attempts at coffee raising have been prevented by the requisition of heavy licenses for planting the beans and by prohibitive duties on the machinery necessary to prepare them for market.

A story is told of two Americans who attempted to sell some improved machinery, made in the United States, to one of the tobacco factories. In spite of several anonymous missives warning them to

THE BUILDINGS OF A SUGAR PLANTATION IN PAMPANGA. HOUSES BUILT UPON STAKES ALONG THE BANKS OF A STREAM ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PHILIPPINES, WHERE THE RIVERS TO A GREAT EXTENT TAKE THE PLACE OF ROADS.

A GROUP OF PHILIPPINE NATIVES (TAGALS) EMPLOYED BY A MINING COMPANY. THE PYRAMIDAL STRAW HATS, WHICH FORM THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE OF THEIR COSTUME, ARE CURIOUSLY SIMILAR TO THE FAVORITE HEADGEAR OF THE CHINESE COOLIES IN CALIFORNIA.

A CHARACTERISTIC RURAL SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINES—A TORRENT IN THE MAJAYJAY DISTRICT, WITH A BRICK BRIDGE BUILT BY THE SPANIARDS, AND A NATIVE FOOT BRIDGE CONSISTING OF THE UNTRIMMED TRUNK OF A TREE.

leave Manila, they erected their machinery for a semi public trial; but it had not been running for many minutes when the delicate mechanism mysteriously broke in several places at once, and was hopelessly wrecked. It had evidently been tampered with.

Another characteristic story—vouched for by the same authority, Mr. Joseph Earle Stevens, another former American resident, whose reminiscences have been published in the New York *Evening Post*—tells of a ship captain who brought some thousands of paving stones from China. The eagle eyes of the Manila port officials discovered that the cargo contained seven more stones than the precise number given in the manifest, and a fine of seven hundred dollars was promptly levied on the ship.

To this Mr. Stevens adds the experience of the skipper with whom he himself sailed from Hong Kong to Manila. Among his fellow passengers were some sheep, and one of them died as the steamer came to her dock, leaving the captain to choose between a fifty dollar fine for not burying the dead animal at once, and a hundred dollar fine for being one sheep short at the custom house next morning.

THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA.

The régime of stupid red tape, of the deliberate repression of enterprise, and of greed, oppression, and corruption, will die with the death of Spanish rule at Manila; and under the auspices of a free and enlightened government a new field will be open to fortune seekers in the Philippines. It is certain that the spirit of adventure which has contributed so much to the rapid development of our Western States, which led the argonauts of '49 to California and has sent thousands of gold hunters to the snowy valleys of the Yukon, will impel not a few Americans to these rich islands of the tropic seas. And just as Claus Spreckels reaped his millions from the cane fields of Hawaii, or as John North turned the nitrate beds of Peru to gold, so will the next decade see great fortunes made in the archipelago for which a new chapter of history began with Admiral Dewey's victory in the bay of Manila on the 1st of last May.

WAR.

I AM that ancient one called War,
A liege insatiate and lone;
O'er conquered and o'er conqueror
Is reared my sanguine throne.

Mine are the tumults deep and dire
That shake the earth with thunderous sway;
And mine the cordons of red fire
That gird the gory fray.

The heights and depths of soul are mine,
Base cowardice in brave disguise,
And that which touches the divine—
Sublime self sacrifice.

Mine are the roadways to renown,
The paths of peril and of pain,
Mine is the victor's laurel crown,
And mine the myriads slain.

I am a tyrant hoar as time,
And though men pray to win release,
Long years must lapse before shall chime
The silvery bells of peace!

Clinton Scollard.

THE PENSION PROBLEM.

BY HENRY CLAY EVANS,

United States Commissioner of Pensions.

How the cost of the pension system has grown to more than a hundred and forty two million dollars a year, with the prospect of a still further increase—Interesting facts about the pension rolls, and a plea for their publication.

THERE are now more war pensioners on the rolls than ever before, and it is probable that the number may be slightly increased during the present year. But high water mark has been nearly attained, and it can be predicted with safety that we shall never have a million pensioners on the rolls of the Pension Bureau.

In this statement I am in no sense endeavoring to prophesy what future legislation regarding pensions may be. We have practically a service pension law now on the statute books in the Act of Congress passed in 1890; almost any one under the provisions of that Act can obtain a pension by proving service in the Federal forces during the Civil War, so that the bars could not be let down much lower by future legislation. If I were to hazard an opinion on the subject, it would be that future legislation by Congress would restrict, rather than facilitate, the granting of pensions.

It is apparent that we are approaching the beginning of the decline in numbers of pensioners. And when this decreasing process starts, it will be very rapid.

During the fiscal year 1897, an army of nearly thirty five thousand pensioners passed from life's battle to the bourn that knows no returning. Three fourths of these, approximately speaking, were veterans of the army and navy. It is estimated that fifty thousand more will pass away this year, and that the number of deaths will steadily increase for several years to come. There will also continue to be a diminution of the pension list from other causes, such as remarriages of widows, expiration of minorities, and failures to claim pensions within stated periods.

Notwithstanding a reduction of the pension rolls in 1897, which amounted in the aggregate to 41,122 names, there was no actual declension in the total number of pensioners. There were enough new pensions, reissues of certificates, and restorations of names previously dropped, to make a net increase of 5,336, bringing the total up to 976,014, the largest recorded.

The inquiry is often made whether our annual pension appropriations have yet reached their maximum figure. President Garfield, while a Member of Congress, more than twenty years ago, declared that at that time, when we were paying something like thirty millions annually in pensions, they had already nearly attained their highest total. But this was long before the passage of the Act of 1890, under which more than forty five millions of dollars were paid during the last fiscal year to half a million pensioners. The total expenditure for the year, for pensions and expenses of the department, was a few thousand dollars less than one hundred and forty two millions.

From the operation of the pension laws and the work of the Bureau of Pensions since they came within my closer observation, I am inclined to the belief that while the number of pensioners has nearly reached the highest possible limit, considerably larger appropriations will yet be made before the maximum of annual expenditure will be attained. This will be due to the heavy arrearages carried with many of the new claims

allowed. The depletion of the rolls by death, or by dropping of names for other causes, only carries with it a stoppage of annual pensions, while new claims often carry many years' arrears. In fact, we may for two or three years witness the apparently anomalous condition of steady reductions in the number of pensioners, and increases in the annual expenditures for pensions. And yet it is improbable that the total annual appropriations will rise above one hundred and fifty million in their highest year.

This estimate, of course, does not consider the possibility of future legislation dealing with the veterans of the Civil War, or possibly with the soldiers of the present war with Spain. Speculation on that subject is not profitable. Some of the estimates that have been made by experts indicate that some of the additional legislation that has been proposed would swell the appropriations beyond the two hundred million point. It has been estimated that it would take sixty million dollars a year to meet the lowest of the service pensions which have been projected and discussed.

Of the pensioners now living, 733, 527 are war veterans. The remainder are widows, minor children, and other dependents. Among the veterans are six soldier patriarchs who are now the only survivors of the quarter of a million men who were engaged on land and sea in the young republic's second war with Great Britain.

Three of these aged warriors are more than a hundred years old. The venerable Hosea Brown, of Oregon, who is the eldest of these antique heroes, was of age when the war began, and was able to cast his first vote for President James Madison during the very dawning of the struggle. One of the younger of the six is James Hooper,* of Baltimore, the last survivor of the brave sailor lads who humbled the mistress of the seas on the very waters over which she claimed dominion. Senator George F. Hoar in a recent speech called attention to the fact that, except for the brilliant exploit at New Orleans—achieved after the conclusion of peace—the land operations of the American army in the war of 1812 were generally characterized by failure, while the naval engagements in which American vessels were victorious were so brilliant that eighteen of them are still considered to be worthy of appearing in standard British books on naval warfare as examples of tactics in battle on the high seas that British sailors can well afford to study.

The last sailor of the war of 1812 and the five surviving soldiers of that struggle draw from the Treasury, altogether, only $1,080 a year. There are about eleven thousand survivors of the war with Mexico on the rolls, and 2,373 survivors of the old Indian wars.

It is an interesting fact that there are pensioners of the United States living under nearly every foreign flag, and in the most unfrequented byways of the earth. It will surprise no one to learn that Canada, Germany, and Ireland, in the order named, lead in the number of foreign pensioners. But some of the six hundred and twenty thousand dollars which we pay to pensioners abroad finds its way to the very ends of the earth. Vouchers go alike to the Land of the White Elephant and the lone rock of Saint Helena ; to the plains of the Transvaal and the steppes of Siberia ; to every continent as well as to the isles of the sea. There are pensioners of the United States in Malta and Cyprus, Madeira and Mauritius, New Zealand and Tahiti, and many other remote islands. Although so widely scattered, the pensioners who reside abroad are not numerous. There are something like four thousand in all, one half of them in Canada.

It has been noted by some of my predecessors, and it has also come to my attention, that the longevity of these self expatriated pensioners is quite remarkable. The difficulties attending access to information from some of these distant places may be responsible for some of this persistent adherence to life on their part. I shall at an early date take steps to have the foreign pension

* James Hooper, a soldier of the War of 1812, made an application for pension on February 21, 1874, at which time he was 69 years of age and residing at Baltimore, Maryland, and his pension was allowed for 63 days' actual service as a boy on board the United States Ship Comet, under the command of Captain Boyle. He enlisted at Baltimore, Maryland, on July 4, 1813, and was discharged at the same place September 4, 1813.

rolls overhauled and verified. This can be done, I think, through our consular agents.

There are still living and drawing pensions seven aged ladies who are the widows of soldiers of the Revolution. These draw pensions under the general act covering all Revolutionary soldiers and widows. The oldest of these ladies is Nancy Aldrich,* long a resident of Michigan, but now of Los Angeles, California. She is the relict of Caleb Aldrich, who saw service in the New Hampshire and Rhode Island line in the Revolution. She is of even age with the nineteenth century, and may live to see the early twilight of the twentieth. The youngest Revolutionary war widow is Mary Snead, of Parksley, Virginia, whose husband served in the Old Dominion's troops under Washington. She is now eighty one years old. If she were to live to the present age of Mrs. Aldrich, the United States will still be paying Revolutionary pensions one hundred and thirty four years after the surrender of Cornwallis.

If women are to be pensioned who marry soldiers of the Civil War forty or sixty years after that struggle closed, as these venerable ladies married their husbands many years after the Revolution, the United States may be paying Civil War pensions well into the distant twenty first century. It was with no wish to disturb aged widows who now draw pensions that I officially recommended the passage of a law to the end that no pension shall be granted to the widow of any soldier who shall marry hereafter. As I said in that recommendation, there should be no discrimination, and a woman that marries a soldier now (nearly thirty three years after peace was declared) takes him for better or for worse. She was not his wife during the war; she experienced none of the hardships, deprivations, and anxieties incident to the life of the wife of a soldier, and should not be placed on the roll as such. If there should in the far future arise specially needful cases of such widows who have reached extreme old age, their pensions could well be left to special acts of Congress in individual cases, as has been done with the several daughters of Revolutionary soldiers whose names now appear on the pension rolls.

As for the venerable survivors of the old wars themselves, "Hands off these best beloved of our household!" It is these we should most delight to care for and honor. The last survivor of the Revolution, Daniel F. Bakeman,† of New York, died on the 5th of April, 1869, eighty eight years after Yorktown, aged one hundred and nine years. The survivors of the war of 1812 now borne on the rolls have only to live five years longer to have survived the battle of New Orleans for the same period. If the same relative longevity can be counted on in the cases of the venerable men who will be the last survivors of the Boys in Blue, there will be a handful of the lads who followed the Stars and Stripes into the great American conflict still on the pension rolls in 1953.

It is an interesting fact that at least one pension for actual service in the Revolutionary War was drawn by a woman.‡

As to my recent suggestion that the names on the pension rolls should be published to the world, I believe their publi-

* Nancy Aldrich, widow of Nathan Aldrich, who was a soldier in the War of 1812, made an application for pension on July 9, 1874, at which time she was 84 years of age and residing in Williamson County, Tennessee. Her pension was allowed for the actual service of her husband as a private in Captain Gault's Company, Tennessee Militia, War of 1812, for a period of 182 days. He enlisted November 13, 1814, and was discharged May 13, 1815. The widow's maiden name was Nancy Plummer.

† Daniel Frederick Bakeman, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, made an application for pension on the 17th day of June, 1867, at which time he was 107 years of age and residing at Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York. In his application for pension he alleged that he enlisted and served in the Revolutionary War in a company commanded by Captain Varnum, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Willett; but owing to impaired memory he was not positive as to length of service, though knew he served at least four years. His pension was granted, under a special act of Congress, at the rate of $500 per annum. This soldier has the distinction of being the last survivor of the Revolutionary War. He died April 5, 1869, aged 109 years.

‡ Deborah Gannett, a woman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War under the name of Robert Shurtleff, made an application for pension on September 14, 1818, at which time she was 59 years of age and residing at Sharon, Massachusetts, and her pension was allowed for two years' actual service as a private in the Massachusetts troops, Revolutionary War. It appears that she enlisted in the month of April, 1781, and served in Captain George Webb's company, in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Colonel Shepherd, afterwards by Colonel Jackson, until about the month of November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged. During the time of her service she was wounded at Tarrytown (probably in the second battle of that place), and was also present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

cation would lead to the dropping of a number of pensioners from the rolls. Whether the saving by this means would be sufficient to offset the expense of the publication of the lists is not easy to estimate.

Sentiment has in the past figured largely in preventing the publication of the names of pensioners. It has been assumed that the worthy pensioner would object to having the fact that he was drawing a pension from the government paraded before the world.

Personally I do not sympathize with this sentiment. The pension roll ought to be a roll of honor. No man need be ashamed to have his name on it if he is entitled to have it there. It is highly important to eliminate the frauds, if there be any, from the pension rolls, but it is equally important, if not more so, to prevent the dropping of worthy and deserving men who are actually dependent on their pensions for their sustenance. Let us all wish long life still lengthened to the veterans.

THE SHELL.

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Silent in the belted breech,
Peering thro' the rifled reach,
Waiting, while I scan the sea,
For a word to set me free.

As my eager eyes I strain,
Heaves in view a ship of Spain.
Hark! the wild alarums ring,
As the men to quarters spring;

Then the word of sharp command,
On the lanyard rests a hand.
"Fire!" From out the rifled core,
On the cannon's breath I soar.

Twice five hundred pounds of steel,
Where on high the eagles reel,
For my mark the nearing foe,
Messenger of death I go!

Hark! the shriek of unleashed hell!
'Tis the speech of shell to shell:
Brother, shall I kill or spare?
"Mark the faces blanching there!"

Brother, shall I strike or swerve?
"Death to them that death deserve!
Mark the vessel onward come!"
Mark the thirteen inch strike home.

Crash! I feel the steel clad ship
Split and stagger, rend and rip;
Then a shriek and then a hush,
As the dark'ning waters rush

Thro' the torn and gaping side
Of the foeman's hope and pride.
To the bottom of the sea
Go a thousand lives with me!

* * * *

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Gustav Kobbé.

AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

BY ANNA LEACH.

The American marriage that her aunt the duchess arranged for Mlle. Berthe de Berneville, and the American marriage that she arranged for herself.

CULBERTSON saw her first at a garden party near Paris.

It was at one of those charming old places into which the tourist never peeps—of which, indeed, he never so much as hears except in the vaguest way. The American of the "colony" knows that there is a society in Paris into which he or she never penetrates, but that class is rather inclined to consider the old *noblesse* stupid. Complacent French counts and princes, who accept invitations to the tents of the "colony" to meet American heiresses, tell the residents there that they admire American so much more than French ways; that there is a lack of conventionality, a domesticity, about the American ménage which is quite unknown to the French. "It can be expressed," one of these said, "by the way in which the chairs are placed. In the old houses here they are in a row against the wall. In the American houses they—stand about anywhere." He added, "It is delightful."

When by chance—by the rarest chance—an American found herself near one of these exclusives whose chairs were formally placed, she was chilled, and not much inclined to seek the privilege a second time.

But Culbertson was different. He went everywhere. It began with his father, who went to Europe at the time of the American Civil War. He was a delightful gentleman, who saw no earthly reason why he should stay at home and fight on either side. He was a man from the western part of Virginia, whose own father had had an idea that slave holding was degrading to the owner, and who had freed all the blacks he owned. His son considered that the family had done their part before the war, settled their attitude toward the question forever, and might leave the rest of the world to fight over what they had given up for reasons of taste. It had left the Culbertsons with a hampered income, for lavish living Southerners, and Europe was the place in which most could be obtained for the money that was left. So to Europe he went with his own son, still in the nursery governess stage.

When Culbertson, Jr., was fifteen he performed the feat of going blindfolded through the Pitti Gallery in Florence and putting his hand on every picture he was asked to touch. For seven years he had passed through it four times a day on his way to and from his school.

His father died when he was twenty two, and left him with a crowd of good acquaintances, a Latin education, and, fortunately, some of the economical habits of the Latins he had grown up among; for the income had become even smaller. However, Culbertson knew princes who were not so well off.

He was thirty eight now, and he knew everything—and went everywhere. His manners were the most beautiful in the world, having the frank sweetness of the American gentleman grafted upon all that is best to know in the ways of a diplomatic and punctilious society.

It was nothing strange to him to find himself in the ancient walled estate where the marchioness was entertaining her friends in the beautiful spring weather of France.

He had been talking to his hostess when he saw that beautiful girl. His eyes lighted and dwelt lovingly upon her with the same expression he gave to the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, although she was not at all like that inscrutable lady. When Culbertson looked at her he felt something stir in him which he must have inherited from the old Virginia patriarchs—heads of great families of children and dependents—who were his forebears. She was so tall and lilylike and young. He felt his knowledge of everything; that she was embodied innocence and to be protected.

"She is lovely," his hostess said, in answer to his unspoken admiration. "A pity, isn't it?"

"A pity? A pity to be the most exquisite human being on earth?" He lifted his brows, but his voice (Culbertson's gentle

baritone voice had been called "liquid velvet" by one of the young American heiresses) was still full of deference to the opinion of his hostess.

"But the de Bernevilles haven't a sou." The marchioness threw out her hands. "Nobody in our class has any money. She certainly cannot marry out of it. There is nothing left for her but the convent. She is no longer a child. It is inevitable."

"May I be presented?" Culbertson asked, after a moment.

She lost some of the tender look of early youth when he came closer. She was a white rose, not a bud. Culbertson had a fancy that she was a rose which kept its freshness from refrigeration, like those blossoms which the florists keep in the ice box.

She was quiet and had a delightful manner, but she was not shy. She could talk if she chose, he was sure. She did not recognize that he was an American. She was evidently accustomed to the cosmopolitan, and the man whose taste was that of a connoisseur found her interesting as well as beautiful. All the conversational straws swayed gently in the right direction.

"She has tremendous reserve," he said to himself admiringly. "She has the temper of her race."

He thought of her in a convent, and then —he thought of other things. All the American spirit was not out of Culbertson. He was inventive, and, having been brought up without his American birthright of an occupation, he was still like that captive baby beaver which dammed a leak in a bucket, having never seen a stream.

He looked about for the girl's mother presently, and he found that she had only an aunt, who looked as though she was breaking under the burden of her chaperonage.

"A beautiful idea!" Culbertson said softly to himself, as he sat by the window of his little apartment that night and smoked his cigar. He could only afford one a day, but that was exquisite of flavor and blended perfectly with the perfume of the linden bloom which came from the garden across the street.

A long residence out of Anglo Saxon atmosphere is not to be desired for a man who is not of Latin blood and nerves. It plays some queer tricks with the conscience. The Latin has his standard, and the Englishman or American has his. When the boundaries of either are lost there is a wide field to play in.

The next day saw Culbertson at the most fashionable hotel in Paris, making a call upon a man whose name had been in every American paper every day for six months, and who had left his native land slapped on the back by his whole country. The farmers in Nebraska and Wyoming knew him by his Christian name. He was "Bob" Massey to everybody, the man who at twenty seven had gone into the speculative field with the shrewdest heads in the nation, and had bested them at their own game. He had bought, actually bought and stored, all the wheat in the country until he had brought the price up step by step, letting a little go to foreign countries now and then, then holding tight again, until wheat had "gone out of sight," and he had made so many millions that it made the head dizzy to think of it. The farmers called him a "smart fellow," and laughed. They had sold their wheat at a good price. It was nothing to them (they thought) if flour was higher. The brokers said, "Clever chap!" and the American lovers of shrewdness told each other anecdotes about him.

Culbertson had met Massey's sister in Rome one year, but it was only today that he thought of calling upon him. When he came into the room the expatriated American was most agreeably surprised, and he put forth more of that subtle charm of his, which he himself thought of as a part of his earthly capital, than he had expected. Bob Massey was a handsome, fresh faced, manly young fellow, with a hand clasp in which you could feel the red blood under his skin. He was frankly glad to see Culbertson, of whom all Americans with social aspirations had heard. Here was the one man in Europe who could show him around, and Massey wanted to see the best of everything. He wanted to buy some good pictures, to know where they were, to meet some of the men who made history in Europe as the men he knew made it in America. He thought it uncommonly kind of Culbertson to look him up, and he told him so.

It was two weeks later that Culbertson gave a dinner. It was the height of the Paris spring season, and he always gave a dinner every year at this time. This year it was a little smaller than usual, and one of the guests was an American—which was unusual. Whenever Culbertson looked back on that year (and as years went by he often went lingeringly back to some of its incidents—while to some he went back to be sure they were buried forever out of sight) he thought that the fortnight between the garden party of the marchioness and that dinner was the busiest of his life. It was the fullest of diplomacy, and it was crammed with a factor in diplomacy which is often ignored—boldness.

He had made his way into the very

sanctum of a great French family, and he had passed the portals of the mind of a French girl of the old régime, and his heart beat with exultation at his daring when he thought of it.

There had been letters from the archbishop in Rome, who had been his father's friend, to the old Duchesse de Berneville. He had told the story frankly to the archbishop—at least, the gist of it—and the archbishop had agreed with him that there were many nuns in the church, but few wives of great millionaires.

He had even been asked to dine in the dilapidated de Berneville *hôtel*, where raisins and nuts made the dessert. But afterward, he had heard Mlle. Berthe sing, and had seen her sitting before the piano in her thin, white gown, the candle light making an aureole around her flaxen head. And then after her voice ceased and her hands began playing tender, broken chords they two had talked.

It had not been sentimental conversation either. Her voice was low and sweet, and his was tender, but what she had said was: "I hate the thought of the church. That unspeakable slavery! It may have been all very well a hundred years ago, when there was faith; but who has faith nowadays? A vocation? I have more of a vocation for death. You can at least pass the time in the grave with less ennui."

"I wonder—sometimes," Culbertson had said—he was past fear now that he had brought her so far; he saw possibilities looming which he had so little expected that they were like the substantiation of air castles—"I wonder," he said, "why you Frenchwomen do not follow the example of your men and marry fortunes—American fortunes."

"An excellent reason: we have not the opportunity."

"But suppose you had?"

She turned her lovely face, and some of the mask of ingenuousness had fallen away. She looked into his eyes with a glance in hers which was almost shrewd, and there was humor, too, in the turned up corners of her flowerlike mouth, which parted to show sharp, even teeth.

"You are the only American I ever met; the only one I am likely to meet. You have no fortune. You have been inquired about."

Culbertson laughed back at her in sympathy. He thought that she was the one woman whom he had ever met who altogether delighted him. "Human nature, you are still alive in France, then!" he said inside his brain.

"But if you were to meet one? A man richer than many kings in Europe have been; a man with a great, generous heart; a man who would give you the world, who would be glad that you came to him without a penny, who would be anxious to gratify every taste, every whim; who would leave you with your position and add to it; who would make you a queen indeed——"

"Where is he?"

"I know him."

And when she gave him her hand that night they exchanged a look of camaraderie, of understanding, which made the old duchess look startled, and then settle again into her knowledge of her niece and what the wily archbishop had written of the American.

Culbertson's task with Massey had been child's play to this. He had told him of a lovely French girl, "good family, but very poor, tremendously pretty, clever and well educated." Massey was in the state of social formation when he liked to hear that a pretty woman was well educated. He had known those who were not, and he was young enough, healthy enough, to be unable to hear of a pretty girl of whom another man spoke with gentle respect without being more than a little interested.

And when Culbertson had casually mentioned his annual dinner and asked him to come, he had found the information that Mlle. de Berneville was to be there the chief event in his near future.

Culbertson was almost frightened at the success of his plan. He had known it would succeed, he told himself. He had known, he said, that when fire and tow were brought together a conflagration was the inevitable result. But as he saw Massey's face when he was presented to Mlle. de Berneville, he had the feeling of one who had started an avalanche, and to save his life he could not rid himself of the vague idea that he was under it.

"It is a beautiful plan," he said over and over again. "She will be the veritable queen of American society. She will make him the happiest man on earth, and he will make her the happiest woman, for he is as good as gold—according to his lights," he could but add.

By this time he and the archbishop together had primed the duchess. She had been in an agony for days. She had despised and spurned the thought to begin with, and then an old friend, a distant cousin, whose son had married a rich American, had come to see her, and they had wept over past glories—and concluded that nothing could be done but make the best of the evil times.

"These Americans are not really like the vulgar rich of other countries," the mother in law of the American millions had said.

"They are very docile. They take advice and follow your leading quite blindly, and they become presentable presently. And I understand this M. Massey has billions. Does Berthe rebel?"

"She knows nothing," her aunt said, quite scandalized. "It is the thought of the archbishop. One of the Americans, a man who has been brought up quite like a gentleman, is the—the means."

"My son rebelled," the other sighed.

For a moment only, Culbertson saw Berthe before she left his dinner. He had taken a suite in which to give it, and there was a balcony which overlooked the Champs Elysées, banked tonight with roses.

All the evening, Massey had been beside her, looking at her, speaking to her with his heart in his eyes and trembling on his tongue. He was full of the poetry of an unspoiled American boy—for all his wheat; and she was like every ideal which had ever been precious to him.

But for an instant she eluded him and passed through the draped window on to the balcony, and Culbertson followed her. The rows of lights with the dark lines of trees between led up to the Arc de Triomphe, which loomed high against the sky in that city of low houses. Fiacres, carriages, people who laughed, went by. It was gay Paris. Even in the dim light Culbertson could see that her cheeks were red, that there was a something in her face which does not belong in the face of a young French girl. He started to speak, and then he put his hand on the railing near hers, and they stood facing each other. The rose trees were around, behind her. Her beauty, and the spiritual vibration of her exquisite femininity struck his senses almost like a pain. The perfume of the roses seemed to be part of her. She laughed.

"Have you come to see if I think he will do?" she said.

Culbertson turned his head and looked away to where the moon hung over a distant towered mount.

"You are singular for a French girl, after all," he said.

"You must have realized that when you came to me with your—proposition."

"Yes, I think I did. If you had not been singular, if I had not felt that you were one to seize an opportunity, one to whom great things should come, one who would understand, who could use tools, I should never have come to you."

"Do you think it a great thing for me to marry that—boy?"

"He is a man. Men have found him a man."

"I believe he is all you say. I can see that he is good. But do you know how old I am? I am not a girl; I am twenty seven years old."

"I must have known—that—too," Culbertson said slowly. All at once he had a sensation that he had been asleep and was waking up to vague trouble.

That night Massey wrung his hand hard when he said good night. Then he hesitated, and clipped the end of a cigar, as though he would like to stay and smoke. He was the last, and Culbertson was anxious for him to go, but he was as charmingly interested as though he were welcoming his first guest instead of speeding his last.

"I think," Massey said deliberately, "that the French way of bringing up girls is right. It is—it must be—delightful for a man to know that the woman he marries has never been alone with another man; that she has read no bad books, has seen no vulgar plays, that her mind is white and sweet, and that it is his task to keep it so. I think it ought to make better men."

"Yes," Culbertson said.

"I suppose you wouldn't like to walk about a bit? It's a fine night."

"Not tonight," Culbertson said again. But after Massey had gone he did walk, away up to the top of that towered mount over which the moon hung.

He did not see her again for several days, and then it was at a great function. All the relatives had accepted Massey almost at once, and his wooing sped. The story of it was not yet in the American papers. The Paris *Herald* had not heard of it. Mlle. de Berneville belonged to the class of Frenchwomen whose friends do not advertise them.

The season was almost over, and people were flying out of Paris as the tourist came in, when one day Culbertson went to the de Berneville *hôtel* to call.

He did not know why. He went because he could not help it. Massey had called twice at his apartment that day, and both times he had sent word he was out.

He was not particularly surprised when Berthe came in to see him alone. She looked very girlish, very young, with her shirt waist and white collar like an American girl.

"Have you come to congratulate me? To make the final arrangements?" she said lightly.

"Has it come to that?"

"Have you not heard? It was yesterday. It is to be announced immediately after we go to the country. M. Massey has not yet spoken to me. It has all been arranged with my aunt. I am to be spoken to in the country. He think he will like that."

There was little sunshine in the dingy old room, with its heavy, tarnished gilding, faded silk, and records of past splendors. Culbertson thought she looked white in the gloom.

"That is why I am allowed to see you alone. I am—in my aunt's eyes—betrothed, and you are the—friend."

"I am glad I am that."

"Mr. Massey has been most generous. He and my aunt spoke of settlements at once. They were the important thing—and must be finished before I am spoken to." There was a faint little smile on her lips, but none in her eyes. "His settlements will quite restore the family. They are splendid."

She spoke quite rapidly, with some hesitation now and then; and then, still not looking at him, "My aunt has been without a fortune so long that—that I am afraid she will be a little peculiar just at first." Culbertson wondered why she was telling him this.

"She will, of course, speak to you—and perhaps she will not be so generous. But I want you to know that Mr. Massey is going to give me a great income. I myself, afterward, will make any arrangement you—think proper." She was breathless when she stopped, and Culbertson was on his feet his eyes blazing and his face as white as death.

"Berthe!" he said. "Berthe!" and there was anger and agony in his tone. He had never dared to speak her name aloud before, but he knew now that he must have said it over to himself thousands of times.

The girl stood, too, and her face also was white, and her teeth held a trembling lower lip.

"Did you think——" He had to stop and swallow that the words might find a way through his dry throat. "Did you think that I was arranging a marriage for the woman I loved—for *money?*" The last word echoed with scorn.

"Why not?" she said wildly. "Why should I think better of you than you thought of me? What else could I think? You are all—selling me. What is it for except for money? Do you love Mr. Massey so much that you——"

Their eyes were clinging to each other while they spoke. What did words mean? The meaning was there in each other's eyes for each to read. The training of a lifetime fell from Culbertson in his supreme emotion, and he was just a simple American man, with the absolute certainty that he had a right to the woman he loved so long as she loved him and was not the wife of another man. The primal instincts were strong in him, and as for her—a woman is always a woman, and she finished that sentence in an unintelligible murmur in Culbertson's neck. It was not fair to Massey, but it is not always the good whom fortune favors, nor the villain who is disappointed; for life is always life.

SURRENDER.

"Ah, sweet, sweet heart, pray give me a rose
To carry with me today,
A white, white rose, like your own pure heart,
A talisman in the fray."

"I give you a red, red rose, dear heart,
For my heart's true love, deep red;
Not the white rose for surrender, dear;
Farewell!" she softly said.

On a bloody battlefield he lies
With his face turned to his foes,
And the withered rose is stained and dark
Where the life blood ebbs and flows.

And a maiden murmurs sad and lone
Where the summer roses bloom,
Filling the air with the spicy scent
Of their subtle, sweet perfume:

"The red rose blooms for the noble heart,
Pulseless beneath the sod,
But the white is mine for surrender
Of him I loved best to God!"

Mary F. Nixon.

OUR NATIVE ARISTOCRACY.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

The American millionaire, the "club man," and the "society woman," as pictured in the popular literature of the day, and how these familiar types of fiction differ from those of real life.

IF I could have this country made over to suit myself, I would fit it out with a complete set of titled aristocrats, not because I think that they would be of any public benefit, but simply because I could use them in my business. Whatever we may think about hereditary legislators and noblemen and caste and laws of precedence, there is no doubt that they are of enormous value to the writer of books or plays. Take those elements out of the fiction and dramatic literature of England, and see how much would remain. Then consider the condition of the Israelites who were compelled to make bricks without straw, and you will have an idea of the disadvantages under which American writers have been laboring since colonial days.

Having no recognized aristocracy of our own, we have been compelled to create one; or, to speak more accurately, a sort of nobility has grown up in the popular mind, and now, with the unanimous indorsement of all the society columns, actually seems to stand for something. This nobility consists chiefly of millionaires, club men, and the females of their species who are termed "society" women and belles.

Perhaps the most important of all these personages is the millionaire, who may be said to hold a place in the popular esteem not unlike that enjoyed by dukes and earls in Great Britain, while those within reach of the vast Vanderbilt or Astor inheritances may safely be compared to princes or dukes of the blood royal. A society woman is a woman who rides in a carriage with two men on the box, and does nothing except amuse herself; while a club man is one who is seldom without a silk hat, always has his trousers well creased, is never seen after six except in evening dress, and spends most of his waking hours in the window of his club, conversing with others of his kind. The "society belle" is, according to the popular estimate, always beautiful, generally frivolous, and invariably the possessor of gorgeous apparel and splendid jewels, which she wears at every hour of the day and night.

My objection to our aristocracy is that its different grades are not sufficiently distinct for literary or dramatic use, and that it is difficult for the writer to draw a picture of a man worth two millions that is in any essential particular different from that of the superior aristocrat who is worth twenty millions. This is strange, when we think of the vast gulf that lies between the millionaire and the unfortunate who has been able to accumulate only a paltry hundred thousand dollars or so, and especially when we recall the pitiful attempts that have been made from time to time to create a sort of brummagem aristocracy of "quarter millionaires," "half millionaires," and other equally contemptible persons.

But the lines are becoming more and more strongly marked with each succeeding year and, thanks to the efforts of the society reporter, 'information' concerning our native nobility is so freely disseminated nowadays that it may not be long before native writers will have something tangible to work on in the way of American caste. About half a century ago, according to the chronicles of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, himself a member of one of the most illustrious families in our plutocracy, there was an "upper ten thousand" in New York. A decade ago Mr. McAllister put the number at four hundred, and of late there have been certain abortive attempts to limit the peerage to thirty five. But the term "Four Hundred" has taken such a strong hold on the popular fancy that it will be many a year before any other numerical limitation of social supremacy will be generally accepted.

In the serial fiction which found place in story papers like the New York *Ledger* a quarter of a century ago, Congressmen, Governors of States, judges, and bankers, with their immediate families, were put forward as embodiments of exalted rank. Bronson Howard was thus enabled to bestow upon one of his early dramas of American society the convincing and readily understood title of "The Banker's Daughter." But nowadays statesmen seem to have fallen into disrepute,

and the writer who desires to enchain the fancy of story readers must give them a hero who is either a millionaire three or four times over or else a member of the "Four Hundred." In view of the fact that these millionaires, club men, and "society" women and belles enjoy a distinct place in ephemeral American literature, it is perhaps worth our while to say a few words concerning their counterparts in real life, and to show how these differ in certain essentials from their representatives in fiction.

One of the strangest superstitions about the millionaire is one that is fostered not so much by story writers as by word of mouth. This relates to his prodigality in money matters. How often do people exclaim, "That man must be a millionaire twice over! I saw him pay for four bottles of wine in a Broadway saloon the other night without turning a hair"—when, of course, as a matter of fact, it practically never happens that a veritable plutocrat drinks champagne in a Broadway café. It is well known that half a dozen sanguine racing men will spend more money in that way in one evening than will all the members of the Standard Oil Company in the course of their lives. In short, what is known as "wine opening" is more likely to be a sign of pecuniary desperation than of long inheritance or great accretions.

In the popular mind, the gentleman of wealth and high breeding invariably keeps a valet, whom he talks about and parades before the gaze of his friends and acquaintances with an ostentation similar to that which characterizes a boy with his first silver watch. The *Marquis of Steyne*, one of the greatest swells as well as one of the most unscrupulous scoundrels in the whole range of modern fiction, and the character who, of all others, conveys to us a vivid and truthful idea of what English caste really is, may or may not have kept a valet, but certainly there is not a single allusion to that servitor to be found between the covers of "Vanity Fair." And nowhere in the whole volume does the real spirit of high station show itself more strongly than in his involuntary ejaculation when *Becky* tells him how much she is obliged to spend on her table in order to maintain her position in society. "Gad! I dined with the king yesterday, and we had boiled neck of mutton and turnips for dinner."

No, the man who talks about his valet among decent people, or anywhere, in fact, except in the literature of modern snobdom, is either voted a bore or else openly ridiculed. Nevertheless, in the minds of the vulgar, the "man" of latter day fiction enjoys a degree of distinction not unlike that which was accorded in Coney Island, some years ago, to John Y. McKane's coachman, a functionary who received a warm welcome everywhere as befitting one who "rides every day in the same carriage with the chief."

In millionaire society the distinctions of wealth are not as sharply drawn as the writers of *Ledger* serials would have us believe. A great many persons of very limited means enjoy the very best standing in society, and are even eagerly sought by the families of plutocrats because of their superior connection. Nor is there any general disposition to snub poor young men in accordance with one of the most time honored of serial traditions. On the contrary, there is no place in the world where a poor young man can succeed better, provided he possesses any social qualifications whatever, than among these self same millionaires, club men, and society women who constitute our native aristocracy.

A great many story readers would probably be bitterly disappointed, were they to enter the realms of fashion, by the simplicity in matters of dress which prevails there. It would dispel many a cherished dream were they to behold a "belle of Murray Hill" arrayed in a morning gown of gingham, and with no diamond necklace around her neck or emeralds in her ears. It is true that the making of her dress may have cost a great deal, but at least there will be no ostentation in its material. Her lover, who never appears in the pages of the weekly story paper except in a frock coat with long tails, or the conventional broadcloth prescribed for evening wear, and seldom without his high silk hat, goes out to walk with her in rough, well worn clothes, thick soled shoes, and a cloth cap, and looks anything but the popular ideal of what he really is.

The conversation at the breakfast table does not hinge altogether upon the amount of money possessed by the different friends of the family, nor does the mother urge upon her daughters the necessity for marrying money, certain weekly story literature to the contrary notwithstanding. In many old fashioned serials it was customary to represent the purse proud millionaire commanding his daughter to marry a foreign nobleman, pictured in the wood cut as a cross between a bandit and a bunco steerer, while the daughter declares her intention of wedding a mechanic who wears overalls and makes chairs and tables for a living. In real life the daughter will sometimes marry a foreign nobleman, but the millionaire is more than likely to prefer the mechanic for a son in law, because in that case he at least knows what he is getting.

The daughters of wealth and fashion, by the way, are far more particular now than

ever before in regard to alliances with foreign noblemen. Those bearing French, German, or Italian titles are not looked upon with favor, and even the "well connected Englishman," who was once so eagerly sought after, is now expected to give some substantial reason for a butterfly existence before the doors of desirable houses are thrown open to him.

The exalted classes are never "agog"—whatever that may be—when one of their number opens a flower store, or sublets the family name to a dressmaker, or "goes into trade," as the society reporters put it. The fact is, so many of the best of our millionaires are, or have been, in trade of some sort or other themselves that they can endure the spectacle with a fair degree of equanimity.

The stage is largely responsible for the erroneous impressions that prevail concerning the ultra refinement and ivory polish that characterize the highly placed in private life. In what are known as "society plays" the manners of the actors are marked by a degree of flourish and exaggerated courtesy which is never seen in real life outside of a barber's shop. The stage aristocrat will gravely offer his arm to the lady whom he wishes to escort across the room; the actresses assume attitudes that they have seen in fashion plates, and the pretended members of the nobility vie with one another in the haughtiness of their demeanor. The result of all this is a portrayal of millionaire and society life that would awaken the ridicule of any one who had ever seen the inside of a decent house.

The late Dion Boucicault was once rehearsing a play of his which dealt with aristocratic society, when his attention was attracted by the antics of an actress who was assuming the airs and graces which seemed to her to be a part and parcel of drawing-room manners.

"And what are you doing?" demanded the dramatist, as he fixed his searching eyes upon her. "You're trying to play a lady, aren't you?" he continued.

"Yes, that is my part," she replied, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, aren't you a lady?" he demanded significantly. No further reproof was needed, and when the play was produced there was one woman in the cast, at least, who looked and acted as if she were accustomed to drawingrooms.

No, millionaires and society people are no more elaborate in their courtesy or particular as to their manners than are those who are less fortunately placed. Indeed, some one has said with considerable truth that "only middle class people have good manners; smart people don't need them." But to their credit, be it said, they are not haughty in their treatment of acquaintances who are worth anywhere from forty cents to a hundred thousand dollars, or who do not get their names into the society chronicles of the day.

Nor are they in the habit of talking about their possessions. In fact, they are rather inclined to deplore hard times, and to refer in terms of pointed regret to the various economies that they are compelled to practise. The talk about money, and how much Mr. Oiltrust is worth, and how much Mrs. Oiltrust spends, and how many men in livery serve the guests at one of her dinner parties, is heard chiefly in cheap boarding houses. After a season of conversation of this sort, it is a positive relief, as I can personally testify, to meet people who are devoid of that ostentatious pride of purse of which we hear so much at boarding house dinner tables.

THE OLD DAY DREAM.

THE old day dream! Strive as I may,
I cannot drive its shade away;
For tho' I seek where sunbeams fall,
Their glinting light her smiles recall
Till thoughts of her turn gold to gray.

Ah, vain regret! She was my day
In that far time. The pleasant way
Was where she led me in her thrall—
The old day dream!

Could it one constant pang allay,
Or to the empty heart convey
One thrill of pleasure at its call,
Such joy would recompense for all;
And I would welcome and bid stay
The old day dream.

James King Duffy.

FIVE LETTERS AND A CALL.

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX.

The tangled love affairs, real and imaginary, of John Stockton Morrowby—A businesslike proposition, and an unbusinesslike change of plan.

JOHN MORROWBY sat in his room in Montrose, New Jersey, writing a letter. The room was large and pleasant, and from the two west windows one could look out upon trim lawns, pretty country places, and hard, white roads bordered with elm trees. In the distance was the long, blue green "brow" of the Orange "mountain." John was smoking a brier pipe, and his attitude showed concentration of thought. This is what he wrote:

BROWVIEW, August 3, 1897.

MY DEAR PRENTISS:

I know that, being engaged to Vida Lincoln, you are not supposed to have any secrets from her. Still, there is a matter which I should greatly like to discuss with you, which must be in strict confidence. I do not wish to be the cause of your having any secrets from her, but this case is of such vital interest to me and, I think, to you also, that I feel justified in asking your permission. Think it over and let me know.

How go the mines, and are you investing your savings in mining stock? If so, may they all prove small Klondikes to you and may your path of progress be lined with gold and glory!

Montrose is about as usual. The new Field Club house is popular as ever, and we hope to have some jolly dances there this winter. Am just off for a game at the tennis grounds, so farewell.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN STOCKTON MORROWBY.

Having finished his letter and his pipe at the same time, Mr. Morrowby stamped the one and hung the other up in the leather wall case. Descending to the lawn, he mounted his wheel and rode off for a game of tennis in the beautiful Montrose grounds. As he entered the inclosure he doffed his cap to the fair occupants of a pony cart, two buckboards, and a four in hand coach which had lumbered majestically in for a few moments on the way to Summit for dinner. On the green level in the center of the shaded grounds a dozen young men in white duck trousers and pink and blue outing shirts were playing. Their alertly moving figures contrasted sharply with the dark green background.

As John stood watching the final of a set of doubles at his end of the grounds, Eliot Lincoln and his sister rode in on their wheels, with their rackets tied to the handle bars.

"Hello, John! Waiting for a chance?" Eliot sang out as he dismounted.

"Hello, Eliot! Good afternoon, Vida," John answered, joining them and stacking his wheel with theirs. "I'm awfully glad you came. Yes, why can't we make up a four? This set is just finished."

"All right, I'll ask Miss Bloodgood over there; she has her racket, I see;" and Eliot went across to one of the pony carts.

"I've just been writing to him," said John, smiling at Miss Lincoln.

"Who is *him?*" she asked.

"There should be but one him to you," John replied banteringly. "To Wilkes Prentiss, of course. He's a friend of mine out at the mines, you know. I've just asked him if I could have a secret with him which you were not to be in."

Miss Lincoln colored a little and laughed happily.

"How very aggravating!" she exclaimed. "Of course, if you don't want to tell me I don't want to know; but you are horrid to tell me about it. I don't see why you can't confide in me, too, John; you have never had cause to regret doing so in the past."

"I know it, Vida," John said, more gravely. "You have always been a mighty nice friend to confide in, but in this case——"

"Shake it up, over there; here's the court!" called out her brother from the net, and in a minute more the quartet had added another picturesque group to the animated scene.

Ten days later, John received the following letter:

CRIPPLE CREEK, August 8, 1897.

DEAR MORROWBY:

Of course you may. Go ahead perfectly frankly. Vida knows all my secrets, but there is no reason why she need know yours—unless you want her to. She and I have a perfect understanding about those things, and you know how sensible she is. Tell me all about it, old man, and I'll do the best I can for you.

Progress here is slow, and I have not made any investments for the simple reason that I have not been able to save anything. A student of mining engineering nowadays does not easily find the golden road to glory, and a comfortable berth in Denver with a modest salary is the best I can hope for for a good many years yet.

Your suggestion of Montrose gaieties makes me realize what a lucky dog you are to be among them. I get a little blue now and then, but what's the use? I know my road, and I'm going to stick in it. Give my regards to the fellows, And believe me,

Yours, pegging away,
WILKES PRENTISS.

In writing his reply to the young engineer, the attitude of Mr. John Stockton Morrowby showed even more concentration of thought than in his first communication. It was rather long, and John meant every word in it.

BROWVIEW, August, 15, 1897.

DEAR PRENTISS:

I am going to write you in absolute frankness, and shall keep nothing back. Whatever your feelings are in regard to what I say, I trust you will express them with equal honesty. I should feel very sorry, indeed, if I thought our regard for each other was to be in the least impaired.

As you know, Vida Lincoln and I are old friends. We have always been much together, and since you went away a year and a half ago, I have been with her neither more nor less than when you were here. We have so many interests in common that we naturally see each other often. When I want to fall back on a girl for a ride or a drive I take her, and when she wants a man to fill a dinner chair at the last moment, or take her to the Country Club, when her brother can't go, she calls on me.

Had I any idea of what was coming from all this, I never should have continued in this beautifully platonic but dangerous manner, but I have recently awakened to the fact that, from my side, the platonic part of it has entirely faded away. I am more in love with Vida than I had ever believed I could be with any one. In fact, I—well, I won't go into harrowing details, when you know me well enough to believe that when I say I am in love, I am *in love!* You also know me well enough to understand that I have not given Vida the faintest suspicion of such a thing. That I am successful in this dissimulation is evident from the fact that she treats me precisely as she always has done. If she thought I was trying to take advantage of your absence, you know how she would recoil from me.

I realize perfectly well that she has promised to marry you, and I have no right to enter the lists, but I believe, Prentiss, old man, that this is a peculiar case, and, knowing your conscientious and analytical trend of mind, I am going to explain what I mean.

Neither your love for a woman nor mine is that selfish, blindly passionate kind that demands possession of its object under any conditions. We love in a way that wishes, first of all things, happiness to the woman, even if oneself has to be sacrificed. I feel that this is the highest and most honorable kind of love, and the kind a woman such as Vida deserves. Now, if you felt that some one else could make her happier in life than you could, what would you do? Or, in other words, if I feel conscientiously that, should she love me, I could make her happier than you could, ought she to have the opportunity of changing? If she loves you wholly and devotedly, of course that settles it, for with her love is the only thing that is all important. But let us look at it for a moment in the abstract.

You and she were engaged almost before she entered society, and soon after that you went west. You are a scientist and a practical man. You will succeed in life, and are almost sure to do more useful work for the world than ever I shall do. But if Vida marries you, she must leave her home and all her friends, and begin life anew in Denver. You say your hopes are only for a modest salary for a good many years to come. You must be away all day, and she knows nothing about hydraulics or silver mine shafts.

On the other hand, I have plenty of leisure and money. Vida loves music, and I am working at composing and musical criticism. We have everything in common. Should she marry me, she could travel, hear the best music in Europe, study and live where she wished, and my own work would be directly in line with all her interests in life.

Shall I put the case before her? I will tell her that I have written you, and that you have given me permission, simply because you had her best welfare at heart. If you say no, it is needless to say that she shall never know of what has passed between us or within my own heart. You may depend upon my loyalty to you.

This has been a hard letter to write, and I could not imagine myself writing it to any one but your old dear self. Good by, old man, and, for Heaven's sake, write soon to one who is trying to see things in the right way.

Always your friend,
JOHN MORROWBY.

When this letter was completed, the writer sealed and addressed it with elaborate care, then sat back in his chair and consumed three pipefuls of birdseye in solemn procession.

Then he went down, mounted his wheel, and rode over to the Lincolns'.

Two weeks later the following letter came to him.

CRIPPLE CREEK, August 24, 1897.

MY DEAR JOHN:

I have spent the last few days tramping furiously over these hills, trying in vain to calm myself and get into a mood in which a letter to you would be possible. I understand fully every word in your letter, and appreciate the situation absolutely. I honor you for the honorable—yes, noble—way you have met a situation which I can only regard as a catastrophe.

Ever since Vida came into my life, she has been the end and aim of all my ambitions and

hopes. I have had a hard life of it here, John, harder than I should like to admit, and the one thing that has cheered and encouraged me has been the love that girl has given me and the adoration I have for her. Your own life is so rich and so full of happiness—you have home and friends and everything that wealth and culture can give you—that you cannot, perhaps, appreciate and understand just what this means to me. The mere thought of a possibility of Vida going out of my life has completely unnerved me. For two days I was almost ill over it. Then I grew calmer, and tried to realize the question from her standpoint. You say my love for her is unselfish. Of course I wish her to be happy above all things—yes, even at the sacrifice of myself; and yet I fear I have been all too selfish in my love for her, for I find that I had never quite realized all that her marriage to me might mean to her till you put it in—pardon the expression—cold blood on paper before me. What you say may be true, though that thought almost kills me. Heaven knows I want to do what is right for her and for myself and—for you.

As I work here drearily day by day, it is the constant vision of her that inspires me with courage. I feel her spirit always with me and—but, as you say, I will not go into harrowing details.

Yes, John, speak to her. Tell her I told you to put the case before her. I know how she loves music, and how she would delight in travel and opportunity for study, and—God help me!—let me know at once the result. I will not write her again till I hear from you—will say I have a pinched hand or something. Let me know at once, John.

Yours,
WILKES.

This letter came in the morning delivery, and John Morrowby found it at his breakfast table. He read it in the quietness of his room, then read it again, and then finally put it carefully in his pocket. Then he mounted his wheel and rode to Milburn and Short Hills, and after circling among the picturesque stone residences there struck across to the main road and climbed the long hill toward Summit. When he reached Chatham He turned and rode quickly back to Summit, made a detour down to Beechwood, coasted to Milburn, then rode slowly home. He had ridden, perhaps, twenty five miles.

He spent the afternoon in his room, and that evening he wrote the following letter to Cripple Creek, putting on the envelope a special delivery stamp.

BROWVIEW, August 29, 1897.

DEAR WILKES:

It's all right!—for you, I mean, not for me. I have been around there this afternoon, and, without committing myself in any way, found that my case was absolutely hopeless. We talked about you and your work and prospects, and she in her confidential way—heaven bless her!—told me in a beautifully sweet and simple manner how your love had come into her life and glorified it, and how all her future hopes and plans were with you, and how—but again I will refrain from harrowing details. She little suspected what all that meant to me, and I got away as soon as I could. I hope she didn't think me bored or unsympathetic.

And now, my dear fellow, I feel that this has been a somewhat remarkable correspondence of ours, and I grieve that I should ever have been the cause of putting you to the agony you evidently have suffered. We have both acted up to the light that we could get, and have been honest with ourselves and with each other.

You wrote me a letter that I appreciate with all the feelings of honor and duty within me, and I can only say that all the work and hardship that will ever come to you out there alone among the mines or anywhere else will be more than paid for by the love Vida Lincoln has for you and for you alone.

I am thinking of going away somewhere for a trip.

God bless you both!

Faithfully your friend,
JOHN STOCKTON MORROWBY.

John Morrowby had not been near Miss Lincoln for three days.

The afternoon of the 1st of September was bright and summery. Vida Lincoln, seated in a shady corner of her porch, where honeysuckle vines screened her from the avenue across the wide lawn, was embroidering "sunbursts" upon a white linen cover for her tea table. Skeins of glossy, pale colored silks lay on the table beside her.

Presently John Morrowby walked leisurely across the lawn, wheeling his bicycle, and she rose delightedly to greet him, dropping the scissors which were in her lap. He greeted her in his affectionate, friendly way, picked up the scissors, and seated himself luxuriously in the large wicker chair near her. As has been seen, John was a conscientious fellow, and yet while the last letter he had written to Prentiss, as far as the conversation he had described with Miss Lincoln went, had been pure fiction, his conscience was seemingly not troubling him in the least.

Soon he lighted the kettle for his companion, and while they were sipping their tea he remarked quietly.

"Vida, do you remember that girl I met in the woods last summer? I told you about her the day you drove me to Montclair."

Vida put down her cup and took up her work. She knew he was not expecting any particular response, so she simply waited. She did not remember the girl, but John was always having girls. She must have forgotten, she thought. But the real reason why she did not remember her was because there never had been such a girl.

"I had a letter from her this morning," he continued. "She spoke most affectionately of our friendship, and——"

Vida bit off the pink silk and looked up sympathetically.

"And she said she knew I would rejoice with her in a great happiness that had just come into her life."

Vida put down the tea table cover on her lap and rested her hands quietly upon it.

"They will be married during the holidays," he continued slowly, his imagination now in active working order. "By the way, Vida," he went on, with an air of relief at having finished a somewhat dangerous subject, "I have an uncle out in Denver, a mining expert and capitalist. He wants a young man to help him in his personal affairs, and I have written him about Wilkes. If he likes him, it will mean simply everything to—to you both."

"John dear!" Vida exclaimed, jumping up impulsively and again dropping her scissors; "that's just like you; you always are doing nice things for people. Oh, I do hope your uncle will like Wilkes!" she added wistfully.

John held her hand for a moment, and then descended the porch steps and picked up his wheel.

"I decided a few days ago to run over to Dresden for the winter," he said. "I want to see if I can't compose something decent."

"Was it a few days ago or this morning?" she asked archly.

John grinned and prepared to mount.

"Vida," he said, "don't presume upon old friendship. You ask too many questions."

CLORINDA'S VIOLIN.

CLORINDA took it from its case,
That stolid thing of wood;
She lifted it anear her face—
How well it understood!—
Then, while I burned with envious ire,
She laid her dimpled chin,
All pink with girlhood's first faint fire,
Upon her violin.

No wonder that it sudden woke
To ecstasy of life.
Such touch from granite might evoke
Love's rapture and love's strife.
No wonder that Clorinda's bow
Drew from each pulsing string,
Such harmony as Heaven must know,
When choired angels sing.

Oh, I am but a stolid thing,
With lips that mutely fail
My heart's pent melodies to sing
In passioned plaint or wail;
But if Clorinda once should rest
That little dimpled chin
Against my stupid wooden breast,
I'd shame her violin!

Lulah Ragsdale.

THE RISE AND FALL OF SPAIN.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

A GREAT HISTORICAL ROMANCE IN BRIEF—HOW SPAIN SUDDENLY ROSE TO THE FIRST PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS, AND HOW HER DAYS OF GREATNESS AND GLORY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THREE CENTURIES OF STEADY DECADENCE.

THERE is no more remarkable and romantic chapter in the history of the world than that which tells the story of modern Spain—of her sudden and tremendous expansion, of her rapid and seemingly irremediable decay. It is one of the most tragic of historical dramas, though among its dark passages of blood and crime, of cruelty and treachery, of persecution and oppression, there are bright pages of loyalty, heroism, and enterprise.

Every historian, every poet, every traveler has felt the fascination of the strange land that nature has cut off from the rest of Europe by the encircling sea and by the mighty mountain wall of the Pyrenees. Many another has known the spell that Longfellow voiced:

> How much of my young heart, O Spain,
> Went out to thee in days of yore!
> What dreams romantic filled my brain
> And summoned back to life again
> The Paladins of Charlemagne,
> The Cid Campeador!

At the dawning of modern history—usually dated as beginning with the latter half of the fifteenth century—Spain, like Italy, was merely a geographical expression. Carthage had been her mistress, and then Rome. Her days of honor as the foremost province of the Cæsars' empire, the motherland of such great Romans as Trajan and Hadrian, Martial and Lucan, Seneca and Quintilian, had been followed by successive waves of barbaric invasion, by a Gothic kingdom that lasted three hundred years, and by the coming of the

THE GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE. THE ALCAZAR WAS THE PALACE OF THE MOORISH RULERS OF SEVILLE, AND LATER WAS FREQUENTLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE SPANISH KINGS. THE GARDENS WERE LAID OUT BY CHARLES V.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. THIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE GREATEST MONARCH OF HIS AGE—CHARLES V, EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, KING OF SPAIN AND NAPLES, AND DUKE OF BURGUNDY—IS ESTEEMED BY MANY CRITICS AS THE FINEST PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ANY OF THE OLD MASTERS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado, Madrid.

conquering Saracen from Africa. For seven centuries cross and crescent had made the peninsula their battle ground, the bloody frontier between them being pushed now forward and now back, but moving gradually southward as the Moorish power declined. Cordova had had its hour as the first city of medieval Europe, and the center of western civilization. The north and the center of Spain had been divided between the Christian states of Aragon, Navarre, and Castile, which latter had absorbed Leon and Asturias. Facing toward the Atlantic, Portugal, once overrun by the Moors, and then tributary to Castile, had regained her independence. The followers of Islam still held their own in Andalusia, where they had set their last stronghold and most imperishable monument, the Alhambra, upon the citadel hill of Granada.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW SPAIN.

It was at this historical moment that modern Spain was to be born. From her division and isolation she was suddenly to become a nation, to be brought into

contact with the outer world, and to assert her supremacy over almost half of it—all within a single generation. Almost as quickly she was to be dethroned, to see her power decay and her scepter pass into other hands. The great drama was to have its heroine—a woman who has a far better title than Elizabeth of England or Catherine of Russia to be called the greatest queen of history; it was to have its villains—only too many of them—and its picturesque and stately figures.

THE PALACE OF SAN TELMO AT SEVILLE. THIS RICHLY DECORATED PALACE, WITH ITS FINE GARDENS AND PICTURE GALLERY, IS NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUC DE MONTPENSIER, A DISTANT COUSIN OF THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY.

The young nation that grew so suddenly to mighty stature, and whose hands reached out so swiftly for world wide dominion, had within herself both the elements of strength and the seeds of decay. The sword was her weapon in the winning of empire. For seven hundred years Spain had been a school for soldiers, and had been breeding a race of them. Her nobles lived in the field, "warring," as Burke says, "against their Moslem rivals as a constant duty, and against their Christian neighbors as a no less constant pleasure." Her armies, led by the Great Captain, Gonsalvo of Cordova, proved as irresistible in Europe as they were under Cortez and Pizarro in the new world. From the battle of Seminara, in 1503, for more than a century of almost constant fighting, the Spanish infantry

PRINCESS ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF KING EMMANUEL OF PORTUGAL, AND WIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado at Madrid.

never suffered a defeat. It was not until Rocroy, in 1648, that their prestige was finally shattered, and they learned that others had outstripped them in the arts of war.

THE WOOING OF A SPANISH PRINCESS.

If Don Pedro Giron, a nobleman of the court of Henry IV of Castile, had lived a few days longer, the later history of Spain might have been differently written. Henry, the last prince of the ancient house of Trastamara, had insisted that his sister should marry Don Pedro; and although the young Princess Isabella protested, preparations were made for the wedding, which would probably have taken place had not the expectant bridegroom died. Thereupon the princess found refuge in a convent, where she was

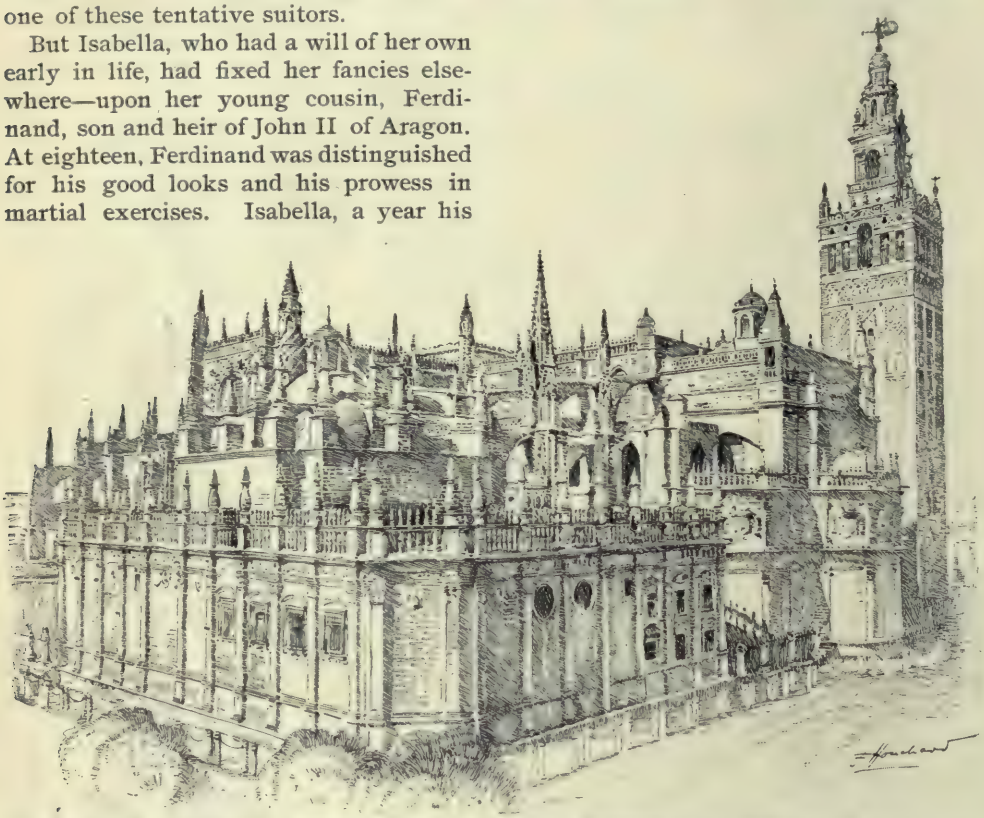
"CHARLES V AND FRANCIS I." FRANCIS I OF FRANCE, DEFEATED BY CHARLES AT PAVIA AND BROUGHT AS A CAPTIVE TO MADRID, REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE OFFERED BY HIS CONQUEROR. AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT HE ACCEPTED CHARLES' TERMS, BUT AFTER HIS RELEASE HE REPUDIATED THEM—A CURIOUS SEQUEL TO THE FAMOUS DESPATCH HE SENT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF PAVIA—"ALL IS LOST SAVE HONOR."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Adam Treidler.

not further molested, although, her brother being childless, many foreign princes would gladly have wooed the heiress to the Castilian crown. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards execrated as the hunchback Richard of England, was one of these tentative suitors.

But Isabella, who had a will of her own early in life, had fixed her fancies elsewhere—upon her young cousin, Ferdinand, son and heir of John II of Aragon. At eighteen, Ferdinand was distinguished for his good looks and his prowess in martial exercises. Isabella, a year his senior, had the blue eyes and golden hair of her English grandmother, a daughter of John of Gaunt, and was described by one of her household as "the handsomest lady I ever saw." The Aragonese king and prince welcomed the match; but they had enemies both in their own country and in Castile, and when Ferdinand set forth to meet his bride he traveled in disguise, with a company of merchants. He arrived at the castle of Burgo de Osma, which was held by adherents of Isabella, in the night, and had a narrow escape from being killed by a stone thrown from the battlements before the travelers were recognized. He met the princess at Valladolid, and there, in a private house, with very little of ceremony, they were married.

It is illustrative of the ethics of the country and the time to learn that there were some scruples about this marriage of cousins, and that, in order to quiet them, the King of Aragon, being on unfriendly terms with the Pope, forged, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Toledo, a papal bull authorizing the union. Years later, when Isabella discovered the forgery, another Pope, Sixtus IV, gave her a genuine document, which he obligingly dated back to the time of the marriage.



THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, THE GRANDEST MONUMENT OF MEDIEVAL SPAIN. THE CATHEDRAL, ONE OF THE THREE OR FOUR LARGEST AND GRANDEST IN EUROPE, WAS BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, FOLLOWING THE BROAD RECTANGULAR PLAN OF AN EARLIER MAHOMETAN MOSQUE. OF THE FINE BELFRY, THE GIRALDA—OF WHICH THE TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS A MODIFIED COPY—THE LOWER PART IS MOORISH, THE UPPER PART SPANISH, ADDED IN 1568.

Isabella's wedding day was the 19th of October, 1469. Five years later her

PHILIP II OF SPAIN. TITIAN WAS THE FAVORITE PAINTER OF CHARLES V, WHO SUMMONED HIM FROM ITALY TO THE IMPERIAL COURT AT AUGSBURG; AND THIS PATRONAGE WAS CONTINUED BY PHILIP II UNTIL THE GREAT PAINTER'S DEATH IN 1576.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado at Madrid.

DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN. THE BEST MONUMENT OF THE SPANISH COURT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IS THE SPLENDID SERIES OF PORTRAITS OF KINGS AND QUEENS, PRINCES AND PRINCESSES, NOW PRESERVED IN THE ROYAL GALLERY.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Coello in the Prado at Madrid.

brother's death left her Queen of Castile, Leon, and Asturias.

THE GREATEST QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The situation that this young queen of twenty four had to face was not an easy one. Castile had been unlucky in its rulers. The court was traditionally vicious; the treasury was empty; the church was corrupt—as was scarcely strange when it had been a recognized practice for the king to appoint his cast off mistresses to high places in religious orders. The peasantry were sturdy but undisciplined; the roads swarmed with robbers. A great number of licensed mints, and others that dispensed with any license, were turning out debased money, and commerce was at a standstill.

Isabella undertook nothing less than

INFANTA ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN. THIS IS A VERY CHARACTERISTIC, BEAUTIFUL, AND DIGNIFIED PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH PRINCESS IN THE GREAT DAYS OF SPAIN.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Coello in the Prado at Madrid.

the entire reorganization of the government. She traveled everywhere and personally investigated every abuse. She instituted the famous police force of the Santa Hermendad, or Holy Brotherhood, whose value was proved by the fact that at the end of the century turbulent Spain was accounted the most orderly country in Europe. She razed fifty castles of robber knights, and exiled more than a thousand of the marauders. She deprived many of the Castilian grandees of the privileges and grants of public property bestowed upon them by her spendthrift brother.

A disturbing element had been the prerogatives usurped by the three great military orders of Calatrava, Santiago, and Alcantara. Isabella extinguished their power by a neat stroke of diplomacy. She secured Ferdinand's election to the headship of all three, thus making

THE ARCHDUCHESS JOANNA OF AUSTRIA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Moro in the Prado at Madrid.

THE INFANTA JUANA (ARCHDUCHESS JOANNA), DAUGHTER OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OF SPAIN. THE SUBJECT OF THIS PAINTING IS NOT POSITIVELY KNOWN, AND IT HAS ALSO BEEN CATALOGUED AS A PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA ISABELLA, JOANNA'S SISTER.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rafael in the Louvre.

them mere appanages of the crown. She reformed her court. She made roads and bridges, and abolished the private mints. And all that she did was accomplished without bloodshed or civil disorder.

A new era of prosperity opened for Spain. Industry and commerce flourished; the steel of Toledo, the silverwork of Valladolid, the silk of Granada, the leather of Cordova, and the wool that was the peninsula's choicest product, went across the seas in the ships of Barcelona. And over all was a strong, centralized government, with an overflowing treasury. When Isabella came to the throne, the public revenue was less than a million reales ($50,000); in 1504 it had risen to forty two million reales.

THE EXPANSION OF SPAIN.

In 1479, when King John died, Ferdinand and Isabella were rulers of all Spain except the little corner of Navarre, of which Ferdinand's sister was queen, and the Moorish kingdom of Granada. To the conquest of the latter they deliber-

ately set themselves. There were eleven years of war, in which, if Ferdinand was the leader of armies, Isabella was their organizer; years whose detailed story, with the first exploits of the Great Captain, the romance of Boabdil, and the tragedy of the Abencerrages, may be found in the histories; years that end with "the last sigh of the Moor" as he turned, on his journey toward exile, for a farewell look at the white minarets of the Alhambra.

The Spaniards' conquest of their ancient foes echoed through the world. It was celebrated by a "Te Deum" sung in St. Paul's Cathedral by order of Henry VII. But it was a small success compared to the tremendous expansion that followed.

On the 2nd of January, 1492, Isabella entered Granada. On the 12th of May, in the same year, Columbus left the old Moorish city with his commission as "admiral of the ocean," and set forth to win a new world for Spain. This, too, was the queen's doing, for when, after long consideration of his plan, Ferdinand finally dismissed the Italian sailor, Isabella summoned him, and promised the ships and money he needed, assuming the undertaking "for her own crown of Castile," and declaring herself ready to pawn her jewels if her treasury had been emptied by the war with the Moors.

PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. THIS PORTRAIT, SHOWING KING PHILIP IN CORSELET AND PLUMED HAT, WITH A BATON OF MILITARY COMMAND IN HIS HAND, IS CONSIDERED TO BE THE FINEST OF VELASQUEZ' PORTRAITS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

QUEEN ISABELLA, WIFE OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. DURING THE LONG REIGN OF PHILIP IV (1621-1665) VELASQUEZ WAS BOTH COURT PAINTER AND QUARTERMASTER GENERAL OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD. HE PAINTED ABOUT FIFTY PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

When the Italian sailor returned from his first memorable voyage, neither he nor the sovereigns who welcomed him had any conception of the epoch making magnitude of his discovery, or of what it meant to Spain and to civilization. This was gradually unfolded, as Columbus was followed by Vespucci, Magalhaes, Sebastian Cabot, Cabeza da Vaca, and the other navigators who have put Spanish names upon half the great headlands of the eastern and western seas. "Are there no regions yet unclaimed by Spain?" asked an English poet. The question was no idle one, for the Catholic Kings regarded almost the whole extra European world as their domain; and its richest parts they systematically and unscrupulously drained of treasure.

The result, to Spain, was a sudden and immense increase of the nation's wealth, with a baneful effect upon the national character. Gold and silver were sent across the Atlantic literally in hundreds of tons. The native rulers were mercilessly plundered of their possessions. Their people were enslaved and set to labor in mines that poured forth precious metals to enrich the conquerors. Adventurers went out to America, and in a few years returned as millionaires. Countless stories are told of the wild extravagance of the *nouveaux riches*. A soldier who married the daughter of a nobleman in Barcelona

DON BALTHASAR CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. THIS YOUNG PRINCE, WHO AFTERWARDS CAME TO THE THRONE AS CHARLES II (1665-1700), WAS THE LAST OF THE HAPSBURG LINE OF SPANISH KINGS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

gave away twelve million reales in alms on his wedding day. Another returned Spaniard stood at a window in Madrid and threw two barrels of coins into the street, to watch the populace scrambling for the money.

THE CHAMPION OF SLAVERY.

But other causes were more directly at work to effect the downfall of Spain. Her ruin was already beginning when her greatness was new, and both the greatness and the ruin were the work of the same hands. Strong and far sighted empress as she was, Isabella was a typical Spaniard. She belonged to modern history in date, but not in spirit. She represented systems and ideas that had had their day. She had no vision of the dawning of liberty as the light of the world. Her

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.
From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

ALFONSO XII. THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.
From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

eyes were turned to the sunset—to which Spain has been looking ever since.

During the century of her material greatness and military glory—say from the conquest of Granada to the destruction of the Armada—Spain stood forth as

THE ALCALA GATE, MADRID. THIS TRIUMPHAL ARCH WAS BUILT BY CHARLES III (1759-1788), WHO WAS PROBABLY THE MOST CAPABLE RULER SPAIN HAS HAD SINCE THE DEATH OF THE GREAT ISABELLA. HE RESTRICTED THE POWER OF THE INQUISITION, EXPELLED THE JESUITS FROM SPAIN, AND RECOVERED MINORCA FROM THE ENGLISH.

ALFONSO XIII, THE BOY KING OF SPAIN. ALFONSO WAS BORN MAY 17, 1886, SIX MONTHS AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH, AND WAS PROCLAIMED KING OF SPAIN ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH, WITH HIS MOTHER AS REGENT.

From his latest photograph by Valentin, Madrid.

the great champion of slavery for the minds and bodies of men. There was no Rennaissance, no Reformation, south of the Pyrenees. While thought was striking off its shackles elsewhere, the Spanish primate was publicly burning manuscripts suspected of hostility to the church. When strangers were welcomed in the intellectual and commercial world of every other civilized land, Spain was banishing the Jews, who constituted her financial strength, and persecuting the Moors, her most industrious and inventive citizens. In her stubborn loyalty to dying ideas, she poured out her blood in a disastrous struggle against the forces of the modern world. "She remained," says Burke, "an old fashioned tyrant, odious, if dreaded, in the day of her power, merely contemptible when that power passed."

Of all the nations, at the opening of modern history, Spain had the grandest

opportunity, and most signally wasted it; and as her own most famous writer has said: "There are no birds in last year's nest."

Something somber and austere
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned—
A terror in the atmosphere,
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada the austere
His ghostly sway maintained.

There are Spanish writers who dare to defend the Inquisition—a fact which proves that courage is not extinct in the land of the Cid. Yet even the devout Isabella, who permitted the awful institution to be planted among her people, did not view it with entire equanimity when she lay on her deathbed. "I have caused great calamities," she said; "I have depopulated towns and provinces and kingdoms, for the love of Christ and of his Holy Mother; but I have never touched a maravedi of confiscated property. I have used the money in educating and dowering the children of the condemned"—the truth of which latter plea is questioned by historians.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

Spain, of course, is not the only country in which unspeakable cruelties have been done in the name of a God of mercy. Other lands had their Sicilian Vespers and their St. Bartholomew's Eve, their massacres of Muret and Carcassonne, their fires of Smithfield, their harryings of Waldenses or Hussites; but it is not strange that the Inquisition should be specially identified with Spain. It grew out of the work of a Spaniard of Castile—St. Dominic, who founded the order that bears his name as a weapon for the reclamation of the heretic. It was a Spanish pope—the masterful and unscrupulous Borgia, Alexander VI—who did most to spread its power. It is the Spaniard Torquemada, a member of Dominic's order, who is pilloried in history as the minister of its most hideous excesses.

To Isabella and her money loving consort, the establishment of the Inquisition was to a great extent a revenue measure. A very important feature of the system was that while one third of the convicted heretic's goods were forfeited to the church, two thirds went to the state. But this addition to the public revenue was dearly bought. The inquisitor's reign was one of terror. No citizen was safe from the secret denunciation that led to the secret trial and the almost certain conviction. The flimsiest and most far fetched charges were enough to forfeit the victim's life; or if his life were spared, his property almost never was, for there was not an acquittal in a thousand cases. Two bishops were accused on the ground that their fathers, rich Jews, had recanted Christianity on their deathbeds. One was condemned for this paternal offense; the other escaped only by a direct appeal to Rome.

HOW SPAIN SHED SPANISH BLOOD.

So widespread was the fear of the Inquisition, that nobles, to insure their personal safety, would assume the sable livery of the "familiars" of the Holy Office. That it profoundly affected the national character, there can be no doubt. Burke sums up its results as "a rapacious government, an enslaved people, a hollow religion, a corrupt church, a century of blood, three centuries of shame." As to its actual number of victims, authorities differ widely. They must have been shockingly numerous, for it is recorded that in the first year of its operation—1481—in the province of Seville alone, more than two thousand people perished at the stake as heretics. And where Torquemada slew his thousands in Spain, his disciples in the New World relentlessly slaughtered their ten thousands.

Nor is this the whole tale of the disastrous bigotry of Spain's first great monarch. The year 1492, which saw Isabella enter Granada and despatch Columbus to the discovery of America, witnessed a third event pregnant with meaning for Spain and the world—the expulsion of the Spanish Jews. This was the most barbarous and disastrous persecution of the Hebrew race in the history of Europe. Two hundred thousand people, who, as has been said, constituted Spain's commercial backbone, were consigned nominally to banishment, actually to spoliation and death. They were allowed to sell their property, but forbidden to carry the money out of the country; and while to stay in Spain was a capital offense, the

Pope passed a bull enjoining all foreign governments to arrest "fugitive Jews" and return them forthwith to the Spanish authorities.

In the same spirit, ten years later, another royal edict declared Islam abolished in the Spanish dominions. As much mercy was shown to Isabella's Mahometan subjects as to the Jews. The decree that exiled them forbade them to seek refuge in Africa or any Mussulman country.

Such was Spain in her day of greatness. A blight was upon her growth; she was self doomed to decay. Her expansion was to continue for a time, for in the year of Isabella's death, her Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, gave Ferdinand, as the spoil of war, the crown of Naples and Sicily. The conquest of Navarre, a few years later, pushed the same king's frontier to the Pyrenees. To his grandson there came the sovereignty of Burgundy and the Netherlands by inheritance, and the imperial crown of Germany by election. His great grandson secured a temporary hold upon the duchy of Milan and the kingdom of Portugal; but this aggrandizement of her rulers brought weakness rather than strength to Spain.

SPAIN'S FOREIGN DYNASTIES.

Indeed, with Ferdinand ends the history of Spain's Spanish kings. She was to be ruled, henceforth, by two foreign dynasties—the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Bourbons of France.

Marvelously fortunate in other respects, Isabella and her consort were unlucky in their children. Their only son died a few weeks after his marriage to a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. Their eldest daughter, her mother's namesake, married two princes of Portugal successively. To her second husband she bore a son, heir to both the peninsula's crowns, but she died in childbirth and her son followed her to the grave in infancy.

Another daughter was the unhappy Catharine, the wronged wife of Henry VIII of England. Another—Juana, or Joanna—lived to be the mother of a long line of kings, and to endure a fate far worse than early death. For her Isabella arranged a marriage with the Archduke Philip of Austria, son of the Emperor Maximilian, thus forging a double bond between her royal house and that of Hapsburg. The young archduke inherited the sovereignty of Burgundy from his mother, Mary, the only child of Charles the Bold. After Isabella's death he and his wife left Brussels, then the capital of their duchy, for Spain, to assert Joanna's rights as heiress to the Spanish crown. Not far from the frontier, at the village of Vallafafila, Ferdinand met them.

A CHAPTER OF SPANISH DIPLOMACY.

The story of the meeting at Vallafafila is characteristic. The only building in which the princes could confer was the village church, and there there was a long interview with closed doors. When the doors opened, a treaty was publicly proclaimed, by which Ferdinand not only recognized the prospective rights of "his most beloved children"; he ceded them the throne of Castile absolutely and immediately. He had decided to betake himself to his Italian kingdom of Naples. Such was the announced settlement; but Ferdinand and Philip had also made a private agreement that the archduke alone should have power in Spain, and that Joanna and her adherents should be excluded from all share in the government by the forces of both the contracting parties. And at the same time and place this veteran master of Spanish diplomacy had executed a formal document before an apostolic notary, setting forth that "unarmed and attended by only a few servants he had fallen into the hands of his son at the head of a great armed force; that all his acts were void, and that he solemnly protested against the wrong done his daughter."

But Joanna's fate was sealed; and so was her husband's.

Ferdinand said a tender farewell to his "beloved children," and sailed for Naples, leaving a trusted familiar to be Philip's personal attendant. Within three weeks Joanna was shut up in the fortress of Tordesillas, it being announced that she had lost her reason; and Philip was dead—of a sudden chill, the court physicians said; but there were not unnatural suspicions of poison. Ferdinand came back to Spain, to die there, and to recognize his grandson, Charles, as his heir; but there was

no mercy for Joanna from father or son, and she remained a prisoner at Tordesillas for forty six years, to the day of her death.

THE HAPSBURG KINGS OF SPAIN.

Born at Ghent, brought up at his father's court in Brussels, Charles never saw Spain until nearly two years after he became its king. Two years later, he left it to take the imperial crown of Germany, and thenceforth his interests seemed to lie beyond the Pyrenees. He waged his wars as a German and Italian sovereign, and as the self constituted arbiter of Europe; Spain was but the storehouse from which he drew his revenues and the material for his armies. He never was much more than a visitor to the peninsula till, a worn out old man at fifty five, weary of the world and all it had to offer, he gave up his thrones and retired to his sybaritic cell in the monastery of Yuste—a fruitful text for sermons upon the vanity of human ambition.

For four more generations the crown of Spain passed from father to son in the Hapsburg line. Of these four monarchs —Philip II, Philip III, Philip IV, and Charles II—the first named is familiar in history as the husband of Mary of England, who lost Calais by being drawn into his quarrel with France, and as the king who sent the Armada to crush the insolence of his dead wife's sister, Elizabeth. The Armada's disastrous failure, shattering Spain's maritime prestige, and leaving the command of the sea to be fought for by Holland and England, and to be won by the latter, was merely an incident in the country's steady decline.

It has been the unique ill fortune of Spain that of the thirteen sovereigns she had between the great Charles and the boy Alfonso, scarcely one possessed even the average of character and ability. A beneficent autocrat might have arrested her decay; these were autocrats—for two centuries the tribute of the colonies rendered them independent of representative bodies, and from 1713 to 1789 the Cortes never met; but they were almost uniformly weak, cruel, and utterly immoral and incapable. Two or three were notoriously tainted with insanity.

Ruled by such men, and by the ministers they chose, it is no wonder that since the sixteenth century Spain's history has been a long catalogue of disasters. Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily passed from her; Portugal and the Netherlands revolted and regained their independence. When her last Hapsburg king died childless, bequeathing his crown to a French prince, the grandson of Louis XIV—who thereupon declared that "the Pyrenees no longer exist"—she was harried in the long War of the Spanish Succession, which ended with further losses of territory, and with the English flag posted at Gibraltar.

SPAIN AS THE SPORT OF NAPOLEON.

Then Europe was upheaved by the French Revolution. Spain at first joined the powers allied against France, and a French army invaded her; then she took sides with France, and England captured Trinidad, and cut off her commerce with America. Promising to drive the British from Gibraltar, Napoleon took Louisiana from her—to sell it to Jefferson three years later—and compelled her to contribute to the expenses of his grand project for invading England. Trafalgar followed, forever ending the sea power of Spain.

Next Napoleon and the reigning Spanish Bourbon, Charles IV, signed an agreement for the invasion and partition of Portugal. To carry it out, a French army crossed the Pyrenees, marched to Madrid —and stayed there. Charles found himself ousted, and Napoleon ordered his brother Joseph to the vacant throne.

But there was unexpected resistance. Spain's navy was destroyed and her army crushed, but her peasantry had still the sturdy loyalty and the fierce fanaticism of their medieval forefathers. A desperate and merciless guerrilla warfare followed.* "I will cut down the

*The Spanish *partidas*, or guerrilla bands, constantly hovered about the French armies, shooting stragglers, murdering the wounded, and giving no quarter to prisoners. Nor were the commanders of the regular forces much more scrupulous. Of the army corps of Dupont, which surrendered to the Spaniards on condition of immediate return to France—which condition was utterly disregarded—only a remnant survived after four years' terrible suffering. And the French, in turn, repaid these cruelties in kind. After the battle of Ucles (Jan. 13, 1809), sixty eight of the leading inhabitants of the town were tied two and two together and slaughtered in cold blood. At Tarragona, in 1811, the French troops massacred more than five thousand unarmed citizens.

people with grapeshot,'' Napoleon said. "Spain is already in most places a solitude, without five men to a square league." There were enough Spaniards left, however, to inflict upon him the most serious losses he had ever suffered; and England repaid his intended invasion of her inviolate isle by sending Wellington to drive his legions out of the peninsula. From the battlefield of Vittoria, where the French were routed as signally as they were two years later at Waterloo, King Joseph fled over the frontier with nothing except the clothes he wore, leaving behind him a great baggage train of treasures stolen from the palaces of Madrid.

THE BOURBONS, TWICE EXPELLED, TWICE RETURN.

Little did Spain profit by the expulsion of the Bonapartes. She went back to the Bourbons—with a new constitution, which the restored king, Ferdinand VII, disregarded as soon as he was reëstablished in his throne. Since then, in eighty years, there have been six more new constitutions, all equally good—on paper.

Meanwhile, during the peninsula's domestic troubles, the vast provinces of Spanish America had fallen into the political unrest which has ever since been their normal condition. In one after another of them, patriots or adventurers seized their opportunity to set up the standard of revolt, and Spain's efforts to restore her rule were feeble and futile. After 1821 she retained not a foot of ground upon the mainland of America.

The scandals of the reign of Isabella II—an unworthy namesake of the patroness of Columbus—are within living memory. They culminated in a revolution, and an invitation to an Italian prince—Amadeo, the brother of King Umberto—to take the vacant throne. After three years he found his position at Madrid intolerable, and resigned. It was only to be expected, with a people so utterly devoid of training in self government, that the republic which followed should prove a worse failure than the monarchy; and the restoration of the Bourbons, in the person of Isabella's son Alfonso, the father of the present king, was welcomed as a relief after two years of anarchy, even at the cost of a civil war with the adherents of his cousin, Don Carlos—unquestionably the rightful heir to the throne by the old Salic law.

Of Spain's present troubles, of the losses and disasters now threatening her, it is unnecessary to speak here. Her Hapsburg dynasty lasted a hundred and eighty three years; her Bourbon kings have governed her, with two brief intervals, for a hundred and eighty eight. Whether their rule will complete its second century seems very doubtful; but whatever régime may be in power at Madrid, it is difficult to discern on the political horizon any dawning star of hope for Spain. Her ancient glories have passed away, never to return.

SUMMER NIGHT.

Long have they battled, Night and Day,
Which one shall hold the sway supreme.
From Day's last stand the sunset gleam
With golden arrows holds the way,
And rainbow banners lend the fray
Their glory—till the last fair beam
Is quenched, as fades a broken dream,
Or sunshine of a storm swept day.

Long has the struggle been, but Night,
The victor, strikes the final blow;
Then, generous to a vanquished foe,
Hangs 'mid the shades soft orbs of light;
So all his hours so darkly gray
Wear still some presage of the Day.

Laura Berteaux Bell.

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them of his love for Suzanne and that he means to make her his wife. When the two Englishmen arrive Jan Botmar and Ralph are away, and the cunning *vrouw* persuades them that the youth is not he whom they seek. Shortly after their departure, Swart Piet, a rich Boer who has Kaffir blood in his veins, visits the Botmar homestead. He has fallen in love with Suzanne, but she repulses his advances. A few days later, while riding some distance from her home, the young girl comes upon Swart Piet and some of his henchmen as they are about to hang a young native woman known as Sihamba for alleged cattle stealing. Working on the girl's pity, Piet forces her to kiss him as the price of the woman's life, and, not content with that, he crushes her in his arms and covers her face with kisses. The girl finally escapes and reaches her home, where she tells her father and Ralph of the occurrence, first, however, exacting a promise from her lover that he will not try to kill the man. Sihamba, who is now destitute, has followed Suzanne home, where, at her earnest solicitation, she is permitted to remain.

XI.

EARLY the next morning I sought for Ralph to speak to him on the matter of his marriage, which, to tell truth, I longed to see safely accomplished. But I could not find him anywhere, or learn where he had gone, though a slave told me that he had seen him mount his horse at the stable.

I went down to the cattle kraal to look if he were there, and as I returned, I saw Sihamba seated by the door of her hut engaged in combing her hair and powdering it with the shining blue dust.

"Greeting, Mother of the Swallow," she said. "Whom do you seek?"

"You know well," I answered.

"Yes, I know well. At the break of dawn he rode over yonder rise."

"Why?" I asked.

"How can I tell why? But Swart Piet lives out yonder."

"Had he his gun with him?" I asked again and anxiously.

"No, there was nothing but a sjambok, a very thick sjambok, in his hand."

Then I went back to the house with a heavy heart, for I was sure that Ralph had gone to seek Piet van Vooren, though I said nothing of it to the others. So it proved, indeed. Ralph had sworn to Suzanne that he would not try to kill Piet, but here his oath ended, and therefore he felt himself free to beat him if he could find him, for he was altogether mad with hate of the man. Now, he knew that when he was at home it was Swart Piet's habit to ride of a morning, accompanied by one Kaffir only, to visit a certain valley where he kept a large number of sheep. Thither Ralph made his way, and when he reached the place he saw that, although it was time for them to be feeding, the sheep were still in their kraal, baa-ing, stamping, and trying to climb the

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gate, for they were hungry to get at the green grass.

"So," thought Ralph, "Swart Piet means to count the flock out this morning. He will be here presently."

Half an hour afterwards he came, and with him the one Kaffir as was usual. Then the bars of the gate were let down, and the sheep suffered to escape through them, Swart Piet standing upon one side and the Kaffir upon the other, to take tale of their number. When all the sheep were out, and one of the herders had been brought before him and beaten by the Kaffir because some lambs were missing, Swart Piet turned to ride homewards, and in a little gorge near by came face to face with Ralph, who was waiting for him. Now he started and looked to see if he could escape, but there was no way of doing it without shame, so he rode forward and bid Ralph good day boldly, asking him if he had ever seen a finer flock of sheep.

"I did not come here to talk of sheep," answered Ralph, eyeing him.

"Is it of a lamb, then, that you come to talk, Heer Kenzie, a ewe lamb, the only one of your flock?" sneered Piet, for he had a gun in his hand and he saw that Ralph had none.

"Aye," said Ralph, "it is of a white ewe lamb whose fleece has been soiled by a bastard thief who would have stolen her," and he looked at him.

"I understand," said Piet coldly, for he was a bold man; "and now, Heer Kenzie, you had best let me ride by."

"Why should I let you ride by when I have come out to seek you?"

"For a very good reason, Heer Kenzie: because I have a gun in my hand and you have none, and if you do not clear the road presently it may go off."

"A good reason, indeed," said Ralph, "and one of which I admit the weight;" and he drew to one side of the path as though to let Piet go by, which he began to do, holding the muzzle of the gun in a line with the other's head. Ralph sat upon his horse staring moodily at the ground, as though he was trying to make up his mind to say something or other, but all the time he was watching out of the corner of his quick eye. Just as Swart Piet drew past him, and was shaking the reins to put his horse to a canter, Ralph slid from the saddle, and, springing upon him like light, passed his strong arm round him and dragged him backwards to the ground over the crupper of the horse. As he fell he stretched out his hands to grip the saddle and save himself, so that the gun which he carried resting on his knees dropped upon the grass. Ralph seized it and fired it into the air, and then turned to face his enemy, who by this time had found his feet.

"Now we are more equally matched, Mynheer van Vooren," he said, "and can talk further about that ewe lamb, the only one of the flock. Nay, you need not look for the Kaffir to help you, for he has run after your horse, and at the best will hardly care to trust himself between two angry white men. Come, let us talk, Mynheer."

Black Piet made no answer, so for a while the two stood facing each other, and they were a strange pair, as different as the light from the darkness: Ralph fair haired, gray eyed, stern faced, with thin nostrils, that quivered like those of a well bred horse, narrow flanked, broad chested, though somewhat slight of limb and body, for he was but young, and had scarcely come to a man's weight, but lithe and wiry as a tiger; Piet taller and more massive, for he had the age of him by five years, with round Kaffir eyes, black and cruel, coarse black hair that grew low upon his brow, full red lips, the lower drooping so that the large white teeth and a line of gums could be seen within, great limbed, firm footed, bull strengthed, showing in his face the cruelty and the cunning of a black race mingled with the mind and the mastery of the white, an evil and a terrible man, knowing no lord save his own passions, and no religion but black witchcraft and vile superstition, a foe to be feared, indeed, but one who loved better to stab in the dark than to strike in the open day.

"Well, Mynheer van Vooren," mocked Ralph, "you could fling your arms about a helpless girl and put her to shame before the eyes of men, now do the same by me if you can;" and he took one step towards him.

"What is this monkey's chatter?" asked Piet, in his slow voice. "Is it because I gave the girl a kiss that you would fix a quarrel upon me? Have you not done as much yourself many times, and for a less stake than the life of one who had been doomed to die?"

"If I have kissed her," answered Ralph, "it is with her consent, and because she will be my wife; but you worked upon her pity to put her to shame, and now you shall pay the price of it. Do you see that whip?" and he nodded toward the sjambok that was lying on the grass. "Let him who proves the best man use it upon the other."

"Will be your wife," sneered Piet—"the wife of the English castaway! She might have been, but now she never shall, unless she cares to wed a carcase cut into *rimpis*. You want a flogging and you shall have it,

yes, to the death, but Suzanne shall be—not your wife, but my——"

He got no further, for at that moment Ralph sprang at him like a wildcat, stopping his mouth with a fearful blow upon the lips. Then there followed a dreadful struggle between these two; Swart Piet rushed again and again, striving to clasp his antagonist in his great arms and crush him, whereas Ralph, who, like all Englishmen, loved to use his fists, and knew that he was no match for Piet in strength, sought to avoid him and plant blow after blow upon his face and body. This, indeed, he did with such success that soon the Boer was covered with blood and bruises. Again and again he charged at him, roaring with pain and rage, and again and again Ralph first struck and then slipped to one side. At length Piet's turn came, for Ralph, in leaping back, caught his foot against a stone and stumbled, and before he could recover himself the iron arms were round his middle, and they were wrestling for the mastery. Still, at the first it was Ralph who had the best of it, for he was skilful at the game, and before Swart Piet could put out his full strength he tripped him so that he fell heavily upon his back, Ralph still locked in his arms. But he could not keep him there, for the Boer was the stronger; moreover, as they fought they had worked their way up the steep side of the kloof so that the ground was against him. Thus it came about that soon they began to roll down hill fixed to each other as though by ropes, and gathering speed at every turn. Doubtless the end of this would have been Ralph's defeat, and perhaps his death, for I think that, enraged as he was, Black Piet would certainly have killed him had he found himself the master. But it chanced that his hand was stayed, and thus. Near the bottom of the slope lay a sharp stone, and as they rolled in their fierce struggle Piet's head struck against this stone so that for a few moments he was rendered helpless. Feeling the grip of his arms lessen, Ralph freed himself, and running to the sjambok snatched it from the ground. Now Piet sat up and stared at him stupidly, but made no effort to renew the fight, whereon Ralph gasped:

"I promised you a flogging, but since it is chance that has conquered you more than I, I will take no advantage of it, save this;" and he struck him once or twice across the face with the whip, but not so as to draw blood. "Now, at least I am free from a certain promise that I made—that I would not kill you—and should you attempt further harm or insult towards Suzanne Botmar, kill you I will, Piet van Vooren;" and turning he went to his horse, which was standing close by, mounted, and rode away, the other answering him nothing.

Still, Ralph did not get home without another adventure, for when he had gone a little way he came to a stream that ran from a hillside which was thick with trees, and here he stopped to doctor his hurts and bruises, since he did not wish to appear at the house covered with blood. Now, this was a foolish enough thing to do, seeing the sort of a man with whom he had to deal, and that there was bush where any one could hide to within a hundred and twenty yards of his washing place. So it proved, indeed, for just as he had mounted his horse and was about to ride on, he felt a sharp, stinging pain across his shoulders, as though some one had hit him on the back with a whip, and heard the sound of a gunshot fired from the cover of the bush, for there hung a cloud of smoke above the green leaves.

"That is Swart Piet, who has crept round to cut me off," Ralph thought to himself, and for a moment was minded to ride to the smoke to seek him. Then he remembered that he had no gun, and that that of his enemy might be loaded again before he found him, and judged it wiser to canter into the open plain and so homeward. Of the hurt that he had taken from the bullet he thought little, yet when he reached the house it was seen that his escape had been narrow indeed, for the great ball had cut through his clothes beneath his shoulders, so that they hung down leaving his back naked. Also it had furrowed the skin, causing the blood to flow copiously, and making so horrible a sight of him that Suzanne nearly fainted when she saw it, and I made certain that the lad was shot through the body, although as it turned out in a week, except for some soreness, he was as well as ever.

Now this matter caused no little stir among us, and Jan was so angry that, without saying a word to any one, he mounted his horse and, taking some armed servants with him, set out to seek Black Piet; but not to find him, for the man had gone, nobody knew whither. Indeed, this was as well, or so we thought at the time, for though Jan is slow to move, when once he is moved he is a very angry man, and I am sure that if he had met Piet van Vooren that day the grasses would have been richer by the blood of one or both of them. But he did not meet him, and so the thing passed over, for afterwards we remembered that Ralph had been the aggressor, since no one would take count of this story of the kissing of the girl, and also that there was no proof at all that it

was Piet who had attempted his life, as that shot might have been fired by any one.

Now, from this day forward Suzanne went in terror of Swart Piet, and whenever Ralph rode, he rode armed, for though it was said that he had gone on one of his long journeys trading among the Kaffirs, both of them guessed that they had not seen the last of Van Vooren. Jan and I also were afraid, for we knew the terrible nature of the man and of his father before him, and that they came of a family which never forgot a quarrel or left a desire ungratified.

About fourteen days after Ralph had been shot at and wounded, a Kaffir brought a letter for Jan, which, on being opened, proved to have been written by Swart Piet, or on his behalf, since his name was set at the bottom of it. It read thus:

TO THE HEER JAN BOTMAR:

Well beloved Heer, this is to tell you that your daughter, Suzanne, holds my heart, and that I desire to make her my wife. As it is not convenient for me to come to see you at present, I write to ask you that you will consent to our betrothal. I will make a rich woman of her, as I can easily satisfy you, and you will find it better to have me as a dear son in law and friend than as a stranger and an enemy, for I am a good friend and a bad enemy. I know there has been some talk of love between Suzanne and the English foundling at your place; but I can overlook that, although you may tell the lad that if he is impertinent to me again, as he was the other day, he will not for the second time get off with a whipping only. Be so good as to give your answer to the bearer, who will pass it on to those that can find me, for I am traveling about on business, and do not know where I shall be from day to day. Give also my love to Suzanne, your daughter, and tell her that I think often of the time when she shall be my wife.

I am, well beloved Heer, your friend,

PIET VAN VOOREN.

Now, when Ralph had finished reading this letter aloud, for it had been given to him as the best scholar among us, you might have thought there were four mad people in the room, so great was our rage. Jan and Ralph said little, indeed, though they looked white and strange with anger, and Suzanne not overmuch, for it was I who talked for all of them.

"What is your answer, girl?" asked her father presently, with an angry laugh.

"Tell the Heer Piet van Vooren," she replied, smiling faintly, "that if ever his lips should touch my face again it will be only when that face is cold in death. Oh, Ralph!" she cried, turning to him suddenly and laying her hand upon his breast, "it may be that this man will bring trouble and separation on us; indeed, my heart warns me of it, but, whatever chances, remember my words, dead I may be, but faithful I shall be—yes, to death and through death."

"Son, take pen and write," said Jan before Ralph could answer. So Ralph wrote down these words as Jan told them to him:

PIET VAN VOOREN:

Sooner would I lay my only child out for burial in the grave than lead her to the house of a colored man, a consorter with witch doctors and black women, and a would be murderer. That is my answer, and I add this to it: Set no foot within a mile of my house, for here we shoot straighter than you do, and if we find you on this place, by the help of God we will put a bullet through your carcase.

At the foot of this writing, which he would not suffer to be altered, Jan printed his name in big letters; then he went out to seek the messenger, whom he found talking to Sihamba, and having given him the paper bade him begone swiftly to wherever it was he came from. The man, who was a strong, red colored savage, naked except for his *moocha* and the kaross rolled up upon his shoulders, and marked with a white scar across the left cheek, took the letter, hid it in his bundle, and went.

Jan also turned to go, but I, who had followed him and was watching him, although he did not know it, saw him hesitate and stop.

"Sihamba," he said, "why were you talking to that man?"

"Because it is my business to know of things, Father of Swallow, and I wished to learn where he came from."

"Did he tell you, then?"

"Not altogether, for some one whom he fears had laid a weight upon his tongue, but I learned that he lives at a kraal far away in the mountains, and that this kraal is owned by a white man who keeps wives and cattle at it, although he is not there himself just now. The rest I hope to hear when Swart Piet sends him back again, for I have given the man a medicine to cure his child, who is sick, and he will be grateful to me."

"How do you know Swart Piet sent the man?" asked Jan.

She laughed and said: "Surely that was easy to guess; it is my business to twine little threads into a rope."

Again Jan turned to go, and again came back to speak to her.

"Sihamba," he said, "I have seen you talking to that man before. I remember the scar upon his face."

"The scar upon his face you may remember," she answered, "but you have not seen us talking together, for until this hour we never met."

"I can swear it," he said angrily. "I re-

member the straw hut, the shape of the man's bundle, the line where the shadow fell upon his foot, and the tic bird that came and sat near you. I remember it all."

"Surely, Father of Swallow," she replied, eying him oddly, "you talk of what you have just seen."

"No, no," he said; "I saw it years ago."

"Where?" she asked, staring at him.

He looked and uttered some quick words. "I know now," he said. "I saw it in your eyes the other day."

"Yes," she answered quietly; "I think that, if anywhere, you saw it in my eyes, since the coming of that messenger is the first of all the great things that are to happen to the Swallow and those who live in her nest. I do not know the things; still, it may happen that another who has vision may see them in the glass of my eyes."

XII.

TWELVE days passed, and one morning when I went out to feed the chickens, I saw the red Kaffir with the scar on his face seated beyond the *stoep* taking snuff.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A letter," he said, giving me a paper.

I took it into the house, where the others were gathered for breakfast, and as before Ralph read it. It was to this effect:

WELL BELOVED HEER BOTMAR:

I have received your honored letter, and I think that the unchristian spirit which it shows cannot be pleasing to our Lord. Still, as I seek peace and not war, I take no offense, nor shall I come near your place to provoke the shedding of the blood of men. I love your daughter, but if she rejects me for another I have nothing more to say, except that I hope she may be happy in the life she has chosen. For me, I am leaving this part of the country, and if you, Heer Botmar, like to buy my farm, I shall be happy to sell it to you at a fair price; or perhaps the Heer Kenzie will buy it to live on after he is married; if so, he can write to me by this messenger. Farewell.

Now, when they heard this letter, the others looked more happy; but for my part I shook my head, seeing guile in it, since the tone of it was too humble for Swart Piet. There was no answer to it, and the messenger went away, but not, as I learned, before he had seen Sihamba. It seems that the medicine which she gave him had cured his child, for which he was so grateful that he drove her down a cow in payment, a fine beast, but very wild, for handling was strange to it; moreover, it had been but just separated from its calf. Still, although she questioned him closely, the man would tell Sihamba but little of the place where he lived, and nothing of the road to it.

Here I will stop to show how great was the cunning of this woman, and yet how simple the means whereby she obtained the most of her knowledge. She desired to learn about this hiding place, since she was sure that it was one of the secret haunts of Swart Piet, but when she asked him the messenger was deaf and blind, and she could find no one else who knew anything of the matter. Still, she was certain that the cow which had been brought to her would show the way to its home, if there were anybody to follow it hither and make report of the path.

Now, when Sihamba had been robbed and sentenced to death by Swart Piet, the most of her servants and people who lived with her had been taken by him as slaves. Still, some had escaped, either then or afterwards, and settled about in the neighborhood of the farm where they knew that their mistress dwelt. From among these people, who still did her service, she chose a young man named Zinti, who, although he was supposed to be stupid, was still very clever about many things, especially the remembering of any path that he had once traveled, and of every kopje, stream, or pan by which it could be traced. This youth she bade to herd the cow which had been given her, telling him to follow it whithersoever it should wander, even if it led him a ten days' journey, and when he saw that it had reached home, to return himself without being seen, and to bring her an exact report of the road which it had traveled.

Now, all happened as she expected, for on the first day that the cow was turned out, watched by the lad, who was provided with food and a blanket, so soon as it had filled itself it started straight over the hills, running at times, and at times stopping to graze, till night came on, when it lay down for a while and its herd beside it, for he had tied his wrist to its tail with a *rimpi* lest it should escape in the darkness.

At the first breaking of the light the cow rose, filled itself with grass, and started forward on its homeward path, followed by the herd. For three days they traveled thus, the boy milking the cow from time to time when its udder was full. On the evening of the third day, however, the beast would not lie down, but walked forward all night, lowing now and again, by which the herd, who found it difficult to keep it in sight because of the darkness, guessed it must be near its home. So it proved, indeed, for when the sun rose Zinti saw a kraal before him, hidden away in a secret valley of the mountains over which they had been traveling. Still following the cow, though at a distance, he moved down towards the kraal

and hid himself in a patch of bush. Presently the cattle were let out to graze, and the cow rushed to them lowing loudly, till a certain calf came to it, which it made much of and suckled, for it was its own calf.

Now Zinti's errand was done, but still he lay hid in the bush a while, thinking that he might learn some more, and lying thus he fell asleep, for he was weary with travel. When he awoke the sun was high, and he heard women talking to each other close by him, as they labored at their task of cutting wands, such as are used for the making of huts. He rose to run away, then thought better of it and sat down again, remembering that should he be found, it would be easy to tell them that he was a wanderer who had lost his path. Presently one of the women asked:

"For whom does Bull Head build this fine new hut in the secret krantz yonder?"

Now Zinti opened his ears wide, for he knew that this was the name which the natives had given to Swart Piet, taking it from his round head and fierce eye, according to their custom when they note any peculiarity in a man.

"I do not know," answered a second woman, who was young and very pretty, "unless he means to bring another wife here; if so, she must be a chief's daughter, since men do not build huts for girls of common blood."

"Perhaps," said the other; "but then, I think that he has stolen her from her father without payment; else he would not wish to hide her away in the secret krantz. Well, let her come, for we women must work hard here where there are so few men, and many hoes clean a field quickly."

"For my part I think there are enough of us already," said the young girl, looking troubled, for she was Swart Piet's last Kaffir wife, and did not desire to be supplanted by a new favorite. "But be silent; I hear Bull Head coming on his horse;" and she began to work very hard at cutting the wands.

A few minutes later Zinti saw Swart Piet himself ride up to the women, who saluted him, calling him "chief" and "husband."

"You are idle," he said, eying them angrily.

"These wands are tough to cut, husband," murmured the young woman in excuse.

"Still, you must cut them quicker, girl," he answered, "if you would not learn how one of them feels upon your back. It will go hard with all of you if the big hut is not finished in seven days from now."

"We will do our best," said the girl; "but who is to dwell in the hut when it is done?"

"Not you, be sure of that," he answered roughly, "nor any black woman; for I am weary of you, one and all. Listen: I go tomorrow with my servants to fetch a chieftainess, a white lady, to rule over you, but if any of you speak a word of her presence here you will pay for it, for I shall turn you away to starve. Do you understand?"

"We hear you, husband," they replied, somewhat sullenly, for now they understood that this new wife would be a mistress, and not a sister to them.

"Then be careful that you do not forget my words, and—hearken—so soon as you have cut a full load of hut poles, let two of you carry them up to the krantz yonder, where they are wanted, but be careful that no one sees you going in or coming out."

"We hear you, husband," they said again, whereon Swart Piet turned and rode away.

Now, although Zinti was said to be foolish, chiefly, as I think, because he could not or would not work, yet in many ways he was cleverer than most Kaffirs, and especially always did he desire to see new places, the more so if they chanced to be secret places. Therefore, when he heard Swart Piet command the women to carry the rods to the hidden krantz, he determined that he would follow them, and this he did so skilfully that they neither heard nor saw him. At first he wondered whither they could be going, for they walked straight to the foot of what seemed to be an unclimbable wall of rock more than a hundred feet high. On the face of this rock, however, shrubs grew here and there like the bristles on the back of a hog, and having first glanced round to see that no one was watching them, the women climbed to one of these shrubs, which was rooted in the cliff about the height of a man above the level of the ground, and vanished so quickly that Zinti, who was watching, rubbed his eyes in wonder; after waiting a while he followed in their steps, to find that behind the shrub was a narrow cleft or crack, such as is often to be seen in cliffs, and that down this cleft ran a pathway which twisted and turned in the rock, growing broader as it went, till at last it ended in the hidden krantz. This krantz was a very beautiful spot, about three *morgen*, or six English acres, in extent, and walled all round with impassable cliffs. Down the face of one of these cliffs fell a waterfall, forming a deep pool, out of which a stream ran, and on the banks of this stream the new hut was being built in such a position that the heat of the sun could strike it but little.

While he was taking note of these and other things, Zinti saw some of those who were working at the hut leave it and start to walk towards the cleft; so, having learned everything that he could, he thought that it was time to go, and slipped away back to

the bush, and thence homeward by the road which the cow had shown him.

Now it chanced that as he went Zinti pierced his foot with a large thorn, so that he was only able to travel slowly. On the fifth night of his journey he limped into a wood to sleep, which wood is not much more than two hours on horseback from our farm. When he had been asleep for some hours he woke up, for all his food was gone, and he could not rest well because of his hunger, and was astonished to see the light of a fire among the trees at some distance from him. Towards this fire he crept, thinking that there were herds or travelers who would give him food, but when he came to it he did not ask for any, since the first thing he saw was Swart Piet himself walking up and down in front of the fire, while at some distance from it lay a number of his men asleep in their karosses. Presently another man appeared, slipping through the tree trunks, and coming to Swart Piet saluted him.

"Tell me what you have found out," he said.

"This, baas," answered the man: "I went down to Heer Botmar's place and begged a bowlful of meal there, pretending that I was a stranger on a journey to court a girl at a distant kraal. The slaves gave me meal and some flesh with it, and I learned in talk with them that the Heer Botmar, his *vrouw*, his daughter Suzanne, and the young Englishman, Heer Kenzie, all rode away yesterday to the christening party of the first born of the Heer Roozen, who lives about five hours on horseback to the north yonder. I learned also that it is arranged for them to leave the Heer Roozen tomorrow at dawn, and to travel homewards by the Tigers Nek, in which they will offsaddle about two hours before midday, for I forgot to say that they have two servants with them to see to their horses."

"That makes six in all," said Swart Piet, "of whom two are women, whereas we are twenty. Yes, it is very good; nothing could be better, for I know the offsaddling place by the stream in Tiger's Nek, and it is a nice place for men to hide behind the rocks and trees. Listen now to the plan, and be sure you understand it. When these people are offsaddled and eating their food, you Kaffirs will fall on them—with the spear and the *kerry* alone, mind—and they will come to their end."

"Does the master mean that we are to kill them?" asked the man doubtfully.

"Yes," answered Swart Piet, with hesitation. "I do not want to kill them, indeed, but I see no other way, except as regards the girl, of course, who must be saved. These people are to be attacked and robbed by Kaffirs, for it must never be known that I had a hand in it, and you brutes of Kaffirs always kill. Therefore, they must die, alas! especially the Englishman, though so far as I am concerned I should be glad to spare the others if I could, but it cannot be done without throwing suspicion upon me. As for the girl, if she is harmed the lives of all of you pay for it. You will throw a kaross over her head, and bring her to the place which I will tell you of tomorrow, where I shall seem to rescue her. Do you understand, and do you think the plan good?"

"I understand, and I think the plan good, and yet there is one thing that I have not told you which may mar it."

"What is it?"

"This: when I was down there at the Heer Botmar's place, I saw the witch doctoress, Sihamba, who has a hut upon the farm. I was some way off, but I think that she recognized me, which she well might do seeing that it was I who set the rope about her neck when you wished to hang her. Now, if she did know me all your plans may be in vain, for that woman has the sight and she will guess them. Even when the cord was round her she laughed at me and told me that I should die soon, but that she would live for years, and therefore I fear her more than any one living."

"She laughed at you, did she?" said Swart Piet. "Well, I laugh at her, for neither she nor any one who breathes shall stand between me and this girl, who has preferred the suit of another man to mine."

"Ah, master!" said the Kaffir, "you are a great one, for when a fruit pleases you, you do not wait for it to drop into your lap, you pluck it."

"Yes," said Swart Piet, striking his breast with pride; "if I desire a fruit I pluck it, as my father did before me. But now go you and sleep, for tomorrow you will need all your wit and strength."

When the lad Zinti had heard this he crept away, heading straight for the farm, but his foot was so bad and he was so weak from want of food that he could only travel at the pace of a lame ox, now hopping upon one leg and now crawling upon his knees. In this fashion it was that at length, about half past eight in the morning, he reached the house, or rather the hut of Sihamba, for she had sent him out, and therefore to her, after the Kaffir fashion, he went to make report. Now, when he came to Sihamba, he greeted her and asked for a little food, which she gave him. Then he began to tell his story, beginning, as natives do, at the first of it, which in his case were all the wanderings of the cow which he had followed, so that al-

though she hurried him much, many minutes went by before he came to that part of the tale which told of what he had heard in the wood some eight hours before. So soon as he began to speak of this Sihamba stopped him, and calling to a man who lingered near, bade him bring to her Jan's famous young horse, the roan *schimmel*, bridled but not saddled. Now this horse was the finest in the whole district, for his sire was the famous blood stallion which the government imported from England, where it wo all the races, and his dam the swiftest and most enduring mare in the breeding herds at the Paarl. What Jan gave for him as a yearling I never learned, because he was afraid to tell me; but I know that we were short of money for two years after he bought him. Yet in the end it proved the cheapest thing for which a man ever paid gold. Well, the Kaffir hesitated, for, as might be expected, Jan was very proud of this horse, and none rode it save himself, but Sihamba sprang up and spoke to him so fiercely that at last he obeyed her, since, although she was small in stature, all feared the magic of Sihamba, and would do her bidding. Nor had he far to go, for the *schimmel* did not run wild upon the veldt, but was fed and kept in a stable, where a Kaffir groomed him every morning. Thus it came about that before ever Zinti had finished his tale the horse was standing before her, bridled but not saddled, arching his neck and striking th ground with his hoof, for he was proud and full of corn and eager to be away.

"Oh, fool!" said Sihamba to Zinti, "why did not you begin with this part of your story? Now, to save five from death and one from dishonor, there is but a short hour left and twenty miles to cover in it. Ho, man, help me to mount this horse!"

The slave put down his hand, and setting her foot in it, the little woman sprang on to the back of the great stallion, which knew and loved her as a dog might do, for she had tended it day and night when it was ill from the sickness we call "thick head," and without doubt had saved its life by her skill. Then, gripping its shoulders with her knees, she shook the reins and called aloud to the *schimmel*, waving the black rod she always carried in her hand, so that the beast, having plunged once, leaped away like an antelope, and in another minute was nothing but a speck racing towards the mountains.

XIII.

So hard did Sihamba ride, and so swift and untiring proved the horse, to whose strength her light weight was as nothing, that, the veldt over which they traveled being flat and free from stones or holes, she reached the mouth of Tiger's Nek, twenty miles away, in very few minutes over the hour of time. But the Nek itself was a mile or more in length, and for aught she knew we might already be taken in Black Piet's trip, and she riding to share our fate. Still, she did not stay, but though it panted like a blacksmith's bellows, and its feet stumbled with weariness among the stones in the Nek, she urged the *schimmel* on at a gallop. Now she turned the corner, and the offsaddling place was before her. Swiftly and fearfully she glanced around, but seeing no signs of us, she uttered a cry of joy and shook the reins, for she knew that she had not ridden in vain. Then a voice from the rocks called out:

"It is the witch doctoress, Sihamba, who rides to warn them. Kill her swiftly;" and with the voice came a sound of guns and of bullets screaming past her, one of which shattered the wand she carried in her hand, numbing her arm. Nor was that all, for men sprang up across the further end of the offsaddling place, where the path was narrow, to bar her way, and they held spears in their hands. But Sihamba never heeded the men or the spears, for she rode straight at them and through them, and so soon was she gone that, although six or seven assagais were hurled at her, only one of them struck the horse, wounding it slightly in the shoulder.

A few minutes later, two perhaps, or three, just as the four of us, with our Kaffir servants, were riding quietly up to the mouth of the Nek, we saw a great horse thundering towards us, black with sweat and flecked with foam, its shoulder bloody, its eyes staring, and its red nostrils agape, and perched upon its bare back a little woman who swayed from side to side as though with weariness, holding in her hand a shattered wand.

"*Allemachter!*" cried Jan. "It is Sihamba, and the little witch rides my roan *schimmel!*"

By this time Sihamba herself was upon us. "Back," she cried as she came, "or death awaits you in the pass," whereon, compelled to it as it were by the urgency of the words and the face of her who spoke them, we turned our horses' heads and galloped after the *schimmel* for the half of a mile or more till we were safe in the open veldt.

Then, of a sudden, the horse stopped, whether of its own accord or because its rider pulled upon the reins I know not. At the least, it stood there trembling like a reed, and Sihamba lay upon its back clinging to the mane, and as she lay I saw blood running down her legs, for her skin was chafed

to the flesh beneath. Ralph sprang to her, and lifted her to the ground, and Suzanne made her take a draft of brandy from Jan's flask, which brought the life into her face again.

"Now," she said, "if you have it to spare, give the *schimmel* yonder a drink of that stuff, for he has saved all your lives and I think he needs it."

"That is a wise word," said Jan, and he bade Ralph and the Kaffirs pour the rest of the spirit down the horse's throat, which they did, thereby, as I believe, saving its life, for until it had swallowed it the beast looked as though its heart were about to burst.

"Now," said Jan, "why do you ride my best horse to death in this fashion?"

"Have I not told you, Father of Swallow," she answered, "that it was to save you from death? But a few minutes over an hour ago, fifteen perhaps, a word was spoken to me at your stead yonder, and now I am here, seven leagues away, having ridden faster than I wish to ride again, or than any other horse in this country can travel with a man upon his back."

"To save us from death? What death?" asked Jan, astounded.

"Death at the hands of Swart Piet and his Kaffir tribesmen for the three of you and the two slaves, and for the fourth, the lady Suzanne here, a love of which she does not seek, the love of the murderer of her father, her mother, and her chosen."

Now we stared at each other; only Suzanne ran to Sihamba and, putting her arms about her, kissed her.

"Nay," said the little woman, smiling, "nay, Swallow, I do but repay to you but one hundredth part of my debt, and all the rest is owing still." Then she told her story in few words, and when it was done, having first looked to see that Swart Piet and his men were not coming, at the bidding of Jan we all knelt down upon the veldt and thanked God for our deliverance. Only Sihamba did not kneel, for she was a heathen, and worshiped no one, unless it were Suzanne.

"You should pray to the horse, too," she said, "for had it not been for its legs, I could never have reached you in time."

"Hush, Sihamba," I answered; "it is God who made the horse's legs, as God put it into your mind to use them;" but I said no more, though at any other time I should have rated her well for her heathen folly.

Then we consulted together as to what was to be done, and decided to make our way to the house by a longer path, which ran through the open veldt, since we were sure that there, where is no cover, Swart Piet would not attack us. Ralph, it is true, was for going into the Nek and attacking him, but, as Jan showed him, such an act would be madness, for they were many and we were few; moreover, they could have picked us off from behind the shelter of the rocks. So we settled to leave them alone, and that night came home safely, though not without trouble, for Sihamba had to be carried the most of the way, and after he grew stiff the *schimmel* could only travel at a walking pace. Very soon that horse recovered, however, and lived to do still greater service, although for a while his legs were somewhat puffed.

Now, Jan and Ralph were mad against Swart Piet, and would have brought him to justice; but this road of justice was full of stones and mud holes, since the nearest landdrost lived a hundred miles off, and it would not have been easy to persuade Piet to appear and argue the case before him. Moreover, here again we had no evidence against the man, except that of a simple Kaffir boy, who would never have been believed, for, in fact, no attack was made upon us, while that upon Sihamba might very well have been the work of some of the low Kaffirs that haunt the kloofs, runaway slaves and other rascals, who desired to steal the horse upon which she rode. Also we learned that our enemy, acting through some agent, had sold his farm to a stranger for a small sum of ready money, giving it out that he had no need of the land, as he was leaving this part of the country.

But if we saw Piet's face no more, we could still feel the weight of his hand, since from that time forward we began to suffer from the thefts of cattle and other troubles with the natives, which—so Sihamba learned in her underground fashion—were instigated by him, working through his savage tools, while he himself lay hidden far away and in safety. Also he did us another ill turn—for it was proved that his money was at the bottom of it—by causing Ralph to be commandeered to serve on some distant Kaffir expedition, out of which trouble we were obliged to buy him, at no small cost.

All these matters weighed upon us much; so much, indeed, that I wished Jan to trek far away and found a new home; but he would not, for he loved the place which he had built up brick by brick and planted tree by tree; nor would he consent to be driven out of it through fear of the wicked practices of Swart Piet. To one thing he did consent, however, and it was that Ralph and Suzanne should be married as soon as possible, for he saw that until they were man and wife there would be little peace for any of us. When they were spoken to on the matter, neither of them had anything to say against this plan; indeed, I be-

lieve that in their hearts, for the first and last times in their lives, they blessed the name of Swart Piet, whose evil doing, as they thought, was hurrying on their happiness. Now it was settled that the matter of this marriage should be kept secret for fear it should come to the ears of Swart Piet through his spies, and stir him up to make a last attempt to steal away Suzanne; and, indeed, it did come to his ears, though how to this hour I do not know, unless, in spite of our warning, the predicant who was to perform the ceremony, a good and easy man, but one who loved gossip, blabbed of it on his journey to the farm, for he had a two days' ride to reach it.

It was the wish of all of us that we should continue to live together after the marriage of Ralph and Suzanne, though not beneath the same roof. Indeed, there would have been no room for another married pair in that house, especially if children came to them, nor did I wish to share the rule of a dwelling with my own daughter after she had taken a husband, for such arrangements often end in bitterness and quarrels. Therefore Jan determined to build them a new house in a convenient spot not far away, and it was agreed that during the two or three months while this house was building Ralph and his wife should pay a visit to a cousin of mine who owned a very fine farm on the outskirts of the dorp, which we used to visit from time to time to partake of *Nachtmahl*. This seemed wise for us for several reasons beyond that of the building of the new house. It is always best that young people should begin their married lives alone, as by nature they wish to do, and not under the eyes of those who have bred and nurtured them, for thus face to face, with none to turn to, they grow more quickly accustomed to each other's faults and weaknesses, which, perhaps, they have not learned or taken count of before.

Moreover, in the case of Ralph and Suzanne we thought it safer that they should be absent for a while from their own district and the neighborhood of Swart Piet, living in a peopled place where they could not be molested; although not knowing the wickedness of his heart, we did not believe it possible that he *would* molest them when once they were married. Indeed, there was some talk of their going to the dorp for the wedding, and I would that they had done so, and then much trouble might have been spared to us. But their minds were set against this plan, for they desired to be married where they had met and lived so long, so we did not gainsay them.

At length came the eve of the wedding day and with it the predicant, who arrived hungry and thirsty, but full of smiles and blessings. That night we all supped together and were full of joy, nor were Ralph and Suzanne the least joyous of us, though they said little, but sat gazing at each other across the table as though the moon had struck them. Before I went to bed I had occasion to go out of the house, for I remembered that some linen which Suzanne was to take with her had been left drying upon bushes after the wash, and I feared that if it remained there the Kaffir women might steal it. This linen was spread at a little distance from the house, near the huts where Sihamba lived, but I took no lantern with me, for the moon was bright. As I drew near the spot I thought that I heard a sound of chanting which seemed to come from a little circle of mimosa trees that grew a spear's throw to my left, of chanting very low and sweet. Wondering who it was that sang thus, and why she sang—for the voice was that of a woman—I crept to the nearest of the trees, keeping in its shadow, and peeped through the branches into the grassy space beyond, to perceive Sihamba crouched in the center of the circle. She was seated upon a low stone in such fashion that her head and face shone strangely in the moonlight, while her body was hidden in the shadow. Before her, placed upon another stone, stood a large wooden bowl, such as the Kaffirs cut out of the trunk of a tree, spending a month of labor, or more, upon the task, and into this bowl, which I could see was filled with water, for it reflected the moon rays, she was gazing earnestly and, as she gazed, chanting that low, melancholy song, of which I could not understand the meaning.

Presently she ceased her singing, and, turning from the bowl as though she had seen in it something that frightened her, she covered her eyes with her hands and groaned aloud, muttering words in which the name of Suzanne was mixed up, or of Swallow, as she called her. Now I guessed that Sihamba was practising that magic of which she was said to be so great a mistress, although she denied always that she knew anything of the art, and at first I made up my mind to call to her to cease from such wickedness, which, as the Holy Book tells us, is a sin in the eyes of the Lord, and a cause of damnation to those who practise it; but I was curious and longed greatly in my heart to know what it was that Sihamba saw in the bowl, and what it had to do with my daughter Suzanne, so I changed my mind, thereby making myself a partaker of the sin, and coming forward said instead:

"What is it that you do here?"

Now, although, as I suppose, she had neither seen nor heard me, for I came up from behind her, she did not start or cry out as any other woman would have done; she did not even turn to look at me as she answered in a clear and steady voice:

"I read the fate of Swallow and of those who love her according to my lore, O Mother of Swallow, now while she is still a girl. Look! I read it there."

I looked and saw that the bowl was filled to the brim with pure water. At the bottom of it was some white sand, and on the sand were placed five pieces of broken looking glass, all of which had been filed carefully to a round shape. The largest of these pieces was of the size of a half crown of English money. This lay in the exact center of the bowl. Above it and almost touching its edge was another piece of the size of a florin, then to the right and left at a little distance, two more pieces of the size of a shilling, and below, but some way off where the bowl began to curve, a very small piece, not larger than a threepenny bit.

"Swallow," said Sihamba, pointing to the two largest of the fragments, "and husband of Swallow. There to the right and left father and mother of Swallow, and here at her feet, a long way off and very small, Sihamba, servant of Swallow, made all of them from the broken glass that shows back the face, which she gave me, and set, as they must be set, like the stars in the cross of the skies."

Now I shivered a little, for in myself I was afraid of this woman's magic, but to her I laughed and said roughly:

"What fool's plaything is this made of bits of broken glass that you have here, Sihamba?"

"It is a plaything that can tell a story to those who can read it," she answered without anger, but like one who knows she speaks the truth.

"Make it tell its story to me, and I will believe you," I said, laughing again.

She shook her head and answered, "Lady, I cannot, for you have not the sight; but bring your husband here, and perhaps he will be able to read the story, or some of it."

Now, at this I grew angry, for it is not pleasant to a woman to hear that a man whom all know to be but as a fool compared to her, can see things in water which she is not able to see, even though the things are born only of the false magic of a witch doctoress. Still, as at that moment I chanced to hear Jan seeking me, for he wondered where I had gone, I called to him and set out the matter, expecting that he would be very angry and dismiss Sihamba, breaking up her magic bowl. But all the while that I talked to him the little woman sat, her chin resting upon her hand, looking into his face, and I think that she had some power over him. At the least, he was not at all angry, although he said that I must not mention the business to the predicant, who was well known to be a prejudiced man. Then he asked Sihamba to show him the wonders of the bowl. Replying that she would if she might, and always keeping her eyes fixed upon his face, she bade him kneel down and look into the water in such fashion that he did not shut the moonlight off from it, and to tell us what he saw.

So he knelt and looked, whispering presently that on the midmost piece of glass there appeared the image of Suzanne, and on the others respectively those of Ralph, Jan himself, me his wife, and of Sihamba. I asked him what they were doing, but he could give me no clear answer, so I suppose that they were printed there like the heads on postage stamps, if indeed they existed anywhere except in Jan's brain, into which Sihamba had conjured them.

"What do you see more?" asked Sihamba.

"I see a shadow in the water," he answered, "a dark shadow, and—it is like the head of Swart Piet cut out of black paper—it spreads till it almost hides all the faces on the bits of glass. Almost, I say, but not quite, for things are passing beneath the shadow which I cannot distinguish. Now it shrinks quite small, and lies only over your likeness, Sihamba, which shows through it red—yes, and all the water round it is red, and now there is nothing left;" and Jan rose, pale with fright, and wiped his brow with a colored handkerchief, muttering, "*Allemachter!* this is magic, indeed."

"Let me look," I said, and I looked for a long while and saw nothing except the five bits of glass. So I told Jan outright that he was a fool whom any conjurer could play with, but he waited until I had done, and then asked Sihamba what the vision meant.

"Father of Swallow," she answered, "what I saw in the water mirror you have seen, only I saw more than you did because my sight is keener. You ask me what it means, but I cannot tell you altogether, for such visions are uncertain; they sum up the future, but they do not show it. This, however, is sure, that trouble waits us all because of Swart Piet, for his shadow lay black upon the image of each of us; only note this, that while it cleared away from the rest, it remained upon mine, staining it blood red, which means that while in the end you will escape him I shall die at his hands, or through him. Well, so be it, but meanwhile

this is my counsel—because of other things that I saw in the water, which I cannot describe, for in truth I know not rightly what they were—that the marriage of the Swallow and her husband should be put off, and that when they are married it should be at the dorp yonder, not here."

Now, when I heard this my anger overflowed like water in a boiling pot. "What?" I cried. "When all is settled and the predicant has ridden for two days to do the thing, is the marriage to be put off because, forsooth, this little black idiot declares that she sees things on bits of glass in a bowl, and because you, Jan, who ought to know better, take the lie from her lips and make it your own? I say that I am mistress here, and that I will not allow it. If we are to be made fools of in this fashion by the peepings and mutterings of Kaffir witch doctors, we had better give up and die at once, to go and live among the dead. Our business is to dwell in the world and face its troubles and dangers until such time as it pleases God to call us out of the world, paying no heed to omens and magic and such like sin and folly. Let that come which will come, and let us meet it like men and women, giving glory to the Almighty for the ill as well as for the good, since both ill and good come from His hands, and are a part of His plan. For my part I trust to Him Who made us and Who watches us, and I fear not Swart Piet, and therefore, come what may, the marriage shall go on."

"Good words," said Jan, "such as my heart approves of;" but he still mopped his head with the colored pocket handkerchief, and looked troubled as he added: "I pray you, wife, say nothing of this to anybody, and, above all, to the predicant, or he will put me out of the church as a wizard."

"Yes, yes," said Sihamba; "good words, but the sight is still the sight for those who have the power to see. Not that I wished you to see, indeed I did not wish it, nor did I think that you would be turned from your purpose by that which you have seen. Father and mother of Swallow, you are right, and now I will tell you the truth. What you beheld in the water was nothing but a trick, a clever trick of the little doctoress Sihamba, by the help of which, and others like it, she earns her living, and imposes on the foolish, though she cannot impose upon you, who are wise, and have the Lord of the skies for a friend. So think no more of it, and do not be angry with the little black monkey whose nature it is to play tricks;" and with a motion of her foot she upset the bowl of water, and collecting the little pieces of mirror hid them away in her skin pouch.

Then we went, but as I passed through the thorn trees I turned and looked back at Sihamba, and lo! she was standing in the moonlight her face lifted towards the sky, weeping softly and wringing her hands. Then for the first time I felt a little afraid.

XIV.

The marriage morning broke brightly; never have I seen a fairer. It was springtime, and the veldt was clothed with the fresh green grass, and starred everywhere with the bloom that sprang among it. The wind blew softly, shaking down the dewdrops from the growing corn, while from every bush and tree came the cooing of unnumbered doves. Beneath the eaves of the *stoep* the pair of red breasted swallows which had built there for so many years were finishing their nest, and I watched them idly, for to me they were old friends, and would wheel about my head, touching my cheek with their wings. Just then they paused from their task, or perhaps it was at length completed, and flying to a bough of the peach tree a few yards away, perched there together amidst the bright bloom, and, nestling against each other, twittered forth their song of joy and love.

It was at this moment that Sihamba walked up to the *stoep* as though to speak to me.

"The swallow and the swallow's mate," she said, following my eyes to where the little creatures swung together on the beautiful bough.

"Yes," I answered, for her words seemed to me of good omen, "they have built their nest, and now they are thanking God before they begin to live there together and rear their young in love."

As the words left my lips a quick shadow swept across the path of sunlit ground before the house, two strong wings beat, and a brown hawk, small but very fierce, being of a sort that preys upon little birds, swooped downwards upon the swallows. One of them saw it, and slid from the bough, but the other the hawk caught in its talons, and mounted with it high into the air. In vain did its mate circle round it swiftly, uttering shrill notes of distress; up it went steadily, as pitiless as death.

"Oh, my swallow!" I cried aloud in grief; "the accursed hawk has carried away my swallow."

"Nay, look!" said Sihamba, pointing upwards.

I looked, and behold! a black crow, that appeared from behind the house, was wheeling about the hawk, striking at it with its

beak until, that it might have its talons free to defend itself, it let go the swallow, which, followed by its mate, came fluttering to the earth, while the crow and the falcon passed away, fighting, till they were lost in the blue depths of air.

Springing from the *stoep* I ran to where the swallow lay, but Sihamba was there before me and had it in her hands.

"The hawk's beak has wounded it," she said, pointing to a blood stain among the red feathers of the breast; "but none of its bones is broken, and I think that it will live. Let us put it in the nest and leave it to its mate and nature."

This we did, and there in the nest it stayed for some days, its mate feeding it with flies as though it were still unfledged. After that they vanished, both of them together, seeking some new home, nor did they ever build again beneath our eaves.

"Would you speak with me, Sihamba?" I asked, when this matter of the swallows was done with.

"I would speak with the baas, or with you, it is the same thing," she answered, "and for this reason. I go upon a journey; for myself I have the good black horse which the baas gave me after I had ridden to warn you in Tiger Kloof yonder, the one that I cured of sickness; but I need another beast, to carry pots and food and my servant Zinti, who accompanies me. There is the brown mule which you use little because he is vicious, but he is very strong and Zinti does not fear him. Will you sell him to me for the two cows I earned from the Kaffir whose wife I saved when the snake bit her? He is worth three, but I have no more to offer."

"Whither do you wish to journey, Sihamba?" I asked.

"I follow my mistress to the dorp," she answered.

"Did she bid you follow her, Sihamba?"

"No! Is it likely that she would think of me at such a time, or care whether I come or go? Fear not, I shall not trouble her, or put her to cost; I shall follow, but I shall not be seen until I am wanted."

Now, I was about to gainsay Sihamba—not that I could find any fault with her plan, but because if such arrangements are made, I like to make them myself, as is the business of the head of the house. I think Sihamba guessed this; at any rate, she answered me before I spoke, and that in an odd way, namely, by looking first at the swallows' nest, then at the blooming bough of the peach tree, and lastly into the far distances of air.

"It was the black crow that drove the hawk away," she said reflectively, as though she were thinking of something else, "though I think, for my eyes are better than yours, that the hawk killed the crow, or perhaps they killed each other; at the least, I saw them falling to the earth beyond the crest of the mountain."

Now, I was about to break in angrily, for if there was one thing in the world I hated it was Sihamba's nonsense about birds and omens and such things, whereof, indeed, I had had enough on the previous night, when she made that lump Jan believe that he saw visions in a bowl of water. And yet I did not—for the black crow's sake. The cruel hawk had seized the swallow which I had loved, and borne it away to devour it in its eyrie, and the crow it was that saved it. Well, the things that happened among birds might happen among men, who also prey upon each other, and—but I could not bear the thought.

"Take the mule, Sihamba," I said; "I will answer for it to the baas. As for the two cows, they can run with the other cattle till your return."

"I thank you, Mother of Swallow," she answered, and turned to go.

(To be continued.)

THE THUNDERSTORM.

A MUFFLED cannonading! Boom on boom
Aquiver in the air! A warning hush—
Now broken by a loud and louder roll
Of fast oncoming conflict through the clouds
Grown black with fury!

Hist!—the charge, the charge!
The shock of meeting legions—peal on peal
Of terrible artillery, cutting through
The inky murk in jagged lines of fire!

Catharine Young Glen.

WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

NOTES AND PICTURES OF THE CAMPAIGN ON SEA AND LAND—A GALLERY OF MEN AND SCENES FAMOUS IN CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

SOME HEROES OF SANTIAGO.

It certainly was not strange that Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, as he stood on the bridge of the Gloucester, and saw the flames roaring through the shattered decks of Spain's finest ships, should have remarked, as the newspapers say he did, "The Maine is avenged!" Five months before, Commander Wainwright was in Havana harbor as executive officer of the doomed American vessel; and it was one of the strange ironies of fate that he should be in the thick of the struggle that ended in so terrible a retribution for

ADMIRAL MONTOJO, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY MAY 1, 1898.

ADMIRAL CERVERA, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY SAMPSON AND SCHLEY JULY 3, 1898.

her destruction, and should be the man to receive the surrender of the foremost Spanish admiral.

The captain of the Gloucester has had little love for Spain since the fateful 15th of last February. For two months after the explosion that sank the Maine he stayed at Havana, in charge of the wreck, but he never set foot in the city, making his quarters aboard the despatch boat Fern. He declared that he would not go ashore until he did so at the head of a landing party of American bluejackets.

Nevertheless, Commander Wainwright can recognize a gallant foe, and when Cervera came on board his ship as a prisoner he generously congratulated the veteran admiral on the gallantry he had displayed. For suicidal as it proved, the Spaniards' dash for escape deserves the honor that attaches to a forlorn hope. Hemmed in by an overwhelming force, they might have surrendered without a fight, they might have blown up their ships, they might have clung ingloriously to the temporary safety that the fortified harbor of Santiago still offered them; but they deliberately chose to make their last fight "under the clear sky, upon the bright waters, in noble,

honorable battle." And the admiral, who—if the reports at hand are correct—went into battle aboard his least efficient cruiser in order to give his fine flagship an added chance of escape, displayed a heroism worthy of Spain's best days, now long past.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, FORMERLY EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MAINE, AND NOW CAPTAIN OF THE GLOUCESTER, WHO RECEIVED THE SURRENDER OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

TWO REMARKABLE SHIPS.

Brief as the war with Spain has been, it has thrown light upon several mooted and interesting problems. One of these is the use, with safety, of high explosives in naval warfare. The dynamite gunboat Vesuvius was completed and placed in commission so long ago as June, 1890, but until the blockade of Santiago her availability for practical service remained an open question over which experts waged wordy and heated battle. Now, however, her friends are sure that they were right. The Vesuvius' pneumatic guns charged with dynamite were repeatedly fired at the Spanish batteries without harm to her officers and crew, and with tremendously destructive results to the enemy. It has long been said that it would be a momentous thing in war to be able to carry an effective dynamite gun from place to place on shipboard.

Another vessel whose career in Cuban waters has been watched with keenest interest by naval experts, is the English built cruiser New Orleans, formerly the Amazonas of the Brazilian navy. The New Orleans has proved herself a splendid

THE AUXILIARY CRUISER GLOUCESTER, FORMERLY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S YACHT CORSAIR, WHICH SUCCESSFULLY ENGAGED TWO SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS IN THE BATTLE WITH ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment, New York.

fighting ship, and in rapidity and accuracy of fire she has shown herself to be perhaps the most effective of all the great fighting machines under Admiral Sampson's orders.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHARLESTON.

A typical officer of our navy is Captain Henry Glass, commander of the Charleston, who, while convoying the first American expedition to Manila, stopped long enough on the way to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the Ladrones. Those who met Captain Glass while commander of the Texas a year or so ago, and who recall his abounding love for his ship, are sure that the Charleston will give a splendid account of herself in his hands. Captain Glass was the honor member of the famous class of '62 at Annapolis, which included Gridley, Barker, Evans, Crowninshield, Ludlow, Clark, Barclay, Coghlan, and Sigsbee, and saw active service in the Civil War. He has held the rank of captain since January, 1894.

COLONEL HOOD AND HIS IMMUNES.

Colonel Duncan Norbert Hood, of the Second United States Volunteers, is probably the youngest commissioned colonel in the American army. Herein he is the son of his father, the celebrated Confederate general, who, when he faced

SOME TYPICAL SCENES FROM THE DAILY CAMP LIFE OF OUR AMERICAN VOLUNTEER SOLDIER BOYS—

—THERE IS MORE WORK THAN PLAY IN IT, AS IS SHOWN IN THESE SKETCHES, DRAWN BY E. NADHERNY.

THE VESUVIUS, WHOSE THREE DYNAMITE GUNS HAVE BEEN "THROWING EARTHQUAKES" INTO THE SPANISH DEFENSES OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

From a photograph by Johnston, New York.

Sherman in Georgia, was the youngest officer who commanded an army in the Civil War.

Both of Colonel Hood's parents, and two or three other members of his family, died of yellow fever in the great epidemic of 1879. Young Hood was adopted by the late John A. Morris, well known in New Orleans and New York. He graduated at West Point with honor in the class of 1896, but resigned from the army to take up the profession of mining engineering. It was no doubt the remembrance of the terrible ordeal of his boyhood days that inspired him with the idea of raising a regiment of immunes from yellow fever, when hostilities with Spain seemed imminent. He went at once to Governor Foster of Louisiana. The Governor at the time had his hands full in organizing the State militia into two regiments of infantry, according to

THE NEW ORLEANS (FORMERLY THE BRAZILIAN CRUISER AMAZONAS), WHICH HAS DONE ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE WORK IN BOMBARDING THE SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by A. Loeffler, Tompkinsville, New York.

orders received from Washington, and advised young Hood to abandon his plan and accept a commission as lieutenant in the State troops. Hood declined, went straight to Washington, and secured an interview with the President, who was so much impressed that he commissioned Hood as a colonel and promised to take

so often, and often so thoughtlessly, made in this country, than the recent conduct of a young man who is quite or nearly the richest living American. When the government, in the sudden emergency of a war for which we were utterly unprepared, issued its first appeal to the country, John Jacob Astor was one

CAPTAIN HENRY GLASS, COMMANDER OF THE CHARLESTON, WHO HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE LADRONE ISLANDS ON HIS WAY TO JOIN ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA.
From a photograph by Millan, Vallejo, California.

up the matter of forming an immune regiment. The necessary bill was passed by Congress, and the Second United States Volunteers are the result. The regiment represents a thousand men who have lived through the disease that is so terrible a menace to strangers in Cuba, and who are regarded as "yellow fever poison proof." It is the colonel's own idea that they should be ordered to the most unhealthy post where men are needed.

A SIGNAL INSTANCE OF PATRIOTISM.

There could be no better answer to the sneers at the "idle rich" which are

of the first to respond, and his response was a remarkable one. Not only did he proffer his personal services, but he offered to raise and equip, at his own expense, a complete battery of light artillery. Both offers were accepted, and as this is written the Astor battery is on its way to Manila, while Colonel Astor is in Cuba, serving on General Shafter's staff.

Colonel Astor first received his military title by peaceful service upon the staff of Governor Morton of New York. His present experience is very different, for though a commanding general's aide may not have to stand in the trenches or

COLONEL DUNCAN N. HOOD, OF NEW ORLEANS, ORGANIZER AND COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT OF YELLOW FEVER IMMUNES (SECOND UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS).

From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

charge the enemy's works, yet his duty involves the hardships and something of the danger inseparable from the life of an army in the field. But whether he finds an opportunity to win military laurels or not, John Jacob Astor is a man from whom his countrymen are likely to hear again. He is young, capable, ambitious —a multimillionaire who is not content to be nothing more than a rich man. He has often been credited with political aspirations, and it would not be surprising to see them gratified.

TWO BRAVE YOUNG SOUTHERNERS.

Although each day of the present war has produced its hero, a grateful country has already set its seal upon the work and career of Ensign Worth Bagley. One of the torpedo boats lately authorized by Congress is to bear his name, and he will be held in such honor as has

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO RAISED AND EQUIPPED A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY FOR THE GOVERNMENT, AND WHO IS NOW SERVING IN CUBA ON THE STAFF OF MAJOR GENERAL SHAFTER.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

THE LATE ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, OF THE WINSLOW, KILLED OFF CARDENAS, CUBA, MAY 12, 1898—THE FIRST AMERICAN OFFICER WHO FELL IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

been accorded to Winthrop and Ellsworth, those two brave spirits who were the first to perish in the Civil War.

When he fell in the gallant dash into Cardenas harbor, Ensign Bagley was only twenty four years old, and had been less than seven years in the service, but he had already learned how to face danger with a smile, and to die as became an American naval officer.

It is a speaking token of a reunited country that Bagley, the first American officer to fall in Cuba, was a native of the South. The same section claims as its own another of the earliest heroes of the present war—Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson. There is little that can be added to Admiral Sampson's official account of the sinking of the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor by Hobson and his men. "A more brave or daring thing," writes the admiral, a man

THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM LA CRUZ. THIS IS THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE AMERICAN TROOPS ADVANCED UPON SANTIAGO, AND THIS IS THE VIEW THEY HAD OF IT WHEN THEY CAPTURED THE HEIGHTS SOUTH AND EAST OF THE CITY.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, WHO SUGGESTED AND EXECUTED THE DARING FEAT OF TAKING THE COLLIER MERRIMAC INTO THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO HARBOR AND SINKING HER IN THE CHANNEL.

always rather sparing of praise, "has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle."

Nearly every illustrated periodical in America has published a portrait of Hobson, and almost invariably he has been represented as a smooth faced youth just out of Annapolis. Our engraving, made from a recent photograph, shows him as he is at the present time—manly and

THE MORRO CASTLE, THE OLD FORTRESS COMMANDING THE NARROW ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX, CAPTAIN OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER SCORPION OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

mature of aspect, and "bearded like the pard."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCORPION.

Few naval officers are better known in New York than Lieutenant Commander Adolph Marix, who served on the Maine board of inquiry, and who is now commanding the Scorpion in Cuban waters. The Scorpion, formerly the Sovereign, is the most heavily armed of the converted yachts, and has taken a lively and venturesome part in the task of peppering the Cuban coast, for Marix is a fighting captain with a fighting crew behind him. One day his ship was opposed to a small battery at the mouth of the San Juan River. She quickly silenced the guns, but her own gun crews became so excited that when the order to "cease firing" was given, they did not obey it. The officers yelled themselves hoarse, but the guns continued to bark defiance at the Spaniards, until each crew had been separately informed that it must stop firing, because there was nothing left to shoot at.

Captain Marix, who is a native of New York, and the husband of Grace Filkins, the well known actress, has been thirty four years in the navy, and will soon reach the grade of commander.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IN the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 that was left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. The Rev. Mr. Thomasson, a tutor at Oxford, who has discovered Julia's identity, attempts to interfere and is carried off for his pains. Sir George and Fishwick set out in pursuit, meeting on the road Mr. Dunborough, who has been prevented by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. When not far from Bastwick, on the road to Bristol, the abductors become alarmed at the nearness of the pursuers and set their captives free. Julia and Thomasson apply at the house of a man known as Bully Pomeroy for shelter for the night, and after the girl retires the tutor acquaints his host and Lord Almeric Doyley, a dissolute young nobleman who is a guest there, with the true state of affairs. The desirability of recouping their fortunes by an alliance with the heiress dawns on them simultaneously, and each signifies his intention of marrying her. The result is a heated argument until Lord Almeric, noticing the cards on the table, suggests playing for her. To Mr. Pomeroy's great disgust, the young nobleman wins, and the following morning he goes to the girl and offers her his heart and hand. Unaware of the real identity of her abductor, Julia has supposed him to be Soane, and moved by a desire to be in a position where she can revenge herself on her recreant lover, she accepts Lord Almeric's offer. He is celebrating his success with Pomeroy and Thomasson when, later in the day, a message is brought to him from Julia asking for an interview.

XXVII.

WE left Sir George Soane and his companions stranded in the little ale house at Bathford, waiting through the small hours of the night for a conveyance to carry them on to Bristol. Soap and water, a good meal, and a brief dog's sleep, in which Soane had no share—he spent the night walking up and down—and from which Mr. Fishwick was continually starting with cries and moans, did something to put them in better plight, if in no better temper. When the dawn came, and with it the chaise and four for which they had sent to Bath, they issued forth haggard and unshaven, but resolute; and long before the shops in Bristol had begun to look for custom, the three, with Sir George's servant, descended before the old George Inn in Temple Mead.

The attorney held strongly to the opinion that they should not lose a second in seeking the persons Mr. Dunborough had employed; the least delay, he said, and the men might be gone into hiding. But on this a wrangle took place in the empty street before the

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half aroused inn, with a milk girl and a couple of drunken sailors for witnesses. Mr. Dunborough, who was of the party willy nilly, and asked nothing better than to take out in churlishness the pressure put upon him, stood firmly on it he would take no more than one person to the men. He would take Sir George, if he pleased, but no one else.

"I'll have no lawyer to make evidence!" he cried boastfully. "And I'll take no one but on terms. That's flat. I'll have no Jeremy Twitcher with me."

Mr. Fishwick, in a great rage, was going to insist, but Sir George stopped him. "On what terms?" said he to the other.

"If the girl is unharmed, we go unharmed, one and all!" Mr. Dunborough answered. "Damme, do you think I'm going to peach on 'em!" he continued, with a great show of bravado. "Not I! There's the offer, take it or leave it!"

Sir George might have broken down his opposition by the same arguments addressed to his safety which had brought him so far. But time was everything, and Soane was on fire to know the best or worst. "Agreed!" he cried. "Lead the way! And do you, Mr. Fishwick, await me here."

"We must have time," Mr. Dunborough grumbled, looking askance at the attorney—he hated him. "I can't answer for an hour or two. I know a place, and I know another place, and there is another place. And they may be at one, or another, or the other. D'you see?"

"I see that it is your business," Sir George answered, with a glance that lowered the other's truculence. "Wait until noon, Mr. Fishwick. If we have not returned at that hour, be good enough to swear an information against Mr. Dunborough and set the constables to work."

Mr. Dunborough muttered that it was on Sir George's head if ill came of it; but that said, swung sulkily on his heel, defeated. Mr. Fishwick, when the two were some way down the street, ran after Soane to ask, in a whisper, if his pistols were primed; then stood to watch them out of sight. When he turned, the servant whom he had left at the door of the inn had vanished. The lawyer made a shrewd guess that he would have an eye to his master's safety, and retired into the house better satisfied.

He got his breakfast early, and afterwards dozed a while, resting his aching bones in a corner of the coffee room. It was nine and after, and the tide of life was roaring through the city, when he roused himself, and to divert his suspense and fend off his growing stiffness went out to look about him. All was new to him, but he soon wearied of the main streets, where huge drays laden with puncheons of rum and bales of tobacco threatened to crush him at every corner, and tarry seamen, their whiskers hanging in ringlets, jostled him at every crossing. Turning aside into a quiet court, he stood to gaze at a humble wedding which was leaving a church. He watched the party out of sight, and then, the church door standing open, he took the fancy to stroll into the building. He looked about him, at the maze of dusty, high paneled pews, with little alleys winding hither and thither among them; at the great three decker with its huge sounding board; at the royal escutcheon, and the faded tables of the law, and was about to leave as aimlessly as he had entered when he espied the open vestry door, and, popping in his head, saw a folio bound in sheepskin lying open on a chest, a pen and ink beside it.

The attorney was in that state of fatigue of body and languor of mind when the smallest trifle amuses. He tiptoed in, his hat in his hand, and, licking his lips at thought of the law cases that lay enshrined in the register, he perused a couple of entries with a kind of enthusiasm. He was beginning a third, which was a little hard to decipher, when a black gown that hung on a hook over against him swung noiselessly outward, and a little old man emerged from the door it masked.

The lawyer, who was stooping over the register, raised himself guiltily. "Hallo!" he said, to cover his confusion.

"Hallo!" said the old man, with a wintry smile. "A shilling, if you please," and he held out his hand.

"Oh!" said Mr. Fishwick, much chapfallen, "I was only just looking out of curiosity."

"It is a shilling to look," the newcomer retorted, with a chuckle. "Only one year, I think? Just so, anno domini seventeen hundred and sixty seven. A shilling, if you please."

Mr. Fishwick hesitated, but in the end professional pride swayed him; he drew out the coin, and grudgingly handed it over. "Well," he said, "it is a shilling for nothing; but I suppose, as you have caught me, I must pay."

"I've caught a many that way," the old fellow answered, as he pouched the shilling. "But there, I do a lot of work upon them. There is not a better register kept than that, nor a parish clerk that knows more about his register than I do, though I say it that should not. It is clean, and clean from old Henry eighth, with never a break except at the time of the siege, and there is an entry about that that you could see for another

shilling. No? Well, if you would like to see a year for nothing? No. Now, I know a lad, an attorney's clerk here, name of Chatterton, would give his ears for the offer. Perhaps your name is Smith?" the old fellow continued, peering curiously at Mr. Fishwick. "If it is, you may like to know that the name of Smith is in the register of burials just five hundred and eighty three times—was last Friday. It is not Smith? Well, if it is Brown, it is there four hundred and seventy times—and one over!"

"That is an odd thought of yours," said the lawyer, staring at the conceit.

"So many have said," the old man chuckled. "But it is not Brown? Jones, perhaps? That comes four hundred and—oh, it is not Jones?"

"It is a name you won't be likely to have once, let alone four hundred times," said the lawyer, with a little pride—Heaven knows why.

"What may it be, then?" the clerk asked, fairly put on his mettle; and he drew out a pair of glasses and, settling them on his forehead, looked fixedly at his companion.

"Fishwick."

"Fishwick! Fishwick? Well, it is not a common name, and I cannot speak to it at this moment. But if it is here, I'll wager I'll find it for you. D'you see, I have them here in A B C order," he continued, bustling with an important air to a cupboard in the wall, whence he produced a thick folio bound in roughened calf. "Aye, here's Fishwick, in the burial book, do you see, volume two, page seventeen, anno domini 1750—seventeen years gone, that is. Will you see it? 'Twill be only a shilling. There's many pays out of curiosity to see their names."

Mr. Fishwick shook his head.

"Dods! man, you shall!" the old clerk cried generously, and turned the pages. "You shall see it for what you have paid. Here you are: '*Fourteenth of September, William Fishwick, aged eighty one, barber, West Quay, died the eleventh of the month.*' No, man, you are looking too low. Higher, higher! Here 'tis, do you see? Eh, what is it? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Mr. Fishwick muttered hoarsely. But he continued to stare at the page with a face struck suddenly sallow, and the hand that rested on the corner of the book shook as with the ague.

"Nothing?" said the old man, staring suspiciously at him. "I do believe it is something. I do b'lieve it is money. Well, it is five shillings to extract. So there!"

That seemed to change Mr. Fishwick's view. "It might be money," he confessed, still speaking thickly, and as if his tongue were too large for his mouth. "It might be," he repeated; "but—I am not very well this morning. Do you think you could get me a glass of water?"

"None of that!" the old man retorted sharply, with a sudden look of alarm. "I would not leave you alone with that book at this moment for all the shillings I have ever taken! No! So, if you want water, you've got to get it."

"I am better now," Mr. Fishwick answered; but the sweat which stood on his brow went far to belie his words. "I—yes, I think I'll take an extract. Sixty one, was he?"

"Eighty one, eighty one, it says. There's pen and ink, but you'll please to give me five shillings first. Thank you, kindly. Eh, but that is not the one! Ye're taking out the one above it."

"I'll have 'em all—for identification," Mr. Fishwick replied, wiping his forehead nervously.

"No need."

"I think I will."

"What, all?"

"Well, the one before and the one after."

"Dods, man, but that will be fifteen shillings!" the clerk cried, aghast at such extravagance.

"You'll only charge for the one I want," the lawyer said, with an effort.

"Well—we'll say five shillings for the other two."

Mr. Fishwick closed with the offer, and with a hand which was still unsteady paid the money and extracted the entries. Then he took his hat, and hurriedly, his eyes averted, turned to go.

"If it's money," said the old clerk, staring at him as if he could never satisfy his inquisitiveness, "you'll not forget me?"

"If it's money," said Mr. Fishwick, with a ghastly smile, "it shall be some in your pocket."

"Thank you kindly. Now who would have thought when you stepped in here you were stepping into a fortune—so to speak?"

"Just so," said Mr. Fishwick, a spasm distorting his face. "Who'd have thought it! Good morning!"

"And good luck!" bawled the clerk after him. "Good luck!"

Mr. Fishwick fluttered a hand backwards, but made no answer. He hastened to turn the corner; thence he plunged through a stream of traffic, and, having thus covered his trail, he went on rapidly, seeking a quiet corner. He found one in a court among some warehouses, and standing, pulled out the copy he had made from the register. It was neither on the first nor the second entry, however, that his eyes dwelt, while the hand

that held the paper shook as with the ague. It was the third fascinated him:

September 19th, at the Bee in Steep Street, Julia, daughter of Anthony and Julia Soane of Estcombe, aged three, and buried the 21st of the month.

Mr. Fishwick read it thrice, his lips quivering; then he slowly drew from a separate pocket a little sheaf of papers frayed and soiled with much and loving handling. He selected from these a slip; it was one of those Mr. Thomasson had surprised on the table in his room at the Castle. It was a copy of the attestation of birth "of Julia, daughter of Anthony Soane, of Estcombe, England, and Julia, his wife;" the date, August, 1747; the place, Dunquerque.

The attorney drew a long, quivering breath, and put the papers up again, the packet in the place from which he had taken it, the extract from the Bristol register in another pocket. Then, after drawing one or two more sighs, as if his heart were going out of him, he looked dismally upwards as in protest against Heaven. At length he turned and went back to the street, and there, with a strangely humble air, asked a passer by the nearest way to Steep Street.

The man directed him; the place was near at hand. In two minutes Mr. Fishwick found himself at the door of a small but decent grocer's shop, over the portal of which a gilded bee seemed to prognosticate more business than the fact performed. An elderly woman, stout and comfortable looking, was behind the counter. Eying the attorney as he came forward, she asked him what she could do for him, and before he answered reached for the snuff canister.

He took the hint, requested an ounce of the best Scotch and Havana mixed, and while she weighed it asked her how long she had lived there.

"Twenty six years, sir," she answered heartily, "old style. For the new I don't hold with it, nor them that meddle with thir 's above them. I am sure it brought me no profit," she continued, rubbing her nose. "I have buried a good husband and two children since they gave it us."

"Still, I suppose people died, old style?" the lawyer ventured.

"Well, well, may be."

"There was a death in this house seventeen years gone—this September, if I remember rightly," he said.

The woman pushed away the snuff and stared at him. "Two, for the matter of that," she said sharply. "But should I remember you?"

"No."

"Then, if I may make so bold, what is't to you?" she retorted. "Do you come from Jim Masterson?"

"He is dead," Mr. Fishwick answered.

She threw up her hands. "Lord! And he a young man, so to speak! Poor Jim! Poor Jim! It is ten years and more—aye, more—since I heard from him. And the child? Is that dead, too?"

"No, the child is alive," said the lawyer, speaking at a venture. "I am here on her behalf, to make some inquiries about her kinsfolk."

The woman's honest red face softened and grew motherly. "You may inquire," she said; "you'll learn no more than I can tell you. And there is no one left that's akin to her. The father was a poor Frenchman, a monsieur that taught the quality about here; the mother was one of his people—she came from Canterbury, where I am told there are French and to spare, but according to her account she had no kin left. He died the year after the child was born, and she came to lodge with me, and lived by teaching, as he had, but 'twas a poor livelihood, you may say, and when she sickened she died—just as a candle goes out."

"When?" said Mr. Fishwick, his eyes glued to the woman's face.

"The week Jim Masterson came to see us, bringing the child from foreign parts—that was buried with her. 'Twas said his child took the fever from her and got its death that way. But I don't know. I don't know. It is true they had not brought in the new style then; but——"

"You knew him before—Masterson, I mean?"

"Why, he had courted me!" was the good tempered answer. "You don't know much if you don't know that. Then my good man came along and I liked him better, and Jim went into service and married Oxfordshire way. But when he came to Bristol after his journey in foreign parts, 'twas natural he should come to see me, and my husband, who was always easy, would keep him a day or two—more's the pity, for in twenty four hours the child he had with him began to sicken, and died, and never was man in such a taking, though he swore the child was not his, but one he had adopted to serve a gentleman in trouble, and because his wife had none. Any way, it was buried along with my lodger, and nothing would serve but he must adopt the child she had left. It seemed ordained-like, they being of an age, and all. And I had two children and was looking for another, which never came, and the mother had left no more than buried her with a little help. So he took it with him, and we heard from him once or twice how it was, and that his wife

took to it, and then—well, writing's a burden. But "—with renewed interest—" she's a well grown girl by now, I guess?"

"Yes," said the attorney absently; "she's —she's a well grown girl."

"And is poor Jim's wife alive?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" the good woman answered thoughtfully. "If she were not, I'd think about taking to the girl myself. It's lonely at times without chick or child. And there's the shop to tend. She could help with that."

The attorney winced. He was looking wretched. But he had his back to the light, and she remarked nothing, save that he seemed to be a somber sort of body and poor company. "What was the Frenchman's name?" he asked, after a pause.

"Parry," said she; and then, sharply, "don't they call her by it?"

"It has an English sound," he said doubtfully, evading her question.

"That is the way he called it. But it was spelled Pare, just Pare."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fishwick. "That explains it." He wondered why he had asked what did not in the least matter; since, if she were not a Soane, it mattered not who she was. "Well, thank you," he continued after an interval, recovering himself with a sigh, "I am much obliged to you. And now—for the moment—good morning, ma'am. I must wish you good morning," he repeated hurriedly, and took up his snuff.

"But that is not all?" the good woman exclaimed in astonishment. "At any rate, you'll leave your name?"

Mr. Fishwick pursed up his lips and stared at her gloomily. "Name?" he said, at last. "Yes, ma'am—Brown. Mr. Peter Brown, the—the Poultry——"

"The Poultry!" she cried, gaping at him helplessly.

"Yes, the Poultry, London. Mr. Peter Brown, the Poultry, London. And now I have other business and shall—shall return another day. I must wish you good morning, ma'am. Good morning;" and thrusting his face into his hat Mr. Fishwick hurried precipitately into the street, and with singular recklessness hastened to plunge into the thickest of the traffic, leaving the good woman in a state of amazement.

Nevertheless, he reached the inn safely; and when Mr. Dunborough returned from a futile search, the failure of which condemned him to another twenty four hours in that company, the first thing he saw was the attorney's gloomy face awaiting them in a dark corner of the coffee room. The sight reproached him subtly, he knew not why; he was in the worst of tempers, and for want of a better outlet vented his spleen on the lawyer's head.

"Damn you!" he cried brutally, "your hang dog phiz is enough to spoil any sport! Hang me if I believe that there is such another mumping, whining, whimpering sneak in the 'varsal world! D'you think any one will have luck with your tallow face within a mile of him?" Then, longing but not daring to turn his wrath on Sir George, "What do you bring him for?" he cried.

"For my convenience," Sir George retorted, with a look of contempt that for the time silenced the other; and that said, Soane proceeded to explain to Mr. Fishwick, who had answered not a word, that the rogues had evaded them and got into hiding; but that by means of persons known to Mr. Dunborough it was hoped they would be heard from that day or the next. Then, struck by the attorney's sickly face, "I am afraid you are not well, Mr. Fishwick," Sir George continued, more kindly. "The night has been too much for you. I would advise you to lie down for a few hours and take some rest. If anything is heard I will send up to you."

Mr. Fishwick thanked him, without looking in his face; and after a minute or two he retired. Sir George looked after him and pondered a little on the change in his manner. Through the stress of the night Mr. Fishwick had shown himself alert and eager, ready and not lacking in spirit; now he had depression written large in his face, and walked and bore himself like a man sinking under a load of despondency.

All that day the messenger from the slums did not come, and between the two men down stairs strange relations prevailed. Sir George dared not let the other out of his sight; yet there were times when they came to the verge of blows, and nothing but the knowledge of Sir George's swordsmanship could have kept Mr. Dunborough's temper within bounds. At dinner, at which Sir George insisted that the attorney should sit down with them, Dunborough drank a good deal of wine, and in his cups fell into a strain peculiarly provoking.

"Lord! you make me sick!" he said. "All this bother about a girl that a month ago your high mightiness would not have looked at in the street. You are vastly virtuous now, and sneer at me, but damme, which of us loves the girl best? Take away her money, and will you marry her? I'd a done it, without a rag to her back. But take away her money, and will you do the same, Mr. Virtuous?"

Sir George, listening darkly and putting a great restraint on himself, did not answer. But in a moment Mr. Fishwick got up sud-

denly and hurried from the room—so abruptly that he left his glass in fragments on the floor.

XXVIII.

Lord Almeric continued to vapor and romance as he mounted the stairs. Mr. Pomeroy attended sneering at his heels. The tutor followed, and longed to separate them. He had his fears for the one and the other, and was relieved when his lordship, at the last moment, hung back, and with a foolish chuckle proposed a course that did more honor to his vanity than his taste.

"Hist!" he whispered. "Do you two stop outside a minute, and you'll hear how kind she'll be to me. I'll leave the door ajar, and then in a minute do you come in, and roast her! Lord, 'twill be as good as a play!"

Mr. Pomeroy shrugged his shoulders. "As you please," he growled. "But I have known a man go to shear and be shorn!"

Lord Almeric smiled loftily, and waiting for no more, winked to them, turned the handle of the door, and simpered in.

Had Mr. Thomasson entered with him the tutor would have seen at a glance that he had wasted his fears, and that trouble threatened from a different quarter. The girl, her face a strange blaze of excitement and shame and eagerness, stood in the recess of the farther window seat, as far from the door as she could go, her attitude that of one driven into a corner. And from that about her her lover should have taken warning. But Lord Almeric saw nothing. Crying, "Most lovely Julia!" he tripped forward to embrace her, the wine emboldening him. She checked him by a gesture unmistakable even by a man in his flustered state.

"My lord," she said hurriedly, yet in a tone of pleading, and her head hung a little and her cheeks began to flame, "I ask your forgiveness for having sent for you. Alas, I have also to ask your forgiveness for a more serious fault, and—and one which you may find it less easy to pardon!"

"Try me!" the little beau answered with ardor, and struck an attitude. "What would I not forgive to the loveliest of her sex?" And under cover of his words he endeavored to come within reach of her.

She waved him back. "No!" she said. "You do not understand."

"Understand?" he cried effusively. "I understand enough to—but why, my Chloe, these alarms? This bashfulness? Sure," he spouted,

> "How can I see you, and not love,
> While you as opening east are fair?
> While cold as northern blasts you prove,
> How can I love and not despair?"

And then in wonder at his own readiness, "S'help me, that's uncommon clever of me!" he said. "But when a man is in love with the most beautiful of her sex——"

"My lord," she cried, stamping the floor in her impatience, "I have something serious to say to you. Must I ask you to return to me at another time, or will you be good enough to listen to me now?"

"Sho, if you wish it, child!" he said easily, taking out his snuff box. "And, to be sure, there is time enough. But between us, sweet one——"

"There is nothing between us!" she cried impetuously, snatching at the word. "That is what I wanted to tell you. Do you not understand? I made a mistake when I said there should be. I was mad—I was wicked, if you like. Do you hear me, my lord?" she continued passionately. "It was a mistake. I did not know what I was doing. And now I do understand, I take it back."

Lord Almeric gasped. He heard the words, but the meaning seemed incredible, inconceivable; the misfortune, if he heard aright, was too terrible; the humiliation too overwhelming! He had brought listeners—and for this! "Understand?" he cried, looking at her in a confused, chapfallen way. "But hang me if I do understand? You don't mean to say—oh, it is impossible; stuff me, it is!—you don't mean that—that you'll not have me? After all that has come and gone, ma'am?"

She shook her head, pitying him; blaming herself for the plight in which she had placed him. "I sent for you, my lord," she said humbly, "that I might tell you at once. I could not rest until I had told you. And believe me, I am very, very sorry."

"But do you really mean—that you—you jilt me?" he cried, still fighting off the dreadful truth.

"Not jilt," she said, shivering.

"But that you won't have me?"

She nodded.

"After—after saying you would?" he wailed.

"I cannot," she answered, her face scarlet. Then, "Cannot you understand?" she cried impatiently. "I did not know until—until you went to kiss me."

"But—oh, I say—but you love me?" he protested.

"No, my lord," she said firmly; "and there you must do me the justice to acknowledge that I never said I did."

He dashed his hat on the floor; he was almost weeping. "Oh, damme!" he cried, "a woman should not—should not treat a man like this! It's low! It's——"

A knock on the door stopped him. Recollections of the listeners, whom he had mo-

mentarily forgotten, overwhelmed him. He sprang with an oath to shut the door; before he could intervene Mr. Pomeroy appeared smiling on the threshold, and behind him the reluctant tutor.

Lord Almeric swore, and Julia, affronted, drew back, frowning. But Bully Pomeroy would see nothing. "A thousand pardons, if I intrude," he said, bowing low that he might hide a lurking grin, "but his lordship was good enough to say down stairs that he would present us to the lady who had consented to make him happy. We little thought last night, madam, that so much beauty and so much goodness were reserved for one of us!"

Lord Almeric looked ready to cry. Julia, darkly red, was certain that they had overheard, and glared at the intruders, her foot tapping the floor. No one answered, and Mr. Pomeroy, after looking from one to the other in assumed surprise, pretended to hit on the reason. "Oh, I see, I spoil sport!" he cried, with coarse joviality. "Curse me if I meant to! I fear we have come malapropos, my lord, and the sooner we are gone the better!

> "And though she found his usage rough,
> Yet in a man 'twas well enough!"

he continued, with his head on one side and an impudent leer. "We are interrupting the turtle doves, Mr. Thomasson, and had better be gone."

"Curse you, why did you ever come?" my lord cried furiously. "But she won't have me! So there! Now you know!"

Mr. Pomeroy struck an attitude of astonishment. "Won't have you!" he cried. "Oh, stap me, you are biting us!"

"I'm not! And you know it!" the poor little blood cried, tears of vexation in his eyes. "You know it, and you are roasting me!"

"Know it?" Mr. Pomeroy answered, in tones of righteous indignation. "I know it? So far from knowing it, my dear lord, I cannot believe it! I understood that the lady had given you her word."

"So she did!"

"Then I cannot believe that a lady would anywhere, much less under my roof, take it back! Madam, there must be some mistake here," Mr. Pomeroy continued warmly. "It is intolerable that a man of his lordship's rank should be so treated. I'm forsworn if he has not mistaken you!"

"He does not mistake me now," she answered, trembling and blushing. "What error there was I have explained to him."

"But, damme——"

"Sir!" she said, her eyes sparkling, "what has happened is between his lordship and myself. Interference on the part of any one else is an intrusion, and I shall treat it as such. His lordship understands——"

"Curse me, he does not look as if he understood!" Mr. Pomeroy cried, allowing all his native coarseness to appear. "Sink me, ma'am, there is a limit to prudishness! Fine words butter no parsnips. You plighted your troth to my guest, and I'll not see him thrown over in this fashion. I suppose a man has some rights under his own roof, and when his guest is jilted before his eyes"—here Mr. Pomeroy frowned like Jove— "it is well you should know, ma'am, that a woman, no more than a man, can play fast and loose at pleasure!"

She looked at him with disdain. "Then the sooner I leave your roof the better, sir!" she said, with spirit.

"Not so fast there, either!" he answered, with an unpleasant smile. "You will leave it when we choose, and that is flat, my girl. This morning, when my lord did you the honor to ask you, you gave him your word. Perhaps tomorrow morning you'll be of the same mind again. Any way, you will wait until tomorrow and see."

"I shall not wait on your pleasure," she cried.

"You will wait on it! Or 'twill be the worse for you."

Burning with indignation, she looked to the other two, her breath coming quick; but Mr. Thomasson gazed gloomily at the floor and would not meet her eyes, and Lord Almeric, who had thrown himself into a chair, was glowering sulkily at his shoes. "Do you mean," she cried, "that you will dare to detain me?"

"If you put it so," he answered, grinning, "I think I dare take it on myself."

His voice full of mockery, his insolent eyes, stung her to the quick. "I will see if that is so!" she cried, fearlessly advancing on him. "Lay a finger on me if you dare. I am going out. Make way, sir."

"You are not going out!" he cried between his teeth; and held his ground in front of her.

When she was within reach of him her courage failed her, and they stood a second or two gazing at one another, the girl with heaving breast and cheeks burning with indignation, the man with cynical watchfulness. Suddenly, shrinking from actual contact with him, she sprang nimbly aside and was at the door before he could intercept her. But, with a rapid movement, he turned on his heel and, seizing her round the waist before she could open the door, dragged her shrieking from it, and with an oath flung her panting and breathless into the window seat. "There!" he cried fero-

ciously, his blood fired by the struggle, "lie there! And behave yourself, my lady, or I'll find means to quiet you. For you," he continued, turning fiercely on the tutor, whose face the sudden scuffle and the girl's screams had blanched to the hue of paper, "did you never hear a woman squeak before? And you, my lord? Are you so dainty? But to be sure 'tis your lordship's mistress," he continued ironically. "Your pardon! I forgot that. There, she is none the worse, and 'twill bring her to reason."

But the struggle and the girl's cries had shaken my lord's nerves. "Damn you!" he cried hysterically, "you should not have done that."

"Pooh, pooh!" Mr. Pomeroy answered lightly. "Do you leave it to me, my lord. She does not know her own mind. 'Twill help her to find it. And now, if you'll take my advice, you'll leave her to a night's reflection."

But Lord Almeric only repeated, "You should not have done that."

Mr. Pomeroy's face showed his scorn for the man whom a cry or two and a struggling woman had frightened. He could only look at it one way. "I understand that is the right line to take," he said, and he laughed unpleasantly. "No doubt it will be put to your lordship's credit. But now, my lord," he continued, "let us go. You will see she will have come to her senses by tomorrow."

The girl had remained passive since her defeat; but at that she rose from the window seat where she had sat slaying them with furious glances. "My lord," she cried passionately, "if you are a man, if you are a gentleman, you'll not suffer this."

But Lord Almeric, who had now recovered from his temporary panic and was as angry with her as with Pomeroy, shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't know!" he said resentfully. "It has naught to do with me, ma'am. I don't want you kept, but you have behaved uncommon low to me, sink me, you have! And 'twill do you good to think on it! Stap me, it will!"

And he turned on his heel and sneaked out.

Mr. Pomeroy laughed insolently. "There is still Tommy," he said. "Try him. See what he'll say to you. It amuses me to hear you plead, my dear, you put so much spirit into it. As my lord said, 'tis as good as a play."

She flung him a look of scorn, but did not answer. Mr. Thomasson shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "There are no horses," he faltered, cursing his indiscreet companion. "But Mr. Pomeroy means well, I know. And as there are no horses, even if nothing prevented you—you could not go tonight, you see."

Mr. Pomeroy burst into a shout of laughter, and clapped the stammering tutor (fallen miserably between two stools) on the back. "There's a champion for you!" he cried. "Beauty in distress! Lord, how it fires his blood and turns his look to flame! What, going, Tommy?" he continued, as Mr. Thomasson, unable longer to bear his raillery or the girl's fiery scorn, turned and fled ignobly. "Well, my pretty dear, I see we are to be left alone. And damme, quite right too, for we are the only man and the only woman of the party, and should come to an understanding."

Julia looked at him with shuddering abhorrence. They were alone; the sound of the tutor's retreating footsteps was growing faint. She pointed to the door. "If you do not go," she cried, her voice shaking with rage, "I will rouse the house! I will call your people! Do you hear me? I will so cry to your servants that you shall not for shame dare to keep me! I will break this window and cry for help!"

"And what do you think I should be doing meanwhile?" he retorted, with an ugly leer. "I thought I had shown you that two could play at that game. But there, child, I like your spirit! I like you for it! You are a girl after my own heart, and, damme, we'll live to laugh at those two old women yet!"

She shrank farther from him with an unmistakable expression of loathing. He saw it and scowled, but for the moment he kept his temper. "Fie! the little Masterson playing the grand lady!" he said. "But there, you are too handsome to be crossed, my dear. You shall have your own way for tonight, and I'll come and talk to you tomorrow, when your head is cooler and those two fools are out of the way. And if we quarrel, my beauty, we can but kiss and make it up. Look on me as your friend," he continued, with a leer from which she shrank, "and I vow you'll not repent it."

She did not answer—she only pointed to the door; and, finding that he could draw nothing from her, he went at last. But on the threshold he turned, met her eyes with a grin of meaning, and took the key from the inside of the lock. She heard him put it in on the outside and turn it, and had to grip one hand with the other to stay the scream that rose in her throat. She was brave beyond most women, but the ease with which he had mastered her, the humiliation of contact with him, the conviction of her helplessness in his grasp, were on her still. They filled her with dread, which grew more definite as the light, already low in corners, failed and the shadows thickened about the

dingy furniture; and she crouched alone against the barred window, listening for the first tread of a coming foot—and dreading the night.

XXIX.

Mr. Pomeroy chuckled as he went down the stairs. Things had gone so well for him he owed it to himself to see that they went better. He had gone up determined to effect a breach, even if it cost him my lord's enmity. He descended, the breach made, the prize open to competition, and my lord obliged by friendly offices and unselfish service!

Mr. Pomeroy smiled. "She is a saucy baggage, but I've tamed worse," he muttered. "'Tis the first step is hard, and I have taken that. Now to deal with old Mother Olney. If she were not such a silly old fool, or if I could get rid of her and Jarvey, and put in the Tamplins, all would be easy. But she'd talk! The kitchen wench need know nothing; and for visitors, there are none in this damp old hole! So win over Mother Olney and the parson, and I don't see where I can fail. The wench is here safe and tight, and bread and water, damp and loneliness, will do a great deal. And she don't deserve better treatment, hang her impudence!"

But when he appeared in the hall an hour later, his gloomy face told a different story. "Where's Doyley?" he growled; and, stumbling over a dog, kicked it howling into a corner. "Has he gone to bed?"

The tutor, brooding sulkily over his wine, looked up. "Yes," he said, as rudely as he dared—he was sick with disappointment. "He is going in the morning."

"And a good riddance!" Pomeroy cried, with an oath. "He's off it, is he? He gives up?"

The tutor nodded gloomily. "His lordship is not the man," he said, with an attempt at his usual manner, "to—to——"

"To win the odd trick unless he holds six tricks," Mr. Pomeroy cried. "No, by God, he is not! You are right, parson. But so much the better for you and me."

Mr. Thomasson sniffed. "I don't follow you," he said stiffly.

"Don't you? You weren't so dull years ago," Mr. Pomeroy answered, filling a glass as he stood. He held it in his hand and looked over it at the other, who, ill at ease, fidgeted in his chair. "You could put two and two together then, parson, and you can put five and five together now. They make ten—thousand."

"I don't follow you," the tutor repeated, steadfastly looking away from him.

"Why? Nothing is changed since we talked—except that he is out of it, and that that is done for me for nothing which I offered you five thousand to do. But I am generous, Tommy. I am generous."

"The next chance is mine," Mr. Thomasson cried, with a glance of spite.

Mr. Pomeroy, looking down at him, laughed—a galling laugh. "Lord, Tommy, that was a hundred years ago!" he said contemptuously.

"You said nothing was changed."

"Nothing is changed in my case," Mr. Pomeroy answered confidently, "except for the better. In your case everything is changed—for the worse. Did you take her part up stairs? Are your hands clean now? Does she see through you, or does she not? Or, put it in another way, Mr. Parson. It is your turn. What are you going to do?"

"Go," said the tutor viciously. "And glad to be quit."

"You withdraw?"

Mr. Thomasson shrugged his shoulders.

Mr. Pomeroy sat down opposite him. "You'll withdraw, but you'll not go," he said, in a low voice; and, drinking off half his wine, set down the glass and regarded the other over it. "Five and five are ten, Tommy. You are no fool, and I am no fool."

"I am not such a fool as to put my neck in a noose," the tutor retorted; "and there is no other way of coming at what you want."

"There are twenty," Pomeroy returned coolly. "And, mark you, if I fail, you are spun, whether you help me or no. You are blown on, or I can blow on you! You'll get nothing for your cut on the head."

"And what shall I get if I stay?"

"I have told you."

"The gallows?"

"No, Tommy; eight hundred a year."

Mr. Thomasson sneered incredulously, and, making it plain that he refused to think, thought! He had risked so much in this enterprise, gone through so much; and to lose it all! He cursed the girl's fickleness, her coyness, her obstinacy! He hated her. And, do what he might for her now, he doubted if he could cozen her or get much from her. Yet in that lay his only chance, apart from Mr. Pomeroy. His eye was cunning and his tone sly when he spoke again.

"You forget one thing," he said. "I have only to open my lips after I leave."

"And I am nicked?" Mr. Pomeroy answered. "True; and you will get a hundred guineas—and have a worse than Dunborough at your heels."

The tutor wiped his brow. "What do you want?" he whispered.

"That old hag Olney has turned rusty," Pomeroy answered. "She has got it into

her head something is going to be done to the girl. I sounded her, and I cannot trust her. I could send her packing, but Jarvey is not much better, and talks when he is drunk. So the girl must be got from here."

Mr. Thomasson raised his eyebrows scornfully.

"You need not sneer, you fool!" Pomeroy said, with a little spurt of rage. "'Tis no harder than to get her here?"

"Where will you take her?"

"To Tamplin's farm, by the river. There you are no wiser, but you may trust me. I can hang the man, and the woman is no better. They have done this sort of thing before. Once get her there, and sink me, she'll be glad to see the parson!"

The tutor shuddered. The water was growing very deep. "I'll have no part in it!" he said firmly. "No part in it, so help me God!"

"There's no part for you!" Mr. Pomeroy answered, with grim patience. "Your part is to thwart the scheme."

Mr. Thomasson, half risen from his chair, sat down again. "What do you mean?" he muttered.

"You are her friend. Your part is to help her to escape. You'll sneak to her room, and tell her that you'll steal the key when I'm drunk after dinner. She'll be ready at eleven, you'll let her out, and have a chaise waiting at the end of the avenue. It will be there, you'll put her in, you'll go back to the house. I suppose you see it now?"

The tutor stared in stupefaction. "She'll get away," he said.

"Half a mile," Mr. Pomeroy answered dryly, as he filled his glass. "Then I shall stop the chaise—with a pistol if you like—jump in—a merry surprise for the nymph—and before twelve we shall be at Tamplin's. And you'll be free of it."

Mr. Thomasson pondered, his face flushed, his eyes moist. "I think you are the devil!" he said at last.

"Is it a bargain? And see here: his lordship has gone silly on that girl. You can tell him before he leaves what you are going to do. He'll leave easy, and you'll have an evidence—of your good intentions!" Mr. Pomeroy added with a chuckle.

"I'll not do it!" Mr. Thomasson cried faintly. "I'll not do it!"

But he sat down again, their heads came together across the table; they talked long in low voices. Presently Mr. Pomeroy fetched pen and paper from a table in one of the windows, where they lay along with odd volumes of Crebillon, a tattered Hoyle on whist, and Foote's jest book. Something was written and handed over, and the two rose.

Mr. Thomasson would have liked to say a word before they parted as to no violence being contemplated or used; something smug and fair seeming that might go to show that his right hand did not understand what his left was doing. But even his impudence was unequal to the task, and, with a shamefaced good night, he secured the memorandum in his pocketbook and sneaked up to bed.

He need have lost no time in carrying out Pomeroy's suggestion to make Lord Almeric his confidant, for he found his lordship awake, tossing and turning in the shade of the green moreen curtains, in a pitiable state between chagrin and rage. But the tutor's nerve failed him. He had few scruples, but he was weary and sick at heart, and for that night felt that he had done enough. So, to all my lord's inquiries, he answered as sleepily as consisted with respect, until the young roué's suspicions were aroused, and on a sudden he sat up in bed, his nightcap quivering on his head.

"Tommy," he cried feverishly, "what is afoot down stairs? Now, do you tell me the truth!"

"Nothing," said Mr. Thomasson soothingly.

"Because—well, she's played it uncommon low on me, uncommon low she's played it," my lord repeated pathetically; "but fair is fair, and willing's willing! And I'll not see her hurt. Pom's none too nice, I know, but he's got to understand that. I'm none of your Methodists, Tommy, as you are aware—no one more so! But s'help me, no one shall lay a hand on her against her will!"

"My dear lord, no one is going to," said the tutor, quaking in his bed.

"That is understood, is it? Because it had better be!" the little lord continued, with unusual vigor. "I vow and protest I have no cause to stand up for her. She's a saucy baggage, and has treated me with—with cursed disrespect. But—oh, Lord, Tommy!—I'd have been a good husband to her. I would, indeed. And been kind to her! And now—she's made a fool of me. She's made a fool of me!"

And my lord took off his nightcap and wiped his eyes with it.

XXX.

JULIA passed such a night as a girl instructed in the world's ways might be expected to pass in her position and after the rough treatment of the afternoon. The room grew dark, the dismal garden and weedy pool that closed the prospect faded from sight, and still as she crouched by the

barred window or listened breathlessly at the door all that part of the house lay silent; not a sound of life came to the ear.

By turns she resented and welcomed this. At one time, pacing the floor in a fury of rage and indignation, she was ready to dash herself against the door, or scream and scream and scream until some one came to her. At another the recollection of Pomeroy's sneering smile, of his insolent grasp, returned to chill and terrify her; and she hid in the darkest corner, hugged the solitude, and, scarcely daring to breathe, prayed that the silence might endure forever.

But the hours in the dark room were long and cold, and at times the fever of rage and fear left her in a chill. Of this came another phase that she had, as the night wore on and nothing happened. Reverting bitterly to him who should have been her protector, but had become her betrayer, and by his treachery plunged her into all this misery, a sudden doubt of his guilt flashed into her mind and blinded her by its brilliance. Had she done him an injustice? Had all been a plan concerted not by him, but by Mr. Thomasson and his confederates? The setting down near Pomeroy's gate the reception at his house, the rough, hasty suit paid to her—were all these parts of a cunningly arranged drama? And was he innocent? Was he still her lover—almost her husband?

Oh, God, if she could think so! She rose and softly walked the floor, tears raining down her face. Oh, God, if she could be sure of it! At the mere thought she glowed from head to foot with happy shame. And fear? If this were so, if his love were still hers, and hers the only fault of doubting him, she feared nothing! Nothing! She felt her way to a tray in the corner where her last meal remained untasted, and ate and drank humbly, and for him. She might need her strength.

She had finished and was groping her way back to the window seat when a faint rustle, as of some one moving outside the door, caught her ear. In the darkness, brave as she had fancied herself an instant before, a great horror of fear came on her at that. She stood rooted to the spot and heard the noise again. It was followed by the sound of a hand passed stealthily over the door, feeling, as she thought, for the key; she could have shrieked in her helplessness. But while she stood, her face turned to stone, came relief. A cautious voice, subdued in fear, whispered, "Hist, ma'am, hist!"

She could have fallen on her knees in thankfulness. "Yes?" she cried eagerly. "Who is it?"

"It is me—Olney!" was the wary answer. "Keep a heart, ma'am! They are gone to bed. You are quite safe."

"Can you let me out?" Julia cried. "Oh, let me out!"

"Let you out!"

"Yes, yes!"

"God forbid, ma'am!" was the horrified answer. "He'll kill me. And he has the key. But——"

"Yes? Yes?"

"Heart up, ma'am! Jarvey'll not see you hurt. Nor will I. So you may sleep easy. And good night!"

She stole away before Julia could answer; but she left comfort behind her. In a glow of thankfulness the girl pushed a heavy chair against the door, and, wrapping herself for warmth in the folds of the shabby curtains, lay down on the window seat. She was willing to sleep now, but the agitation of her thoughts, the whirl of fear and hope, as she went again and again over the old ground, kept her long awake. The moon had risen and run her course, decking the old garden and sluggish pool with a solemn beauty as of death, and was beginning to retreat before the dawn, when Julia slept at length.

When she awoke it was broad daylight. A moment she gazed upwards, wondering where she was and how she came there; the next a harsh, grating sound and the last notes of a mocking laugh brought her to her feet in a panic of remembrance.

The key was still turning in the lock—she saw it withdrawn; but the room was empty. And while she stood staring, heavy footsteps retired along the passage. The chair which she had set against the door had been pushed back, and milk and bread stood on the floor beside it.

She drew a deep breath; he had been there then. But her worst terrors had passed with the night. Outside the sun was shining, and all was light and cheerfulness. Through the morning she thought scorn of her jailer. She even panted to be face to face with him, that she might cover him with ridicule, overwhelm him with the shafts of her woman's wit and her woman's tongue; show him how little she feared and how greatly she despised him.

But he did not appear, and with the afternoon came a clouded sky, and weariness and reaction of spirits; and fatigue of body and something like illness; and on that a great terror. If they drugged her? If they tampered with her food? The thought was like a knife in her heart, and while she still writhed under it her ear caught the creak of a board in the passage without, and a furtive tread that came and softly went again, and once more returned. She stood, her heart

beating, and fancied she heard the sound of breathing on the other side of the door. Then her eye alighted on a something white at the foot of the door that had not been there a minute earlier. It was a note. While she gazed at it the footsteps stole away again.

She pounced on the note and opened it, thinking it might be from Mrs. Olney, though it seemed unlikely that that good woman could write. But the opening lines smacked of other modes of speech than hers, and though Julia had no experience of Mr. Thomasson's epistolary style, she felt no surprise on finding the initials "F. T." appended to the message.

"Honored lady," it ran: "You are in danger here, and I in no less of being held to account for acts which my soul abhors. Openly to oppose myself to Mr. P., the course my soul dictates, were dangerous for us both, and another must be found. If he drinks after dinner tonight I will, Heaven assisting, purloin the key and release you at ten, or as soon after as may be possible. Jarvey, who is honest, and fears the turn things are taking as too serious, will have a carriage waiting in the road. Be ready, hide this, and when you are free, though I ask no return for services attended by some risk, yet if you should desire to seek it, an easy way may appear of requiting,

"Madam, your devoted obedient servant,
"F. T."

Julia's face glowed. "He cannot do even a kind act as it should be done," she thought. "But, once away, it will be easy to reward him. And at least he shall tell me how I came here."

She spent the rest of the day divided between anxiety on that point—for Mr. Thomasson's intervention, welcome in other respects, went some way to weaken the theory she had built up with so much joy—and impatience for night to come and put an end to her suspense. She was now as much concerned to escape the ordeal of Mr. Pomeroy's visit as she had been, earlier in the day, to see him. And she had her wish. He did not come; she fancied he was not unwilling to let the dullness and loneliness, the monotony and silence of her prison, work their due effect on her mind.

Night, as welcome today as it had been unwelcome the previous day, fell at last, hiding the dingy familiar objects, the worn furniture, the dusky outlook. She counted the minutes, and before it was really nine o'clock was the prey of impatience, thinking the time past and gone and the tutor a poor deceiver. Ten was midnight to her; she hoped against hope, walking her narrow bounds, in the darkness. Eleven found her lying on her face, heaving dry sobs of despair, her hair disheveled. And then suddenly she sprang up; the key was grating in the lock. While she stared, half demented, scarcely believing her happiness, Mr. Thomasson appeared on the threshold, his head—he wore no wig—muffled in a woman's shawl, and a small shaded lanthorn in his hand.

"Come!" he said. "There is not a moment to be lost."

"Oh!" she cried hysterically—yet kept her shaking voice low, "I thought you were not coming! I thought it was all over."

"I am late," he answered hurriedly. "It is eleven o'clock, but I could not get the key before. Follow me close and silently, child, and in a few minutes you will be safe."

"Heaven bless you!" she cried, almost weeping; and would have taken his hand.

He turned from her so sharply that she marveled, for she had not judged him a man averse to thanks. But she set his manner down to the need of haste, and, taking the hint, prepared to follow him in silence. Holding the lanthorn before them so that its light fell on the floor, he listened an instant, then led the way on tiptoe down the corridor. The house was hushed round them; if a board creaked, it seemed to her scared ears a pistol shot. At the entrance to the gallery, which was partly illumined by lights still burning in the hall below, the tutor paused an instant to listen, then turned quickly from it, and by a narrow passage on the right gained a back staircase. Descending the narrow stairs, he guided her by devious turnings through dingy offices and servants' quarters until they stood in safety before an outer door. To withdraw the bar that secured it, while she held the lanthorn, was for the tutor the work of an instant. They passed through and he softly closed the door behind them.

After the confinement of her prison room the night air that chilled her temples was rapture to Julia, for it breathed of freedom. She turned her face up to the dark boughs that met and interlaced above her head, and whispered her thankfulness. Then, obedient to Mr. Thomasson's impatient gesture, she hastened to follow him along a dank path that skirted the wall of the house for a few yards, then turned off among the trees.

They had left the house no more than a dozen paces behind when Mr. Thomasson paused, as if in doubt, and raised his light. They were in a little beech coppice that grew close to the walls of the offices. The light showed the dark, shining trunks, standing in solemn rows on this side and that, and more than one path trodden across the roots. The lanthorn disclosed no more; but it was

enough. Mr. Thomasson pursued his path, satisfied, and less than a minute's walking brought them into the avenue.

Julia drew a breath of relief and looked behind and before. "Where is the carriage?" she whispered, shivering with excitement.

Before he answered he raised the lanthorn thrice to the level of his head, as if to make sure of his position, and lowered it again. Then, "In the road," he answered. "And the sooner you are in it the better, child, for I must get back and replace the key before he sobers—or 'twill be worse for me," he added snappishly, "than for you!"

"You are not coming with me?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"No, I—I can't quarrel with him," he answered hurriedly. "I am under obligations to him. And once in the carriage you'll be safe enough."

"Then, please to tell me this," Julia rejoined, her breath a little short. "Mr. Thomasson, did you know anything of my being carried off before it took place?"

"I?" he cried. "Did I know?"

"I mean—were you employed to bring me to Mr. Pomeroy's?"

"I employed? Good heavens, ma'am, what do you take me for?" cried the tutor, in righteous indignation. "No, ma'am; certainly not!" And then, blurting out the truth in his surprise, "Why, 'twas Mr. Dunborough!" he said. "And like him, too! Heaven keep us from him!"

"Mr. Dunborough?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes."

"Oh," she said, in a helpless, foolish kind of way. "It was Mr. Dunborough, was it?" And she begged his pardon so humbly, in a voice so broken by feeling and gratitude, that, bad man as he was, his soul revolted from the work he was upon; he stood still, the lanthorn swinging in his hand.

She misinterpreted his movement. "Are we right?" she said anxiously. "You don't think we are out of the road?" Though the night was dark and it was difficult to make out anything beyond the circle of light thrown by the lanthorn, it struck her that the avenue they were traversing was not the one by which she had approached the house two nights before. The trees seemed to stand farther from one another and to be smaller. Or was it her fancy?

At any rate, it was not that which had moved him to stand; for presently, with a curious sound between a groan and a curse, he led the way on, without answering her. Fifty paces brought them to the gate, and the road. Thomasson held up his lanthorn and looked over the gate.

"Where is the carriage?" she whispered, startled by the darkness and silence.

"It should be here," he answered, his voice betraying his perplexity. "It should be here at this gate. But I—I don't see it."

"Would it have lights?" she asked anxiously. He had opened the gate; as she spoke they passed through, and stood looking up and down the road. The moon was obscured, and the lanthorn's rays were of little use to find a carriage which was not there.

"It should be here, and it should have lights," he said, in evident dismay. "I don't know what to think of it. I—ha! What is that? It is coming, I think. Yes, I hear it. It must have drawn off a little for some reason, and now they have seen the lanthorn."

He had only the sound of wheels to go upon, but he was right; she uttered a sigh of relief as the lights of a closed chaise, approaching round a bend of the road, broke upon them. They drew near and nearer, and he waved his light. For a brief second the driver appeared to be going to pass them; then, as Mr. Thomasson again waved his lanthorn and shouted, he drew up.

"Halloa!" he said.

Mr. Thomasson did not answer, but with a trembling hand hurriedly opened the door and pushed the girl in. "God bless you!" she murmured. "And——" He slammed the door, cutting short the sentence.

"Well!" the driver said, looking down, his face in shadow, "I am——"

"Go on!" Mr. Thomasson cried peremptorily, and, waving his lanthorn again, so startled the horses that they plunged away wildly, the man tugging vainly at the reins. The tutor fancied that he caught a faint scream from the inside of the chaise, but set it down to fright caused by the sudden jerk; and after standing long enough to assure himself that the carriage was keeping the road, he turned to retrace his steps to the house.

He was opening the gate, his thoughts no pleasant ones—for the devil pays scant measure—when his ear was surprised by the sound of wheels approaching from the direction whence the chaise had come. He stood to listen, thinking he heard an echo; but in a second or two he saw lights approaching precisely as the others had approached. Once seen, they came on so swiftly that he was still gaping in wonder, when a carriage and pair, a post boy riding, and a cloaked man sitting in the rumble, swept by, dazzling him a moment; the next it was gone, whirling away into the darkness.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNOUNCEMENT DINNER.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

How a young couple who had ideals, and were determined to live up to them, celebrated the anniversary of their engagement.

THEY were intensely modern. And so, when they decided to break off their engagement, it was not because they had had a lover's quarrel, or a third person had made trouble, or they had ceased to care for each other; or for any of the old fashioned reasons that prevailed in the foolish days when 'twas love that made the world go wrong. They came to their conclusion not via tears and reproaches, but by a reasonable and temperate process of analysis, sitting side by side on the studio divan.

"The year will be up next week," said Mildred sadly, "and we've failed."

"It isn't that we don't still love each other," Ernest protested. "I think, perhaps, in some ways——"

"But we've come down to affection and friendship and esteem and things like that," she broke in. "What we condemn in people who've been married several years, we've come to ourselves in one year's engagement. We've grown humdrum, used to each other. Do you know what Aunt Flora said of us the other day?"

"Something unpleasant and practical, I suppose."

"She said we seemed suited to one another, and would probably *jog along very comfortably when we were over our first silliness!*"

"The old bird of ill omen!"

"But, Ernest, the worst of it is"—Mildred's voice dropped impressively—"it's true! We've almost begun to jog already."

"I know it, Mildred," he admitted, in a discouraged tone.

"Life without thrills—ordinary, every day companionship, with no excitement, no impulses, no complications—oh, Ernest, we couldn't stand it!" she exclaimed. "We'd fall to such a bourgeois level. When we went on journeys, people would know we were married because we didn't talk to each other."

"I suppose we'd get to sitting on opposite sides of the table and reading all the evening," he said listlessly.

"We'd find it was not worth while to do little things or be clever and amusing just for us," she went on. "There would always have to be a third person present to stimulate us."

"We'd get sleepy at nine o'clock. And people would invite us to chaperon things."

"And we'd never discuss anything but the children." Mildred's voice was almost tearful. "We'd be twice as interested in them as we were in each other."

"I would *not* call you 'mamma,'" he exclaimed, with an emphatic thump at the cushions.

"Oh, yes, you would," she said sadly. "That or 'my dear.' I feel it. The prose is closing around us. We must break out at any cost. I'd rather give you up than see all the romance dulled out of you."

"I don't see why we can't make things exciting again," he said. "Think of those first six months—whew! I lost twenty pounds."

"And I had insomnia so that I nearly went crazy."

"We never just sat down and visited, as we do now. We couldn't be together five minutes without having a scene of some kind."

"Wasn't it lovely?" sighed Mildred. "Everything was so nice and complicated. I don't see how we ever became so brotherandsistery."

"Still, we always kiss each other if there aren't any people in the way," he protested.

"Yes; but if there are, we *can* wait. We don't sneak off, we don't even telegraph with our eyes. Even though we hold hands, like this, it doesn't mean what it did."

"We almost forget we're doing it," he admitted. "And now, when I see you fooling with some other fellow, I don't feel a tinge of jealousy. I'm even glad that you're having a good time. It's contemptibly tame. I've failed you dreadfully, Mildred."

"We've both been to blame," she answered, and they relapsed into thoughtful silence.

"The worst of breaking it off is the way people will talk," she went on presently. "They'll think we've quarreled or done something equally stupid. How can we let

them know that we parted in perfect friendliness?"

"We might give a dinner to announce the breaking of our engagement," he suggested, after a pause.

"Oh, beautiful!" she exclaimed. "The very thing. We'll sit together at the head of the table, and you can make a little speech. And oh, Ernest, it's just a year next Friday since we gave our engagement dinner and announced it!"

"A year next Friday," he echoed.

* * * *

When Ernest came Friday night he found the studio glimmering with wax candles under crimson shades, and Mildred in a pale green gown, with her shoulders bare, putting cards with names beside each place at the table. He stopped and straightened several of the shades, then bent down to kiss her. She lifted her face for it absently, her eyes still studying the list she held.

"Would you put Helen by——" she was beginning when there was a sound of voices in the corridor and the studio knocker rattled cheerfully. Their eyes met with a startled look of recollection. They had kissed each other for the last time!

When everybody had come, and talk was going gaily around and across the table, she took a thoughtful survey of the faces, then turned to him with a smile.

"Won't they be surprised when we tell them?" she said.

"We've about an hour and a half more," he said. "How shall we spend it? Have you worked up any last words?"

"Of course not. We're going to be just as good friends and see just as much of each other, aren't we? There won't be so very much difference."

"I don't suppose we can chase around together any more. We'll have to think of chaperons and things."

"What nonsense! I don't see why—I don't know, though." She had begun valiantly, but doubt set in and her voice weakened. "Perhaps it wouldn't do to take luncheon together—very often."

"No more little Italian dinners, I suppose. Do you remember the night I taught you to wind spaghetti around your fork?"

"And no more fricasseed crab and beer after the theater. We've been deliciously free, haven't we? I had forgotten I was ever anything else. Why, Ernest, I can't give up all our dear little bats. Surely we can keep them up some?"

"Unless one of us should marry some one else. That always spoils everything."

"Oh, I shan't marry," she exclaimed quickly. "If I couldn't keep out of the humdrum with you, there isn't a soul on earth I'd dare try it with. Would you, after a failure like this?"

"I shouldn't want to. Still, men are such fools. I wouldn't bet on myself," he answered, with an air of reluctant honesty.

She looked troubled.

"It's too bad we can't be merely engaged, without being engaged to be married," she said.

A general silence framing a single emphatic voice made them look up.

"Even if they are in love, they might answer their guests' questions," some one was saying.

Mildred colored a little, perhaps from force of habit, and they both plunged dutifully into the general conversation. The minutes went by very fast. She felt as though the big clock behind her were a telegraph instrument ticking off with its muffled beats a message that would shock that laughing throng into silence when it was read out to them; a message that would make this day one of the few great dates of her life. Once Ernest dropped his napkin, a favorite trick of his when love was new to them, and, smiling to herself, she slipped her hand down where he might kiss it as he stooped. But he, apparently, was intent only on the napkin this time, and came up without noticing the friendly fingers. She lifted her head a little higher and threw a shade more animation into her voice.

Salad was on the table before the talk drifted away again and left them free.

"Mildred, you'll only be engaged to me about fifteen minutes more," he whispered. "Please make love to me."

Her eyes relented into a smile.

"I should think I could do that even if we weren't engaged," she said. "I used to!"

"But then we knew we were going to be, so that made it all right. Otherwise, I shouldn't have allowed it for a minute." His eyes were at their old tricks, shining straight down into hers. His voice had gone back six months.

"I've forgotten how," she said, though any one could see she was lying. "What did I use to begin with?"

"Two words, very little ones, apropos of nothing at all. As I remember, they were——" He broke off.

"*Do you?*" she finished, half under her breath.

"Mildred, I've had a quarrel with Helen," some one called out. "May I go and sit at the other end of the table? There's a girl there I like a great deal better."

The talk closed up around them again, and did not leave them till the ices were half over. Then Ernest's mood seemed to have changed.

"Shall I do my speech before the coffee or after?" he asked in a businesslike tone.

"Oh, after—don't you think so?" she answered nervously. "What are you going to say?"

"Just what we planned. I'll begin with the fact that this is the anniversary of our engagement dinner."

"Didn't we have fun that night?" she said, with a quick breath.

"That though our engagement has been an extremely happy one——"

"Indeed it has, Ernest!"

"And we have cared for each other as much as two mortals could——"

"More, ever so much more."

"We have decided to sever the engagement."

"To sever the engagement," she repeated in a little whisper.

"We do this as a protest against the flat monotony of the married state as we have seen it. We thought at first we could record our protest most effectively by marrying and showing the world the interesting possibilities it was missing. But the last year has convinced us—is that about what you wanted?"

"It's very good," she faltered.

"I'll tell them we found we were in danger of sliding into the utterly tame and commonplace relationship——"

"Worse than that, of—of almost getting to like it best," she said, tracing the pattern of the table cloth with the tip of her coffee spoon.

"Perhaps," he admitted.

"We might even grow to prefer life without thrills, and comradeship, and affection, and things. I don't say that we'd really come down to that level, but still, you know, we might."

"Yes, we might."

"When all your ideals were one way, it would be dreadful to find you liked another way best," she went on, dropping the sugar slowly into her coffee.

"Yes," he assented.

"We'll—we'll still be very fond of each other." The coffee spoon shook so that she laid it down again.

"The best friends in the world, Milly." His voice had gone back twelve months now, and she pressed her clenched fingers against her lips.

"Let's drink their health, to remind them we're still here," broke in a voice. The glasses were held up to them, and they laughed and nodded back.

"Speech, Ernest! Speech!" came next.

"Now?" he whispered to Mildred. She opened her lips, then suddenly lowered her head without answering. He rose slowly.

"A year ago tonight," he began, "you were all here in honor of our engagement, which was announced that evening. Tonight we have invited you again, to announce——" He paused and glanced down at Mildred, whose hands were tightly locked in her lap. "To announce that we are to be married next month," he concluded, sitting down.

There was a joyous noise, and Mildred turned to him, showing flushed cheeks and wet eyes.

"The minute that knocker sounded, I knew that we couldn't do it," he whispered, stooping for his napkin.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

I SING you a song of the summer time,
I sing! I sing!
Of rainbows, of sunshine, and of showers,
I sing! I sing!
Of the bees and birds and babbling brooks,
Of the bright blue skies and the shady nooks,
Of the fields and forests, the fruits and flowers,
I sing!

I sing you a song of vacation time,
I sing! I sing!
Health, happiness, and long life to thee!
I sing! I sing!
Of peace and love and blessed rest,
Of the Giver of all that is good and best—
I sing you a song of eternity!
I sing!

Ogden Ward.

THE STAGE

AN OVERCROWDED MARKET.

Viola Allen, looking toward her starring venture of the coming autumn, has more to think of than the possibility of success or failure. Her new departure means putting an entirely new company into the dramatic field, and opening another avenue of employment for the hundreds—indeed, we might more truthfully say the thousands—of players desiring positions.

Now Miss Allen has a personal acquaintance with many deserving girls who have taken up the stage, and it would give her great pleasure to find parts for all of them; but casts are not elastic, and aside from this she is conscientious enough to realize that her managers are risking a considerable sum of money on the enterprise, and that much depends on making the entertainment to be offered the public first rate at every point. Thus there is duty on the one side and inclination on the other for Miss Allen to contend with during this period of preparation. Almost all women on the stage have a soft spot in their hearts for others of their sex trying to get a foothold further up the ladder.

Among our portraits this month are those of two American girls, both graduates of dramatic schools, which more and more appear to be the source of supply for companies needing recruits. Sara Perry hails from St. Louis, and adopted the stage, neither because

FRANCES DRAKE, OF THE CASTLE SQUARE COMEDY COMPANY, BOSTON.

From a photograph by Dinturff, Syracuse.

SARA PERRY, OF THE CHARLES FROHMAN STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

MARY VAN BUREN, A MEMBER OF THE E. S. WILLARD COMPANY.
From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

her family were connected with the profession, nor for the reason that it was necessary for her to earn her living, but simply from a genuine love for the career. She is scarcely out of her teens, and has already made marked progress. She graduated from the Wheatcroft school of acting two years ago, and since then has played through a season as leading woman with William Gillette in "Secret Service," and this spring took Ida Conquest's place as *Babiole* in "The Conquerors."

The other portrait is that of Mary Van Buren, a Brooklyn girl, whose theatrical education was obtained in Boston. She played in "Tom Pinch" and "The Professor's Love Story" with E. S. Willard last winter, and Mr. Willard has engaged her for the coming season.

It is not just certain when this new season of Mr. Willard's will begin. It was arranged that he should open the Madison Square Theater—late Hoyt's—in September, but his severe illness has necessitated a change in his plans. Mr. Willard is an actor who is a modern instance of the scriptural condition of the prophet who is not without honor save in his own country. For the last three or four

years he has confined his tours to America almost exclusively. Though he seems to be unappreciated in England, he is a good artist, and we are glad to have him with us. Last

VIRGINIA EARL, LEADING WOMAN IN AUGUSTIN DALY'S MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS.
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

winter he was hampered by an uninteresting play, "The Physician," although it was one that observed most strictly certain canons of dramatic construction.

SHATTERING THE ILLUSION.

Mr. Willard is a stickler about preserving the atmosphere of a piece even after the curtain has fallen. Some time ago, in an interview on this subject, he stated that "if at the end of an act, in response to terrific applause, the artist should step from the stage picture to appear before the curtain, the illusion must suffer. Of course," he added, "while under another man's management I had to submit to his rules, but as soon as I secured a theater of my own I was enabled to put my theories into practice."

It is a pity that more of our players are not of Mr. Willard's way of thinking in this respect. At a recent performance of "Diplomacy," Frank Mordaunt, playing *Baron*

Stein, utterly ruined the famous scene of his exit in the third act by reappearing in response to long continued applause. The baron, as the playgoer may remember, is requested to leave the apartment, and his departure is made in impressive fashion. His reappearance utterly ruins an effective climax. If audiences cannot be relied upon to exercise discretion in the matter of applause, managers might educate them up to a sense of the fitness of things by a line or two on the program, just as women have been brought to see the justice of removing their obstructing headgear. The fact that Mr. Mordaunt was one of the proprietors of the company is no excuse for him. He should set a better example to his players, among whom he and Mr. Block had some capital actors during their summer stock season at the Columbus and Herald Square Theaters.

Amelia Bingham, of whom we give a new portrait, appeared in the opening play at the Herald Square, "Pink Dominos." Miss Bingham spent last winter at the Academy of Music in "The White Heather." It was probably owing to this lengthy period of employment in a big, barn-like house that her *Lady Wagstaff* in "Pink Dominos" spoke in tones so deeply bass as to be positively jarring. This was the more noticeable as the same play brought forward Gertrude Gheen, whose voice possesses the magic quality of

MARGUERITE LEMON, AN INDIANAPOLIS GIRL, A MEMBER OF THE DALY COMPANY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

MAUD HOFFMAN, AN OREGON GIRL, LATELY LEADING WOMAN WITH E. S. WILLARD.
From her latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

being agreeably distinct in all parts of the auditorium without appearing to be raised above the ordinary conversational tone.

THE CRITICS AND THE PUBLIC.

Nothing is so amusing—when it is not distracting to the theater goer who really wishes to ascertain the merits of a piece—as the spectacle of dramatic critics at loggerheads. A notable incident is furnished by two Chicago opinions of "The Circus Girl," which Mr. Daly presented there for the first time last month. The *Tribune* man asserted that "the two acts are strangely contrasted in tone. The

AMELIA BINGHAM, WHO PLAYED THROUGHOUT LAST SEASON WITH "THE WHITE HEATHER."
From a photograph by Hall, New York.

first act is really delightful." The reviewer for the *Chronicle* said that "nearly all of act one is simply tiresome wind and costumes; nobody does anything; nobody says or sings anything that might not just as well be compressed into a short scene."

It may be recalled that "The Circus Girl" was rather shabbily treated by the critics on its first production in New York in May, 1897. If we should subject it to an analysis to discover just why the people liked it well enough to warrant Mr. Daly in reviving it on two different occasions, simplicity of plot would seem to be the keynote to the explanation. The story practically begins in sight of the audience and finishes there. In its successor at the London Gaiety, "A Runaway Girl," the same rule appears to have been observed, and an unmistakable hit is the result.

Virginia Earl should be admirably suited with the title part in this new concoction of music and fun—although, to be sure, it does not matter much what the part, as Miss Earl possesses that dramatic talisman, a quality which if it is not inherent can never be acquired—magnetism.

Besides one of Miss Earl, we give a portrait of another member of the Daly forces, Marguerite Lemon, who was the one redeeming bright spot in that dreary Japanese curtain raiser "Lili Tsi," and whose *Mimosa San* in "The Geisha" was a pleasant sight for the

eye and a melodious feast for the ear. Miss Lemon went on the stage some three years ago, but the failure of the opera in which she appeared caused her to beat a hasty retreat, and she confined herself to church choir singing until her engagement with Mr. Daly last spring.

E. H. SOTHERN.

From his latest photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

NO MIDDLE GROUND.

Stock companies are persistently forcing themselves to the front again. To be sure, they are associated, more or less, with cheap prices and old plays, but the public surely will not quarrel with the first condition, and it is much more satisfactory to see a good old play twice than a new poor one once.

It is a fact worth remembering that half way measures in this matter of prices generally meet with disaster. The Herald Square stock advertised popular rates, but held the eleven front rows of the orchestra at a dollar—and there was always plenty of sitting room in the house. In Boston the Castle Square Comedy Company has been filling the theater of that name for more than a year at 50 cents for the best seats. There is a matinée every day in the week (with 25 cents the highest price) and there are actors of established reputation in the casts such as J. H. Gilmour, Walter Perkins, Maude Odell, and Frances Drake. Among the plays produced are such universal favorites as "The Charity Ball," "An Enemy to the King," "Charley's Aunt," and "All the Comforts of Home."

GLADYS WALLIS, WHO LATELY PLAYED THE TITLE RÔLE IN "THE LADY SLAVEY."
From her latest photograph by Falk, New York.

We may add that this organization has no connection with the Castle Square Opera Company, which sprang into being at this same theater some five years ago.

SOTHERN AS A VILLAIN.

In all his plays E. H. Sothern figures as a hero of heroes; it is difficult to imagine him as the villain of a piece, and yet it was his playing of such a rôle that set his feet in the pathway to success. He had been having bitter experiences on the road with various companies when on his return to New York he met a friend, who, as the capsheaf to the young actor's tribulations, asked him to listen to the reading of a play by a new author.

Sothern consented, and revenged himself by telling the dramatist that his play was a very poor one; but when, a year later, the piece was produced, the writer of it heaped coals of fire on his critic's head by offering him the part of the villain.

"You had such a wicked look in your eye while you were listening to the reading," the playwright explained, "that I never forgot it."

Sothern pocketed his pride, accepted the part, and so pleased Helen Dauvray with his acting of it that she engaged him as low comedian in the company that finally carried him to the attention of Dan Frohman.

Mr. Sothern is not only the star of his company, but the "realizer" of his plays as well. In other words, when a new production is decided on, he personally oversees the conversion of the author's directions into the settings and properties that make up the stage picture. And on tour he will not use a stick of furniture that he does not carry himself; all he asks of the theaters visited is a clear stage.

THE SEASON IN PROSPECT.

In printing a forecast of the New York season in this place just a year ago, we qualified our announcements with the statement that there would almost certainly be many changes of plan. This is an inherent condition of the theatrical business. Nothing can be determined in advance of the public's verdict. An unexpected success may overturn as many arrangements as an unlooked for failure. Maude Adams, with her "Little Minister," tore the Garrick's booking sheet to tatters.

However, plans of some sort managers must have, and here is a summary of metropolitan probabilities for at least the opening months of the season now just under the horizon.

Melodrama will lead off, as it usually does, in the latter part of August at the Academy of Music. "Sporting Life" is the name assigned to it this time, and Robert Hilliard is to have the rôle in which Leonard Boyne has been starring in England.

The reopening of the American may be looked for in the first half of September, with the Castle Square Opera Company in a repertoire which will doubtless contain a greater proportion of grand than light opera. The competition of the Metropolitan will tend to increase the audiences at the American rather than diminish them.

May Irwin's career as a manager begins at the Bijou early in September, when she stars Sam Bernard in "The Marquis of Michigan," following him at this house herself in "Kate Kipp, Buyer," her new play by Glen McDonough, which, with her wonted habit of flaunting defiance in the face of superstition, she tested on Friday, May 13, at Kansas City.

Francis Wilson is again the inaugural attraction at the Broadway, bringing forward a new opera on September 19. It is happily dubbed "The Little Corporal," and is by the men who were so successful in providing him with "Half a King." The scenes are laid in Brittany, Alexandria (Egypt), and the Desert of Sahara. An incident in the piece is Mr. Wilson's assumption of the character of Napoleon, brought about by a case of mistaken identity.

The annual review, having been presented much later than usual, will probably hold the stage at the Casino far into the autumn. Owing to the success of "The Belle of New York" in London, the shows prepared in future for this house will be built on the double barreled plan—that is to say, with a commercial eye on the British market.

Early in June a newspaper squib announced August 15 as the reopening date for Daly's, with R. A. Barnet's newest extravaganza, "The Queen of the Ballet," as the attraction. But although this is Mr. Daly's property, it is not certain that it will be his first offering of the season. This may be either "A Greek Slave," the successor to "The Geisha" at his London house, or "A Runaway Girl," the new and decided Gaiety hit. Ada Rehan's return is set down for November, as usual, when the long deferred "Madame Sans Gêne" may be produced.

Gillette will open the Empire with revivals of his London triumphs, "Too Much Johnson" and "Secret Service," followed by John Drew in "The Liars." In January will come the stock company, possibly in the recent success at the London St. James—John Oliver Hobbes' "The Ambassador," which appears to be a "Princess and Butterfly" compound of smart sayings and stunning gowns.

At the Fifth Avenue, Charles Coghlan will revive "The Royal Box" on September 12, and then bring out a new play, after which comes the Joseph Jefferson season of "The Rivals," with Elsie Leslie and Wilton Lackaye in the cast. Mr. Daly has secured fourteen weeks at this house, and Mrs. Fiske is also booked there with "Vanity Fair."

Nobody believes that Richard Mansfield will carry out his recently expressed intention of abandoning the country where he claims to have been badly used. So we are pretty certain to see him in the fall at the Garden in "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Coquelin has been playing at the Porte St. Martin, Paris.

The Garrick's opening is set down for the middle of August, with Hoyt's "A Day and a Night" as the bill.

"Hotel Topsy Turvy," a farce from the French, starts things at the Herald Square, with "Charles O'Malley" booked to follow. This is the play by the young dramatist, Theodore Burt Sayre, announced by Wilton Lackaye for last season, but not presented until late in the spring at Washington. It received not a single adverse criticism, while the author already has a lawsuit on his hands against another playwright who has appropriated a novel effect in his dueling scene, two contributory "booms" which no theatrical person can afford to despise.

De Wolf Hopper opens the Knickerbocker September 5 with "The Charlatan," his new opera by Sousa and Klein. N. C. Goodwin will come later with "Nathan Hale," and by that time Crane may be ready with "The Treasure Seeker," by Louis N. Parker.

The Lyceum will open as usual about September 1 with Sothern in a new play. It is possible that "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope, played on tour last season, will be reserved for Virginia Harned. "Rose Trelawny," by Pinero, which recently finished a long run at the London Court Theater, is billed for the stock company's inaugural, November 22.

The most important dramatic event of the autumn will be Viola Allen's début as a star, scheduled for October 3 at the Lyric. The play is Hall Caine's own dramatization of his latest novel, "The Christian," with Miss Allen of course as *Glory*, and Frank Worthing, once leading man at Daly's, for *John Storm*, who, in the play, does not die. *Drake* is to be impersonated by Jack Mason, and *Lord Robert Ure* by Jamison Lee Finney, last season one of the German officers in "The Conquerors." The play is in five acts, opening in the courtyard of the Brotherhood. *Glory* does not appear until the second act, which takes place in the Coliseum Music Hall. Act three shows the club room of the mission church in Soho, act four *Glory's* apartments in Clement's Inn, while for the finale the scene returns to the Soho club room.

Charles Frohman assumes control of Hoyt's in September, changing the name back to the Madison Square, and starting out with an English farce called "A Brace of Partridges."

A comedy from the French whose English name is "The Turtle" will light up the Manhattan about September 3, with Lottie Blair Parker's "Cuban War Correspondent" to follow. Burr McIntosh has gone to the front for the summer in order to invest the title rôle with a realism of a truly vivid type.

Wallack's reopens at the end of August with Stuart Robson, who has not visited the city for some time. Alice Nielsen follows with her opera company, and then, on October 31, Julia Arthur will appear, probably in a round of Shakspere's heroines.

The Kendals and Olga Nethersole will be the only stars visiting us from the other side. Of course it counts for nothing that when the Kendals were here last they positively announced that they would not return again. But unless they bring a very good play they may not want to change their minds next time.

Gladys Wallis is a clever little actress, and a great favorite with the public, and yet she is seldom seen nowadays. Her petite figure requires a special line of parts, and these are not always to be had. As the child *Elsie* in "The Squire of Dames," she was capital, but such a rôle could not carry a piece, so a starring venture in a special play will not remedy matters. In fact, the experiment has already been tried.

* * * *

If you are visiting a strange city and wish to attend a certain theater, do not trust to a single newspaper in looking up its announcement. Managers have a way of cutting out their advertisements when a critic displeases them. A party of fourteen was lost to a house last spring because, not seeing the notice of it in the only newspaper consulted, they concluded that the theater had closed for the season, and went elsewhere. We may add, as perhaps pertinent to the matter, that this manager is one of the few who are sparing in their use of billboard publicity.

* * * *

The Hammerstein collapse makes pertinent the inquiry: What do men see in the theatrical business that makes so many of them anxious to enter it? There is no calling that can be mentioned so beset with the pitfalls of uncertainties. You may be on the top of the wave today, and down in the depths tomorrow. It must be that managers live on excitement; many of them get little else whereby to eke out their existence. Small wonder that most of them are wild of eye and restless of limb. A gambler risks no more on the throw of a dice than do they on producing a new play. Even with the profits of a big hit in their coffers, they are haunted by visions of their dissipation in the next venture.

It was after "Trilby" that A. M. Palmer failed, and men waiting in line all night to buy Bernhardt seats could not keep Abbey from eventually going under.

STORIETTES

AN AMERICAN MADE IN FRANCE.

WAR had not yet been declared, and the President's hand was still wavering between the ink well and the paper that would plunge the country into turmoil and possible disaster; but the spirit of unrest hovered low over the land, and from one end of the continent to the other a feeling of uncertainty and disquiet prevailed.

But Mrs. Donald Martin mentioned none of these war symptoms when, suddenly deciding to go abroad for an indefinite time, she prevailed upon her husband to accompany her. Mr. Martin's father was an officer of high rank in the army, his great grandfather had signed the Declaration of Independence; martial spirit and patriotism were inherited from a long line of martial and patriotic ancestors, so perhaps Mrs. Martin's fears were not altogether groundless. They had no children, his fortune was well over the million dollar mark, and Mrs. Martin was the only child of a deceased multimillionaire. From such people the country has an undoubted right to claim something.

Donald was, of course, tremendously in love with Mrs. Donald, and was rather in the habit of forming his opinions on hers. So when in reply to the universal question she answered, "A war? Why no, of course not! It's all rubbishing nonsense, this talk of war," he, too, was inclined to think that there would not, could not, be a war. In this way Mrs. Martin successfully carried him off, eloped with him, as it were, before his country had laid upon him the restraining hand of duty.

Fear for her husband's safety was not the only thing that made Mrs. Martin take this sudden departure. She was not lacking in martial spirit, but she was sadly lacking in patriotism; that is, if patriotism means a rigid adherence to the government, under all circumstances, in spite of all its actions. Mrs. Martin reserved to herself the right not only to criticise the powers in Washington, but to disapprove of them absolutely and entirely.

When they arrived in England the first news that met their eyes was the declaration of war, the details of blockaded towns and captured boats, and the call for volunteers.

"There, you see!" cried Mrs. Martin, but Donald did not seem to understand her allusion. He was reading, with a hot pain in his head and a cold pain in his heart, the news from home, and the foreign comments thereon—some friendly, some sarcastic, some openly hostile. All he said to his wife was:

"If you don't mind, Florrie, I think I would rather go to Paris. You don't particularly care what people think if you don't understand what they say."

The days moved on, slowly to some people, with lightning rapidity to others. A brilliant victory had been gained on one side of the world, broken hearted farewells were being said on the other, and by this time the Donald Martins were cozily established in a little apartment in Paris. Donald read novels and avoided the newspapers. Mrs. Donald read all the newspapers and thanked Heaven daily and hourly for the forethought which insured her husband's safety; but the war was rarely discussed in her little drawingroom. On one occasion, however, when M. Henri Desroches, ex secretary of the French legation at Washington, was calling upon her, the subject was introduced. Fortunately Donald was not present, so Mrs. Donald did not mind very much.

She listened to the Frenchman's comments, and in a half jesting manner expressed her own views on a "country's honor," "a national dishonor," and a "disgraced flag." The words did not originate in her mind, but formed themselves on her lips. They were not thoughts, but simply words.

"Is it because your ideas of honor do not coincide with those of the present government that you have brought your big blond giant out of harm's way?" the Frenchman asked after one of these uttered flippancies. "So that if he does not choose to lay down his life for what you consider an unworthy cause, his bravery shall not be questioned?"

Now, Donald *was* big, standing some six feet four in his stockings, and possessing a corresponding girth—a veritable giant in health and strength. But the allusion to his size, the suggestion that followed it, did not please Mrs. Donald.

"We left home before the war began," she answered haughtily, "and fortunately an individual's honor is in his own keeping and not at the mercy of every wire pulling politician who happens to be in control at the moment."

A week later the Martins were dining at an English house, and M. Desroches was Mrs. Martin's vis-à-vis. Mr. Martin, who also sat across the table from his wife, though quite at the other end, could hardly keep his eyes from her face. Her gown of coquelicot red

intensified the milky whiteness of her neck and shoulders. She was very beautiful, and the sight of her sparkling eyes and happy, smiling lips was a solace to a little gnawing pain that was deep in his heart.

The war was one of the first subjects introduced, and M. Desroches made some sarcastic comment on the doings of the American fleet. Mrs. St. John, the hostess, called his attention by means of an ocular telegram to the presence of her American guests.

"It is not necessary to veil such ideas in the presence of Mrs. Martin," the ex secretary answered, with a slight shrug. "We owe the pleasure of her residence in Paris to her disapproval of her country's actions."

"One doesn't need to live in a country to show one's love and approval of it," Mrs. St. John answered, "or one's regard for its honor. I am English to the heart's core, but I live in Paris."

"A country's honor, yes," answered the Frenchman; "but in Mrs. Martin's interpretation of the present situation, that is not involved. I have her own words to prove—you do not mind if I quote your words?"

Mrs. Martin answered this question with an almost imperceptible inclination of the head, and then sat dumb and wretched while the voluble little Frenchman repeated her dreadful words. How could she have said such things? She did not dare to meet her husband's eyes; but Donald was not looking at her now. He was holding a glass of ruby wine in his hand, and thinking of another red, a red that was perhaps flowing from thousands of loyal hearts on distant battlefields. Not once did Mrs. Martin's eyes meet her husband's, even when the ladies were leaving the room, but he saw that she had taken a bit of blue cornflower and pinned it across her breast above her flaming gown. It might have been the merest chance, an accidental combination, but the national colors so combined brought comfort to his troubled heart.

When they left the St. Johns', ostensibly to go to the opera, Mrs. Martin asked her husband if he would mind going home. He gave the order to the coachman, and they rode through the quiet streets in silence for a little while. Then Mrs. Martin spoke.

"How much does a cruiser cost, Donald; a big one, I mean?"

"I don't know; a million or so, I suppose. Rather out of proportion with the services of one volunteer, don't you think?" This last sentence he added after he had seen his wife's face in the light of several street lamps that they passed, but she made no reply to the thought in her husband's mind.

Arrived at their little apartment, she wandered restlessly from room to room, and then, standing behind Donald's chair, she said:

"I think we will go home tomorrow, Don, if you don't mind."

He did not answer; she could not see his eyes and the glad look that flashed in them.

"I don't think it's quite right to be living abroad when—when your country—when things are happening this way, do you?"

Still no answer.

"It takes too long to build ships, I suppose, and—and just money isn't worth much, but—but Tommy Canfield has raised a regiment, and all the people we know are doing something of that sort. Don't you think we might equip some troops or—or something, Don?"

"I can't send men to fight for their country, to be wounded and killed perhaps, when I won't go myself." Donald could not quite keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"But I mean for you to lead them. That's what I want."

Now he turned to her and took her in his arms, crushing the red, white, and blue to his heart. "Then you do care for our country's honor, my love, my wife?"

"Not for the country's honor, Don—at least, that is not what I am thinking of now. I'm thinking of yours, Don."

Thomas Cady.

"OH, PROMISE ME."

ALL winter she had looked from the West Pointer in the cadet cap, to the militiaman with the soft broad brimmed hat pulled over his eyes, and from these to the boy in the sailor's uniform of the Naval Reserves. They all loved her, but she did not know, she could not tell, which one she liked best. Then the war came, and she was obliged to bid them each good by. She meant to give each one a keepsake. "For I want them all to remember me," she mused. "Was ever a girl so unfortunate? Three of them, and all soldiers! If I only knew which I liked best!"

And the time came to bid the first good by.

"I shall think of you as I wear it, always," said the West Pointer, pinning the tiny favor in his cap jauntily. "If I am killed, it will be sent back to you with my dying words." He took her hands in both of his. "And you promise to remember me—you will write to me very often?"

The tears brimmed in the girl's gray eyes, and she promised. Then the West Pointer was called away. Clatter of sword and glint of spur.

* * * *

And the time came to tell the second one good by.

"I shall wear it and think of you every day," said the militiaman, pinning the tiny favor above his heart, to the lining of his uniform. Then he unclasped his sharpshooter's medal and handed it to her. "Will you promise to wear this for me?"

The tears brimmed in the girl's eyes as she fastened the medal to her little new army jacket. He saw the tears and caught both her hands in his, and he was going to ask her something more, but the train started and he was obliged to spring on board. And the regiment had gone away. Flutter of flags and roll of drums. Every one cheered a great deal, except the girl, and the people who were crying.

* * * *

And the time came to bid the last good by.

"For me?" asked the naval reserve. "I feel too dirty to touch such a bit of a thing. And my clothes are so dirty that I hate to ask you to pin it in my cap." He was indeed dirty and unshaven, grimy with the unsavory grime of new and oily ropes, and his white working clothes were past all description, muddy and paint daubed and tar smeared. But the girl reached up, and he leaned down a great deal, and she fastened the little favor in his cap. The rain fell drearily and the raw east wind blew in gusts across the desolate Navy Yard, and the great guns of the cruiser near them looked on grimly from the long, gray hull. On board the ship six men in dirty white uniforms stood at attention beside the forecastle gun; six men against the grim, gray sky.

"Tra-la-la; tra-la-la; tra-la-la!" sang the bugle.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the Reserve hastily. "They're going to give out the watches. I'm awfully ashamed you saw me in this plight, but I've been rigging all day——"

"It's so dreary," murmured the girl, shivering as the raw wind swept her face. "There's no glitter, there's no triumph—or anything!"

"Wait till we get into action," he laughed, "and show our teeth." He was starting to run back to the ship, but she caught the grimy coat sleeve and held him back.

"You—you haven't promised to remember me," she cried, with a little sob.

"Of course I will! Don't stop me, for goodness' sake!" he cried, springing to the gangplank. Then a little whistle sounded and three hundred dirty white uniforms were shuffled as by magic into groups at attention. The girl looked at them a moment, and then her eyes fell on a tiny bit of color lying in the mud. She went over and picked it up, and the tears of grief and mortification blinded her deep gray eyes. It was her favor. She made her way slowly through the loveless old Navy Yard, past the captured British guns, past the stiff guard at the gate, and slowly, slowly, farther on through the cheerless, pitying, enfolding rain. She had forgotten the West Pointer and the militiaman.

"He didn't even ask me to remember him," she thought brokenly.

As if it were necessary!

Marguerite Tracy.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

JUDY had been left behind, lying on the ground where the booth had been. She was such a dilapidated Judy, not worth taking on, the showman said, while, with a little fresh paint and some new tinsel, Punch could be made quite presentable for his mimic stage. Judy did not mind much—not at first. Punch was nasty, always quarreling with her when there was no reason for quarreling; and now he could see how he could get on without her. She thought that she had been forgotten, and that they would come back for her; but, instead, some children found her in the grass.

"Oh, see this beautiful doll," they cried. "Why, it is Judy! We will make a Punch, and then we can do the show ourselves."

They carried her home, tied some rags to a stick, right before her, and gave it to her for Punch. They made it hit her, and they screamed at her in loud, shrill voices and pretended that she answered them. She would not have spoken for worlds. They said that perhaps her springs were broken, but she knew that they were not. She was waiting for Punch. She waited and waited, but he never came, and one day, when the children were determined that she should associate with their horrible, make believe Punch, she threw her arms and legs off and let her eyes fall back into her head. The children threw her away, and the end of Judy was that the ragman burned her.

* * * *

They had always been lovers. When she was a little tot of three, and he was six, he fetched and carried for her and protected her. When she was ten he took her books to and from school, brought her the first fruits and nuts from the forest, and the prettiest birds' eggs he could find. There were lots of quarrels between these child lovers, but they were short lived, and her choicest possessions were peace offerings from him, while he had a lot of bits of ribbon and scraps of things—trifles in grown up eyes, but dear to him, because each one meant that at some time Judith had been sorry that she had hurt him.

When she was sixteen, he told her that

he was going away to college. His father—who, by the way, was Judith's guardian—thought it a pity to waste a talented lad on a village life, and decided that a college education was all that he needed to give him a career out among men in the great world.

Judith sat on a stile leading into the forest path, and Arthur leaned against it. He was idly twisting some blades of grass, making a little green braided ring.

"Four years isn't so long, Judy," he said, but he did not look up, for there was an unmanly moisture in his blue eyes.

"It's an eternity," she answered, and a tear splashed on his hand; she was only a girl, and tears did not matter.

"Good by, Judy, sweetheart," he said, slipping the grass green ring on her tiny brown hand.

"Good by, Laddie," she whispered, flinging both arms round his neck.

So Arthur was taken away, and Judy was left alone. Life moved smoothly on for some time. She knew that he would not forget her, and thought that when he had made his name in the great world he would come back to her. Long, intimate letters came and went incessantly through the little village post office. The years passed. The letters grew fewer in number, but none the less were they love letters, and none the less were the lovers sure of themselves and each other.

One day, Mrs. Armorley, an aunt of Judith, arrived in the village home. She had not seen her niece since she had outgrown pinafores, and was agreeably surprised to find her a beautiful girl.

"We must make something of Judith," said Mrs. Armorley to her brother, Arthur's father. "Let me have her for a little while, and I'll find a nice, suitable husband for her. That's the best thing to do for girls nowadays—marry them off in spite of their fads and fancies.'

Not a word did the father speak of Arthur and his love for the little playmate; not a word did he speak to Judith of the plans in preparation for her. He simply consented to the visit, and Judy was carried off to Mrs. Armorley's home.

And now the wires were pulled while the puppets danced to the tune whistled by Arthur's father and Judith's aunt. The intentions of these showmen were not bad, but each had set himself up to be a special providence in the destiny of his particular protégé and neglected to consider the will or the wishes or the inherent human qualities of his puppet. Arthur's father was not opposed to Judith; he would not have forbidden his son to marry her. Indeed, if the motion had been so made to him, he would have seconded it. But it was not. Arthur's destiny was to be a man among men. That he should ever marry had not entered into the father's calculations. Now, thanks to Mrs. Armorley, the idea of Judith's career was put before him. She was to be married—not to marry, but to be married—to a nice, respectable husband. In this idea he acquiesced.

A few words in a letter from the father to the son made the foundation for the separate stages upon which the lovers, who had hitherto had but one world, one life, one existence, were now to perform a part. "Judith has gone home with her aunt, and the next thing we hear will be that she is engaged to be married."

The son, reading, as he supposed, between the lines of the letter, grew hot, then cold. Why, if Judith was almost engaged, had she not told him? Why, if she was to be married soon, had she written to him as if he were still her sweetheart?

For a long time Arthur did not write to Judith at all, and in her new surroundings she did not miss his letters—not at first. He was her lover, she was his sweetheart. Were words necessary between them? It was only when she received a cold, formal acknowledgment from him of some little gift she had sent him that she was roused to wonder. Then she wrote at length, begging for some explanation, asking if she had hurt him, and beseeching him to kiss and make up in the old childish way. But the same mail brought him a letter from his father, inclosing one from Mrs. Armorley.

Mr. Forant, a dear friend of mine, is completely devoted to Judith, and has asked her hand in marriage. She, dear girl, does not wish to throw herself at him or seem too eager in her acceptance, but it is only a question of time. He is rich, well born, and well bred; he occupies a prominent place in the eyes of the world, and, what is still more important, in Judith's own eyes. You will hear again from me on this subject in a few days.

Arthur flung both letters into the fire, and the next day sailed for Liverpool, merely sending Judith a message of farewell in a letter to his father. She was not to blame, he told himself. She was not bound to him—and old Forant! Everybody knows that a girl's heart may be bought with gold, that a girl's eyes may be blinded by gold, that——

Still Judy was Judy, and Arthur could not stay in the same half of the world with his boyhood's sweetheart bought for gold. So he carried his troubles across the sea, and like many other lovers before him he left them there. But while he rushed from place to place, leaving bits of his burden on historic ruins, on the banks of world famous

rivers, and at the feet of momentary, fragmentary loves, he was followed in his pilgrimage by a passionate, pleading little letter from Judith. That it never reached him was one of those curious, inexplicable, impish acts of fate.

It was only an appeal to him to come back to her, to save her from a fate she dreaded but could not ward off. It assured him of her everlasting and undying love, and told him that if she could not live for him, she could not live at all; that he was her life, her heart, her soul, and that separated from him mere physical existence could not endure.

She was only a weak girl, helpless before conventional law, and in the strong hands that held her. So it came about that Judith Armorley's engagement was announced, and that she received congratulations from her friends. Mr. Forant's ring was on her finger. He had put it there even while she told him that, though she would marry him, she would never, never love him.

"Love will come," said the determined lover.

"Love is not an essential factor in marriage," said the worldly aunt.

The wedding festivities were hurried on. Judith sat pale and cold, listlessly hearing and seeing what was going on, waiting for but one thing—a letter, a word, a message from Arthur. None came, and the days passed by.

It was almost time for Judith to be given over to her new liege lord, when suddenly, with no apparent cause, she became violently ill. One morning she could not appear at breakfast; that night she was in a high fever, and all night long tossed to and fro, speaking in quick, hurried words, now confused and rambling, now incisive and clear, but the burden was always the same: "I will not, I will not, I will not!"

In the morning she grew calm—her fever died away. On her bed lay a bunch of violets left for her by her lover, and beside her sat Mrs. Armorley. In Judith's eyes was a far away look, and on her lips was the first semblance of a smile that they had worn for many days. But she did not speak or move throughout the livelong day.

Just as the evening twilight filled the room she asked her aunt for a box containing some old letters and childish trinkets. A little later she turned her head toward the wall and seemed to sleep, she was so still. Once her lips moved and she whispered, "Good by, Laddie."

Soon she raised her hand to her lips. It fell heavily back upon the bed. Her aunt saw that Mr. Forant's ring was gone, and in its place was a tiny strand of faded grass; but it was too late for questioning or reproach.

"The end of Judy was that the ragman burned her."

Kathryn Jarboe.

A TELLING SHOT.

BRADFORD had three weaknesses at Lenox that summer, each one excellent in its way; but combined—they combined against him. There's no harm in a camera, except to a pocketbook; there's no harm in a bicycle; there's surely no harm in a girl.

But the girl had said: "Do you know, Mr. Bradford, you look unusually well on a wheel."

That was why Bradford had been busy for two days with his best instantaneous shutter and a very long string.

He chose an old road, little frequented by riders and drivers, where he would not be liable to interruption, and spent a great deal of time in choosing the best point of view and fixing the tripod firmly. The focusing was again a matter for the nicest judgment. Then he set the shutter, drew the slide, and laid the long string which he had attached to the shutter lightly across the road, and fastened the string's end to a little bush in such a way that the pressure of the wheel across it would set the shutter off without jarring the camera. Then he gave a few touches to his hair, mounted his wheel, and took a short run through the trees, coming back and passing neatly across the string. He had scowled at the camera!

"I'll try it again," said Bradford, setting the shutter and putting in another plate. "I'll keep my mind on *her*, and then I won't worry about the shutter so much."

He thought of her as he wheeled off to take another start, and in thinking he leaned forward and passed the brown string at a scorching gait. "And she hates scorching," he murmured discouragedly.

He set the camera once more. "It's the last time I can try today," he mused, glancing at the long shadows and the fading sky. "I'll take a good long run, and come back easily in a graceful position, with my face neither turned to the lens nor quite away from it, and I won't do any thinking, and that way I may get a telling shot."

But as Bradford came along he saw a little basket phaeton in front of him pass slowly across the brown string in the roadway and disappear among the shadows of the woods. And Bradford spoke about it feelingly.

"I'll just see what I've got," he remarked to the men as he went into the dark room after dinner, "because I promised one to a

friend, but a carriage came along and spoiled my only good chance. Say you want to come in with me? Well;" and he and an idler entered the stuffy little closet.

"They're just what I expected," he continued, as the first two exposures came up swiftly out of the mysterious fog. "The first has a beastly expression, you'll see, and the second is John Gilpin's ride to Ware. The third is a little slower in coming, because the light got so thin, and I don't care about it, any way. It's a wonder that horse cleared the string. He might have tangled his foot in it, and brought the camera down smash. People oughtn't to go driving carelessly like that along an unfrequented road. Ah, here it comes! Gad, but it's going to be a pretty negative! As soft as velvet; focus was a little too sharp on those others, and here they've had the brass to come along and take my plate. It's a man and a girl, of course." The disdain increased in Bradford's tone. "I might have known it was a man and a girl. He's got his arm round her, too. Bah! Gad! I believe he's kissing her!" Bradford smote the table in delight. "If it's only some one round here, won't this be a treasure! Yes; I'll take it out of my hypo in a minute. Just pour the developer back into the big bottle on your left—that's it."

The sound of the bath poured from the tray into the graduate, and from the graduate into the bottle, was the only sound in the dark room, except the little drip of hypo into the tray, as Bradford finally lifted the plate full to the red light. It was a beautiful picture—the best one he had ever taken. He gazed at it searchingly an instant, and then, as he recognized the girl's features, he let it fall shivering on the hard stone floor.

"That's the end of it," he mumbled, as the idler gave an exclamation of dismay, spilling developer over his flannels as he turned.

"What a pity," said the idler, "and you hadn't found out who they were! Well, you have your pictures—the ones you promised—anyhow."

"That's so, I have my pictures;" and, as the idler led the way out of the dark room, Bradford's heel ground into atoms all that was left of his telling shot.

Mary A. King.

THE SOCIAL ATTEMPT OF THE YUENGENFELDT FAMILY.

If it had not been for the stubborn resistance of the elder Yuengenfeldt, the family would have knocked at the portals of society long before they did; but the worthy German brewer resisted the pleadings of his wife and daughters until at last he realized that life was becoming unendurable to him simply because he would not rent a country house in one of the most fashionable regions of New Jersey and allow his daughters to have what his wife described in the numerous curtain lectures that she gave him as a "chance to do something for themselves."

"After all," the old brewer said to himself, "old country ways may be good enough for me—certainly I have grown rich by them—but my children are American, and there is no reason why they should not accustom themselves to American ways, and find American husbands, too, for all I care. Let them do as they will, and I'll agree to pay the piper. All I ask is my beer fresh every day from my own brewery, and a corner of that big shady piazza where I can drink it out of my own stone mug and smoke my long pipe and imagine that the river that flows below me is the Rhine."

So the big, old fashioned country house, with its broad acres of park and lawn and garden, was taken, and for weeks Mrs. Yuengenfeldt and her two plump and rosy daughters were busy with dressmakers and milliners; for they had heard a great deal about the summer festivities popular in the place to which they were going, and—simple, kindly souls that they were—they never doubted for a moment that they would be bidden to join in them, just as they themselves would have welcomed any neighbor to their own board.

It was during the first week in June that they took possession of their summer home, which was situated on high ground overlooking the river and surrounded on every side by beautiful, well kept estates, occupied for the most part by wealthy and fashionable people. Mrs. Yuengenfeldt saw from the very first that her husband was destined to be a veritable thorn in the family flesh during the entire summer, for he would smoke his big, long stemmed pipe in the shady corner of the piazza, and he would have his daily keg of beer sent up from the big city brewery that had yielded him his great fortune. The girls did not mind the long pipe so much, but the beer keg with the family name across it in letters of exasperating size was more than they could bear with equanimity, and they gave secret orders to Hans, the stableman, to be sure and throw the lap robe over it when he took it to or from the station. They even made a strong appeal to their father to give it up altogether and take to champagne, which, they assured him, was not only much better for his health, but a far more fashionable beverage.

But the old brewer simply laughed at their

entreaties, and told them that it was beer that had made the family, in every sense of the term, and that beer would continue to be his favorite beverage so long as he lived.

Meantime, the pleasant month of June was fast slipping away and as yet not one of the swell neighbors had taken the trouble to call on the newcomers. This circumstance was beginning to prey heavily upon Mrs. Yuengenfeldt's mind, and she firmly believed that it was the daily keg of beer that had disgraced them in the eyes of their fashionable neighbors. She made a final and almost hysterical appeal to her husband one warm afternoon, as he sat in his shirt sleeves in his favorite corner on the shady, vine hung piazza, but his only reply was to summon the maid from the diningroom and bid her refill his big stone mug; and this having been brought to him, he gravely emptied it to the health of his aristocratic neighbors, bowing ironically as he did so to a family group that could be seen on the piazza of the Scarborough mansion a few hundred yards away.

Now it happened that at the very moment of the interview between the brewer and his wife, the Scarboroughs, assembled in family council on their own broad and vine hung piazza, were discussing the advisability of calling on their new neighbors.

"I'm sure I don't see why we should trouble ourselves to be polite to them, especially as we never can know them in town," said the elder Miss Scarborough disdainfully. "You can see that old man now, sitting in his shirt sleeves like a saloon keeper."

"Well, he makes mighty good beer himself, and I have drunk enough of it to know what I am talking about," remarked Mr. Scarborough. "What's more, I think I'd walk a half a mile this hot afternoon if I could find a good big, cold stone mug full of it at the end of the journey."

"So would I!" cried his son, a senior in Princeton college. "And, by Jove! it looks as if they were having some of it at this very moment. I suppose it's bottled, though."

"No, it isn't, either!" piped up the twelve year old boy of the family. "They have a keg sent up from the brewery every day, and Mrs. Yuengenfeldt makes the man throw a lap robe over the name on the keg for fear folks will see it."

"A fresh keg every day!" cried the senior Scarborough. "Well, if I'd known that before there wouldn't have been any argument about calling on them. In fact, I think we'd better all stroll over there this very afternoon, for, to tell the truth, I haven't had a glass of good beer since I left New York."

"I'm with you!" cried the Princeton student, and within five minutes the Scarborough family was on its way down the long graveled walk that led to their neighbors' domain.

It was Mrs. Yuengenfeldt who first noted their approach and uttered a warning cry that sent the two daughters away to the regions up stairs to hurl themselves into their new and as yet unused summer finery. Their mother followed them, but not until, by the exercise of an almost superhuman will power, she had literally forced her perspiring husband into his coat, and removed from the piazza every trace of the vulgar beverage in which he had been indulging. Then, having with her own hands deposited two quart bottles of champagne in the ice chest, she went to prepare herself for her guests.

The visitors were cordially greeted and conducted to the drawingroom, where they remained for several minutes in pleasant conversation with the young ladies, who were so overcome with the honor that had been done them that they found it difficult to talk rationally on any topic. Mrs. Yuengenfeldt found them thus occupied when she appeared, a few minutes later, her face flustered with excitement, and one disarranged wisp of hair falling down behind her ear. The father did not come in at all, although Mr. Scarborough politely inquired for him, and very thankful indeed were his daughters that he kept out of sight. At the end of fifteen minutes the faces of the two male Scarboroughs brightened perceptibly at the sound of the suppressed clinking of glasses in the next room, and then the door opened and Hans appeared bearing a large tray containing glasses and two bottles of what Mrs. Yuengenfeldt and her daughters considered was the only drink that appealed to the taste of fashionable society. Father and son exchanged significant glances, and from that moment a mysterious cloud of discontent seemed to hover over the scene.

"It's lucky we saw them coming in time to get the beer mug out of sight and father into a coat," remarked Mrs. Yuengenfeldt complacently, after their guests had gone.

"Well, the next time you catch me walking half a mile in the broiling sun to call on people who don't know enough to know how good their own beer is, and think they must bring out that nasty, sweet champagne, why just let me know it," remarked the elder Scarborough, as he mopped his brow.

"I'm afraid the Yuengenfeldts will not prove any great addition to our little community," said Mrs. Scarborough, who was fond of beer herself.

And this is the true story of why the Yuengenfeldts utterly failed to get into society. Its moral is obvious.

James L. Ford.

LITERARY CHAT

A TREAT IN PROSPECT.

London publishers are said to be tumbling over one another in their eagerness to secure Mr. Savage Landor's history of his travels in Tibet. The booksellers are clearing their foremost counters in joyful anticipation. The public is fingering its money and getting into line ready to run out the first edition while it is still hot from the press.

All this is not because Mr. Landor travels well, and knows how to make a charming book about it, nor because he has a name, nor because the public is interested in Tibet. It is simply the bright yellow result of the fact that while he was among the Tibetans the writer was most cruelly tortured.

The public is like a little boy who will give his best marble to see your smashed finger. It wants to know just what happened to Mr. Landor's limbs and back and features, and how he felt, and what he thought of. Not one detail of the pain need be suppressed, for mankind revels in shudders, and finds delicious excitement in the sympathetic twinges that shoot through the frame in response to the sufferings of others. The fact that the book will contain a picture of Mr. Landor taken shortly after his tortures, showing him haggard and broken and apparently forty years older, will double the sale. That the author's back and eyes may never completely recover will triple it.

MRS. WARD'S NEW BOOK.

In medieval days the schoolmen devoted their lives to deciding how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Philosophers of a later day spent their time in solving the problem whether a soul might be more successfully saved through the immersion believed in by one set of theorists or by means of the confessional and penance of another set. It is almost as hard to imagine a modern young woman throwing her life away for the beliefs of the schoolmen as for those of their successors in the philosophical arena.

Assuredly *Miss Laura Fountain*, the heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," is intended to be an exponent of modern womanhood. She was brought up in Cambridge, an acknowledged center of modern thought, by a father whose claim to recognition by his coworkers at that university was a mild sort of atheism. He was not even a devout atheist, if one may connect those opposite terms. He made no effort to impress his non belief on this daughter of his, and yet, for the sake of his inability to believe in the tenets of any faith, she ruthlessly threw away God's two most precious gifts, life and love.

In real life, death does not come as a solution of every problem that may present itself to struggling human beings. Fortunately, however, the novel writer, after he has presented his problem, after he has dragged his actors through the various vicissitudes of solution or non solution, can kill them off without incurring any penalty save the possible prick of the critic's pen. Mrs. Ward is rather fond of this plan of cutting her knots, and doubtless she is hardened to the critical pen pricks, but one cannot help realizing that in real life *Miss Fountain* would have lived many happy and useful years as the wife of *Alan Helbeck*.

The ambition of the modern writer is not satisfied in simply pleasing his public; he does not care to instruct or entertain; his aim, in all that he does, is to attract attention to his wares. The surest way to accomplish this is to excite pulpit criticism, and in this Mrs. Ward is preëminently successful. In her latest book, while the story as a whole may not be looked upon as an attack upon the Catholic church, the expressions throughout the work are grievously offensive to adherents of that faith. And it is doubtful whether the ordinary reader can force himself to remember that these expressions are probably intended simply as gauntlets flung into the religious arena, the combats issuing therefrom being desired as advertisements of the author and her wares.

THE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW.

Almost every newspaper printed in the English language has found space for a quotation from Bernard Shaw's preface to his "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant." It is worth reading, not so much for the truths therein as for the exceeding cleverness of it all. It is amusing to the dullest intellect, even to those people toward whom Mr. Shaw takes the superior position.

But the plays are the thing. They are if anything cleverer than their prefaced essays. Yet are they truly worth while? The "unpleasant" plays were written for the Independent Theater in London, which did so much to popularize Ibsen. Mr. Shaw plainly links Ibsen with Shakspere, and at

times he has such decided leanings toward the Norwegian that he loses some of his own individuality, pungent as it is. But even the Independent Theater was obliged by the queen's reader of plays to draw the line at "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

We congratulate that queen's reader for having saved England something. The play is too unpleasant to review, much less to act!

"Arms and the Man," our old favorite, as given to us by Mr. Mansfield, is in the second volume. But even it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Mr. Shaw is brilliant, clever, witty, intellectual, but he has not that normal vision which he claims for himself. He does not see things as they exist. He sees only one little corner of the real thing. He sees intellectually, with the eye of the mind, and not sympathetically, with the eye of the heart. He has only one eye, instead of the two that nature gives to her favorites, those who in reality see things as they truly are.

Mr. Shaw's plays will never do more than set a soul doubting. They are comedies, if, as George Meredith says, "Comedy is that which leaves you filled with thoughtful laughter;" but the thoughts are not pleasant, and the laughter is not sweet."

And yet the books are dazzlingly clever.

"THE MAIDENS OF THE ROCKS."

A pool in the corner of a green meadow, if it be fed by streams of doubtful purity, gathers upon its surface a substance, bright, glittering, half metallic, half liquid. Upon this substance the sun shines, and it sparkles with brilliant iridescent color; the waves ripple it, and it has a sheen more beautiful than the purer water of the brook. All day long it shimmers and glistens in the sunlight, and at night it gives back the radiance of the moon, but more radiantly still—in rainbow colors; but on the surface of the pool there is nothing living, nothing but this beautiful iridescent film which glitters in the sunlight, gleams and glows in the moonlight, and, day or night, gives forth noxious exhalations.

By the literary fascination of just such an iridescent beauty, Gabriele D'Annunzio's work has gained an audience—an audience which, for the most part, dislikes but admires; which absorbs the exhalations of a fetid atmosphere redolent of heavy perfumes, sensuous music, and the decay of death. D'Annunzio has set himself to write the "history of the soul in all its phases"—and we have "The Triumph of Death," "The Intruder," and "The Maidens of the Rocks"—beautiful, iridescent scum upon a stagnant pool.

Divested of verbiage, and freed from the haze thrown up by a skilful craftsman, "The Maidens of the Rocks" is simply the expression of D'Annunzio's idea of what he calls the "desire to create." It deals with the members of a family bound, apparently, to celibacy by an overhanging curse of hereditary insanity; the introduction into this family of that same being with eyes turned inward made familiar in D'Annunzio's former volumes—in this case, *Claudio*; the effect produced by *Claudio* on each of the three maidens as he makes violent D'Annunzio love—really a sickly, putrescent affair—to each in turn; and the effect upon *Claudio* of these women, separately and collectively, before he makes up his mind that it is to *Anatolia* that he will offer his "loyalty," the "companionship of his heart." *Anatolia* refuses him—being still sane—and *Claudio* departs.

Over our heads the sky preserved only light traces of its clouds, like the tiny white ashes of wasted funeral piles. The sun fired in turn the summits of the rocks that reared their solemn lineaments against the azure, and a great sadness and a great sweetness fell from on high into the solitary cloister, like a magic drink in a coarse bowl. In this spot the three sisters rested, and in this spot I enjoyed their last union.

That is the "story" of the "Maidens of the Rocks." D'Annunzio can no more faithfully reflect the phases of the soul than does the pool the purer waters of mountain brooks. The phases of the senses, yes; and to this category belongs "The Maidens of the Rocks." The master of a style of great poetic beauty, yet the reader rises from the perusal of one of D'Annunzio's volumes with a feeling as of one who might have been present at a feast of vultures or jackals.

HOW VERNE REVISES PROOFS.

Jules Verne has almost as indulgent a publisher as Balzac used to have. The author of the "Comédie Humaine" was in the habit of entirely rewriting his books after they were in print, generally inscribing the new "copy" on the proof itself, to the misery of the printers. Verne says that he appears to have no grasp of his subject until he has seen it in print. He makes out a scheme for a story, planning it from beginning to end, even to the division of chapters, before he writes a line. Then he sets down a first rough draft of his story, and sends it to the printers. With his first proof his real work begins. He corrects and changes, altering almost every sentence and sometimes rewriting whole chapters. The proofs come back and back for this

revision until he has often had them as much as nine times.

Every author feels the itching to revise proofs. The idea which has been so clear and plain as he thought of it, becomes thick and crude when it is put into words. It needs new expression to carry its real message.

But the publishers who will set up a dozen books to get one, wait only on the great Balzacs and popular Vernes.

A NEW LITERARY STAR.

A total eclipse of the sun is a rare event, but it is a common, every day occurrence in comparison with the discovery of a new star of distinct brilliancy and magnitude. During the past quarter of a century a great many of the most splendid suns in our literary firmament have been eclipsed by death, while the number of new stars which have arisen in that time has been pitifully small. Nor can it be admitted for a moment that any such bodies have appeared in the heavens and are shining there unseen, for every magazine and publishing office in the land has its own observatory in which sits a highly trained astronomer watching with tireless eyes for the first glimmer of any new star to which the whole world will accord an eager welcome.

All this is worth taking into account when we consider "The Celebrity," the book which has introduced to the public a new writer in the person of Mr. Winston Churchill, for unless our judgment be very much at fault its pages are illumined with that very light for which the astronomers have been looking so anxiously these dozen years or more.

From cover to cover "The Celebrity" is comedy of the very purest sort. Not once does it lose its footing and descend into farce or burlesque. It is true that the author has been accused of caricaturing, in the person of his principal comedian, a certain well known writer of short stories, but not even the most careful reading of the book can be said to establish that fact beyond all question. If, however, the charge be true Mr. Churchill deserves the highest praise for the lightness of his touch. There is no attempt to "show up" his hero as a scoundrel nor to belittle his talents. According to the author he is simply a short story writer who takes his fame very seriously and pushes himself along in a social way with skill and effrontery. This, for example, is the *Celebrity's* manner of speaking of himself and his fame:

I am paying the penalty of fame. Wherever I go I am hounded to death by the people who have read my books, and they want to dine and wine me for the sake of showing me off at their houses. I am heartily sick and tired of it all; you would be if you had to go through it. I could stand a winter, but the worst comes in the summer, when one meets the women who fire all sorts of socio-psychological questions at one for solution, and who have suggestions for short stories.

I've been worried almost out of my mind with attention—nothing but attention the whole time. I can't go on the street but what I'm stared at and pointed out.

Certainly some surer means of identification than this is necessary in order to be convincing, for there is scarcely a short story writer in the land who does not talk, or at least think, about in this fashion.

But the *Celebrity* is by no means the best drawn character in the book. Far more amusing and consistently human is *Mr. Farquhar Fenelon Cooke*, the wealthy owner of the country seat at which most of the scenes in the story are laid. There is scarcely a city in the Union that cannot boast—and generally does boast, too—of its own particular millionaire of the *Cooke* brand; and which one of us is there who will fail to recognize him in Mr. Churchill's description of the one whom he has created?

His easy command of profanity, his generous use of money, his predilection for sporting characters, of whom he was king; his ready geniality and good fellowship alike with the clerk of the Lake House or the Mayor, not to mention his own undeniable personality, all combined to make him a favorite. He had his own especial table in the diningroom, called all the waiters by their first names, and they fought for the privilege of attending him. He likewise called the barkeepers by their first names and had his own particular corner of the bar, where none dared intrude, and where he could almost invariably be found when not in my office. From this corner he dealt out cigars to the deserving, held stake moneys, decided all bets, and refereed all differences. His name appeared in the personal column of one of the local papers on the average of twice a week, or in lieu thereof one of his choicest stories in the "Notes about Town" column.

The plot of "The Celebrity" is a new and extremely clever rendering of one of the oldest motives in fiction, that of a strong resemblance between two men who have nothing else in common. There is a refreshing novelty in Mr. Churchill's treatment of this well worn theme. At the very outset he frankly explains the circumstance of the resemblance, instead of allowing us to find it out ourselves in the second chapter, and learn it from the author in the very last, in accordance with the most venerated traditions of fiction.

Many people supposed, when the book

appeared, that it was by the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was already known—to a somewhat limited circle of readers—as a writer on military subjects. It seems, however, that there are more Winston Churchills than one. A recent letter from the author of "The Celebrity," dated from Nyack on Hudson, asserts an emphatic claim to a separate identity, and points out that his name was signed to a magazine story published two years ago. He is a native of St. Louis, and a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

AN EDITOR'S ADVENTURE.

The editor of a prominent magazine had an experience lately that he is not likely to forget; there is one other person who is not likely to forget it either. The other person is a young woman well known in New York City as an heiress and as an accomplished horsewoman and a brilliant wit. A few months ago she took it into her head to write a novel and, being a person of determination, she speedily carried her work to an end. She showed the manuscript to a well known writer of New York, who liked it so much that he spoke of it to the editor already mentioned, and the editor expressed a desire to consider the story for publication. The young woman, however, said that she should prefer to read the tale to him, so that she might profit by his suggestions, and he good naturedly agreed to give up an evening for the purpose.

It happened that the night before the appointed evening the editor attended a banquet in honor of the seventieth birthday of a popular American poet, which kept him up till four o'clock in the morning. So, after a hard day at his office, he was greatly disgusted at being obliged to put on a dress suit and to take a journey up town. When he arrived at the young novelist's house, he was received with great ceremony and ushered into the library, where his hostess, in an elaborate evening frock, was waiting for him. In a few moments she began to read, and her musical contralto voice soothed the rasped nerves of the editor. In spite of all his efforts, he found himself unable to fix his attention on the narrative, and every few moments he had to sit up quickly to keep his head from falling forward. At last, however, he was gradually vanquished, his head nodded convulsively, then drooped, and then rested peacefully on his right shoulder.

When he woke up he found himself alone in the room, the lights of which had been extinguished. An electric bulb was burning in the hall, however, and he hurried out to look at his watch. Half past twelve! He had been sleeping three hours and a half. Not a sound could be heard save the ticking of the colonial clock in the lower hall. With a feeling of shame, the editor walked softly down the stairs. In the hall he met the solemn butler, who, without even the suggestion of a smile, helped him on with his coat, opened the door and closed it noiselessly behind him.

Since that time, though the editor wrote a letter of apology to the authoress, he has received no communication from her.

A LITERARY LAWYER.

Several months ago a rather startling letter appeared in the Chicago *Dial* signed with the name of John Jay Chapman. Mr. Chapman openly accused the magazine editors of this country with timidity and narrow conservatism in the selection of articles for publication, and declared that he had submitted to several editors an article which had been approved by competent critics, and that the editors were afraid to accept it because it presented a new view of a conspicuous literary character.

Under ordinary circumstances, such a letter would have excited only ridicule and would have been dismissed as the work of a disappointed and disgruntled contributor. But on reading it, some people recalled the name of John Jay Chapman as having been signed a short time before to two clever papers on Emerson in the *Atlantic Monthly*; and those newspaper writers who commented on the letter, even if they disagreed with the opinions expressed in it, treated it with respect. Moreover, Mr. Chapman received requests from at least two editors for the privilege of examining the much rejected essay, for when the second request came he had the pleasure of replying that it had already been solicited and accepted. Since that time he has brought out a volume entitled "Emerson and Other Essays," which has placed him among the most promising of the literary critics of this country, and made him an interesting figure in American letters.

Mr. Chapman, as his middle name suggests, is connected with a well known New York family. He is about forty years of age. After his graduation from Harvard nearly twenty years ago, he studied law, and, since taking his degree, he has been in active practice, with an office in Wall Street. When he had been out of college a few years he began to write critical essays, and offered them to the periodicals, only to receive them back with a disheartening regularity. After a time he decided that his literary views were too radical to please editors, and in despair he stopped writing.

It is only within the past two years that he took courage to resume the battle for literary success, and this time his victory was quick and decisive. He is still practising law, but he finds time to continue his critical work.

THE HAPPY YEARS OF YOUTH.

The New York *Sun* recently printed a letter on its editorial page which asked an interesting question. A mother desired a list of books for her ten year old girl, who, she said, "already evinces, in her childish letters and compositions, the germs of a literary style which I would give much to possess myself, and I don't want to see her lose it."

The idea that children need childish books after they learn to read with any intelligence is a fallacy that has grown up with the last generation. A child of ten who has a taste for reading is the most fortunate of creatures. She has about eight years in which to lay a solid foundation of literary knowledge. Ask any man or woman who knows the whole ground of English fiction and poetry when he had the time to read "everything." He will tell you—or, more often, *she* will tell you—"between the years of ten and eighteen." Who after that has time to read Scott, Dickens, "Don Quixote," Hawthorne, Charles Lamb, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Thackeray?

An imaginative reading child will tremble with delight over these books. She will miss the meanings of many things—and in some cases happily—but like the rules in arithmetic and grammar which she commits to memory, the form will stay, and the meanings will come. Helen Kellar, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, says that she learned so readily because she had "read" many raised books with her fingers before she actually knew the meanings of twenty words. But words and the forms of sentences were familiar things to her.

After eighteen, there comes such a press of today's books that the old ones are pushed into the background. And unhappy is that child whose mind has been fed on the milk and water of children's books, generally written by mediocre writers, when the brilliant, vivid, simple work of the masters lies dust collecting in the library.

A NEW BOOK OF MAPS.

An atlas that is comprehensive without being back breaking is a welcome addition to the student's library. "The Century Atlas" neatly fills the bill. Its maps are not of blanket sheet size, but they are numerous, and accurately graded in proportion to the subject's requirements.

Issued during the spring, this companion to the Century Dictionary places the world before us as it was up to the breaking out of the war with Spain. The history of the recent Greco-Turkish war may be traced in the battlefields, indicated by crossed swords, with the dates, these latter coming down as late as the fight at Dokomos, May 17, 1897. Indeed, almost as much history as geography may be acquired from this end of the century volume. Underlying the modern names of countries like Greece and Italy are those of the ancient divisions made immortal in history and verse.

Special attention is paid to the United States, there being a separate index for it. The divisions of Greater New York are clearly set forth. But the map that will perhaps be most frequently consulted this summer is No. 116, showing the Philippine Islands in their relation to the rest of the East Indies. The population of the Philippines is put down as being 7,000,000 in the estimate of 1897, and the cable to Hong Kong, which brought the news of the Dewey victory, is seen to land some distance north of Manila. One may also note the only railroad line in the group, running from Manila to Lingayen, the nearest port to China.

When a visiting English company produced "Kitty Clive, Actress," as a curtain raiser, very few people paid any attention to the name of the author; and yet Frankfort Moore is a well known and widely read novelist in England. He is still a young man, but he has been a journalist in every part of the globe, turning many of his experiences in East Africa and India to account in his novels. He is an Irishman, educated in an Irish college, and married to an Irishwoman, and his readers never quite lose sight of his nationality. He has brought out more than thirty novels and two books of verse, and has had eight plays produced.

* * * *

In looking over the list of Mr. Moore's works we notice some coincidences. Like Mr. Richard Harding Davis, he has published "A Journalist's Notebook." Like Mr. Harold Frederic, he has found a title in "A March Hare." Like Mr. Clyde Fitch, he has seen what a clever name "The Moth and the Flame" makes for a play. And like Mr. Louis N. Parker, "The Mayflower" has appealed to him as the theme of another. It is only just to say that Mr. Moore's titles, we believe, all appeared some years before the other authors had occasion to use practically the same ones.

ETCHINGS

THE ORIGIN OF HUMOR.

THE man had made a peculiar, significant, and complex ass of himself, and he knew it. Never before in all the world, perhaps, had any one placed himself in such a miserably absurd position, and he was morbidly sensitive to the ridiculousness of his conduct. The idle onlookers howled with uncontrollable laughter, and he could blame no one but himself, though their mirth stung him like a whip of scorpions. As soon as he could, he sneaked away to hide his shame and chagrin, and, while cursing himself with all the power of a rich and flexible vocabulary, he vowed that never again would he appear before or hold communion with his fellow men.

Years afterwards, when his heart was benumbed by many such shocks, and he could laugh at his own miseries, he sat down and wrote a full and desperate account of that first exhibition of folly. He gave every detail, and in his recklessness spared not to make the picture even more cruelly absurd than it really was. The little story was published, and every one who read was seized with uncontrollable laughter.

From that hour his fame as a humorist was assured, and everybody exclaimed, "How witty he is, and how original!" And no one knew that he had written the foolish little tale with his heart's blood, for every one but himself had forgotten the hour of folly on which it was based.

TOLERANCE.

I FOUND the poison hemlock by the stream
Down in a canyon, shadow flecked and cool,
Where pale, pure lilies bent above the pool,
And leaned my Lady Iris in a dream.

Soft from the clasping firs the light came through
On mint's sweet tangles and close netted vines,
On snow white bells and starry columbines,
And myriad ferns that in the mosses grew.

High o'er these graces stood this noxious thing
With rank, low spreading leaves and flaunting bloom,
Sought not by bee or bird—usurping room
Wherein some all beloved flower might spring.

But not less sweet were lilies by the stream;
The vines threw out their bloom, their berries red,
The butterfly its bright procession led,
And smiled the Iris still as in a dream.

Lillian H. Shuey.

AUGUST.

THE cedar shadows break in tawny spangles
That lightly into banks of coolness close;
And wilful breezes waste, in grassy tangles,
The crimson fragments of a shattered rose;

A deep, late rose, that knew not June's bequeathing
Of dripping dews and sweet, moist kiss of dawn,
But rent, with dusk red fires, its mossy sheathing,
And flamed in beating sunshine on the lawn.

So, in the zenith of their rich completeness,
The warm, late, fragrant days of August pass,
Drifting into the yesterdays' dim sweetness
Like loosened rose leaves shaken in the grass.

Hattie Whitney.

ROUNDEL.

MY thoughts are gauzy dragonflies
That woo the dark browed clematis;
They press where honeyed treasure is
And never linger for good bys.

Blooms pale with yearning they despise
And deem unworthy of a kiss;
My thoughts are gauzy dragonflies
That woo the dark browed clematis.

But soon her dusky fragrance dies,
They're off to taste a rose's bliss;
So I may go, remember this,
My Clematis, no tears or sighs!
My thoughts are gauzy dragonflies.

Walter Winsor.

THE SILENT SUMMONS.

WITH fife and drum and farewell waving hands
The volunteers are marching far away
From lands of peace with garniture of May,
Across the frontiers of unfriendly lands.

And shall they fall upon Matanzas' sands,
Or, o'er the world, by famed Manila bay?
Or shall they come back from the ensanguined fray
With streaming banners and triumphant bands?
God knows! But they have heard the subtle call
To file with those armed legions that have gone
Past Marathon, Bannockburn, and Lexington,
Leaving their cairns and camp fires, as a sign,
Along their way toward freedom's capital,
Which they shall build beyond thought's picket line!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE VINTAGE OF WAR.

I.

Ah, not for me the wine of Thrasymene,
Grown on the field where Rome's grim legions stood
Until they drenched with gore the shuddering plain;
To me—to me, that wine still tastes of blood!

S. R. Elliott.

II.

Yet, know ye not where fire the soil hath charred,
One moon shall scarcely fill her golden round
Before the sweet white clover shall have starred
With myriad beauty all the chastened ground!

What if the rubric of the sword have sealed
A more imperial harvest to yon plain?
Each soul hath, also, some such battlefield—
It hath the vintage, too, of Thrasymene!

Edith M. Thomas.

THEY WERE SEVEN.

I met a pretty summer girl—
Eighteen years old, she said;
She seemed to be quite in the whirl,
A very thoroughbred.

"Have you a fiancé, sweet maid?"
I asked with courtesy.
"A fiancé? I've seven," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"Two of them in Chicago lie
(In Rome as Romans doing)
And in New York two others try
My patience with their wooing.

"And one in Boston writes each day
To keep me true—ha, ha!
The other two, they simply stay
In Philadelphia.

"Now add them up," she said, "and you
Will find the number seven."
"Nay, five!" said I. "Don't count the two
Who are in that Quaker Heaven.

"You see there are but five," said I,
"Alive and out of Heaven."
Quick was the summer girl's reply:
"Oh, mister, they are seven."

"But those in Philadelphia,
Are dead—their sins forgiven—
Like all else in that town." But still
The summer girl would have her will,
And said, "Nay, they are seven."

Tom Hall.

IN APPLE TIME.

In apple pickin', years ago, my father'd say to me,
"There's jest a few big fellers, Jim, away up in the tree.
You shinny up an' git 'em. Don't let any of 'em fall;
Fur fallen fruit is scercely wuth the getherin' at all."
I'd climb up to the very peak o' that old apple tree,
'N' find them apples waitin'. My! What bouncin' ones they'd be!
Then, with the biggest in my mouth, I'd clamber down again,
'N', tho' I tore my pantaloons, it didn't matter then.

Since then, in all my ups an' downs, an' travelin' around,
I never saw good apples, boys, a lyin' on the ground.
Sometimes, of course, they look all right; the outside may be fair;
But when you come to taste 'em, you'll find a worm hole there.
Then leave behind the wind falls, an' the fruit on branches low,
The crowd grows smaller all the time, the higher up you go.
The top has many prizes that are temptin' you an' me,
But if we want to git 'em, we've got to climb the tree.

Ernest Neal Lyon.

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"EVENING."

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WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

NOTES AND PICTURES OF THE WAR BETWEEN AMERICA AND SPAIN — MEN WHO HAVE CARRIED THE STARS AND STRIPES TO VICTORY ON LAND AND SEA.

A MICHIGAN VETERAN.

It is safe to say that the peril of Spanish bullets never gave the Washington authorities half the concern that was aroused by the report of the appearance of yellow fever among the troops at Santiago. One of the first to fall a victim to the disease was Brigadier General Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan. General Duffield is a lawyer of high standing in the West, and a distinguished veteran of the Civil War. A schoolboy fresh from college, he enlisted, in the summer of 1861, as a private in the Ninth Michigan Volunteers. He served for a time on the staff of General Thomas, and in the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans. He was also in the Atlanta campaign. He has long been a warm personal and political friend of Secretary Alger, and as a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1888 had charge of his canvass for the presidential nomination.

A few months ago General Duffield

THE ARMY HOSPITAL SHIP RELIEF, PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

From his latest photograph by W. F. Turner, Boston.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY M. DUFFIELD, A MICHIGAN VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, WHO SERVED WITH SHAFTER AT SANTIAGO, AND CONTRACTED YELLOW FEVER THERE.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

volunteered for service in Cuba, was appointed a brigadier general in June, and soon afterward sailed from Newport News in command of the Thirty Third Michigan and other troops, reaching Santiago in time to participate gallantly in the closing operations of Shafter's army. Quickly following came the attack of fever, from which, happily, he is now recovering.

GENERAL MERRIAM'S RECORD.

There are several officers of high rank who, when the present war closes, will figure in its history as "organizers of victory." One of these is Adjutant General Corbin; another is Major General Henry C. Merriam, who, as commander of the department of the Pacific, has borne an important part in the organization, equipment, and prompt despatch of the army sent to Manila. General Merriam, who is now sixty one years old, boasts a record of which any soldier might well be proud. Born and reared in Maine, he went to the front in August, 1862, as a captain of volunteers, and from March, 1863, till the end of the war served as major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of colored troops. Brevets for Antietam, the capture of Fort Blakely, and the campaign against Mobile, and a medal of honor for his bravery in the second

named battle, bear witness to his services and whereabouts between 1861 and 1865.

In the reorganization of the army in 1866 he was appointed major of infantry, becoming lieutenant colonel in 1876, and colonel nine years later. He attained the grade of brigadier general in July, 1897, and was one of the first to be commissioned major general of volunteers by President McKinley. Several times since the present war began he has asked to be assigned to active service in the field, and his wishes may yet be gratified if the war should continue, and a campaign against Havana should be undertaken in the fall.

MAJOR GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM, COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC, WHO HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY SENT TO MANILA.

From a photograph by Hyland, Portland, Oregon.

TWO OFFICERS WITH LONG ARMY RECORDS.

Some one whose memory travels back to the days of '61 has lately called attention to the fact that while a majority of the commanders named by President Lincoln were young men, many of them under thirty, the American generals in the present war are almost to a man well past the middle age. The same is true of the senior field officers of regulars. For instance, Colonel James J. Van Horn, of the Eighth Infantry, has been forty four years in the army, but age and gray hairs have not prevented him from taking a very active part in the operations in Cuba. Colonel Van Horn fought during the Civil War in the regiment of which he is now commander, and has since performed much arduous duty on the frontier.

Another officer who has a long record of good service in the army, and who was seriously wounded before Santiago, was Lieutenant Colonel John H. Patterson, of the Twenty Second Infantry. We give a portrait of Colonel Patterson, who is a brother of Supreme Court Justice Edward Patterson, of New York.

OUR DEAD HEROES.

High on the list of heroes of the Spanish war must be written the name of Captain Charles Vernon Gridley, commander of the battleship Olympia in the battle of Manila. He went into the fight

NEW YORK TROOPERS AT CAMP ALGER—MEMBERS OF TROOPS A AND C, NEW YORK VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

a dangerously sick man, and came out of it a dying one. "I think I am in for it," he said, "but I could not leave my ship on the eve of battle." The price of this act of quiet heroism was death at the comparatively early age of fifty three. He passed away at sea less than a week after he had been invalided home, and his remains, brought back to this country, were buried with the honors due a hero at Erie, Pennsylvania, on July 13. Captain Gridley, a native of Indiana, had been thirty eight years in the navy at the time of his death, and in a year or so would have reached the grade of commodore. As the first, and perhaps the only, American naval officer of high rank whose death is a direct result of the existing war, he will long be held in grateful remembrance.

Captain Gridley was past middle life at the time of his death, but some of the heroes who fell before Santiago went straight from the classrooms of West Point to soldiers' graves. Second Lieutenant Clarke Churchman, of the Thirteenth Infantry, was graduated at the Military Academy in June of the present year. A classmate, Second Lieutenant David L. Stone, was another whose first battle was his last. Second Lieutenant Thomas A. Wansboro, also killed at Santiago, had been less than two years in active service, and Second Lieutenant Herbert A. Lafferty, dangerously wounded at El Caney, received his first commission less than three months ago.

A particularly promising career was cut off when Second Lieutenant Dennis Mahan Michie fell on those bloodstained

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN H. PATTERSON, OF THE TWENTY SECOND INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

Cuban hillsides. Lieutenant Michie was the son of Professor Michie of West Point, and was named after his father's friend, Professor Dennis Mahan, father of Captain Alfred T. Mahan. He graduated at the

CAPTAIN CHARLES VERNON GRIDLEY, WHO COMMANDED ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE OLYMPIA, IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA, AND WHO DIED AT SEA ON HIS WAY HOME, JUNE 4, 1898.

From a photograph.

Academy six years ago, and has seen service during the labor troubles in Colorado and at Chicago. He went to Cuba as aide to General H. S. Hawkins, who commanded a brigade of Shafter's corps.

No soldier's death evoked a more general expression of sympathy than that of Sergeant Hamilton Fish, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. Young Fish belonged to a family that has been prominent in the history of New York. He was a famous oarsman at college, and noted for feats of strength and recklessness. Enlisting in the ranks of the famous Rough Riders, he served so well and faithfully that he won very early promotion. In leading the very front of the advance against the enemy he had his dearest wish, and in falling at the beginning of the fight he set a notable example of courage and self sacrifice.

Captain William Owen O'Neill, of the same regiment, who also fell before Santiago, was a typical American of the West. Born in St. Louis some forty years ago,

he had been cowboy, typesetter, editor, lawyer, and lastly mayor of Prescott, Arizona. Becoming converted to the views of taxation held by the late Henry George, he brought the council of the little Arizona city over to his views, and proceeded to put them into operation, so far as the laws of the Territory would permit. Licenses and imposts on business were abolished, and taxes on land values increased. The initiative and referendum were adopted for the town, together with woman suffrage on all municipal questions.

Captain O'Neill's adventurous nature was shown when the Klondike gold fever began. Hastily leaving to others the performance of his duties in Prescott, he set out for the gold fields less to find the yellow metal than to be a sharer in the perils and privations of those inhospitable regions. And when the war broke out he resigned the mayoralty of Prescott, and tendered his services to his country. To brave danger was a second nature with him.

He was strikingly handsome, with large dark eyes, and soft and gentle manners, like so many men of heroic personality. He is one of the lost heroes of the war, and no braver and nobler man ever fell in battle.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM O'NEILL, OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), FORMERLY MAYOR OF PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, KILLED IN THE ASSAULT ON THE HILL OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Hartwell, Phœnix, Arizona.

A SOLDIER'S SOLDIER SON.

General William S. Worth, who came back to Governor's Island to recover from four wounds received while leading his regiment in the attack upon San Juan, is a son of Major General Jenkins Worth, who distinguished himself in the Mex-

CLARK CHURCHMAN, SECOND LIEUTENANT THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT EL CANEY.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

THOMAS A. WANSBORO, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT SANTIAGO.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

COLONEL J. J. VAN HORN, EIGHTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.
From a photograph by Walker, Cheyenne.

HERBERT A. LAFFERTY, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT EL CANEY.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

FOUR AMERICAN OFFICERS KILLED OR WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

DENNIS MAHAN MICHIE, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, SON OF PROFESSOR MICHIE OF WEST POINT, KILLED BEFORE SANTIAGO.

ican War, and whose name is made familiar to New Yorkers by the shaft erected in his honor in Madison Square. The hero of San Juan is no longer a young man, for he saw service in the Civil War, but he is as active as ever, and his orderly, in describing the rush up the bullet swept hill, declared that he "couldn't see the colonel for the dust he raised." He went to Cuba as lieutenant colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, and his promotion was the reward of gallantry on the field.

Like some of its very best fighters, General Worth has a reputation in the army as a dandy. Admiral Dewey, has the same sort of reputation in the navy.

LIEUTENANT BLUE'S PERILOUS SERVICE.

The period of comparative idleness for the navy which followed the discovery of Cervera's fleet and preceded its destruction, was attended by at least one brilliant feat of individual daring. Lieutenant Victor Blue, of the New York, twice made his way around the city of Santiago, and brought back information of the first importance to the military and naval authorities.

Like Lieutenant Hobson of Merrimac fame, Lieutenant Blue is a native of the South. There is comfort for the nation in the thought that every class graduating at Annapolis has plenty of Blues and Hobsons who need only the coveted opportunity to prove their worth.

THE HEROES OF JOURNALISM.

The siege of Santiago developed other heroes than those who wear the blue. Rarely has courageous devotion to duty been better exemplified than in the cases of Edward Marshall and James Creelman,

SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), A MEMBER OF A WELL KNOWN NEW YORK FAMILY, KILLED AT LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM S. WORTH, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED IN THE ASSAULT ON THE HILL OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Rinehart, Omaha.

the two newspaper correspondents who were wounded in the course of the operations against that city. Though shot through the spine and paralyzed from his hips downward, Mr. Marshall, between his paroxysms of pain, insisted on dictating his report of the first fight of Roosevelt's Rough Riders with the Spanish troops. Not a whit less inspiring was the bravery of Mr. Creelman, who was shot down while accompanying General Chaffee's brigade in the assault on the entrenchments of El Caney. When he was found lying upon the ground wounded and covered with blood, his first thought was for his newspaper. Disabled and suffering as he was, he dictated his story of the battle as he had seen it. Both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Creelman were later conveyed to New York, and both are now well on the road to recovery.

A POLAR HERO AT MANILA.

General Merritt, besides being a sterling soldier himself, is an excellent judge of the fighting qualities of other men, and he has taken with him to Manila some of the ablest as well as the bravest officers of the regular army. Brigadier General John B. Babcock, chief of the department staff, holds a medal of honor and four brevets for gallantry, three earned during and one since the Civil War; Brigadier General Robert P. Hughes, chief of the corps staff, is another fighting veteran of '61, and one of the best all round officers

in the army. General Merritt's chief commissary of subsistence is Lieutenant Colonel David L. Brainard, one of the heroes of the Greely arctic expedition.

Colonel Brainard entered the army in 1876, and during the following eight years served as private, corporal, and sergeant in Troop L of the Second Cavalry. In 1881 he went with Major Greely to the arctic regions, where, with Sergeant Lockwood for a comrade, he made the farthest northing ever attained by an American, 83° 24′ north latitude. He was one of the seven men who survived the hardships of the Greely expedition. Following his return he was, in October, 1886, commissioned a second lieutenant of cavalry, and ten years later was transferred to the subsistence department with the rank of captain. It was by General Merritt's especial request that he was assigned to the Manila campaign.

LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE, OF THE NEW YORK, WHO DID VALUABLE SCOUTING SERVICE DURING THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

TWO NEW YORK OFFICERS.

The fact that the typical modern American, man of peace though he be, has not lost the fighting instincts of his ancestors is proved by the records of the men who swell the ranks of the volunteer army. Only a few months ago Hallett Alsop

Borrowe was a peace loving New York club man, but when the war opened he hastened to join the regiment of Rough Riders, and in the assault on the Spanish entrenchments before Santiago he worked the regiment's dynamite gun with the coolness and precision of a veteran artillerist. He has since been promoted to the rank of captain, and appointed an assistant adjutant general of volunteers.

In his new field of duty Captain Borrowe may touch elbows with Major Avery D. Andrews, a lawyer turned soldier, whom New Yorkers best remember as a member of ex Mayor Strong's police board. Soldiering, however, is not a new thing for Major Andrews. He is a graduate of West Point, served for some years in the regular army, and has since been prominent in the National Guard of New York State. He succeeded General Charles F. Roe as commanding officer of Squadron A.

EDWARD MARSHALL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK JOURNAL, WOUNDED IN THE FIGHT AT LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DAVID L. BRAINARD, ONE OF THE HEROES OF GENERAL GREELY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION, NOW CHIEF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE TO GENERAL MERRITT'S ARMY.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

OUR FIRST FOOTHOLD IN CUBA.

The war has thus far produced few pluckier passages than the landing of Colonel Huntington's marines at Guantanamo bay, a few days before Shafter's army sailed from Tampa. The place of landing was a low, round, bush covered hill on the eastern side of the bay. On the crest of this hill was a small clearing in the chaparral occupied by an advanced post of the enemy, who retreated to the woods when the marines landed and climbed the hill. Unfortunately, the clearing occupied by the marines was covered, save at its crest, with a dense growth of bushes and scrub, and was

MAJOR AVERY D. ANDREWS, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL—A WEST POINT GRADUATE AND A FORMER NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

commanded by a range of higher hills a little further to the eastward. Thus the Spaniards, who soon plucked up courage, were able not only to creep close up to our camp under cover of the bushes, but to fire upon it from the higher slopes of the wooded range. The marines replied vigorously to the fire of their hidden foe, and there ensued a hit or miss engagement which continued, with an occasional intermission, for four days and nights. Finally, however, the marines managed to cut away the chaparral around the crest of the hill so as to enlarge the clearing, in which they planted half a dozen rapid fire guns; and on the fourth day of the long fight the Spaniards gave up the contest and abandoned the field.

CAPTAIN HALLETT ALSOP BORROWE, OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL.
From a photograph by Bassano, London.

MAJOR HENRY CLAY COCHRANE, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE MARINES WHO OCCUPIED CAMP MCCALLA, ON GUANTANAMO HARBOR.
Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

Major Henry C. Cochrane, second in command of the marines, says in his official report that he slept only an hour and a half in the four days, and that many of his men became so exhausted that they fell asleep standing on their feet with their rifles in their hands. Major Cochrane, whose bravery in the face of desperate and unseen odds is sure to be duly and generously rewarded, is a veteran of the Civil War, and has been an officer of marines since 1863. He is a native of Chester, Pennsylvania, and entered the navy as a mere boy at the first call to arms in 1861. As soon as he reached the necessary age he was transferred to the marine corps and saw active service on blockade duty along the Atlantic coast, on the Mississippi River, and in the Gulf.

Since then his long cruises have taken him to all the grand divisions of the earth. He was sent on

shore from the Lancaster, at Alexandria, with a detachment of marines to assist in preserving order after the bombardment of that city by the British. At the last Paris Exposition, he commanded the marine guard which won such high encomiums from officials of all countries, and was decorated by the French president with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was orator on the occasion of the promulgation of the present constitution in Hawaii, was in Moscow at the coronation of the late Czar, and has spent a summer in Behring Sea, helping to guard the seals. Before starting for his perilous service in Cuba, he was in command of the Marine Barracks at Newport, Rhode Island.

ADMIRAL CAMARA, COMMANDER OF SPAIN'S LAST REMAINING SQUADRON.
Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

SPAIN'S LUCKLESS COMMANDERS.

It has become the habit to associate with disaster the names of the men holding high command in the Spanish army and navy. General Basilio Augustin, the Spanish governor of the Philippines, and Admiral Camara, commander of the remnant of Spain's navy, are no exceptions to this rule. General Augustin, in his last stand at Manila, proved himself a gallant soldier, and a skilful one as well, but was doomed from the first to defeat, while so great were the odds against Admiral Camara that it is doubtful if it was ever seriously intended by his superiors that he should seek out and give battle to an American fleet. As it is, his maneuvers have only served to give a touch of comedy to the war that has proved so disastrous to his government.

According to a London contemporary, Admiral Camara is English on his mother's side, as his father, a Spanish sea captain, married a Miss Livermore in Liverpool. Like his comrade, Admiral Cervera, he was educated at the naval academy of San Fernando, which he entered in 1851, the year in which Cervera graduated. He reached the rank of captain in 1871, and saw some active service in the expedition against Morocco. In private life he is said to be somewhat of a moody recluse. In politics he is a stalwart supporter of the reigning dynasty, and was prominent in the movement which wound

up the turbulent régime of the Spanish republic and restored the crown to the present king's father, Alphonso XII.

Ramon Blanco, who is likely to go down in history as the last Spanish captain general of Cuba, is a veteran soldier who for

DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN, THE SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

forty years has shared the checkered fortunes of the "flag of blood and gold." He was born sixty five years ago at San Sebastian, on the coast of the Bay of Biscay—one of the fortresses which the British stormed during the Peninsular War. His first service was in Santo Domingo, with the army which, on the invitation of Pedro Santana, Spain sent to occupy the island that had been her earliest colony. The inhabitants revolted, and the Spaniards, finding it impossible to restore order, finally withdrew in 1865; but though the campaign was a failure, Blanco won some distinction, and was promoted to a colonelcy. From Santo Domingo he went to the Philippines as governor of the island of Mindanao. Recalled to Spain, he served through the civil war between the Alfonsists and the Carlists. He commanded the force that captured the Carlist stronghold of Pena Plata, and in recognition of his gallantry he was ennobled with the title of Marquis of Pena Plata.

Marshal Blanco first went to Cuba as captain general in 1879, at the close of the long revolt known as the Ten Years' War. His policy was strictly military, and he was charged with acts of cruelty and oppression, though he achieved nothing like the odium of the notorious Weyler. It is only fair to add that the Madrid press accused him of displaying, both in Cuba and the Philippines, an undue degree of lenity toward the dis-

MARSHAL RAMON BLANCO, MARQUIS OF PENA PLATA, WHO IS LIKELY TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE LAST SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.

affected. The honors and the emoluments of a Spanish colonial governor may be great, but his position has seldom been an entirely happy one.

When the last revolution broke out in Cuba, Blanco was captain general at Manila, where he had another insurrection to face. He succeeded in patching up some sort of a peace with the Philippine rebels, but it failed of any lasting effect; and the high sounding promises with which he began his second administration at Havana, last October, proved equally illusory.

BY THE BRASSARD OF MERCY.

BY MAUD HOWARD PETERSON.

The story of a Red Cross girl who was ordered to the front, and of the difficult duty that faced her there—Two sisters and a soldier lover.

I.

SHE watched with a strange, white calmness on her upturned face while the train pulled out; watched until the deep blackness of the night had hid it from her sight; until the rumble of its wheels had faded quite away. Then she turned to her cousin, who was looking at her half pityingly, half admiringly, and said simply:

"It is nearly one o'clock. I am very tired and ready to go home."

In silence they retraced their steps, crossing the waiting room, empty except for one or two sleepy officials, who eyed them curiously, and boarded the almost deserted ferry boat. They had been among the last to leave, among the very few who had waited to see the train of Red Cross nurses pull out on its long journey to the front. Her cousin—he was still young enough to think that a fellow's voice ought to be quite steady even under the most trying circumstances—began to talk gaily on indifferent subjects. The girl nodded her head now and then in response, but kept her eyes fixed on the black waters of the North River and the approaching lights of the city.

It was all very peaceful, very cool, here on the upper deck of the ferry boat, and it made her think of the Cuban heat and the sounds of the strife, to which her lover and her sister were hastening. It had been hard to give them both up at once, but she was glad, too, in a way, that they had been ordered off together. Perhaps the knowledge that her fiancé was on board would cause her sister to be less lonely. Perhaps he would take pleasure in knowing that some one she held dear was near at hand.

She hoped they would like each other. It did seem rather strange that this was their first meeting. She had met him and become engaged when the older sister was abroad, and when she had returned at the beginning of the war and joined the Red Cross he had been in camp. There he had been taken ill, and, much to his chagrin, had been left behind when the boys had taken their triumphant departure for Tampa. He had recovered rapidly after they had left, and had been ordered to join his regiment, starting that night. There in the bare Pennsylvania Station, midst the rush and excitement of parting, she had introduced them to each other—her lover and her sister. And now it was all over, and she was going home to try to comfort the invalid mother, and fill the place of two daughters instead of one.

II.

DURING the little while they remained in Tampa together, the young lieutenant managed to see a good deal of the elder Miss Carroll. She was strangely like and yet unlike her sister, but altogether charming, he told himself, while a strange wonder filled him when he remembered she was the only woman he had cared to look at twice since his engagement. He supposed it was that elusive likeness to the girl he had left in far away New York. At any rate, he quieted his conscience at their many meetings by the assurance that his fiancée had, in a way, intrusted this Red Cross sister to his care.

Of late he had begun to lose sight of the similarity in bearing and in character, and to find in this sister a strange, spiritual sympathy he had never felt toward the other. He awoke to the knowledge with a start, and did penance by not calling at the Red Cross quarters for two days; then he wrote his fiancée a lengthy letter of camp life, and remained an hour in his tent looking at her picture and cross examining himself. The result was not all he had hoped for, and after one or two fruitless efforts to put from him the good and forbidden things the gods offered, he rose, put on his hat, and sallied forth to meet the elder Miss Carroll.

One or two gossiping tongues had commented on the fact that while Miss Carroll performed her duties in an exemplary manner, all her spare time was given to the young lieutenant of volunteers. The relationship was generally understood, however, and considered perfectly natural by those who met the Red Cross nurse with her prospective brother in law. At first

Miss Carroll had welcomed his friendship gladly, as a tie that bound her to her family and her home. Her associates were kind, but none of them understood her as did young Berkeley. It was as if she had known him always.

Once or twice, in the brief pauses of the busy life she was leading, she had been conscious of a half formed thought that her sister was a very lucky girl. In a vague way she knew that every day she was becoming more and more dependent on his strength, but she never really analyzed her feelings until the evening when he came to tell her that in two hours he must leave for Cuba. He was strangely unlike himself all during that last walk together. A look into her pale face—almost hard in its absolute calmness—betrayed none of the wild, hot tide of emotion welling up in her heart.

"Perhaps I shall see you soon," she said in parting. "I hear that another detachment of our number is to leave tomorrow."

He laid his other hand above hers that he held closely. She was dimly conscious that it felt dry and hot on her own, which was quite cold. And then—she was in his arms, his head bending close above her own, with only the great palms that waved above them in the lonely grove to hear the beatings of their hearts. For an instant; then she pushed him fiercely from her.

"How dare you?" she said between her white lips.

Long she lingered there after he had left her, trying vainly to compose herself before she went back to her duties; trying vainly to put from her the vision of a girl with a strange, white calmness on her face; trying to hide the remembrance of the look of absolute trust and assurance in the trust of both, that had rested there when the long train had pulled out.

And as she buried her burning face in her hands, Delia Carroll knew that there was nothing half so sweet in life as love; nothing half so bitter as the knowledge of a faith betrayed.

III.

All day had the orderlies and men been carrying their wounded and dying comrades to the great rough shed over which waved the Red Cross flag. They had been met at the door by women on whose arms shone the brassards of mercy; women whose pale and tired faces bore the look of self effacement and pity that transfigured the plainest and made them beautiful.

Toward nightfall a weary surgeon entered and called the nurse in charge aside.

"I want three of your assistants at once," he said in his quick way, "women with the strongest nerves in your corps. There are a dozen Americans and Spaniards down the road, fifteen miles from here. They are desperately wounded and can't be moved. It's a yellow fever district, and while every precaution will, of course, be taken, we can't remove the risk."

He paused for breath and looked at the nurse.

"We have just about as much as we can attend to now," she said, her eyes running quickly over the long ward, down which white capped figures were unceasingly hastening to and fro; "but I will see what I can do."

She hurried off, and the surgeon stood tapping his foot impatiently on the floor. He was aroused by hearing a girl's voice at his elbow saying cheerfully.

"Good evening, Dr. Shirley. You look as if you had the weight of the world on your shoulders."

The gray haired surgeon turned and his face lighted up.

"No, Miss Carroll; but the lives of a dozen men."

She smiled sadly. It said plainer than words, "That's a daily occurrence," and then started to hurry on. He detained her.

"Let me see, haven't you a brother or a cousin or a sweetheart or somebody in the Twelfth?" he asked. "I think I remember hearing about it when I was in Tampa."

Miss Carroll clasped her fingers tightly around the bandages she carried, but her voice was calm as she answered simply:

"Yes; my sister's fiancé. Are any of the Twelfth men in trouble?"

"I should say there were. Six of them are desperately wounded, in a hotbed of 'Yellow Jack,' and not a soul to care for them. They managed to crawl there from the field. All of them in young Berkeley's detachment——"

"Is *he* there?" The woman's voice had a strange quaver under its veneer of calmness.

"Why, bless your soul, my dear child, of course he is—the sickest of the lot. Miss Penfield's off now seeing whom she can spare to go back with me."

"You must let me go."

The words were not uttered as an appeal; they were a command. The surgeon looked at her undecidedly. Miss Carroll came nearer and lifted her pale, resolute face to his.

"Dr. Shirley," she said simply, "have I not proved that I can be trusted? Have I not won my spurs?" She smiled faintly and made a motion toward the white cap she wore. "Here your word is absolute. See that I am one of those sent. Lieutenant

Berkeley is my sister's fiancé. You must let me go."

Miss Penfield hurried toward them.

"I have two nurses that can be spared, but I really don't see where the third is to come from."

The surgeon laid his hand lightly on Miss Carroll's own, and drew her forward.

"Here," he said decidedly, then he turned to the two nurses that had come forward. "Make haste," he said bruskly. "Time is life, and the escort is at the door."

IV.

It was Miss Carroll that the surgeon chose to go with him when he entered the small, rough room that had been set aside for Berkeley's use.

They found him conscious, but very weak. Miss Carroll talked to him in a gentle, soothing voice, while Dr. Shirley laid bare his case of cruel looking instruments. Berkeley did not even see him. He was smiling faintly up into the woman's face above him. If he felt any surprise at her presence there, he did not show it. Perhaps he was too weak to take in more than the fact that she *had* come.

The surgeon approached the rough bed of boughs on which the young officer lay.

"My boy," he said, "that wound's got to be probed again. Do you think you've got enough of your old grit left to stand it?"

Berkeley turned his head and looked up into the woman's face. Again he smiled.

"Will you hold my hand?" he asked.

After a little the surgeon rose and left them to see to the other men. As he closed the door he shook his head.

"It's an even chance," he muttered to himself, "with perhaps the scale tipped a little *against* recovery."

To inexperienced eyes it would have seemed that the surgeon had been wrong. In the two days that followed Berkeley rallied and insisted on talking to any one who would give him a chance. Then he began to sleep. The young assistant surgeons spoke about a removal, but the old veteran of two wars shook his head and told them to make haste slowly. He realized that the strength was but temporary, and that the young officer was upheld by some great internal excitement, and he watched daily, hourly, fearingly, for the collapse. It came within forty eight hours, at midnight. Miss Carroll, who was absent among the other men, was hastily called. She never spent more time than was necessary at Berkeley's side, for which strange phenomena neither vouchsafed any explanation. It was as if a tacit understanding existed between them. When anything was needed she was there. At other times she was to be found in the hastily improvised ward. When the summons came to her she obeyed them quickly, and together she and the old surgeon worked over the young figure lying in a comatose condition.

"I think he'll slip off without waking, but he may not. If there's any decided change, call me. I'll be with that young artillery chap that was brought in today with a broken spine;" and the surgeon rose and hurried to the door. To those who did not know him his brusk manner would have seemed the acme of heartlessness. At the threshold he paused and looked back. The feeble glow of a surgeon's lamp lighted up the pallid face of the man and flickered over the woman's standing figure.

"You know I'm sorry for——" the surgeon's voice broke and he cleared his throat —"your sister," he added, looking straight into the woman's face.

Her eyes met his calmly.

"Yes," she said gently; "I am sure of that."

After the door had closed behind him, she sat down on the end of a box, the only chair the bare room afforded, and looked toward the sleeper. The immobility of her face relaxed and great tears ran down her cheeks, dropping unheeded on the whiteness of her kerchief. The long hours wore away. Then young Berkeley sighed, stirred, and looked straight into the face of the woman near him. Something there told him all the story, and he made a feeble effort to rise and stretch out his arms. She bent over him, but she could not speak.

"Dear heart," he said, "I am glad it is to be so. I have tried so hard to put the vision of you from me, but I cannot. If I had lived I could not have come to you with clean hands and in honor——" His voice trailed off and was lost in the silence of the room. She raised his head on her arm, moistened his lips, and wiped the damp away.

"That last day in Tampa—perhaps she would forgive me if—she knew. She was always generous. Perhaps—she would forgive me for speaking—to you in this way now. It makes—a great, big difference—when a—chap's dying;" he smiled.

She did not try to quiet him. She did not call the surgeon. This one hour was his and hers.

"No difference—now," he went on, still more feebly. "Ah, you—do not blame me! I—see it—in your eyes. If you—love—me, kiss—me——"

She leaned down and laid her warm lips to his cold ones.

"Good night, dear," she whispered gently. After a little she closed his tired eyes.

V.

THAT letter home! It was hours before Delia Carroll could bring herself to write it. As she read it over, it seemed to her brutally harsh. It contained little more than the fact that young Berkeley was dead. After all, that was the one important point to be said, and finally she let it go. She waited in an agony of suspense for the reply. It came after a month's delay. It was the letter of a woman who had dipped her pen into her heart's blood and yet was strong. It contained no regrets; only pride that he had met death as a soldier and a Berkeley should. Of herself she said little.

"My grief lies too deep for words, as it lies too deep for tears," the letter ran in part. "You say that you were with him at the end. I am glad that it was so. If you could, perhaps, recall in the brief pauses of your brave life some message of farewell he left for me before he went, it would comfort me as nothing else on God's dear earth could do. You make no mention of any message in your note. You say that he was conscious. There must have been some word for me, for my trust in the remembrance of his faithfulness is my sorrow's crown."

Miss Carroll crushed the letter in her hand. Should she deny the love that had come into her own life and had glorified it, as it had glorified her sister's? Could she bear to hold the false position she must before the world if she did not declare what Berkeley and she had been to each other? Could she give to that other girl the lie? Long into the night she sat battling with herself. She leaned forward on the box on which she sat and unconsciously ran the fingers of one hand nervously up her arm. Half way up they paused and lingered. They had touched the brassard that rested there. The sign of mercy! It was as if a voice had come and answered her heart's prayer. Should she deny her own the mercy she so freely gave to strangers? She drew the lamp nearer to the box, crouched down on the floor by it, and began to write.

"Dear!"—the pencil paused and then wrote on as though guided by an unseen hand: "Forgive me, that my first letter was so brusk and unsatisfactory. I believe I was so crushed at the thought of what your grief would be when you read it that I forgot all else. You ask if he left any word for you? Indeed he did. My hand is trembling so that I find it hard to write. I want, too, to be very careful and to try to think and remember calmly. You want the details, do you not? He seemed to be doing well for the first few days after I got here, but at midnight on the fourth the change came. Dr. Shirley says it was an internal hemorrhage—what he had most feared. He lay unconscious for a few hours, and I never left him. About half past three that morning, he stirred, opened his eyes, and motioned me to him. He was perfectly himself and did not seem to be suffering. I think he knew he was going, and he spoke of you as he had always known you, brave and generous. He said—I must write slowly now that there be no mistake—he said: 'Tell her that I hope I am dying as she would have me; that in doing so I am keeping true her honor and her faith, and that I bless her!'

"After that he seemed very weak. I leaned over and kissed him good by. You do not mind, do you, darling? You see you were not there, and I was standing in your place. And it was thus he died."

She paused. The pencil dropped to the floor, and she pushed the sheets of paper from her. One arm was flung over the end of the box against which she had been kneeling, and her head fell forward on her sleeve. Again she touched the brassard on her arm. After a while she pressed her white lips to it.

A BAR HARBOR EPISODE.

BY FLORENCE CALL ABBOTT.

How the Agency for the Detection of Amateur Poets was organized, and how a volunteer addition to the force proved to be its most successful detective.

JOHN STANTON was usually optimistic, but it was now half past six in the morning, and the foghorn on the boat had kept him awake all night.

"Too early for breakfast or a fire," he thought, gazing out at the fog. All was quiet. Bar Harbor would not dream of rubbing its eyes for two or three hours yet.

At length he turned back to the hearth, where the feeble flicker had taken courage and was blazing brightly.

His spirits mounted with the flames, and as he drew a chair to the fire, he decided that perhaps he was not such a fool, after all. What if he *had* come on a wild goose chase? It was his own affair, any way. The merest chance had brought him, the merest chance might take him away. If he found her, all well and good. If not, perhaps better still!

He would allow one month for the search and then settle down to work as though he had not a dollar.

He had never intended to teach, and wondered how he had happened to accept the offered professorship. It was an honor, for he was young, but it meant giving up the freedom of life at the German universities.

"Well, here I am, on the outlook for genius. I might as well begin the search, I suppose;" and he started out in the direction of the Cliff Walk, to take a turn before breakfast.

Not that he expected to see anything, for the fog lay thick over the Porcupines; but this walk was an old favorite, and he liked it, foggy or not.

Such gray days are the terror of the passing tourist and the buckboard driver. The habitué knows that the dreariest morning may sparkle before noon, and such is his love for the place that the vagaries of its climate in no wise affect his loyalty.

Bar Harbor takes the veil and puts it off at will. Is she doing penance?

Perhaps she deplores her frivolous ways, and tries to recall the days when she was a quiet, demure little place, upon which the eye of fashion had not fallen. As Stanton strolled along the path by the shore, he caught an occasional glimpse of a masthead or the merest suspicion of a gable. It was good to see even so much of the place again. Pulling his hat well down over his eyes, he strode along, until he suddenly collided violently with some one coming from an opposite direction.

"I beg your—why, Miss Sherwood! I hope I haven't hurt you? You are quite sure? This *is* a jolly surprise! How do you happen to be out at such an unearthly hour? You are sure you are not hurt?"

"Perfectly sure, and glad to have met you, even in this violent way," she replied. "I didn't know you were in Bar Harbor."

"I wasn't until an hour ago. Came by the Olivette this morning, and was a bit disgusted with the weather until I saw you. But do you often do this sort of thing?"

"No, not often, although I should like to. This morning I was walking off a mood——"

"And you have succeeded?"

"Yes, I left it 'way out at the end of the walk;" and she looked back in the direction from which she had come.

"If you'll tell me where you left it, I will try to find it. I am looking for a new mood."

"You wouldn't care for this one," she laughed. "Where are you staying?"

"At the Pine Tree Inn; and you?"

"We have a cottage in the Field this summer, and are taking our meals at the inn; so you won't be able to escape an occasional glimpse of us."

She looked so bright and gay that he thought a glimpse of her would be the last thing in the world a man would try to escape.

The circumstances of their meeting were so unceremonious that, on the impulse of the moment, he decided to tell her why he had come to Bar Harbor.

"If you will turn back a bit," he said, smiling, "I will tell you something amusing; and it concerns you, too."

"Very well;" and turning at once, she stepped firmly along beside him. "Comedy or tragedy?"

"It isn't anything yet, and may prove to be

a farce. You see, it's this way. I'm on a quest——"

"A second *Sir Percival?*" she suggested.

"Only in my uncertainty of success."

"But he did succeed at last, you know;" and she looked encouragingly at him as she wondered for what he was seeking.

Whatever it was, she felt sure that he would find it. He was not a man with whom one associated failure.

"Yes, but *Sir Percival* spent a lifetime in his search, and I can give but a month to mine. Then, too, I am chasing a mere possibility."

"Isn't that rather vague? Oh, how the wind blows! There goes my hat. I am so sorry, Mr. Stanton. It is such a come down to chase a plain, simple hat."

She tried to keep her hair from blowing about, but could not, for the fog had crisped it into little curls, which blew through her fingers and over her forehead and made her very uncomfortable, but wholly charming.

Stanton caught the hat and watched her put it on, and wondered why he had never realized before how lovely she was. That was what he thought, but he said:

"I believe this brisk wind will blow away the fog. Shall we go on with the possibilities, now that we have adjusted the actualities?"

"Yes, do! Does your possibility take human form?" She held on to her hat now, as the wind continued to blow freshly.

"Yes; and I believe she is in Bar Harbor, at the Pine Tree Inn."

"Interesting, but meager!" she commented. "Do fill up the blanks! Or shall I? She is young and fair, of course!"

"Now you are getting ahead of facts," he broke in. "She may be eighteen or eighty, beautiful as queens are supposed to be or homely as they oftener are, but I really know nothing about her. The most interesting feature of this search is that I don't know what I am looking for. Now this is where you come in," he continued.

"Into a limbo of doubt, I should think," she remarked, thoroughly mystified; "but if you really wish me to know where I come in, please don't walk so fast. I have been feeling like good *Man Friday* for some time, and you remember that he invariably trotted three or four paces behind the great *Robinson Crusoe*."

They both laughed as he begged her to pardon him.

"Do you remember a book of poems you sent me last spring, Miss Sherwood? A book which set every one by the ears?"

"Yes, it was a bet, you know. Although you won quite fairly, you sent me such gorgeous roses. What folly it is for a man to bet with a woman, for he pays whether he loses or wins! You wrote me that you liked the book, I remember."

"Yes, I did—immensely! To tell you the truth, I don't care much for poetry, as a rule, but that book was different. It did me a lot of good. It is the sort of book that makes a man wonder what he can do for the world, and why he hasn't done it before. It freshened me up and set me to thinking." He laughed apologetically. "It meant a great deal to me, and I fancied I should like to know the woman who wrote it."

"Are you sure it was written by a woman? It was published anonymously, you know."

"Yes, I am sure, though I don't know exactly why. Perhaps it is an instinctive insight and a slight lack of logic here and there. Yes a woman wrote the book, I am sure. She must be a strong, vigorous woman, who believes in the best of the world, and has a keen appreciative sense."

"Why do you think she is here, and what are you going to say to her when—or perhaps I should not ask that?"

"That or anything else. I am not looking for romance, you know. Her publisher is a friend of mine, and although he would tell me nothing and talked a lot about publishers' secrets, he gave me what I believe to be a clue, and, having the time, I am going to follow it up. If I find her—that will be the end of it, I suppose. There isn't anything to say—except what I have told you, and I might not care to say that again." He stopped abruptly as though his conclusion surprised himself.

Eleanor Sherwood's face was quite serious as she said, "I think any woman would be glad to hear what you have told me—glad and proud."

As she turned earnestly towards him, they felt as though they had met for the first time.

Since his return from abroad they had known each other as people do in society, which means that they did not know each other at all. Now each held individual meaning for the other.

He looked at her with new interest as she walked briskly along, her hands in the pockets of her reefer. The lines of her face were more matured and determined than he had remembered.

"You would be an invaluable ally in such a search, Miss Sherwood, and it might amuse you. Suppose I establish an agency for the detection of anonymous poets. Would you join the force?"

"Of course. That is a fine idea. How would your advertisements read? Let's see! 'Anonymous poets discovered at short notice, by a new and infallible method.

Apply for particulars at the Pine Tree Inn or send stamp for circular.' How is that? Oh, I am quite in the spirit of the search already!"

"I see you are, but certain qualifications are necessary for this work. How do I know that you are good at detecting a literary air?" he inquired cautiously.

"If my sensitive soul shouldn't feel it," the girl replied, "I could fall back upon less subtle indications."

"Such as?"

"An ink stained finger, for instance."

"I see that you have the right idea. While you are carrying on your investigations, I will lie in wait for the careless shoestring, the dreamy thoughtfulness—or I may be fortunate enough to run upon a 'fine frenzy.' I foresee that we shall find her."

"Don't you think that going back to the inn would be an advisable first step? My mother will be waiting. You may be able to live on hope, but I am hungry! Oh, look!" she cried, and pointed to the fast receding fog. "There are the islands and the yachts. Isn't that big white one a beauty? The Eastern Yacht Club is in, you know."

"Then the landlubber may as well retire from the scene. Still," he added, "with an attraction like a detective agency, perhaps he may venture to remain——"

"If he goes," she threatened, "I vow to search for the unknown myself, find her, and never report."

As if to make up for lost time, the sun came out in blinding force, and sparkled on the brass railings of the yachts, and the bells rang for eight o'clock as they turned back together.

To all intents and purposes Bar Harbor was still sleeping. And the poetess? Was she still sleeping? They discussed the question, and decided that it was probable, although unromantic.

II.

The Sherwood Cottage made an excellent consultation ground, and Stanton frequently blessed the day when he founded his agency and engaged Eleanor Sherwood as his force.

Their search had been diligent, but unsuccessful. However, the agency had done its best, and throve in spite of repeated disappointments.

All signs had failed. Untied shoestrings were found to be epidemic, and ink stained fingers no exception. In default of records they had hung over the inn register. Stanton had found a seat at the Sherwoods' table, and he and Eleanor occupied the dinner hour in surreptitious scrutiny of the guests.

When opportunities occurred they led people into well planned but fruitless discussions about books—any book—*the* book. They had done all in their power and were almost hopeless when Stanton met a new arrival, who promised well. She turned out to be the mother of eleven small children, "which proves," said Eleanor, "that she is not the one. She could never find time. I am in favor of the dear old lady with white curls at the third table from ours."

"The book is too modern for her," Stanton objected, "and not sentimental enough." And so each vetoed the other's suggestions, and the days passed.

People in books are always obliging. They give themselves away in the most convenient places, turn down the right streets to encounter their fates, and their eyes always meet at the critical moment. Out of books it is different. No one does what one would naturally expect. A turns into a side street, while B, whom he ought to have met, keeps straight along the boulevard; and so it goes.

But, after all, who wouldn't rather be out of a book than in one, even if, between two covers, one might go down the ages!

Bar Harbor days are apt to fly, for one rides and drives and canoes and sails and walks and dances, and the time is gone. Add to this an incessant search for an unknown genius, and no wonder two weeks had flown!

A man at the head of an agency has to consult the force, and when the force happens to have a fresh, sweet voice and a merry laugh the necessity becomes a pleasure, to be sure, but is none the less a necessity.

Eleanor nodded brightly as Stanton came up the garden path one morning. She was tying up some vines and waiting for him, although she would not have acknowledged that even to herself. She wore a white gown, with one of the dark red roses he had sent her the night before tucked in her belt.

"What news at headquarters?" she questioned. "Something ought to have turned up on such a morning as this."

"Something has!" he replied mysteriously. "In fact, it turned up last night. If sole agents will go to dinner dances, they can't expect to know what is going on at headquarters. Last night was a red letter night for the agency;" and he leaned back lazily in a big wicker chair. "I might keep you in suspense, but I won't," he went on magnanimously. "Do you see that lavender parasol over the top of that hedge? That parasol belongs to the unknown. I am convinced of the truth of this assertion. Although I have no proofs, there is plenty of

circumstantial evidence in the packet of letters which awaited her, and the pens and paper which were sent up to her room. To complete the evidence, she registered from Boston. I happened to be in the office when she came. Now she has strolled out by herself with a portfolio under her arm. No wonder she feels inspired! Iambic pentameter would be child's play on such a day——"

Eleanor dropped the vine she was training. "Let's follow her," she cried. "We may see a real inspiration if we hurry." So saying, she ran down the path without any hat, a fashion then quite her own. The sun burned down on her hair, and Stanton found himself entirely forgetting the lavender parasol, which had already disappeared around a turn in the walk.

They followed and had gone but a short distance when Eleanor discovered the unknown just below them on the rocks.

"Why, there she is!" she said in a disappointed voice. "Genius certainly won't burn so publicly. I am afraid you are on the wrong track. Still, her back is interesting. Let's sit here on the bank and watch her. There! She has found a shady place and is closing her parasol. She is an unconscious philanthropist for now we can see her well——"

"Look, Miss Sherwood! She has opened her portfolio. Let's slide down a bit nearer. Well done! Is that seat comfortable?"

"Yes, quite; but what matter if it were jagged as a saw at such a time? There comes her stylographic. I hope it won't fail her in her hour of need, as mine always does."

"How can you digress at this critical moment?" interrupted Stanton. "She has taken out her paper, soon her pen will fly, and——" What he might have added will never be known, for Eleanor interrupted him.

"What is she taking out of her portfolio? Look, a lot of envelopes——"

"Scraps of verse probably."

"Probably, but—no! Oh, you poor deluded man! Those scraps are samples of silks and ribbons. I know them well, each with its little tag. Lean over this way and you will see!"

Stanton leaned over, but, alas, too far! He slipped, and in recovering his balance his foot struck a loose stone and down it rolled over the smooth, sloping rock straight towards the back of the poetess!

Would it change its course? Surely something would turn the fiendish thing aside! It was as large as an apple and—— Oh, heavens! it had struck her squarely in the back.

Stanton rushed down to assist the woman, who had jumped to her feet and was standing with a hand on her back, the portfolio, papers, and bits of silk scattered all about her. He began to explain, apologize, and pick up the pieces all at the same time.

Eleanor felt that she would give half of her halidom (whatever that may be) to laugh! As that was out of the question, she watched them and had to admit that the woman was very beautiful. She was graceful, and her lavender gown hung about her in regal folds. She was indeed an ideal poetess. At this point in Eleanor's observations, she caught Stanton's eye. Although it was but for an instant, she knew that he felt that the crucial time had come for every test their ingenuity could devise.

Evidently the samples had not discouraged him, As she came down and joined them, the woman gazed so kindly upon them both that they glanced at each other and felt like criminals.

"I fear I am partly responsible for this annoyance," Eleanor began. "I hope the stone did not hurt you?"

"Oh, was you there, too?" the woman inquired genially. "No, it didn't hurt me a mite, but it frightened me some;" and she laughed loudly, as if it were all a joke. "Just see how I scattered them samples round."

If the largest of the Porcupine Islands had suddenly jumped over to the mainland, they could not have been more surprised, and they looked at each other in positive dismay.

After a slight pause, Stanton remarked that the day was fine.

"Yes," the woman replied, "and I'm glad, because I've got to go back home soon. Can't leave my business long, even in the quiet months."

"Of course not," Eleanor responded, not knowing what else to say.

"I came over from Northwest that awful foggy day last week. Came over to a weddin', but couldn't get in."

"You had forgotten your card?" inquired Eleanor, trying to keep up a conversation with this most voluble person.

"Forgotten it? No, I never had one; but I thought I might slip by the man at the door. A lot of people over here are customers of mine and I wanted to see how their dresses looked, but it didn't work;" and she sighed heavily.

Stanton had returned the last of the samples, and he and Eleanor made a movement to go.

"I'm real grateful to you for picking up all them things," the woman said to Stanton, then turning to Eleanor she added: "If you

happen to be in Boston next winter, you might like to take a peep at my imports. Here's my card. People say I'm too businesslike, but I say that's the way to get ahead;" and she laughed again.

They bowed and left her rearranging the bits of silk. When they had rounded the twist in the walk, they examined the card. It read:

MADAME ROLAND,
ROBES,
4 BOYLSTON ST., ROOMS 7-8-9,
BOSTON, MASS.

They said nothing as they seated themselves on a root of a big tree. Eleanor's eyes twinkled, and she pulled up the matted pine needles in silence for a time, and then remarked: "Perhaps this will prove to you how incompetent the agency is when the force is dining out."

Stanton threw back his head and laughed. "By George, that was a surprise! I am beginning to doubt the penetration of the agency myself. That stone knocked out my last clue. As the case stands now, you must come to the rescue, Miss Sherwood, or the agency is ruined."

III.

NIG was the name of the Sherwoods' dog. He was black and homely, and Stanton thought a vast amount of affection was wasted upon him, but he treated him well for Eleanor's sake.

A week after the agency had received its crushing blow, Nig came tearing down the cottage walk with a piece of crumpled paper in his mouth. Stanton, who was just coming up the walk, made a dive at the dog.

"What have you there, Nig? Out with it, sir! What!—part of a letter?" He smoothed the paper out on his hand. "No beginning, no end. It's public property, I suppose. Let's see. H'm—'like to drop your incognito before the publication of your second volume, but this is as you wish, of course. The first proof sheets will be sent to you by express September 10, and if——'" That was all, but Stanton read it over again as he walked along. Then he put it in his pocket, sat down on the piazza steps, and pondered. "On the tenth of September," he thought, "the proof sheets were to be sent, and today is the eleventh."

Eleanor appeared in the doorway, but he did not see her, and she paused a moment before speaking. She liked the firm line of his jaw and the earnest far away gaze so unusual to him. The search had been interesting, and there were but five days left to complete it.

"How many miles away?" she asked.

"Oh, are you there?" and his face lighted as he looked at her. "Not many miles. It's the same old problem, but I'm on a new tack now. I will tell you about it at eight this evening."

"Is this quite fair?" she questioned.

"Yes, under the circumstances, I think it is quite fair."

Long before eight o'clock the little cottage in the Field was quite shut in by the fog, but Stanton did not lose his way. He knew it too well. Promptly at the appointed hour he arrived with a bundle in his hand.

Eleanor was seated before a driftwood fire, but rose to meet him as he came in. "You are prompt," she said.

He laid the parcel on the table and drew a chair to the fire. They sat in silence for a time. Friendship can sometimes be gauged by the silence it keeps.

At last Eleanor stirred uneasily, and Stanton roused himself. "Only five days more!" he said. "It would have been a pity had I missed her."

"You may be fortunate after all, Mr. Stanton. She might have been a dismal disappointment. Celebrities often are, you know."

"She wouldn't have disappointed me," he replied, seizing the poker and pushing the wood back on the andirons. "She couldn't have done that."

"Just look at the green in that flame! Do you know, I cannot build pictures in a driftwood fire, the colors are too diverting." As Eleanor spoke she leaned forward and rested her chin in her hand.

"I need no fire to help me build castles nowadays," Stanton remarked. "Where do you keep this poker? I never can think consecutively with a poker in my hand." Then, after a pause, "I took a new agent on the force this morning. No—that isn't quite true; he joined the force, and I had nothing to say about it. He fairly leaped into the force with the evidence in his mouth."

"Putting away the poker doesn't seem to have helped you much," Eleanor remarked dryly. "What are you talking about? I thought I was to be sole agent. The exclusiveness of your agency was its greatest charm to me."

"So it was to me," Stanton replied, laughing; "but I really couldn't help it! You see, the new agent has four legs and a tail. One can't reason with four legs and a tail. By the way, where do you think I have been tonight?"

"I know you have been insane for the past few minutes. Where else have you been?"

"To the express office, to inquire for a bundle for Miss Eleanor Sherwood. There is no delivery tonight, and I thought you

might like to have it before morning." He smiled cheerfully upon her.

"Thank you so much. Is that it on the table?" A dull red color showed in her cheeks.

"Yes, that is it. Before I give it to you, I wish to state that my stupidity is colossal and only equaled by your duplicity. Perhaps you would like this piece of a letter from your publisher. Nig gave it to me this morning when he joined the force."

"Nig! Where is that dog?"

Stanton smoothed the crumpled paper on his knee as he continued: "If Nig had only brought me evidence like this three weeks ago——"

"The agency for the discovery of anonymous poets would never have been established," she suggested.

"It never would have existed, any way, Miss Sherwood, had I known that my sole agent was already the head of another company calling itself the 'Society for the Concealment of Anonymous Poets.' Perhaps you have something to say for yourself."

Eleanor had taken the package from the table as though to prevent further discoveries.

"I didn't wish to be found out, so I did what I could for myself. I really thought, several times, that you would prove that some one else wrote the book in spite of facts—and me," she replied, laughing at his discomfiture.

"I'm a fool," Stanton blurted out. "I ought to have known you wrote those poems."

There was an awkward silence, which Eleanor broke at last.

"Odd that the search should have been begun and ended in a fog," she said, smiling. "One would hardly expect to find anything tonight." She walked to a window, still holding the package in her hand.

Stanton followed her. "I have found out more than one thing in these three weeks," he said quite simply. "I wonder if you have any idea what these days have been to me—the best days of my life."

His eyes never left her face, but her head was bowed and she could not see him.

"The book has meant a great deal, but I am not satisfied, Eleanor." He wondered how he dared to call her that, she looked so proud and tall in the filmy black gown she wore. He drew back a step. "I never shall be satisfied, I fear."

"There is to be a second volume, you know." She tried to speak lightly as she held the proof sheets out to him, but her voice trembled, and it gave him courage.

"Eleanor, I love you," he said, coming nearer. "I love you, dear. You must know it. I haven't dared to think you could ever care for me, but don't you think you can, Eleanor, some time?"

His strong hand closed over hers, proof sheets and all, and she did not draw it away.

Nig came out from under a couch a few minutes later and Eleanor vowed he looked surprised.

"I have found her, Nig, and the best of it is, I am going to keep her," Stanton said.

"Do you remember that you were taken on to the force this morning, Nig?" Eleanor inquired gravely. "Well, you were, whether you remember it or not. Tonight you lose your position, for the agency is given up."

"Given up, only to be reëstablished," Stanton continued. "It's a partnership now with a new name. It's long, but you must remember it, Nig. It's the 'Stanton Protective Agency for the Genius of the Age.'"

"Too indefinite!" Eleanor cried. "Some might not know that I am that superlative creature."

"Well, then, the 'Stanton Society for the Prevention of Further Stupidity on the Part of Its Originator.'"

"To join that would be to acknowledge your stupidity—a thing which I naturally wish to conceal. So that would never do, would it, Nig?"

"Well, whatever its name," Stanton declared, pulling the dog's ears—"whatever its name, sir, we hereby promise to make you the sole honorary member."

WHY IS NEW YORK DISLIKED?

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

Some reasons why the rest of the continent resents the supremacy of the metropolis as the commercial, literary, artistic, and intellectual center of the United States.

WHY does the whole country dislike New York?

The answer of the ordinary New Yorker will be that it doesn't.

But it does. Nobody knows less about what the country thinks of New York, and of most other things, than the ordinary New Yorker. The more thorough a New Yorker he is, the less he knows—and cares. He is aware, as of a geographical fact, that there are outlying districts, but as to what opinions the unfortunate inhabitants of these dark provinces hold of him and his city he has little curiosity—scarcely more than the Parisian feels regarding the barbarous outside world's state of mind regarding Paris, which is to him the center and the essence of the earth. It is so with every great city. A metropolis is a microcosm, whose interests and variety of aspects suffice to absorb the energy and attention of its dwellers.

It is largely this self centered state of mind that causes irritation against New York in Americans who are not New Yorkers. Yet the "provinces" confirm the metropolis in its sense of overwhelmingness. New York is local to all the United States, though all the United States resents the fact. Whatever happens here is to the New Yorker of vastly greater importance than if it happened elsewhere, and he has succeeded in imposing his cockney sense of proportion upon his fellow countrymen. Let a brace of young swells exchange slaps on Broadway after a theater supper, and the columns given to the tremendous event in the New York morning papers will be matched by the columns given to it by the press from Jersey City to San Francisco. Let two gentlemen of unquestioned wealth and social standing in San Antonio, Texas, say, shoot and carve each other, and the newspapers of the country will imitate those of New York in recording the occurrence in an inch of type.

Why this discrimination? Partly because New York is the great news center, where all the principal journals of the Union have their telegraphic correspondents, and the news agencies their headquarters, but more because New York is New York, and cities, like men, are generally accepted at their own valuation. Shrinking modesty has never yet made a hit in competition with equal merit backed by confidence and push. And after all, particularly since the great consolidation of January 1, it has to be admitted that New York is the biggest thing on the continent.

The continent submits, but not gracefully. There's a deal of ill will abroad against this metropolis, and no backwardness in giving it expression. The very newspapers that put scare heads over that Broadway slapping and tuck away in a corner the San Antonio tragedy, editorially bare their teeth at New York. Were one of the largest journals on Park Row to determine to print in one issue, as a freak novelty, all the unpleasant things said on any given day about New York by the press of the United States, the purpose would have to be abandoned. Not even an oceanic Sunday edition would have room for them.

And newspapers, being published primarily for profit, can be depended upon to know what opinions are popular in their neighborhoods. Doubtless the animosity, on some counts, is stronger in the newspaper offices (for reasons that will be touched on presently) than out of them: but there can be no question that spread everywhere among the people is a feeling toward New York the reverse of loving. Could the Park Row mammoth reproduce the criticisms of a day the New Yorker, caring to read, would see that they range from serious animadversions upon the city for its commercial and speculative methods, its want of public spirit, its essential lack of Americanism, its Europeanization, so to say, its political, literary, and artistic arrogance, its poverty, crime, and general unworth, down to playful gibes at its conceit.

The possession of Wall Street itself, with all the opulent implications of that possession, hardly excites less printed animosity than does what is qualified as the "claim" of New York to be the literary center of the country. As the persons most likely to resent

or deny this claim, or fact, have special facilities for making their dissent heard, it may be assumed with safety that the indignation which it awakens is not felt with equal poignancy by all classes. Nevertheless, these special complainants are not ignorant of the art of bringing over to their side others whose cause of dislike is different. The sail of literary jealousy fills itself with any serviceable wind that blows.

There is no community that has not suffered because of the metropolis. It being in the nature of large bodies to attract smaller ones, this big city has drawn away, and continues to draw away, from lesser cities much that they cannot retain, much as they may wish to do so. When a Western American has made a fortune in mines, or lumber, or railroads, or pork, he is very likely to move to the metropolis, brought either by a desire for a more extensive field for his capital and energies, or under the compulsion of his womankind, ambitious of social enjoyment and conspicuousness. The man of talent as a writer, or painter, or architect, or what not, also gravitates hither. The greater the market, the greater the rewards when success is won. It is undeniable that New York attracts the élite of the republic as a magnet attracts iron.

This is not to say that only the élite come here, or that all the élite do, but it is because of the assumption that New York thinks so that the country is sore when New York is in question.

Journalism being the voice of the country, it is only natural that the note of resentment in it should be especially noticeable. To be called from any city in the United States to New York is regarded by the profession as a promotion. Newspapers as good as any published in the metropolis are printed elsewhere, and are served by writers as clever as the best to be found here. Still, the call to New York is an honor, and the man who comes without being called, and makes good his footing, takes his place, *ipso facto*, in the front rank. The able ones who do not come are restrained by interest, convenience, or want of inclination. They are not the ones who prefer gall to ordinary ink when writing of the metropolis, though they find amusement in New York's provincialism—the modest persuasion that whatever bears the metropolitan hallmark is by that sign not only good, but the best of its kind. They perceive with good humor the consequences which fate compels to flow from the fact that New York is local to the whole country—that a success here, which would be small elsewhere, becomes national because it has been achieved on the stage which everybody sees.

Others less able, less philosophical, are hardly to be blamed for their resentment at fortune's want of justice. Justice cannot see why reputation should travel from East to West, and almost never from West to East. Books are published here that everybody in the Union who cares for books hears of; were the same books printed in San Antonio their fame would not spread beyond Texas; if issued in San Francisco, they would be blown out over the Pacific and lost. And when the bold author comes East with his work, the fame that results is resented at home, when it arrives, as a new proof of Eastern presumption.

At the bottom of some of the animosity which New York arouses is jealousy, undoubtedly. Those who would like to come, but remain away because they want the courage to venture, strive to avert the suspicion that they are not qualified for the struggle of the metropolitan career. So they assume an obstinate and hostile tone, in the expectation that their motive for staying away from New York will be imputed to their love for the narrower sphere which they honor with their activity.

Men in New York are no bigger than men in other places, but there are more of them gathered here than on any other spot on this hemisphere. That, in conjunction with certain advantages of water and land with reference to the rest of the world, is why New York is the commercial center, the literary center, the artistic center, the intellectual center, of the United States. Even as the fortunate man who owns a bit of ground gets an unearned increment surpassing that which would be his in another city, because of the aggregation of millions of human beings around him who bid for the use of the land, so the man that has wares of the mind to dispose of finds a hundred buyers for one in the place he has left.

It is the advantage of position. That advantage is real, whether it be ideally just or not, and so conspicuous is it that the whole country realizes while resenting it—resenting particularly New York's own keen sense of being in possession of the advantage. The average New Yorker, besides being neither bigger nor better than his remoter neighbors, is justified in recognizing, and recognizing with pride, that this magnet of a city of his has drawn to it not alone a tremendous share of the wealth of the country, but also a proportionate share of the brains and taste. With all its defects, its blemishes, its vanity, New York is the American metropolis, and therefore represents to the talent of the country the best gift that can be offered to talent—opportunity.

ON NIPPERSINK.

BY SAMUEL MERWIN.

An episode of a summer in camp—A rustic tragedy, and its unexpected bearing upon the love affairs of Mary King and her two admirers.

NEXT to marrying him the best way to discover a man's faults is to camp with him. Briggs was not a villain. He was a very presentable boy, sound of habit and agile of limb, with a long record in college athletics and a velvety baritone voice, the latter of which was mainly the cause of the trouble. Our tent was pitched on a two acre island, hidden away in the rushes at the mouth of Nippersink Creek, which slips modestly into the broad channel midway between Fox and Pistaguee lakes. The season was too young for ducks and too old for fish; the scenery was not exhilarating; and heat and mosquitoes combined to ruffle tempers. However, so long as the club across the channel sheltered Miss King, we were likely to remain—Briggs because she wished him to, I because I had hopes.

We had a new way of washing the dishes. After a silent supper, broken only by an occasional "Allow me," and a punctilious "Thanks," each took half the dishes and carried them down to the water. Briggs stepped into his boat; I into mine (a week earlier we had found an extra boat advisable), and then we scrubbed in silence, fifty yards apart. The washing done, we returned to the tent, set things to rights, and with the exchange of a few commonplaces sauntered back to the boats. Briggs, as he pushed off, remarked:

"Better come over to the club."

"Thank you, I'm a little tired," I replied.

He pulled easily down the current and shortly disappeared in the dense wild rice. I headed up stream.

Just as my arms began to weary (for I had pulled nearly all day) a shadow told me that the bridge was at hand, and lifting in the oars, I made fast to a sweeping limb, and climbed up on the foot bridge. I leaned against the railing, drawing in with the fragrant air the splendor of the afterglow, which hung above the low ridges and topped the trees with flame. The little stream danced away from the bridge up to the foot of a low hill, where it disappeared. On the left, in prairie simplicity, a cornfield rolled away; on the right a ridge blocked the view, showing only a clump of trees and a nestling white house, where lived old Beggs with his blue eyed daughter. It was here that we bought supplies.

Walking slowly, noting the droop of the elms and the stretch of the setting shadows, I strolled up the path to the house. Quiet was all about. On the low porch were churn, stool, and milk pail. A lone hen stepped silently among the grass clumps, pecking and scratching. In some surprise at the absence of life I knocked on the door. Save that the hen paused and listened with tilted head there was no response. I stepped to the ground and walked around the house. The shed door was open, and limp on the rough step lay Sally Beggs. As I stood looking a deep, quiet sob twitched her shoulders. With awkward hesitation I turned to go, but she heard me and said, without looking up:

"What do you want?"

"I came for some bread, but—never mind."

Slowly she lifted her head. Her hair was tumbling disheveled about her face; her eyes were red and dull. The calico waist, that snugly fitted her full figure, was partially unbuttoned, giving a glimpse of white neck below the brown face.

"Oh!" she said, "it's you." She raised herself to a sitting posture and leaned against the door jamb. "We haven't anything in the house. I—we can't let you have any more things. I shan't be here any more, and—and I guess you can find some one else—Martins live a little piece over the bridge."

I looked at her, puzzled by her stolid manner. Sally had been the cheeriest of girls.

"What is it?" I asked. "There is something the matter."

"No, I'm well. Only I shouldn't care much—I don't care—oh!" she pressed her hands to her eyes. "It's in the parlor. You can go in there."

Her voice was dry and emotionless. I

stepped by her and passed through the kitchen. The parlor door was open, and in the sinking twilight I could see a man stretched on the floor. Striking a match I lit the wall lamp and bent over the prostrate figure. It was Sally's father, dead, with a clotted bullet hole over the left eye. Evidently no one had touched him, for he lay sprawled in a red brown pool with one foot under the table, an overturned chair across his knees. I stood up and looked about. On the table was a letter, stained and crumpled. I straightened it out and read. It was a foreclosure notice, and it told the story tersely, mercilessly.

I found Sally where I had left her. She looked up dully when I sat beside her.

"Have you any place to go?" I asked.

"No."

"Have you any money?"

"No."

"Are there no neighbors?"

"Only the Martins, and they don't like us. Jim and I—we was going to get married—in the fall—Jim says—but Jim's father and—and mine had a fight about the bridge—and Jim hasn't been around. Oh, I don't care! I don't care!"

"Sally," I said, "I am going over to Martins', and you must come with me."

"No, I won't go to Martins'."

"You must, Sally." I rose, and laid my hand on her shoulder. "You can't stay here, and you can't sleep out of doors. I am going there now, and you are going with me. Come."

She yielded, and started to rise. I helped her to her feet and led her slowly around the house and down the path. She walked hesitatingly, leaning heavily upon me. Half way down she stumbled, and I slipped my arm about her waist. When we reached the bridge she stopped and staggered against the railing. Her eyes swept the cornfield, now clearly shown in the moonlight; then she turned half around, and leaning on my shoulder gazed unsteadily at the shadowy house on the hill, whose roof jutted into the streaming light. As she looked, stifled sobs caught her throat. Suddenly she threw her arms around my neck and pillowed her head on my shoulder, murmuring between the sobs:

"I can't go to Martins'! I can't go!"

"You must, Sally. It will be all right. I will see that it is all right."

"No, no, no! They hate me—I hate them! I hate them all! Go away! Let me alone! I want to be alone!" Through the tears she looked back at the house, then struggled to get away, but I held her.

"Sally," I said, "rest here a moment if you wish, but you must go to Martins'." At the sound of my voice she broke down again and clung to me in the abandon of despair.

I looked over her shoulder and saw a boat glide out from the overhanging trees. A girl was in the stern, facing me. The man stayed his oars and followed her gaze. They were in the shadow, I full in the light; but though I could not distinguish features there was no mistaking Briggs' guffaw. Then for want of rowing, they drifted back and vanished in the dark. The girl had not laughed.

"Come, Sally," I said. And as one in a daze she loosened her arms and turned obediently toward the cornfield.

Martin and his wife were sitting on their kitchen steps. A whispered word of explanation brought out the fact that their enmity was not deeply rooted. Mrs. Martin took Sally in and pressed food upon her, but without effect. She sat by the window looking out with stupid eyes. I drew Mrs. Martin outside.

"If you can get her to bed," I suggested, "your husband and I will go back and straighten up the house."

She bowed and reëntered the kitchen. Martin, who had not risen from the steps, looked at me with a puzzled expression.

"What can we do?" he asked. "Beggs is dead, ain't he?"

"Yes. We'd better go over there."

"If Jim was about he might know what to do. Speakin' for myself, I ain't much on things of this sort. Takes a woman's fussin' to put things like they belong."

I turned away impatiently. Mrs. Martin appeared in the doorway.

"Sally's takin' on awful," she said. "She's got the hysterics, I guess."

"Is there a doctor near?" I asked.

"Over at the junction—four mile. Ain't no way to reach him. Jim's got the wagon, an' he won't get back 'fore ten."

It occurred to me that Briggs had a medicine box in the tent. I knew nothing of its contents, but there was a chance.

"Soothe her all you can," I said. "I will be back in half an hour;" and I ran through the cornfield to the boat.

Some time before I reached the camp there came floating toward me the melody of a familiar Southern song. A dozen voices were blended in the crooning rhythm, and with sweetness added by the distance and by the intervening water they seemed the substance of a dream. Drawing nearer and turning half around, I could see the singers, a semicircle in the moonlight. I should have to beach the boat almost at their feet.

When the bow crunched on the gravel strip and I stepped out, the voices died down one at a time. Briggs was the last to

stop; he liked to hear himself sing. There was an awkward silence—Miss King was not looking at me. Turning to Briggs, I said:

"May I speak to you a moment?"

He looked indolently up at me.

"Who is she, old man?" he asked. One or two of the men laughed; the youngest girl tittered.

"Whom do you mean?" I said quietly.

"Oh, come, Dick; you're a smooth one." He threw back his head with a chuckle; but noting the silence of the girls the other men were still. I spoke as calmly as I could:

"I shouldn't laugh if I were you. The girl was Sally Beggs. Her father has shot himself."

Without breaking the hush that fell upon them I stepped past Briggs and hurried to the tent. Coming out with the box I found Miss King standing right at hand.

"Is—he dead?" she asked me in a subdued voice.

"Yes."

"Do they need any assistance? Her mother——"

"She has no mother. I am going back."

She stood looking at me, drawing her white cap through her hand; then said:

"Will you take me back with you?"

"No, I couldn't do that, Miss King. It is horrible."

"Please let me go with you. Maybe I could do some good." Noting the slight shake of my head she came closer to me and laid her fingers on my arm. Her eyes were soft, her voice low. "Perhaps they need a woman more than a man."

"I don't think you ought to," I said, wondering whether my yielding was altogether unselfish; "but if you wish——"

The lounging group was deep in silence until Miss King stepped into the boat, then Briggs came forward.

"Surely you aren't going up there?" he said in a low tone. She seated herself and shipped the oars.

"Yes, Mr. Briggs," she said sweetly, without looking around; "I am." And looking at me over her shoulder, she added: "If Mr. Briggs will let you take his oars we can both row."

We pulled half the way in silence. Then in response to her questions I told the main facts, including Sally's broken engagement. When we reached the bridge I helped her out, tied the boat to a tree, and together we hurried to Martins'. The old man was still sitting on the steps. A soft knock brought his wife to the door.

"I'm glad you're back," she said wearily. "I can't do nothing with Sally. She——"

Seeing the white clad girl, she paused.

"This lady will help you, Mrs. Martin," I said; and turning away I whispered to Miss King, "I will be back in a little while." She looked me frankly in the eyes, then went to Mrs. Martin, slipped an arm through hers, and drew her into the house.

By dint of some urging I got Martin on his feet and across to Beggs. We found things as I had left them. I set to work, and gradually restored order, while Martin slouched against the pine mantel.

"Funny thing!" he said, giving reluctant aid in carrying the body to the bedroom. "They was a case like this up to MacHenry's three years ago. Swede, he was—worked in the mill. Got too lazy to work, an' hung hisself 'cause he thought the world was agin him. Funny thing!"

When the house was in order I left him to watch, and ran down the path.

Voices sounded from Martin's porch, and I stepped softly across the yard. Leaning against the corner post was Miss King; before her a lank young fellow fumbled his hat. She was speaking.

"I am ashamed of you, Mr. Martin. Do you suppose a girl can love a coward? Do you suppose that a man who lacks the courage to win a girl over obstacles—to make her love him—can ever gain her respect?"

Jim mumbled without looking up; then, more audibly, he said:

"She didn't act like she cared for me. She didn't say——"

Miss King's voice was not loud, but in it were worlds of scorn.

"Did you expect her to come to you and say all that you were too stupid to see for yourself? Haven't you any strength? Haven't you any manliness? No, you haven't, or you wouldn't let me talk like this. You would have been in there ten minutes ago."

The fellow looked at her shamefacedly, then went slowly into the house. She came to the steps and sat down before she saw me.

"I don't know what to think of these people," she said softly. "They are so helpless. I wonder if they ever could be really happy together."

"Well, she loves him now," I responded, half reclining beside her. "For her sake I hope she is stupid enough to keep her illusions. If a clever woman were tied to such a man she would die."

"I don't know;" she leaned back, resting an elbow on the top step. "People don't die very often. They shrivel up, and grow commonplace, dirt color. Look at these people—what do they know of life, of happiness? The qualities I, for instance, admire in a man, they know nothing about, never heard of."

"I wonder," said I, thinking of Briggs, "whether even a clever girl is necessarily a good judge of men?"

"Do you?" said she simply.

The moon had climbed high. A row of poplars blended their gaunt shadows on the ground before us; beyond, the yellow of the cornfield had faded to bluish white. The night was still, so still that the few restless barn noises pierced the air. My eyes swept the night, then turned to hers. She had dropped her cheek upon her open hand, and as our eyes met she smiled.

"You are tired," I said.

"No, I don't think I am. It is the excitement." Again we were silent.

Hearing a step on the kitchen floor we looked around. Jim stood in the doorway.

"She's asleep," he whispered. As we gave no response he turned away, and in a moment we heard him creaking up the stairs. Miss King arose.

"I must go inside," she said. "There is no one to hear Sally if she wakes."

"Where is Mrs. Martin?" I asked.

"Asleep, long ago. She looked so worn out I made her go to bed."

I followed her into the house. Once in the sitting room, where the lamp was burning, I could see that she was pale. I looked so intently at her that she turned away with an embarrassed little laugh.

"You are worn out yourself," I said, taking her hand and stroking it. "You have no right to exhaust yourself caring for these strangers."

She looked up at me.

"Really, I'm all right. Any way, we can't leave them. That girl is on the edge of a fever."

I glanced about the room; my eyes rested on a frayed sofa.

"Lie down," I said, "and get a little sleep. I'll watch Sally."

"No, it is just as hard for you as for me."

"I won't let you stay awake, Miss King."

I was still holding her hand. With a feeble effort she started to draw it away, but I tightened my grasp. Her eyes peeped up from under their lashes.

"Must I?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "you must."

"And you will wake me if she calls?"

"Yes."

She sank down upon the sofa, and soon was asleep, her face resting upon the hand that had been in mine.

Naturally enough the crowded experiences of the night had drawn my nerves, and now that the tension was relieved weariness came. A faint breeze stole through the open window, breath of the sleeping earth. Occasional sounds blundered to my ear, accenting the intervening stillness. For a long time I sat stretched out in the chintz covered easy chair, mentally running over my acquaintance with Mary King. Each little incident took its place and passed before me in review. When I reached the present I looked at the silent figure on the sofa. A stray moonbeam slipped through the window and dropped glistening on her hair. Stepping gently across the floor I stood over her, then drew up a light chair and sat where I could watch her face. A fly buzzed toward us and settled on her forehead. Indignant, I brushed it away, and stroked the soft brow. Then, with a start, I saw that her eyes were looking full into mine.

"I—I am sorry," I murmured. "I didn't mean to wake you."

She said nothing, but held those tender, fascinating eyes on my face.

"Go to sleep," I whispered, laying my hand across her forehead.

"No," she said softly, "I am selfish. I can't let you do it all." She laid her hand on mine, as though to draw it away, but left it in my grasp. We sat for a moment in silence; then came a creaking from the stairway, and Jim appeared. He stumbled hesitatingly into the room.

"I kind o' thought I had no business to sleep while you folks was watchin'," he said. "I'll set up till mornin'. We're obliged to you. I guess Sally'd lie easier if she knowed I was by."

I looked down and caught a gleam of triumph in those tender eyes. She rose, went to Jim, and held out her hand.

"Mr. Martin," she said, in that straightforward way of hers, "I want you to be good to Sally. Think of her always before yourself. It is the only way to be happy. Good night."

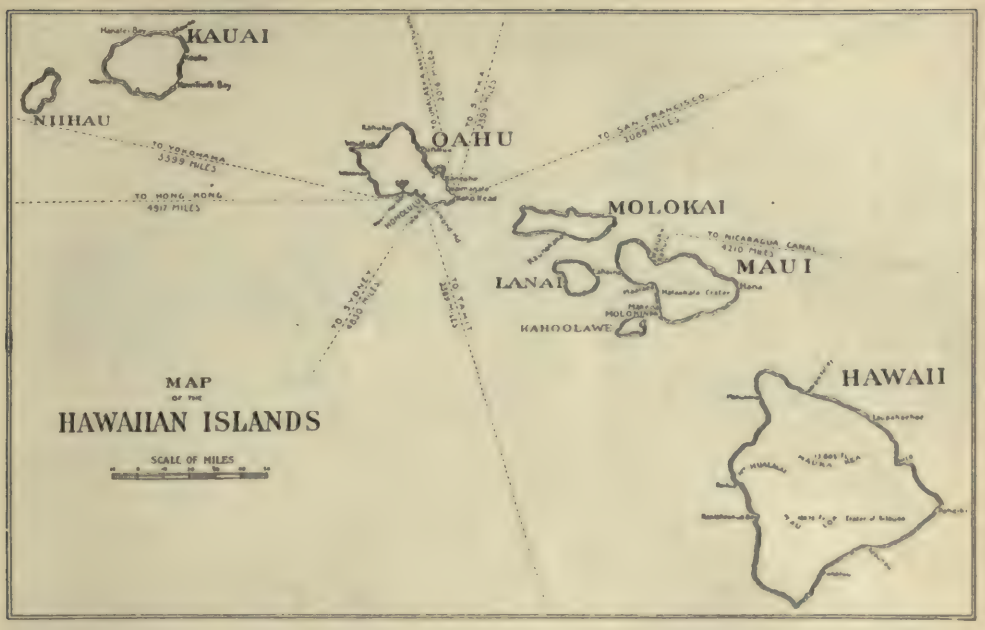
Jim's eyes beamed, and he watched her in unstinted admiration as she slipped her hand into mine and drew me quickly through the door. On the steps she paused and looked up at me; her eyes were brimming.

"Are you sad, little one?" I asked, taking her face between my hands.

"No—no, but I hope he'll be good to her." And as I drew her close and held her, yielding, in my arms, she added, with a tired little sob: "And—and I hope you'll be good to me."

* * * *

We dreamed slowly down the stream and across the channel. The lapping water whispered to us, the hanging trees rustled; from all about came winging to our hearts the shy, trembling confidences of the night. But back behind the buoyant happiness struggled a single shadow—I was sorry for Briggs.



OUR PACIFIC PARADISE.

BY KATHRYN JARBOE.

THE NEWLY ANNEXED ISLAND GROUP OF HAWAII, ITS STRATEGICAL IMPORTANCE, ITS WONDERFUL NATURAL ADVANTAGES, AND ITS POSSIBILITIES OF DEVELOPMENT UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE city of Honolulu, standing at the crossroads of the Pacific, has become, all in a moment, a center of interest for Americans. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands having been for half a dozen years a question of party politics, a certain familiarity with the name has spread throughout the United States. Reasons for and against annexation have been discussed in every village from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida. The commercial advantages of the alliance have been told to the sea ports and the manufacturing towns; the strategical advantages are known by the army and navy boards in Washington, but the people of this country know little of the islands themselves.

Hawaii as a political entity, controlled by perhaps a dozen Hawaiians and a hundred Americans, is one thing, and to it belong the coaling station, the commercial and strategical advantages; but this bit of Cathay lying under a tropic sun, breathed upon by Pacific breezes, washed by a cool northern current, is quite another matter; and it is this side of our newly acquired territory that is unfamiliar to the great majority of American citizens.

The inhabited islands of the group are eight in number, and their total area in square miles is rather more than that of Connecticut. They are Hawaii, the largest, and the one on which the great volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa, are situated; Maui; Kauai; Molokai, famous for its leper settlement; Lanai; Kahoolawe; Niihau; and Oahu, on which is Honolulu, the capital and principal city.

The long drawn out struggle over the annexation question has brought about a historical coincidence in our taking possession of Hawaii at the moment when we are conquering Spain's island colonies. It is interesting to recall that the first white people to set foot in Hawaii were Spaniards. Early in the sixteenth cen-

"THE PRIVATE RESIDENCES ARE BUILT OF WOOD, AND ALMOST INVARIABLY SURROUNDED BY GARDENS OF GREAT BEAUTY."

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

tury Cortez, having conquered Mexico, sent three vessels out over the western sea to set Spain's standard on whatever lands might lie in their track. A storm separated the little fleet, and the Florida, under Alvarado de Saavedra, sailed on to the Moluccas, touching at the Ladrones on the way. The other vessels were never heard from—that is, by the Spaniards. But about this time a strange vessel was wrecked on the southern shore of the island of Hawaii. Only the captain and his sister were saved. They were received with great honor and hospitality, and, after a brief period, during which they were worshiped as gods, they were married to members of the ruling family. There can be no doubt that this captain was one of the commanders of the missing vessels, because the Spaniards were the only white people navigating the Pacific Ocean at that time.

HAWAII IN HISTORY.

The first record of the existence of these islands is on a map made by Juan Gaetano, the Spanish navigator, in 1555. This second discovery by the Spaniards

SENATE AND LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, HONOLULU.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St Joseph, Michigan.

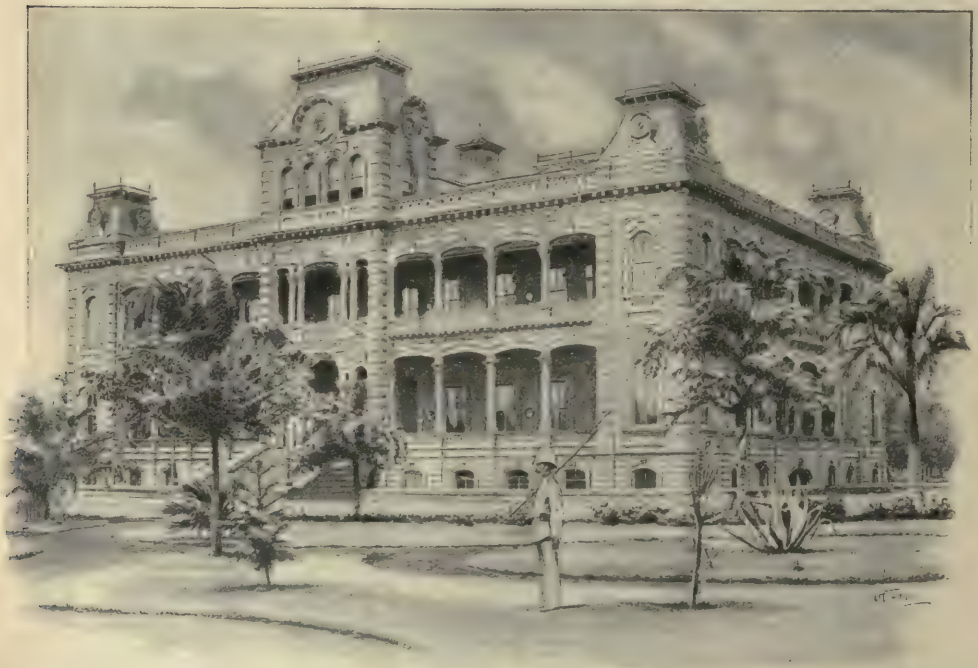
HONOLULU, FROM THE PUNCH BOWL (AN EXTINCT VOLCANO WHICH FORMS THE BACKGROUND OF THE CITY), WITH THE HARBOR AND CORAL REEFS IN THE DISTANCE.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

THE LUNALILO HOME FOR AGED HAWAIIANS, BUILT ACCORDING TO PLANS FOUND IN THE WILL OF THE YOUNG KING LUNALILO.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

was more than two hundred years before Captain Cook, the school boy's hero, landed on Kauai, and was received as "the great white God." It was Captain



THE NATIONAL OR IOLANI PALACE, BUILT BY KING KALAKAUA IN 1881, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ROYAL RESIDENCE.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by W. F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU—"WHERE THE STARS AND STRIPES FLOAT OVER MORE SHIPS THAN ALL OTHER FLAGS COMBINED."

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF PRINCESS KAIULANI'S PALACE AT WAIKIKI.
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

Cook who gave to the group the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, first lord of the British admiralty.

Until very recent years the history of the islands has consisted of confused and vague stories of inter island brawls for supremacy. In 1800 Kamehameha, a chief on the island of Hawaii, succeeded, after a long series of conquests, in uniting the whole group under one government, and proclaimed himself king, with the title of Kamehameha the First. One of the most thrilling stories in Hawaiian history is connected with Kamehameha's conquest of Oahu. In his final battle with

BATHING HOUSES ON THE "QUEEN'S BEACH," NEAR HONOLULU.
Drawn by C. H Tate from a photograph by W. F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan

GARDENS OF THE IOLANI OR NATIONAL PALACE, HONOLULU, WITH THE PUNCH BOWL AND PALI IN THE DISTANCE.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St Joseph, Michigan.

A COTTAGE AT WAIKIKI, THE SEASIDE RESORT NEAR HONOLULU.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

the army of Kaiana, the chief of that island, the vanquished soldiers were driven up through the beautiful Nuuana valley to the top of the Pali. The women and children had fled to this highland before the battle; terrified by the onrush of the defeated army, they flung themselves over the precipice. They were quickly followed by the soldiers, who preferred death on the rocks twelve hundred feet below to capture or the points of their enemies' spears. The bones of the defeated warriors and their families were allowed to bleach on the plains below. Today it is an easy matter for the curio hunter to find a skull, or, if a more dainty souvenir is desired, a toe or finger bone, as a memento of the destruction of the Oahuan chief and his followers.

A fine statue of Kamehameha I stands in front of the government building in Honolulu. He is represented in all the dignity of his royal feather cloak and feather helmet. In his features appears something of the strength and power that enabled him to carry out his plans of empire, and to make his reign a turning point in the history of his people. Reforms not only in the government but in the domestic affairs of his subjects were projected and carried out by this founder of the Kamehameha dynasty; and if his successors had had a tenth part of his wisdom and strength the annals of his country during the last twenty years might have read very differently. But they seem to have been a degenerate race, and Kamehameha V was the last of his line.

His successor, Lunalilo, whose mother had been a niece and stepdaughter of the first Kamehameha, was chosen by election. His reign lasted but a year and twenty five days. He was succeeded by Kalakaua, whose reign was neither long nor glorious. Next came Queen Liliuokalani. The disasters that closed the reign of this unfortunate woman were the inevitable result of the dissipation and misrule of her predecessors. That her own people loved her and desired her for their queen cannot be doubted; but it was not possible for the native dynasty to last if Hawaii was to have a place among the civilized nations of the modern world. A race that has dwelt for generations in the enervating climate of a mid Pacific island cannot hold its own with the type developed amid New England's snow clad hills, but to the native born Hawaiian of *pur sang* —and in spite of official reports to the contrary there is a vast number of such natives—the vices of his own race are preferable to the virtues of an alien. The efforts that were made at home and

abroad for Liliuokalani are matters of current history; but the last hope that Victoria Cleghorn, Princess Kaiulani, might some day occupy the throne of her ancestors has been summarily ended by the vote of an American Senate and by the signature of an American President's name.

NATIVE HAWAIIAN CHURCH IN HONOLULU, CONSTRUCTED OF BLOCKS OF LAVA.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

THE CROSSROADS OF THE PACIFIC.

For many years special commercial privileges have been granted to Hawaii in exchange for exclusive material and political privileges secured to the United States. American influence, American ownership and control, have been fostered and increased. Hawaiian Christianization, civilization, education, and development are the direct product of American effort.

Hawaii has now, under the Newlands resolution, become a part of the United States. One article of this resolution provides that Congress shall decide upon a form of government for our new possession, and a committee consisting of three Americans and two residents of the islands has been appointed to frame a system of legislation. The report of this

THE STATE PRISON OF HAWAII, ON A REEF OUTSIDE THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

THE CRATER OF THE EXTINCT VOLCANO, HALEAKELA, ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

committee will doubtless be ready for presentation to Congress at its session in December, and in the mean time there is to be a provisional government somewhat similar to that in Alaska. The distance from Washington is so great in days and miles that it seems undesirable to give these new connections a voice in our domestic affairs; and the composition of their population makes it difficult to determine what degree of self government can safely be allowed them.

According to the last census, taken in 1896, there were in the islands 31,019 Hawaiians, 8,485 part Hawaiians, 24,407 Japanese, 21,616 Chinese, 15,191 Portuguese, 5,260 Americans, 2,257 British, 1,432 Germans, and 1,534 of other nationalities—a total population of 109,020, of whom 72,517 are males. Divided in respect to occupation agriculture accounts for 7,570, fishing and navigation 2,100, manufacturers 2,265, commerce and transportation 2,031, liberal professions 2,580, laborers 34,438, miscellaneous pursuits 4,310, without profession 53,726.

Honolulu is 2,089 miles from San Francisco, 3,399 miles from Yokohama, 4,917 miles from Hong Kong, 4,850 miles from Sydney, 4,665 miles from Panama, and 4,210 miles from the Pacific end of the projected Nicaragua Canal. It is five and a half days from San Francisco, ten and a half from Washington. It is the only spot in the Pacific from the equator to Alaska, from the coast of China to that of the United States, where a ton of coal, a pound of bread, or a gallon of water can be obtained. It is this situation that has given rise to the argument that the possession of Hawaii will "definitely and finally secure to the United States the strategical control of the North Pacific."

Of seven trans-Pacific steamship lines plying between the North American continent and Japan, China, and Australia, all but one make Honolulu a way station. When a canal is made either at Panama or Nicaragua, practically all of the ships that pass through bound for Asia will be obliged to stop at Honolulu for coal and supplies.

OUR TRADE WITH HAWAII.

Hawaiian trade has been of great importance to the whole of the United States,

VIEW FROM THE PALI, THE PRECIPICE OVER WHICH THE VICTORIOUS KAMEHAMEHA I DROVE THE DEFEATED FORCES OF THE OAHUAN CHIEF, AND AROUND WHICH AN AMERICAN ENGINEER HAS RECENTLY BUILT A ROAD.

Drawn by Walter Burridge

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WINE PALMS ON THE ISLANDS."
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

and the Pacific Coast has found here the most profitable of all its foreign customers. Last year, in 1897, Hawaii was San Francisco's second best foreign wine buyer, her third best purchaser of salmon, her third largest consumer of barley, and her sixth best customer of flour, none of these articles being produced on the islands. These statistics apply solely to San Francisco, Washington and Oregon shipping most of their products directly from their own seaports.

This consumption of four of America's standard products has been the result of the reciprocity treaty under which we offered Hawaii a free market for three of her staple exports—sugar, rice, and bananas. Under the annexation treaty she will have the same privileges for all her products, including coffee, pineapples, guavas, cocoanuts, spices, and other tropical fruits, all of which grow wild, or nearly so. The result will be an increased demand for the output of American manufacturers and farmers, and the possibility of profitable openings for capital and enterprise in the islands.

The exports for 1896 amounted to $15,515,000, while the imports were $7,164,000. The general Hawaiian tariff was such that about twenty five per cent of the imports came from countries other than the United States. It is probable that we shall now secure practically all the foreign trade of the islands.

One of the hardest questions to decide for this new foster child will be that in reference to the Chinese. The treaty of annexation prohibits any further immigration of Chinese after the ratification of the treaty, and this may interfere to a certain extent with the rice industry. The Chinese, who have been flocking into Hawaii for many years, have transformed vast areas of swamp land, having no apparent value, into fertile rice paddies, which now rent for twenty dollars an acre. They are the only laborers who can and will work standing up to their knees in the water that is necessary for

ENTRANCE TO PRIVATE GROUNDS, HONOLULU.—"IN EVERY GARDEN TROPICAL VERDURE MEETS THE EYE; BANANA PALMS GROW EVERYWHERE, THEIR CLUSTERS OF RED OR YELLOW FRUIT HANGING UNDER THEIR SHELTERING UMBRELLAS OF GREEN."

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, "THE FLAME ENCIRCLED THRONE OF PELE."
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

the successful cultivation of the crop. As it is one of the staple exports of the place, some provision will have to be made for its production.

On sugar and coffee plantations white men can and do work successfully, and nothing will be lost by the exclusion of Mongolian laborers. In the great development probably in store for both of these products there will be opportunities for American capital and American labor.

THE HAWAIIAN CAPITAL.

The city of Honolulu lies on a level strip of land along the sea, inclosing a small but safe harbor. It is about a mile wide and five miles long, and extends back into several valleys which cut deeply into thickly wooded cloud capped mountains, rising to an elevation of nearly four thousand feet. It has a population of about thirty thousand. The business portion of the city is built of stone and brick, the residences of wood. The latter are almost invariably surrounded with gardens of great beauty, full of tropical color and perfume.

The points of interest in and around Honolulu are divided into two classes—those founded and created by the native rulers of the place, to which Hawaiians point with a pride and love bordering on veneration, and those that are the result of foreign enterprise and skill. Among the former are the Queen's Hospital, the Lunalilo Home for Aged Hawaiians, the Iolani or National Palace, and the College of Oahu. Among the latter are the fine driving roads, the railroads, and the vast sugar and coffee industries.

The Queen's Hospital stands at the foot of the extinct volcano known as the Punch Bowl, just behind the city. It was founded in 1860 by Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma, who were intensely interested in its erection, and personally canvassed the city for funds for its construction. It is a monument of their care for the welfare of their people. It is

approached through a long avenue of wine palms, the most beautiful on the island, and is a thoroughly modern, well appointed hospital.

The Lunalilo Home was built according to plans and instructions found in the will of King Lunalilo, and there is a touch of pathos in the fact that this prince, destined to die in his early manhood, should have left all his personal property to provide a home for the aged of his race.

The Iolani Palace was built by Kalakaua, and it was here that Liliuokalani was confined during her brief imprisonment after she had been convicted of treason. Her most bitter expressions of resentment are in reference to this fact. It seemed to add an intolerable weight to her burden of woe that this palace, in which she had reigned as queen, should be used for her prison.

The College of Oahu was developed under the patronage of Bernice Pauahi Bishop; the last lineal descendant of Kamehameha I. It is in the suburb of Punahou, about two miles from Honolulu, and is now in its fifty eighth year. Amherst, Williams, Cornell, Smith, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the New York Art Students' League are all represented in its faculty. The college has more than three hundred acres of ground, all under fine cultivation. Hundreds of royal palms border the

PECULIAR FLOW OF LAVA, THE GRAY RUIN FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF PELE, THE GODDESS OF FIRE.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

RUINS OF TEMPLE ERECTED TO KANEAPUA, THE GOD OF FISHERMEN ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

walks and drives, but the pride of the college, botanically, is a hedge of night blooming cereus fifteen hundred feet long, which often has as many as ten thousand blossoms open at once, and fills the whole neighborhood with its wonderful perfume.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN HAWAII.

To American engineers and American activity are due not only the beautiful drives and street railways of Honolulu, but also the well equipped railroads which extend into the heart of the country, touching at most of the important plantations of sugar, coffee, or fruit. An American engineer has just completed and turned over to the government a fine driveway down the steep face of the Pali, connecting the fertile plains at its base with the city of Honolulu. For many years there has been a good carriage road to the top of the Pali, but from there the venturesome traveler had to be carried down a steep trail, being lowered by means of ropes over the most precipitous parts.

The vast sugar and coffee plantations are also the result of American enterprise and determination, for while sugar has always been one of the products of this land, the scientific cultivation of the crop is the outcome of "Yankee skill," as Hawaiians call it. The Ewa is one of the largest sugar plantations in Hawaii, and a typical exponent of what perseverance can accomplish. It is situated about fifteen miles from Honolulu, and consists of six thousand level acres, stretching from the sea on the one hand to the mountains on the other. It is managed by a New Englander, and worked by twelve hundred men, Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian, Portuguese, German, American, and English. It has only been in operation for about eight years, but it now yields the largest average of sugar to the acre of any place in the islands. Even in this land of almost constant showers, "Yankee skill" does not depend on heaven sent water, and this plantation has a system of thirty artesian wells, from which fifty million gallons of water are distributed over the land every twenty four hours.

The cultivation of coffee is rapidly increasing under American supervision. It was commenced on a small scale a few years ago, merely as an experiment. It has proved a great success, and the aro-

matic berry will soon rival sugar in the list of exports from Hawaii. There are immense tracts of rich uncultivated land, not suitable for the sugar cane, but upon which the coffee tree flourishes; and coffee has this advantage over sugar—it can be produced upon small plantations by farmers with small capital.

THE NEWPORT OF HAWAII.

In this land of summer and sunshine it may seem quite unnecessary to have a summer resort, and yet as such Waikiki has been set apart. The drive from Honolulu to this miniature Newport of the Pacific runs along the shore of the bay, over a road shadowed by palms and bordered by marvelous flowers unknown in less favored lands, except in hot houses and conservatories. Ylang-ylang blossoms add their fragrance to that of tube roses and orange flowers, producing a perfume which at night is almost intoxicating in its sweetness.

At Waikiki the last king, Kalakaua, had his summer home, and many of the wealthy residents of Honolulu, both native and of foreign birth, have summer cottages there. A "cottage" at Waikiki consists of some twenty or thirty rooms of great size, leading through long French windows on to wide *lanais*—an arrangement that makes it possible to transform the entire house into one immense veranda open to the sunshine and the perfumed air. It stands in the midst of gardens shaded by banyan trees and date palms, through whose vistas Diamond Head looms dark and grim over the sunlit sea at its feet. The grounds slope to a white sand beach, where there are boat houses and bath houses. Far out is the coral reef against which the ocean waves thunder and crash, but inside the reef the water is moderately calm.

A NATIVE HOUSE ON THE BEACH NEAR HONOLULU.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

Sea bathing is one of the greatest delights of the native Hawaiian, and it is here at Waikiki that the sport can be had to perfection. In Queen Liliuokalani's reign the gardens of her summer home were always open to her people, and on the Queen's Beach even the poorest subject had a right to spend his days swimming and feasting.

It is on the Queen's Beach or in the Queen's Wood that native *luaus* are held. Often a hundred or two hundred people gather there, bringing their *poi* with them in small wooden bowls, but depending for the more substantial part of the banquet on the flying fish that are to be caught for the trying in the surf on the reef. The babies and children too young to be trusted so far from shore—children under three, perhaps—are piled in indiscriminate heaps on the beach. Then men,

women, and children of a larger growth plunge into the sea and swim to the outer reef.

There, perched on the coral rocks, they wait, and as the flying, shining creatures appear above the foam eager hands are stretched for their capture. The prize secured, the captor returns to the shore, this mode of fishing being resorted to simply for the purpose of satisfying the cravings of appetite, and not for pleasure in the sport or profit in the disposition of the spoils. When all are once more on the beach the banquet begins, the banqueters sitting on the ground with only a wooden board for table. The fish is consumed raw.

To be politely sociable at a native *luau* is a trial to a diplomatic foreigner; for raw fish is of all acquired tastes the most difficult, and *poi*, as the natives eat it, is impossible. It consists of a flour and water paste, the flour being made from taru root; and to be acceptable to a Hawaiian epicure, it must have become sour. No spoons are furnished; it is eaten from the fingers, and it is an art in itself to learn the exact twist by which the liquid can be raised on the first and second fingers to the mouth.

THE STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA, FIRST KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HONOLULU.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

It is at Waikiki also that the sport of "wave sliding" may be indulged in. This is a mild form of the old native *hee nalu*, or surf riding. A native paddler

and a light canoe furnished with outriggers are the requisites. The canoe is carried out through a passage in the outer reef where the incoming breakers begin to comb over. Selecting a high wave just on the point of breaking, the native lets it rise under the stern of his canoe, at the same time paddling vigorously to avoid being dropped behind, and balancing the canoe on the exact point in front of the breaker where it will be impelled forward at highest speed. A mad dash of half a mile is made in a minute, with the white foam of the wave overhanging the stern of the tiny boat. The imminent risk of being upset or plunged beneath the green monster adds the requisite amount of danger for perfect enjoyment, and the sport is deservedly popular.

THE ABODES OF PELE.

No description of these islands can seem complete without some allusion to the great Hawaiian volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa; yet no pen can give the faintest hint of their marvelous, awe inspiring grandeur, no brush can depict their lurid flashing fires. All the superstitions of the islanders center around these craters. Pele, the goddess of fire, lives in Kilauea's depths, and

IN HILO ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII—"A BIT OF CATHAY, LYING UNDER A TROPIC SUN"—THE HOME OF AN ISLANDER.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

A WATERFALL NEAR HILO, THE TOWN AT THE BASE OF THE VOLCANO KILAUEA, ISLAND OF HAWAII.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

NATIVE HOUSES ON THE BEACH AT HILO.
Drawn by Walter Burridge.

when she descends from her home gray ruin follows in her footsteps. Constant offerings are laid on her shrine, incessant prayers float up to her flame encircled throne.

The trip to the volcanoes is comparatively easy now. Excellent steamers ply between Honolulu and Hilo, in Hawaii, the town at the base of the great mountain mass from which they rise. The voyage is through the island channels, and the steamer's course is so close to the coast that the shores can be readily seen; first a gleaming sandy beach, a little higher up, crowning the gray rocks, a luxuriant growth of palms, above that miles and miles of sugar cane, and further inland still the dark, rich green of the coffee plantations. It is a scene of great beauty and of quiet, peaceful industry. Clustered together at the foot of the hills are the small, grass thatched houses of the natives, and over these humble homes wave the same royal palms that shade the cottagers at Waikiki. Down the rocks little waterfalls tumble gleaming

RIDING THE SURF AT WAIKIKI—A SPORT THAT EMBODIES ALL THE JOYS OF TOBOGGANING, COASTING, AND SWIMMING. A SWIFT DASH IS MADE WITH THE FOAM OF A WAVE OVERHANGING THE STERN OF THE TINY BOAT.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

AN AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL.
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

in the sunshine, like bars of silver embedded in the blue gray lava.

From Hilo an excellent road leads up the mountain. Here the tropical vegetation of the country is close at hand. Ferns and palms and trees gorgeous with their own blossoms, or brilliant with their orchid jewels, line the way up to the Volcano House. From there the visitor must make his way over the lava beds to peer down into the boiling, seething crater of this most active of all known volcanoes.

A PACIFIC PARADISE.

"The Paradise of the Pacific," Hawaii has been called, and a paradise Oahu assuredly seems, with possibly a hint of the inferno in the craters of its island neighbor, Hawaii. A land of music and flowers it is to the stranger sojourning there. The people are intensely musical, and on every hand, at all hours of the day and night, the tinkling sound of the native guitars may be heard. The language is musical, consisting solely of the vowel and liquid sounds with an occasional k or p. The native voice is soft and low, and harsh sounds are never heard.

The climate is almost perfect, warm enough to produce tropical fruits and blossoms, but so moderated by trade winds and ocean currents that the temperature is never uncomfortably high. On the hottest day of summer the thermometer rarely goes above eighty degrees, and in winter it never falls below sixty. Everywhere, in every garden, tropical verdure meets the eye. Royal palms shade every street and drive. Bananas form a large part of the native food, and banana palms grow everywhere, their clusters of red or yellow fruit hanging under their sheltering umbrellas of green. Begonias, pink, white, and scarlet, grow like field flowers, almost too commonly to be allowed in well kept gardens where lilies and orchids and chrysanthemums are tended.

Over every housetop, high or low, of rich and poor alike, clambers the purple bougainvillea, a mass of gorgeous color. It is this brilliant creeper that has given the dominant tone to Honolulu. Bougainvillea is everywhere. Just beyond the docks and warehouses, the public buildings begin, and they are covered with it; church spires raise their purple

A HAWAIIAN CANOE, WITH OUTRIGGER AND TWO NATIVE PADDLERS, ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St Joseph, Michigan.

THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

flags to the purple skies above; streets end in walls overgrown with bougainvillea, and on beyond, between long lines of stately palms, are seen the purple hills. The memory of a traveler who stops for but a day at this mid ocean port on his Pacific trip cannot fail to hold forever, in connection with Honolulu, this royal, flaunting color.

THE DARK SHADOW ON MOLOKAI.

Yet over all this sunlit land there broods an ever present shadow, darkest and most oppressive over Molokai, but stretching out in every direction, wherever there is a human habitation. And this shadow is that most dreadful of all human afflictions, leprosy. There is no safeguard against it. Into any household it may come. No remedy has ever been found for this double curse—double because not only are its sufferings intolerable and its end a nightmare of horror, but it transforms its victims into objects of terror and dread to all mankind.

Absolute banishment and isolation is the fate meted out to those who fall beneath its ban, and in 1865 the government selected a site on the northern side of Molokai for a leper settlement. Here is sent, without thought of return, with no hope of ever again seeing family or friend, every one who shows positive signs of the gruesome disease. There is a hospital near Honolulu to which suspects are sent to serve a term of probation, as it were, during which there may be a small hope of cure, or a possibility of error in diagnosis; but the hopes are nearly always doomed to disappointment, and sooner or later the dread trip to Molokai must be made.

This settlement, with its wretched inhabitants, is a subject as full of interest as it is of horror, but it is a place of which the outside world can know but little. There are at present some eleven hundred lepers there, twelve of whom are Europeans. It is not so long ago that Father Damien's pathetic death attracted great attention to this unhappy corner of the earth, but human nature cannot but shrink from long contemplation of such misery. The government makes these people its own charge, providing for their needs, ministering to their sufferings, supplying doctors and nurses. There are churches of all denominations, schools, and reading rooms, while life moves on with a certain grim regularity and conventionality in this city of the dying,

> "On that pale, that white faced shore
> Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
> And coops from other lands her islanders."

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them of his love for Suzanne and that he means to make her his wife. When the two Englishmen arrive Jan Botmar and Ralph are away, and the cunning *vrouw* persuades them that the youth is not he whom they seek. Shortly after their departure, Swart Piet, a rich Boer who has Kaffir blood in his veins, visits the Botmar homestead. He has fallen in love with Suzanne, but she repulses his advances. A few days later, while riding some distance from her home, the young girl comes upon Swart Piet and some of his henchmen as they are about to hang a young native witch doctoress known as Sihamba for alleged cattle stealing. Working on the girl's pity, Piet forces her to kiss him as the price of the woman's life, and, not content with that, he crushes her in his arms and covers her face with kisses. The girl finally escapes and reaches her home, where she tells her father and Ralph of the occurrence, first, however, exacting a promise from her lover that he will not try to kill the man. Sihamba, who is now destitute, has followed Suzanne home, where, at her earnest solicitation, she is permitted to remain.

On the following day Ralph seeks out Swart Piet and soundly thrashes him, and after an ineffectual attempt to murder the young Englishman, the Boer leaves that section of the country. With the aid of Zinti, a slave boy, Sihamba cleverly ascertains the location of Swart Piet's hidden kraal, and at the same time she discovers and frustrates his plot to carry off Suzanne and murder her parents and lover. As the day set for the wedding of Ralph and Suzanne approaches, Sihamba advises a postponement and that the ceremony take place in the neighboring dorp, but the *vrouw* insists on the original arrangements, despite the little witch doctoress' ominous forebodings. Just before the ceremony Sihamba announces her intention of following the newly wedded couple.

XIV (*Continued*).

"HAVE you heard anything that makes you afraid, Sihamba?" I asked, stopping her as she turned to go.

"I have heard nothing," she replied; "still, I am afraid."

"Then you are a fool for your pains, to be afraid of nothing," I answered roughly; "but watch well, Sihamba."

"Fear not, I will watch till my knees are loosened and my eyes grow hollow." Then she went away, and that was the last I saw of her for many a weary month. Ah, Suzanne, child, had it not been for the watching of little Sihamba, the walker by moonlight, you had not been sitting there today, looking as she used to look, the Suzanne of fifty years ago.

The marriage was to take place at noon, and though I had much to see to, never have I known a longer morning. Why it was I cannot say, but it seemed to me as though twelve o'clock would never come. Then, wherever I went there was Ralph in my way, wandering about in a senseless fashion with

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his best clothes on, while after him wandered Jan holding his new hat in his hand.

"In the name of heaven," I cried at length, as I blundered into both of them in the kitchen, "be off out of this. Why are you here?"

"*Allemachter!*" said Jan, "because we have nowhere else to go. They are making the sitting room ready for the service and the dinner after it; the predicant is in Ralph's room writing; Suzanne is in yours trying on her clothes, and the *stoep* and even the stables are full of Kaffirs. Where then shall we go?"

"Cannot you see to the wagon?" I asked.

"We have seen to it, mother," said Ralph; "it is packed, and the oxen are already tied to the yokes for fear lest they should stray."

"Then be off and sit in it and smoke till I come to call you," I replied, and away they walked, shamefacedly enough, Ralph first, and Jan following him.

At twelve o'clock I went for them, and found them both seated on the wagon chest smoking like chimneys, and saying nothing.

"Come, Ralph," I said, "it is quite time for you to be married;" and he came, looking very pale, and walking unsteadily as though he had been drinking, while after him, as usual, marched Jan, still pulling at the pipe, which he had forgotten to take out of his mouth.

Somehow I do not recollect much of the details of that marriage; they seem to have slipped my mind, or perhaps they are buried beneath the memories of all that followed hard upon it. I remember Suzanne standing before the little table, behind which was the predicant with his book. She wore a white dress that fitted her very well, but had no veil upon her head after the English fashion, which even Boer girls follow nowadays, only in her hand she carried a bunch of rare white flowers that Sihamba had gathered for her in a hidden kloof where they grew. Her face was somewhat pale, or looked so in the dim room, but her lips showed red like coral, and her dark eyes glowed and shone as she turned them upon the lover at her side, the fair haired, gray eyed, handsome English lad, whose noble blood told its tale in every feature and movement, yes, and even in his voice, the man whom she had saved from death to be her life mate.

A few whispered words, the changing of a ring, and one long kiss, and these two, Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne Botmar, were husband and wife in the eyes of God and man. Ah, me! I am glad to think of it, for in the end, of all the many marriages that I have known, this proved the happiest.

Now I thought that it was done with, for they had knelt down and the predicant had blessed them; but not so, for the good man must have his word, and a long word it was. On and on he preached about the duties of husbands and wives, and many other matters, till at last, as I expected, he came to the children. Now I could bear it no longer.

"That is enough, reverend sir," I said, "for surely it is scarcely decent to talk of children to people who have not been married five minutes."

That pricked the bladder of his discourse, which soon came to an end, whereon I called to the Kaffirs to bring in dinner.

The food was good and plentiful, and the Hollands, or Squareface as they call it now, to say nothing of the Constantia and peach brandy, which had been sent to me many years before by a cousin who lived at Stellenbosch; and yet that meal was not as cheerful as it might have been. To begin with, the predicant was sulky because I had cut him short in his address, and a holy man in the sulks is a bad kind of animal to deal with. Then Jan tried to propose the health of the new married pair and could not do it. The words seemed to stick in his throat. In short, he made a fool of himself as usual, and I had to fill in the gaps in his head. Well, I talked nicely enough till in an evil moment I overdid it a little by speaking of Ralph as one whom Heaven had sent to us, and of whose birth and parents we knew nothing. Then Jan found his tongue and said: "Wife, that's a lie, and you know it," for doubtless the Hollands and the peach brandy had got the better of his reason and his manners. I did not answer him at the time, for I hate wrangling in public, but afterwards I spoke to him on the subject once and for all.

Then, to make matters worse, Suzanne must needs throw her arms round her father's neck and begin to cry—thanks be to my bringing up of her, she knew better than to throw them round mine. "Good Lord!" I said, losing my temper, "what is the girl at now? She has got the husband for whom she has been craving, and the first thing she does is to snivel. Well, if I had done that to my husband I should have expected him to box my ears, though Heaven knows that I should have had excuse for it!"

Here the predicant woke up, seeing his chance.

"Frau Botmar," he said, blinking at me like an owl, "it is my duty to reprove you, even at this festive board, for a word must be spoken both in and out of season. Frau Botmar, I fear that you do not remember the Third Commandment, therefore I will repeat it to you;" and he did so, speaking very slowly.

What I answered I cannot recollect, but I seem to see that predicant flying out of the door of the room holding his hands above his head. Well, for once he met his match, and I know that afterwards he always spoke of me with great respect.

After this again I remember little more till the pair started upon their journey. Suzanne asked for Sihamba to say good by to her, and when she was told that she was not to be found she seemed vexed, which shows that the little doctoress did her injustice in supposing that just because she was married she thought no more of her. Then she kissed us all in farewell—ah, we little knew for how long that farewell was to be !—and went down to the wagon, to which the sixteen black oxen, a beautiful team, were inspanned, and standing there ready to start. But Ralph and Suzanne were not going to ride in the wagon, for they had horses to carry them. At the last moment, indeed, Jan, whose head was still buzzing with the peach brandy, insisted upon giving Ralph the great *schimmel,* that same stallion which Sihamba had ridden when she warned us of the ambush in the pass, galloping twenty miles in the hour.

So there was much kissing and many good bys; Ralph and Suzanne saying that they would soon be back, which indeed was the case with one of them, till at last they were off, Jan riding with them a little way towards their first outspan by the sea, fourteen miles distant, where they were to sleep the night.

When they had gone I went into my bedroom, and, sitting down, I cried, for I was sorry to lose Suzanne, even for a little and for her own good, and my heart was heavy. Also my quarrel with the predicant had put me out of temper. When I had got over this fit I set to work to tidy Suzanne's little sleeping place, and that I found a sad task. Then Jan returned from the wagon, having bid farewell to the young couple an hour's trek away, and his head being clear by now, we talked over the plans of the new house which was to be built for them to live in, and, going down to the site of it, set it out with sticks and a rule, which gave us occupation till towards sunset, when it was time for him to go to see to the cattle.

That night we went to bed early, for we were tired, and slept a heavy sleep, till at length, about one in the morning, we were awakened by the shoutings of the messengers who came bearing the terrible news.

XV.

Ralph and Suzanné reached the outspan place in safety a little before sunset. I know the spot well; it is where one of the numerous wooded kloofs that scar the mountain slopes ends on a grassy plain of turf, short but very sweet. This plain is not much more than five hundred paces wide, for it is bordered by the cliff, which just here is not very high, against which the sea beats at full tide.

When the oxen had been turned loose to graze, and the voorlooper set to watch them, the driver of the wagon undid the cooking vessels and built a fire with dry wood collected from the kloof. Then Suzanne cooked their simple evening meal, of which they partook thankfully. After it was done the pair left the wagon and followed the banks of the little kloof stream, which wandered across the plain till it reached the cliff, whence it fell in a trickling waterfall into the sea. Here they sat down upon the edge of the cliff and, locked in each other's arms, watched the moon rise over the silver ocean, their young hearts filled with a joy that cannot be told.

"The sea is beautiful, is it not, husband?" whispered Suzanne into his ear.

"Tonight it is beautiful," he answered, "as our lives seem to be; yet I have seen it otherwise;" and he shuddered a little.

She nodded, for she knew of what he was thinking, and did not wish to speak of it. "Neither life nor ocean can be always calm," she said; "but, oh! I love that great water, for it brought you to me."

"I pray that it may never separate us," answered Ralph.

"Why do you say that, husband?" she asked. "Nothing can separate us now, for even if you journey far away to seek your own people, as sometimes I think you should, I shall accompany you. Nothing can separate us except death, and death shall but bind us more closely each to each forever and forever."

"I do not know why I said it, sweet," he answered uneasily, and just then a little cloud floated over the face of the moon, darkening the world, and a cold wind blew down the kloof, causing its trees to rustle and chilling them, so that they clung closer to each other for comfort.

The cloud and the wind passed away, leaving the night as beautiful as before, and they sat on for a while to watch it, listening to the music of the waterfall as it splashed into the deep sea pool below, and to the soft surge of the waves as they lapped gently against the narrow beach.

At length Ralph spoke in a low voice. "Sweet, it is time to sleep," he said, and kissed her.

At his words Suzanne trembled in his arms and blushed so red that even in this light he could see the color in her face.

"It is time," she whispered back; "but, husband, first let us kneel together here and pray to God to bless our married life and make us happy."

"That is a good thought," he answered, for in those days young men who had been brought up as Christians were not ashamed to say their prayers even in the presence of others.

So they knelt down side by side upon the edge of the cliff, with their faces set towards the open sea.

"Pray for us both aloud, Ralph," said Suzanne, "for though my heart is full enough I have no words."

So Ralph prayed very simply, saying: "O God, Who madest us, hear us, Thy son and daughter, and bless us. This night our married life begins; be Thou with us ever in it, and if it should please Thee that we should have children, let Thy blessing go with them all their days. O God, I thank Thee that Thou didst save me alive from the sea and lead the feet of the child who is now my wife to the place where I was starving, and Suzanne thanks Thee that through the whisperings of a dream her feet were led thus. O God, as I believe that Thou didst hear my prayer when as a lost child I knelt dying on the rock before Thee, so I believe that Thou dost hear this the first prayer of our wedded life. We know that all life is not made up of such joy as Thou hast given us this day, but that it has many dangers and troubles and losses, therefore we pray Thee to comfort us in the troubles, to protect us in the dangers, and to give us consolation in the losses; and most of all we pray Thee that we who love each other, and whom Thou hast joined together, may be allowed to live out our lives together, fearing nothing, however great our peril, since day and night we walk in the shadow of Thy strength, until we pass into its presence."

This was Ralph's prayer, for he told it to me, word by word, afterwards when he lay sick. At the time the answer to it seemed to be a strange one, an answer to shake the faith out of a man's heart, and yet it was lost or mocked at, for the true response came in its season. Nay, it came week by week and hour by hour, seeing that every day through those awful years the sword of the Strength they had implored protected those who prayed, holding them harmless through many a desperate peril, to reunite them at the last. The devil is very strong in this world of ours, or so it seems to me, who have known much of his ways, so strong that perhaps God must give place to him at times, for if He rules in Heaven, I think that Satan shares His rule on earth. But in the end it is God Who wins, and never, never, need they fear who acknowledge Him and put their faith in Him, trying the while to live uprightly and conquer the evil of their hearts. Well, this is only an old woman's wisdom, though it should not be laughed at, since it has been taught to her by the experience of a long and eventful life. Such as it is, I hope that it may be of service to those who trust in themselves and not in their Maker.

As the last words of this prayer left Ralph's lips he heard a man laugh behind him. The two of them sprang to their feet at the sound, and faced about to see Swart Piet standing within five paces of them, and with eight or ten of his black ruffians, who looked upon him as their chief, and did his needs without question, however wicked they might be.

Now Suzanne uttered a low cry of fear and the blood froze about Ralph's heart, for he was unarmed and their case was hopeless. Black Piet saw their fear and laughed again, for like a cat that has caught a mouse for which it has watched long, he could not resist the joy of torture before he dealt the death blow.

"This is very lucky," he said; "and I am glad that I have to do with such pious people, since it enabled us to creep on you unawares; also I much prefer to have found you engaged in prayer, friend Englishman, rather than in taking the bloom off my peach with kisses, as I feared might be the case. That was a pretty prayer, too; I almost felt as though I were in church while I stood listening to it. How did it end? You prayed that you might be allowed to live together, fearing nothing, however great your peril, since you walked always in the shadow of God's strength. Well, I have come to answer your petition, and to tell you that your life together is ended before it is begun. For the rest, your peril is certainly great, and now let God's strength help you if it can. Come, God, show Your strength. He does not answer, you see, or perhaps He knows that Swart Piet is god here and is afraid."

"Cease your blasphemy," said Ralph, in a hoarse voice, "and tell me what you want with us."

"What do I want? I want her for whom I have been seeking this long time—Suzanne Botmar."

"She is my wife," said Ralph; "would you steal away my wife?"

"No, friend, for that would not be lawful. I will not take your wife, but I shall take your widow, as will be easy, seeing that you are armed with God's strength only."

Not understanding all this man's devilish purpose, Suzanne fell upon her knees before

him, imploring him with many piteous words. But knowing that death was at hand, Ralph's heart rose to it, as that of a high couraged man will do, and he bade her to cease her supplications and rise. Then in a loud, clear voice he spoke in the Kaffir tongue, so that those who were with Piet van Vooren should understand him.

"It seems, Piet van Vooren," he said, "that you have stolen upon us here to carry off my wife by violence after you have murdered me. These crimes you may do, though I know well that if you do them they will be revenged upon you amply, and upon your men also who take part in them. And now I will not plead to you for mercy, but I ask one thing which you cannot refuse, because those with you, Kaffirs though they be, will not suffer it—five short minutes of time in which to bid farewell to my new wed wife."

"Not an instant," said Swart Piet, but at the words the black men who were with him, and whose wicked hearts were touched with pity, began to murmur so loudly that he hesitated.

"At your bidding, Bull Head," said one of them, "we have come to kill this man and to carry away the white woman, and we will do it, for you are our chief and we must obey you. But, if you will not give him the little space for which he asks, wherein to bid farewell to his wife before she becomes your wife, then we will have nothing more to do with the matter. I say that our hearts are sick at it already, and, Bull Head, you kill a man, not a dog, and that by murder, not in fair fight."

"As you will, fool," said Swart Piet. "Englishman, I give you five minutes;" and he drew a large silver watch from his pocket and held it in his hand.

"Get out of my hearing, then, murderer," said Ralph, "for I have no breath left to waste on you;" and Piet, obeying him, fell back a little and stood gnawing his nails and staring at the pair.

"Suzanne, wife Suzanne," whispered Ralph, "we are about to part since, as you see, I must die, and your fate lies in the Hand of God; you are made a widow before you are a wife, and Suzanne—ah! that is the worst of it—another takes you, even my murderer."

Now Suzanne, who till this moment had been as one stupefied, seemed to gather up her strength and answered him, saying:

"Truly, husband, things appear to be as you say, though what we have done that they should be so, I cannot tell. Still, comfort yourself, for death comes to all of us soon or late, and whether it comes soon or late makes little difference in the end, seeing that come it must."

"No, not death, it is your fate that makes the difference. How can I bear to die and leave you the prey of that devil? Oh, my God! my God! how can I bear to die!"

"Have no fear, husband," went on Suzanne, in the same clear, indifferent voice, "for you do not leave me to be his prey. Say, now; if we walk backwards swiftly we might fall together before they could catch us into the pit of the sea beneath."

"Nay, wife, let our deaths lie upon their heads and not upon ours, for self murder is a crime."

"As you will, Ralph; but I tell you, and through you I tell Him Who made me, that it is a crime which I shall dare if need be. Have no fear, Ralph; as I leave your arms pure, so shall I return to them pure, whether it be in heaven or upon earth. That man thinks he has power over me, but I say that he has none, seeing that at last God will protect me, with His hand or with my own."

"I cannot blame you, Suzanne, for there are some things which are not to be borne. Do, therefore, as your conscience teaches you, if you have the means."

"I have the means, Ralph. Hidden about me is a little knife which I have carried since I was a child; and if that fails me there are other ways."

"Time is done," said Swart Piet, replacing the watch in his pocket.

"Farewell, sweet," whispered Ralph.

"Farewell, husband," she answered bravely, "until we meet again, whether it be here on earth or above in heaven; farewell until we meet again;" and she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

For a moment he clung to her, muttering some blessing above her bowed head; then he unloosed her clasping arms, letting her fall gently upon the ground and saying: "Lie thus, shutting your ears and hiding your eyes, till all is done. Afterwards you must act as seems best to you. Escape to your father if you can; if not—tell me, do you understand?"

"I understand," she murmured, and hid her face in a tuft of thick grass, placing her hands upon her ears.

Ralph bowed his head for an instant in prayer. Then he lifted it and there was no fear upon his face.

"Come on, murderer," he said, addressing Swart Piet, "and do your butcher's work. Why do you delay? You cannot often find the joy of slaughtering a defenseless man in the presence of his new made wife. Come on, then, and win the everlasting curse of God."

Now Swart Piet glanced at him out of the corners of his round eyes; then he ordered

one of the Kaffirs to go up to him and shoot him.

The man went up and lifted his gun, but presently he put it down again and walked away, saying that he could not do this deed. Thrice did Van Vooren issue his command, and to three separate men, the vilest of his flock, but with each of them it was the same; they came up lifting their guns, looked into Ralph's gray eyes, and slunk away muttering. Then, cursing and swearing in his mad fury, Swart Piet drew a pistol from his belt and, rushing towards Ralph, fired it into him so that he fell. He stood over him and looked at him, the smoking pistol in his hand, but the wide gray eyes remained open and the strong mouth still smiled.

"The dog lives yet," raved Swart Piet. "Cast him into the sea, and let the sea finish him."

But no man stirred; all stood silent as though they had been cut in stone, and there, a little nearer the cliff edge, lay the silent form of Suzanne.

Then Van Vooren seized Ralph and dragged him by the shoulders to the brink of the precipice. His hair brushed the hair of Suzanne as his body was trailed along the ground, and as he passed he whispered one word, "Remember," into her ear, and she raised her head to look at him and answered, "Now and always." Then she let her head fall again.

Stooping down, Swart Piet lifted Ralph in his great arms, and, crying aloud, "Return into the sea out of which you came," he hurled him over the edge of the cliff. Two seconds later the sound of a heavy splash echoed up its sides, then, save for the murmur of the waterfall and the surge of the surf upon the beach, all was still again.

XVI.

For a few moments Swart Piet and his black ruffians stood staring, now at each other and now over the edge of the cliff into the deep sea hole. There, however, they could see nothing, for the moonbeams did not reach its surface, and the only sound they heard was that of the dripping of the little waterfall, which came to their ears like the tinkle of distant sheep bells. Then Swart Piet laughed aloud, a laugh that had more of fear than of merriment in it.

"The Englishman called down the everlasting curse of God on me," he cried. "Well, I have waited for it, and it does not come, so now for man's reward;" and going to where Suzanne lay, he set his arms beneath her and turned her over upon her back. "She has swooned," he said; "perhaps it is as well;" and he stood looking at her, for thus in her faint she seemed wonderfully fair with the moonbeams playing upon her deathlike face.

"He had good taste, that Englishman," went on Swart Piet. "Well, now our account is squared; he has sown and I shall harvest. Follow me, you black fellows, for we had best be off;" and, stooping down, he lifted Suzanne in his arms and walked away with her as though she were a child. For a while they followed the windings of the stream, keeping under cover of the reeds and bushes that grew upon its banks. Then they struck out to the right, taking advantage of a cloud which dimmed the face of the moon for a time, for they wished to reach the kloof without being seen from the wagon. Nor, indeed, were they seen, for the driver and voorlooper were seated by the cooking fire on its further side, smoking and dozing as they smoked. Only the great thoroughbred horse winded them and snorted, pulling at the rein with which he was tied to the hind wheel of the wagon.

"Something has frightened the *schimmel*," said the driver, waking up.

"It is nothing," answered the other boy drowsily; "he is not used to the veldt, he who always sleeps in the house like a man; or perhaps he smells a hyena in the kloof."

"I thought I heard a sound like that of a gun a while ago down yonder by the sea," said the driver again. "Say, brother, shall we go and find what made it?"

"By no means," answered the voorlooper, who did not like walking about at night, fearing lest he should meet spooks. "I have been wide awake and listening all this time, and I heard no gun; nor, indeed, do people go out shooting at night. Also it is our business to watch here by the wagon till our master and mistress return."

"Where can they have gone?" said the driver, who felt frightened, he knew not why. "It is strange that they should be so long away when it is time for them to sleep."

"Who can account for the ways of white people?" answered the other, shrugging his shoulders. "Very often they sit up all night. Doubtless these two will return when they are tired, or perhaps they desire to sleep in the veldt. At any rate, it is not our duty to interfere with them, seeing that they can come to no harm here where there are neither men nor tigers."

"So be it," said the driver, and they both dozed off again till the messenger of ill came to rouse them.

Now Black Piet and his men crept up the kloof carrying Suzanne with them, till they came to a little patch of rocky ground at the head of it where they had left their horses.

"That was very well managed," said Piet, as they loosed them and tightened their girths, "and none will ever know that we have made this journey. Tomorrow the bride and bridegroom will be missed, but the sea has the one and I have the other, and hunt as they may they will never find her, nor guess where she has gone. No, it will be remembered that they walked down to the sea, and folk will think that by chance they fell from the cliff into the deep water and vanished there. Yes, it was well managed, and none can guess the truth."

Now, the man to whom he spoke, that same man with whom the boy Zinti had heard him plot our murder in the Tiger Kloof, shrugged his shoulders and answered:

"I think there is one who will guess."

"Who is that, fool?"

"She about whose neck once I set a rope at your bidding, Bull Head, and whose life was bought by those lips"—and he pointed to Suzanne—"Sihamba Ngenyanga."

"Why should she guess?" asked Piet angrily.

"Has she not done so before? Think of the great *schimmel* and its rider in Tiger Kloof. Moreover, what does her name mean? Does it not mean 'Wanderer by Moonlight,' and was not this great deed of yours, a deed at the telling of which all who hear of it shall grow sick and silent, done in the moonlight, Bull Head?"

Now, as we learned afterwards from a man whom Jan took prisoner, Piet made no answer to this saying, but turned to busy himself with his saddle, for he was always afraid of Sihamba, and would never mention her name unless he was obliged. Soon the horses, most of which were small and of the Basuto breed, were ready to start. On one of the best of them was a soft pad of sheepskins, such as girls used to ride on when I was young, before we knew anything about these new fangled English saddles with leather hooks to hold the rider in her place. On this pad, which had been prepared for her, they set Suzanne, having first tied her feet together loosely with a riem so that she might not slip to the ground and attempt to escape by running. Moreover, as she was still in a swoon, they supported her, Black Piet walking upon one side and a Kaffir upon the other. In this fashion they traveled for half an hour or more, until they were deep in among the mountains, indeed, when suddenly, with a little sigh, Suzanne awoke, and glanced about her with wide, frightened eyes. Then memory came back to her, and she understood, and, opening her lips, she uttered one shriek so piercing and dreadful that the rocks of the hills multiplied and echoed it, and the blood went cold even in the hearts of those savage men.

"Suzanne," said Swart Piet, in a low, hoarse voice, "I have dared much to win you, and I wish to treat you kindly, but if you cry out again, for my own safety's sake and that of those with me, we must gag you."

She made no answer to him, nor did she speak at all except one word, and that word "Murderer!" Then she closed her eyes as though to shut out the sight of his face, and sat silent, saying nothing and doing nothing, even when Piet and the other man who supported her had mounted and pushed their horses to a gallop, leading that on which she rode by a riem.

* * * *

Now it might be thought that after receiving a pistol bullet fired into him at a distance of four paces, and being cast down through fifty feet of space into a pool of the sea, that there was an end of Ralph Kenzie forever on this earth. But, thanks to the mercy of God, this was not so, for the ball had but shattered his left shoulder, touching no vital part, and the water into which he fell was deep, so that, striking against no rock, he rose presently to the surface and, the pool being but narrow, was able to swim to one side of it where the beach shelved. Up that beach he could not climb, however, for he was faint with loss of blood and shock. Indeed, his senses left him while he was in the water, but it chanced that he fell forward and not backward, so that his head rested upon the shelving of the pool, all the rest of his body being beneath its surface. Lying thus, had the tide been rising, he would speedily have drowned, but it had turned, and so, the water being warm, he took no further harm.

Now, Sihamba had not left the stead till some hours after Ralph and his bride had trekked away. She knew where they would outspan, and as she did not wish that they should see her yet, or until they were too far upon their journey to send her back, it was her plan to reach the spot, or rather a hiding place in the kloof within a stone's throw of it, after they had gone to rest. So it came about that at the time when Ralph and Suzanne were surprised by Swart Piet, Sihamba was riding along quietly upon the horse which Jan had given her, accompanied by the lad Zinti, perched upon the strong, brown mule in the midst of cooking pots, bags of meal and biltong, and rolls of blankets. Already, half a mile off or more, she could see the cap of the wagon gleaming white in the moonlight, when suddenly, away to the left, she heard the sound of a pistol shot.

"Now, who shoots in this lonely place at night?" said Sihamba to Zinti. "Had the sound come from the wagon yonder I should think that some one had fired to scare a hungry jackal, but all is quiet at the wagon, and the servants of Swallow are there—for, look, the fire burns."

"I know not, lady," answered Zinti, for Sihamba was given the title of "chieftainess" among the natives who knew something of her birth, "but I am sure that the sound was made by powder."

"Let us go and see," said Sihamba, turning her horse.

For a while they rode on towards the place whence they had heard the shot, till suddenly, when they were near the cliff and in a little fold of ground beyond the ridge of which ran the stream, Sihamba stopped and whispered, "Be silent; I hear voices." Then she slipped from her horse and crept like a snake up the slope of the rise until she reached its crest, where at this spot stood two tufts of last season's grass, for no fires had swept the veldt. From between these tufts, so well hidden herself that unless he had stepped upon her body none could have discovered her, she saw a strange sight.

There, beneath her, within a few paces, indeed, for the ground sloped steeply to the stream, men were passing. The first of these was white, and he carried a white woman in his arms; the rest were Kaffirs, some of whom wore karosses or cotton blankets, and some tattered soldiers' coats and trousers, while all were well armed with "roers" or other guns, and all had powder flasks hung about their necks. Sihamba knew at once that the white man was Swart Piet, and the woman in his arms her mistress, Suzanne. She could have told it from her shape alone, but as it happened, her head hung down, and the moonlight shone upon her face so brightly that she could see its every feature. Her blood boiled within her as she looked, for now she understood that her fears were just, and that the Swallow, whom she loved above everything in the world, had fallen into the power of the man she hated. At first she was minded to follow and, if might be, to rescue her. Then she remembered the pistol shot, and remembered also that this new made wife would have been with her husband and no other. Where, then, was he now? Without doubt, murdered by Bull Head. If so, it was little use to look for him, and yet something in her heart told her to look.

At that moment she might not help Suzanne, for what could one woman and a Kaffir youth do against so many men? Moreover, she knew whither Van Vooren would take her, and could follow there; but first she must learn for certain what had been the fate of her husband. So Sihamba lay still beneath the two tufts of grass until the last of the men had passed in silence, glancing about them sullenly as though they feared vengeance for a crime. Then, having noted that they were heading for the kloof, she went back to where Zinti stood in the hollow, holding the horse with one hand and the mule with the other, and beckoned him to follow her.

Very soon, tracing the spoor backwards, they reached the edge of the cliff just where the waterfall fell over it into the sea pool. Here she searched about, noting this thing and that, till at last all grew clear to her. Here Suzanne had lain, for the impress of her shape could still be seen upon the grass. And there a man had been stretched out, for his blood stained the ground. More, he had been dragged to the edge of the cliff, for this was the track of his body and the spoor of his murderer's feet. Look how his heels had sunk into the turf as he took the weight of the corpse in his arms to hurl it over the edge.

"Tie the horse and the mule together, Zinti," she said, "and let us find a path down this precipice."

The lad obeyed wondering, though he too guessed something of what had happened, and after a little search they found a place by which they could descend. Now Sihamba ran to the pool and stood upon its brink scanning the surface with her eyes, till at length she glanced downwards, and there, almost at her feet, three parts of his body yet hidden in the water, lay the man she sought.

Swiftly she sprang to him, and, aided by Zinti, dragged him to dry ground.

"Alas! lady," said the lad, "it is of no use; the baas is dead. Look, he has been shot."

Taking no heed of the words, Sihamba opened Ralph's garments, placing first her hand, then her ear, upon his heart. Presently she lifted her head, a strange light shining in her eyes, and said:

"Nay, he lives, and we have found him in time. Moreover, his wound is not to death. Now help me, for between us we must bear him up the cliff."

So Zinti took him by the middle, while Sihamba supported his legs, and thus between them, with great toil, for the way was very steep, they carried him by a sloping buck's path to the top of the precipice, and laid him upon the mule.

"Which way now?" gasped Zinti, for, being strong, he had borne the weight.

"To the wagon, if they have left it," said Sihamba, and thither they went.

When they were near she crept forward, searching for Swart Piet and his gang, but there were no signs of them, only she saw the driver and his companion nodding by the fire. She walked up to them.

"Do you, then, sleep, servants of Kenzie," she said, "while the Swallow is borne away to the hawk's nest, and the husband of Swallow, your master, is cast by Bull Head back into the sea whence he came?"

Now the men woke up and knew her. "Look, it is Sihamba!" stammered one of them to the other, for he was frightened. "What evil thing has happened, Lady Sihamba?"

"I have told you, but your ears are shut. Come, then, and see with your eyes;" and she led them to where Ralph lay in his blood, the water yet dripping from his hair and clothes.

"Alas! he is dead," they groaned, and wrung their hands.

"He is not dead, he will live, for while you slept I found him," she answered. "Swift, now, bring me the wagon box that is full of clothes, and the blankets off the cartel."

They obeyed her, and very quickly and gently—for of all doctors Sihamba was the best—with their help she drew off his wet garments, and, having dried him and dressed his wound with strips of linen, she put a flannel shirt upon him and wrapped him in blankets. Then she poured brandy into his mouth, but, although the spirit brought a little color into his pale face, it did not awaken him, for his swoon was deep.

"Lay him on the cartel in the wagon," she said, and, lifting him, they placed him upon the *rimpi* bed. Then she ordered them to inspan the wagon, and this was done quickly, for the oxen lay tied to the trek tow. When all was ready she spoke to the two men, telling them what had happened so far as she knew it, and adding these words:

"Trek back to the stead as swiftly as you may, one of you sitting in the wagon to watch the Baas Kenzie and to comfort him should he wake out of his swoon. Say to the father and mother of Swallow that I have taken the horses to follow Swart Piet and to rescue her by cunning if so I can, for, as will be plain to them, this is a business that must not wait; also that I have taken with me Zinti, since he alone knows the path to Bull Head's secret hiding place in the mountains. Of that road Zinti will tell you all he can, and you will tell it to the Baas Botmar, who must gather together such men as he is able, and start tomorrow to seek it and rescue us, remembering what sort of peril it is in which his daughter stands. If by any means I can free the Swallow, we will come to meet him; if not, who knows? Then he must act according to his judgment and to what he learns. But let him be sure of this, and let her husband be sure also, that while I have life in me I will not cease from my efforts to save her, and that if she dies—for I know her spirit, and no worse harm than death will overtake her—then, if may be, I will die with her or to avenge her, and I have many ways of vengeance. Lastly, let them not believe that we are dead until they have certain knowledge of it, for it may chance that we cannot return to the stead, but must lie hid in the mountains or among the Kaffirs. Now hear what Zinti has to say as to the path to Bull Head's den, and begone, forgetting no one of my words, for if you linger or forget, when I come again I will blind your eyes and shrivel your livers with a spell."

"We hear you," they answered, "and remember every word of your message. In three hours the baas shall know it."

Five minutes later they trekked away, and so swiftly did they drive and so good were the oxen that in less than the three hours we were awakened by one knocking on our door, and ran out to learn all the dreadful tidings, and to find Ralph, bleeding and still senseless, stretched upon that cartel where we thought him sleeping happily with his bride.

Oh, the terror and the agony of that hour, never may I forget them! Never may I forget the look that sprang into Ralph's eyes when at last he awoke and, turning them to seek Suzanne, remembered all.

"Why am I here and not dead?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sihamba saved you, and you have been brought back in the wagon," I answered.

"Where, then, is Suzanne?" he asked again.

"Sihamba has ridden to save her also, and Jan starts presently to follow her, and with him others."

"Sihamba!" he groaned. "What can one woman do against Piet van Vooren and his murderers? For the rest, they will be too late. Oh, my God, my God! what have we done that such a thing should fall upon us? Think of it, think of her in the hands of Piet van Vooren. Oh, my God, my God, I shall go mad!" Indeed, I, who watched him, believe that this would have been so, or else his brain had burst beneath its shock of sorrow, had not nature been kind to him and plunged him back into stupor. In this he lay long, until well on into the morrow indeed, or rather the day, for by now it was three o'clock, when the doctor came to take out the pistol ball and set his shattered bone. For, as it chanced, a doctor, and a clever one,

had been sent for from the dorp to visit the wife of a neighbor who lay sick not more than twenty miles away, and we were able to summon him. Indeed, but for this man's skill, the sleeping medicines he gave him to quiet his mind, and, above all, a certain special mercy which shall be told of in its place, I think that Ralph would have died. As it was, seven long weeks went by before he could sit upon a horse.

XVII.

BEFORE the wagon left her, Sihamba took from it Ralph's gun, a very good *roer*, together with powder and bullets. Also she took tinder, a bottle of peach brandy, a blanket, mealies in a small bag, wherewith to bait the horses in case of need, and some other things which she thought might be necessary. These she laded among her own goods upon the mule, that with her horse had been fetched by Zinti and hastily fed with corn. Now, at her bidding, Zinti set Suzanne's saddle upon the back of the *schimmel*, and Ralph's on that of Suzanne's gray mare, which he mounted that the mule might travel lighter. Then Sihamba got upon her own horse, a good and quiet beast which she rode with a sheepskin for a saddle, and they started, Sihamba leading the *schimmel* and Zinti the mule, which, as it chanced, although bad tempered, would follow well on a riem.

Riding up the kloof they soon reached the spot where Van Vooren's band had tethered their horses, and tracked the spoor of them with ease for so long as the ground was soft. Afterwards when they reached the open country, where the grass had been burned off and had only just begun to spring again, this became more difficult, and at length, in that light, impossible. Here they wasted a long time searching for the hoof marks by the rays of the waning moon, only to lose them again as soon as they were found.

"At this pace we shall take as long to reach Bull Head's kraal as did the cow you followed," said Sihamba presently. "Say now, can you find the way to it?"

"Without a doubt, lady; Zinti never forgets a road or a landmark."

"Then lead me there as fast as may be."

"Yes, lady; but Bull Head may have taken the Swallow somewhere else, and if we do not follow his spoor how shall we know where he has hidden her."

"Fool, I have thought of that!" she answered angrily; "else should I have spent all this time looking for hoof marks in the dark? We must risk it, I say. To his house he has not taken her, for other white folk are living in it, and it is not likely he would have a second or a better hiding place than that you saw. I say that we must be bold and risk it, since we have no time to lose."

"As you will, mistress," answered Zinti. "Who am I that I should question your wisdom?" and, turning his horse's head, he rode forward across the gloomy veldt as certainly as a homing rock dove wings its flight.

So they traveled till the sun rose behind a range of distant hills. Then Zinti halted and pointed to them.

"Look, lady," he said. "Do you see that peak among the mountains that has a point like a spear, the one that seems as though it were on fire? Well, behind it lies Bull Head's kraal."

"It is far, Zinti, but we must be there by night."

"That may be done, lady, but if so we must spare our horses."

"Good," she answered. "Here is a spring; let us offsaddle a while."

So they offsaddled and ate of the food which they had brought, while the horses filled themselves with the sweet green grass, the *schimmel* being tied to the gray mare, for he would not bear a knee halter.

All that day they rode, not so very fast, but steadily, till towards sunset they offsaddled again beneath the shadow of the spear pointed peak. There was no water at this spot, but seeing a green place upon the slope of a hill close by, Zinti walked to it, leading the thirsty beasts. Presently he threw up his hand and whistled, whereupon Sihamba set out to join him, knowing that he had found a spring. So it proved to be, and now they learned that Sihamba had been wise in heading straight for Swart Piet's hiding place, since round about this spring was the spoor of many horses and of men. Among these was the print of a foot that she knew well, the little foot of Suzanne.

"How long is it since they left here?" asked Sihamba, not as one who does not know, but rather as though she desired to be certified in her judgment.

"When the sun stood there," answered Zinti, pointing to a certain height in the heavens.

"Yes," she answered; "three hours. Bull Head has traveled quicker than I thought."

"No," said Zinti; "but I think that he knew a path through the big vlei, whereas we rode round it, two hours' ride, fearing lest we should be bogged. Here by this spring they stayed till sunset, for it was needful that the horses should feed and rest, since they would save their strength in them.

"Lady," went on Zinti presently, "beyond the neck of the hill yonder lies the secret

kraal of Bull Head. Say now, what is your plan when you reach it?"

"I do not know," she answered; "but tell me again of the hidden krantz where the women built the hut, and of the way to it?"

He told her and she listened, saying nothing.

"Good," she said when he had done. "Now lead me to this place, and then perhaps I will tell my plan, if I have one."

So they started on again, but just as they reached the crest of the neck a heavy thunder storm came up, together with clouds and rain, hiding everything from them.

"Now I suppose that we must stay here till the light comes," said Sihamba.

"Not so, lady," answered Zinti; "I have been up the path once and I can go again in storm or shine;" and he pressed forward, with the lightning flashes for a candle.

Well was that storm for them, indeed, since otherwise they would have been seen, for already Swart Piet had set his scouts about the kraal.

At length Sihamba felt that they were riding among trees, for water dripped from them upon her and their branches brushed her face.

"Here is the wood where the women cut poles for the new hut," whispered Zinti in her ear.

"Then, let us halt," she answered, and dismounting, they tied the three horses and the mule to as many small trees close together.

Now Sihamba took a piece of biltong from a saddle bag and began to eat it, for she knew that she would need all her cleverness and strength. "Take the bag of mealies," she said, "and divide it among the horses and the mule, giving a double share to the *schimmel*."

Zinti obeyed her, and presently all four of the beasts were eating well, for though they had traveled far their loads were light, nor had the pace been pressed.

Sihamba turned and, holding out her hands towards the horses, muttered something rapidly.

"What are you doing, mistress?" asked Zinti.

"I am throwing a charm upon these animals, that they may neither neigh nor whinny till we come again, for if they do so we are lost. Now let us go, and—stay, bring the gun with you, for you know how to shoot."

So they started, slipping through the wet woods like shadows. For ten minutes or more they crept on thus towards the dark line of cliff, Zinti going first and feeling the way with his fingers, till presently he halted.

"Hist!" he whispered. "I smell people."

As he spoke, they heard a sound like to that of some one sliding down rocks. Then a man challenged, saying, "Who passes from the krantz?" and a woman's voice answered, "It is I, Asika, the wife of Bull Head."

"I hear you," answered the man. "Now tell me, Asika, what happens yonder."

"What happens? How do I know what happens?" she answered crossly. "About sunset Bull Head brought home his new wife, a white chieftainess, for whom we built the hut yonder; but the fashions of marriage among these white people must be strange indeed, for this one came to her husband, her feet bound, and with a face like to the face of a dead woman, the eyes set wide and the lips parted. Yes, and they blindfolded her in the wood there and carried her through this hole in the rock down to the hut, where she is shut in."

"I know something of this matter," answered the man; "the white lady is no willing wife to Bull Head, for he killed her husband and took her by force. Yes, yes, I know, for my uncle was one of those with him when the deed was done, and he told me something of it just now."

"An evil deed," said Asika, "and one that will bring bad luck upon all of us; but then, Bull Head, our chief, is an evil man. Oh, I know it who am of the number of his Kaffir wives! Say, friend," she went on, "will you walk a little way with me, as far as the first huts of the kraal, for there are ghosts in the wood, and I fear to pass it alone at night."

"I dare not, Asika," he answered, "for I am set here on guard."

"Have no fear, friend, the chief is within seeing to the comfort of his new wife."

"Well, I will come with you a little way if you wish it, but I must be back immediately," he said, and the listeners heard them walk off together.

"Now, Zinti," whispered Sihamba, "lead me through the hole in the rock."

He took her by the hand and felt along the face of the cliff till he found the bush which covered the entrance. To this he climbed, dragging her after him, and presently they were in the secret krantz.

"We have found our way into the spider's nest," muttered Zinti, who grew afraid; "but say, lady, how shall we find our way out of it?"

"Lead on and leave that to me," she answered. "Where I, a woman, can go, surely you who are a man can go also."

"I trust to your magic to protect us—therefore I come," said Zinti, "though if we are seen our death is sure."

On they crept across the glen, till pre-

sently they heard the sound of the small waterfall and saw it glimmering faintly through the gloom and drizzling rain. To their left ran the stream, and on the banks of it stood something large and round.

"There stands the new hut where Swallow is," whispered Zinti.

Now Sihamba thought for a moment and said:

"Zinti, I must find out what passes in that hut. Listen: do you lie hid among the reeds under the bank of the stream, and if you hear me hoot like an owl, then come to me, but not before."

"I obey," answered Zinti, and crept down among the reeds, where he crouched for a long time up to his knees in water, shivering with cold and fear.

XVIII.

Going on her hands and knees, Sihamba crawled towards the hut. Now she was within ten paces of it and could see that a man stood on guard at its doorway. "I must creep round to the back," she thought, and began to do so, heading for some shrubs which grew to the right. Already she had almost reached them, when of a sudden, and for an instant only, the moon shone out between two thick clouds, revealing her, though indistinctly, to the eyes of the guard. Now, Sihamba was wearing a fur cape made of wild dog's hide, and, crouched as she was upon her hands and knees, half hidden, moreover, by a tuft of grass, the man took her to be a wild dog or a jackal, and the hair which stood out round her head for the ruff upon the animal's neck.

"Take that, you four legged night thief!" he said aloud, and hurled the assagai in his hand straight at her. The aim was good; indeed, had she been a dog it would have transfixed her. As it was, the spear passed just beneath her body, pinning the hanging edge of the cape and remaining fixed in the tough leather. Now, had Sihamba's wit left her, as would have happened with most, she was lost, but not for nothing had she been a witch doctoress from her childhood, skilled in every artifice and accustomed to face death. From his words she guessed that the man had mistaken her for a wild beast, so instead of springing to her feet she played the part of one, and uttering a howl of pain scrambled away among the bushes. She heard the man start to follow her, then the moonlight went out, and he returned to his post grumbling over the lost assagai and saying that he would find it in the jackal's body on the morrow. Sihamba, listening not far away, knew his voice; it was that of the man who had set the noose about her neck at Swart Piet's bidding, and who was to have done the murder in the pass.

"Now, friend, you are unarmed," she thought to herself, "for you have no gun with you, and perhaps we shall settle our accounts before you go to seek that dead jackal by tomorrow's light." Then drawing the assagai from the cloak and keeping it in her hand, she crept on till she came to the back of the hut in safety. Still, she was not much nearer to her end, for the hut was new and very well built, and she could find no crack to look through, though when she placed her ear against its side she thought that she could hear the sound of a man's voice. In her perplexity Sihamba cast her eyes upwards and saw that a fine line of light shone from the smoke hole at the very top of the hut, which was hive shaped.

"If I can climb up there," she said to herself, "I can look down through the smoke hole and see and hear what passes in the hut. Only then if the moon comes out again I may be seen lying on the thatch; well, that I must chance with the rest." So, very slowly and silently, by the help of the *rimpis* which bound the straw, she climbed the dome of the hut, laughing to herself to think that this was the worst of omens for its owner, till at length she reached the smoke hole at the top and looked down.

This was what she saw: Half seated, half lying, upon a rough bedstead spread with blankets, was Suzanne. Her hair had come undone and hung about her, her feet were still loosely bound together, and, as the Kaffir Asika had said, her face was like the face of a dead woman, and her eyes were set in a fixed, unnatural stare. Before her was a table cut by natives out of a single block of wood, on which were two candles of sheep fat set in bottles, and beyond the table stood Swart Piet, who was addressing her.

"Suzanne," he said, "listen to me. I have always loved you, Suzanne; yes, from the time when I was but a boy. We used to meet now and again, you know, when you were out riding with the Englishman, who is dead"—here Suzanne's face changed, then resumed its deathlike mask—"and always I worshiped you, and always I hated the Englishman, whom you favored. Well, as you grew older you began to understand and dislike me, and Kenzie began to understand and insult me, and from that seed of slight and insult grew all that is bad in me. Yes, Suzanne, you will say that I am wicked, and I am wicked. I have done things of which I should not like to tell you. I have done such things as you saw last night, I have mixed myself up with Kaffir wizardries and cruelties, I have be-

come the owner of Kaffir women—there are some of them round here, as you may see—I have forgotten God and the Saviour; nay, daily I blaspheme Them by word and deed; I have murdered, I have stolen, I have borne false witness, and so far from honoring my own father, why, I killed the dog when he was drunk and dared me to it. Well, I owed him nothing less for begetting me into such a world as this. And now, standing before you as I do here, with your husband's blood upon my hands, and seeking your love over his grave, you will look at me and say, 'This man is a devil, an inhuman monster, a madman, one who should be cast from the earth and stamped deep, deep into hell.' Yes, all these things I am, and let the weight of them rest upon your head, for you made me them, Suzanne. I am mad, I know that I am mad, as my father and grandfather were before me, but I am mad with knowledge, for in me runs the blood of the old Pondo witch doctoress, my grandmother, she who knew many things that are not given to white men. When I saw you and loved you I became half mad—before that I was sane—and when the Englishman, Kenzie, struck me with the whip after our fight at the sheep kraal, ah! then I went wholly mad, and see how wisely, for you are the first fruits of my madness, you and the body that tonight rolls to and fro in the ocean. Now, look you, Suzanne: I have won you by craft and blood, and by craft and blood I will keep you. Here you are in my power, here God Himself could not save you from me, in Bull Head's secret krantz that none know of but some few natives. Choose, therefore, forget the sins that I have committed to win you, and become mine willingly, and no woman shall ever find a better husband, for then the fire and the tempest will leave my brain and it will grow calm as it was before I saw you. Have you no answer? Well I will not hurry you. See, I must go—do you know what for? To set scouts lest by chance your father or other fools should have found my hiding place, though I think that they can never find it except it be through the wisdom of Sihamba, which they will not seek. Still, I go, and in an hour I will return for your answer, Suzanne, since, whether you desire it or desire it not, fortune has given you to me. Have you no word for me before I go?"

Now, during all this long, half insane harangue, Suzanne had sat quite silent, making no answer at all, not even seeming to see the demon, for such he was, whose wicked talk defiled her ears; but when he asked her whether she had nothing to say to him before he went, still looking not at him but beyond him, she gave him his answer in one word, the same that she had used when she awoke from her swoon:

"Murderer!"

Something in the tone in which she spoke, or perhaps in the substance of that short speech, seemed to cow him; at least, he turned and left the hut, and presently Sihamba heard him talking to the sentry without, bidding him to keep close watch till he came back within an hour.

When Piet went out he left the door board of the hut open, so that Sihamba dared neither act nor speak, fearing lest the guard should hear or see her. Therefore she still lay upon the top of the hut, and watched through the smoke hole. For a while Suzanne sat quiet upon the bed, then of a sudden she rose from it and, shuffling across the hut as well as her bound feet would allow her, closed the opening with the door board, and secured it by its wooden bar. Next she returned to the bed, and, seated upon it, clasped her hands and began to pray, muttering aloud and mixing with her prayer the name of her husband Ralph. Ceasing presently, she thrust her hand into her bosom and drew from it a knife, not large, but strong and very sharp. Opening this knife she cut the thong that bound her ankles, and made it into a noose. Then she looked earnestly first at the noose, next at the knife, and thirdly at the candles, and Sihamba understood that she meant to do herself to death, and was choosing between steel and rope and fire.

Now, all this while, although she dared not so much as whisper, Sihamba had not been idle, for with the blade of the assagai she was working gently at the thatch of the smoke hole, and cutting the *rimpis* that bound it, till at last, and not too soon, she thought that it was wide enough to allow of the passage of her small body. Then, watching until the guard leaned against the hut, so that the bulge of it would cut her off from his sight during the instant that her figure was outlined against the sky, she stood up, and, thrusting her feet through the hole, forced her body to follow them, and then dropped lightly as a cat to the floor beneath. But now there was another danger to be faced, and a great one, namely, that Suzanne might cry out in fear, which doubtless she would have done had not the sudden appearance of some living creature in the hut where she thought herself alone so startled her that for a moment she lost her breath. Before she could find it again Sihamba was whispering in her ear saying:

"Keep silence for your life's sake, Swallow. It is I, Sihamba, who am come to save you."

Suzanne stared at her, and light came back

into the empty eyes; then they grew dark again as she answered below her breath:

"Of what use is my life? Ralph is dead, and I was about to take it that I may save myself from shame and go to seek him, for surely God will forgive the sin."

Sihamba looked at her and said:

"Swallow, prepare yourself for a great joy, and, above all, do not cry out. Your husband is not dead, he was but wounded, and I drew him living from the sea. He lies safe at the stead in your mother's care."

Suzanne heard her, and, notwithstanding her caution, she would have cried aloud in the madness of her joy had not Sihamba, seeing her lips opened, thrust her hands upon her mouth and held them there till the danger was past.

"You do not lie to me?" she gasped at length.

"Nay, I speak truth; I swear it. But this is no time to talk. Yonder stand food and milk; eat while I think."

As Sihamba guessed, nothing but a little water had passed Suzanne's lips since that meal which she and her husband took together beside the wagon, nor one minute before could she have swallowed anything had her life been the price of it. But now it was different, for despair had left her and hope shone in her heart again, and behold! of a sudden she was hungry, and ate and drank with gladness, while Sihamba thought.

Presently the little woman looked up and whispered:

"A plan comes into my head; it is a strange one, but I can find no other, and it may serve our turn, for I think that good luck goes with us. Swallow, give me that noose of hide which you made from the riem that bound your feet."

Suzanne obeyed her, wondering, whereon she placed the noose about her neck, then bade Suzanne stand upon the bed and thrust the end of the riem loosely into the thatch of the hut as high up as she could reach, so that it looked as though it were made fast there. Next, Sihamba slipped off her fur cloak, leaving herself naked except for the *moocha* around her middle, and, clasping her hands behind her back with the assagai between them, she drew the riem taut and leaned against the wall of the hut, after the fashion of one who is about to be pulled from the ground and strangled.

"Now, mistress, listen to me," she said earnestly. "You have seen me like this before, have you not, when I was about to be hanged, and you bought my life at a price? Well, as it chances, that man who guards the hut is he who took me at Bull Head's bidding, and set the rope round my neck, whereon I said some words to him which made him afraid. Now if he sees me again thus in a hut where he knows you to be alone, he will think that I am a ghost and his heart will turn to ice, and the strength of his hands to water, and then before he can find his strength again I will make an end of him with the spear, as I know well how to do, although I am so small, and we will fly."

"Is there no other way?" murmured Suzanne, aghast.

"None, Swallow. For you the choice lies between witnessing this deed and—Swart Piet. Nay, you need not witness it, even, if you will do as I tell you. Presently, when I give the word, loosen the bar of the door board, then crouch by the hole and utter a low cry of fear, calling to the man on guard for help. He will enter and see me, whereon you can creep through the door hole and wait without, leaving me to deal with him. If I succeed, I will be with you at once; if I fail, run to the stream and hoot like an owl, when Zinti, who is hidden there, will join you. Then you must get out of the krantz as best you can. Only one man watches the entrance, and, if needful, Zinti can shoot him. The *schimmel* and other horses are hidden in the wood, and he will lead you to them. Mount and ride for home, or anywhere away from this accursed place, and at times, when you talk of the manner of your escape with your husband, think kindly of Sihamba Ngenyanga. Nay, do not answer, for there is little time to lose. Quick, now, to the door hole, and do as I bade you."

So, like one in a dream, Suzanne loosened the bar, and, crouching by the entrance to the hut, uttered a low wail of terror, saying, "Help me, soldier, help me swiftly," in the Kaffir tongue. The man without heard and, pushing down the board, crept in at once, saying, "Who harms you, lady?" as he rose to his feet. Then suddenly, in this hut where there was but one woman, a white woman, whom he himself had carried into it, he beheld another woman—Sihamba; and his hair stood up on his head and his eyes grew round with terror. Yes, it was Sihamba herself, for the light of the candles shone full upon her, or, rather, her ghost, and she was hanging to the roof, the tips of her toes just touching the ground, as once he had seen her hang before.

For some seconds he stared in his terror, and while he stared Suzanne slipped from the hut. Then muttering, "It is the spirit of the witch Sihamba, her spirit that haunts me," he dropped to his knees and, trembling like a leaf, turned to creep from the hut. Next second he was dead, dead without a sound, for Sihamba was a doctoress and knew well where to thrust with the spear.

Of all this Suzanne heard nothing and saw nothing, till presently Sihamba stood by her side holding the skin cape in one hand and the spear in the other.

"Now one danger is done with," she said quietly, as she put on the cape, "but many still remain. Follow me, Swallow;" and going to the edge of the stream, she hooted like an owl, whereupon Zinti came out of the reeds, looking very cold and frightened.

"Be swift," whispered Sihamba, and they started along the krantz at a run. Before they were half way across it the storm clouds, which had been thinning gradually, broke up altogether, and the moon shone out with a bright light, showing them as plainly as though it were day; but, as it chanced, they met nobody and were seen of none.

At length they reached the cleft in the rock that led to the plain below. "Stay here," said Sihamba, "while I look;" and she crept to the entrance. Presently she returned and said:

"A man watches there, and it is not possible to slip past him because of the moonlight. Now, I know of only one thing that we can do; and you, Zinti, must do it. Slip down the rock and cover the man with your gun, saying to him that if he stirs a hand or speaks a word you will shoot him dead. Hold him thus till we are past you on our way to the wood, then follow us as best you can, but do not fire except to save your life or ours."'

Now, the gifts of Zinti lay rather in tracking and remembering paths and directions than in fighting men, so that when he heard this order he was afraid and hesitated. But when she saw it Sihamba turned upon him so fiercely that he feared her more than the watchman, and went at once, so that this man, who was half asleep, suddenly saw the muzzle of a *roer* within three paces of his head and heard a voice command him to stand still and silent or die. Thus he stood, indeed, until he perceived that the new wife of his chief was escaping, and then, remembering what would be his fate at the hands of Bull Head, he determined to take his chance of being shot, and turning suddenly, sped towards the kraal shouting as he ran, whereon Zinti fired at him, but the shot went wide. A cannon could scarcely have made more noise than did the great *roer* in the silence of the night as the report of it echoed to and fro among the hills.

"Oh, fool to fire, and yet greater fool to miss!" said Sihamba. "To the horses! Swift! swift!"

They ran as the wind runs, and now they were in the wood, and now they had found the beasts.

"Praise to the Snake of my house!" said Sihamba, "they are safe, all four of them;" and very quickly they untied the riems by which they had fastened the horses.

"Mount, Swallow!" said Sihamba, holding the head of the great *schimmel*.

Suzanne set her foot upon the shoulder of Zinti, who knelt to receive it, and sprang into the saddle; then, having lifted Sihamba on to the gray mare, he mounted the other horse, holding the mule by a leading rein.

"Which way, mistress?" he asked.

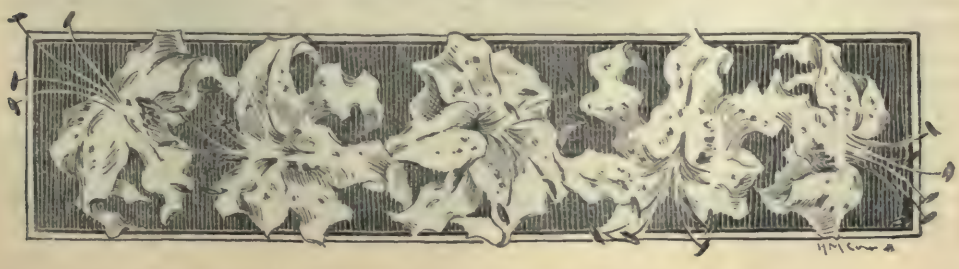
"Homewards," she answered, and they cantered forward through the wood.

On the further side of this wood was a little sloping plain not more than three hundred paces wide, and beyond it lay the seaward *nek* through which they must pass on their journey to the stead. Already they were out of the wood and upon the plain, when from their right a body of horsemen swooped towards them, seven in all, of whom one, the leader, was Swart Piet himself, cutting them off from the *nek*. They halted their horses as though to a word of command, and speaking rapidly, Sihamba asked of Zinti: "Is there any other pass through yonder range, for this one is barred to us?"

"None that I know of," he answered; "but I have seen that the ground behind us is flat and open as far as the great peak which you saw rising on the plain away beyond the sky line."

"Good," said Sihamba. "Let us head for the peak, since we have nowhere else to go, and if we are separated, let us agree to meet upon its southern slope. Now, Zinti, loose the mule, for we have our lives to save, and ride on, remembering that death is close behind you."

(*To be continued.*)



ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

"THE UGLY SNOW MAN."

A peculiar and rather amusing chapter in the annals of contemporary art is furnished by the adventures of the statue of Balzac recently designed by the celebrated Parisian sculptor, Rodin. Incidentally, it shows that New York is not the only city in which a difference of artistic opinion sometimes generates what is termed in the vernacular a "row."

It began when the Society of Men of Letters, of which Zola was president at the time, decided that the great French novelist should have a statue erected to his honor, and commissioned Rodin to model one. The result astonished everybody. Some called it a work of immense power; others declared that it was a shapeless, grotesque mass, with no resemblance to Balzac and little to humanity. The Men of Letters took the latter view, and refused to accept the statue. The sculptor threatened a lawsuit. The municipal council was appealed to, but it hesitated to authorize the erection of so peculiar an object. Then an admirer of Rodin bought the statue, paying twenty thousand francs for it, and announcing his intention of setting it up in his private garden. Thereupon other admirers started a movement to purchase it from him, and to secure a place for it in some Parisian park or square. Here the matter stood at the latest advices, the present owner of the statue having declared his willingness to turn it over to the public at the price he paid for it. It is said that the city of Brussels has also offered to buy and erect it.

"The first impression," writes an English critic, who does not take sides in the controversy, "is that of an extraordinary grotesque, a something monstrous and superhuman. Under an old dressing gown, with empty sleeves, the man stands with his hands held together in front of him and head thrown back. . . . . There is something uncanny in the head; the jaws are so large that they seem to fall on the great chest and form a part of it; and then the cavernous hollows of the eyes, without eyeballs or sight! There is something demoniac in the thing that thrills the blood."

"For my own part," says M. Rodin himself, "I feel that I have realized my conception absolutely. I wished to show the great worker haunted at night with an idea, and rising to transcribe it at his writing desk."

Painting, we know, represents night scenes without color; Rodin seems to have had the idea that sculpture should represent one almost without form—truly a bold and interesting experiment.

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

Davidson's "Nelson's Last Signal," reproduced on page 877, is a careful historical study as well as a fine picture. It is a very accurate rendering of the scene on board the famous old Victory—which is still afloat in Portsmouth harbor, a memento of the picturesque days of seventy four gun ships of the line—as it at least may have been at half past eleven o'clock on the eventful morning of October 21, 1805. Nelson, his right sleeve empty of the arm he lost at Teneriffe, his breast covered with orders, is talking with Captain Hardy of the Victory (who has a telescope under his arm) and Captain Blackwood, of the frigate Euryalus. The admiral's secretary, Mr. Scott, who is bending over a chest at the right, had urged Nelson not to go into battle with the decorations on his coat, representing that it would be almost certain death in an action that was to be fought muzzle to muzzle, the French and Spaniards having a practice—the American troops at Santiago may remember something of the same sort—of posting sharpshooters in their tops to pick off the enemy's officers. Nelson declined to lay aside his admiral's insignia, but agreed to the request of Blackwood and Hardy that two other ships, the Leviathan and Temeraire, should be ordered to press ahead of the Victory. As, however, he refused to allow sail shortened to permit them to pass, the execution of the order was im-

NELSON'S LAST SIGNAL AT TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

From the painting by Thomas Davidson—Copyright, 1897, by the British Art Publishers' Union, New York.

A BATTERY OF FRENCH LIGHT ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION IN THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE, AUGUST 18, 1870.

From a photogravure by Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co., after the painting by Dupray.

WELLINGTON AT BADAJOZ—THE SCENE ON THE SHATTERED WALLS OF THE GREAT SPANISH FORTRESS STORMED AND CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH APRIL 6, 1812. WELLINGTON IS SAID TO HAVE WEPT WHEN HE SAW HOW FRIGHTFUL HAD BEEN THE SLAUGHTER OF HIS MEN, 3500 OF WHOM FELL IN THE ASSAULT.

From the painting by R. Caton Woodville—Copyright, 1897, by the British Art Publishers' Union.

"FLOREAT ETONA!"—AN INCIDENT OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK BY THE BRITISH UPON THE BOERS AT LAING'S NECK, JANUARY 28, 1881—FROM THE PAINTING BY LADY BUTLER.

"Poor Elwes fell among the Fifty Eighth. He shouted to another Eton boy, adjutant of the Fifty Eighth, whose horse had been shot: 'Come along, Monck! Floreat Etona! We must be in the front rank!' and he was shot immediately."

possible, and he led the way into action, steering the Victory straight at the biggest vessel in Villeneuve's fleet, the Spanish Santissima Trinidad, which carried a hundred and thirty six guns.

At ten minutes to twelve the allies opened fire, and Nelson ordered the commander of the Euryalus to his frigate, bidding him pass final instructions down the British line that if any captain could not understand his signals, or could not carry out his sailing orders, he might take any course that would bring him quickly and closely alongside of an enemy's ship.

One of the first to fall on the Victory was Mr. Scott, struck by a solid shot from the Trinidad; and it was not long before a bullet from the mizzen top of the Redoutable, a French vessel which lay on the other side of Nelson's flagship, stretched the admiral, mortally wounded, on the spot where the deck was wet with his secretary's blood.

A REMBRANDT EXHIBITION.

Every art lover would wish to be in Amsterdam this month. The old Dutch city is to have a great exhibition of the works of Rembrandt, who died in Amsterdam, and painted many of his best pictures there. It will probably be the finest collection of the canvases of the great master of light and shade that has ever been brought together. Several continental galleries will contribute, and a number of paintings will be loaned by English owners, among whom are Queen Victoria and the Dukes of Westminster and Devonshire.

There are some fine Rembrandts in

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"THROUGH!"—A UHLAN'S RACE FOR LIFE, PURSUED BY FRENCH CUIRASSIERS

From the painting by A. von Roessler—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

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"AT WATERLOO"—NAPOLEON'S GUARDS SALUTE THE EMPEROR AS THEY MARCH FORWARD TO MAKE THEIR LAST DESPERATE ASSAULT ON WELLINGTON'S "THIN RED LINE."

From the painting by E. Crofts—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

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"PARTING."

From the painting by Rudolf Eichstaedt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

"AN EASTERN PRINCESS."
From the painting by A. Enault.

America, but none of these, so far as we are aware, will go to Amsterdam.

* * * *

A painting by Sir John Millais, which sold for $8,500 last year, brought just half that sum when put up at auction in London early in July. It is freely predicted that the extraordinary popularity that Millais enjoyed in England during his life will not last after his death.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR.

Charles Herbert Allen, the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy, does not furnish as much "copy" for the newspaper writers as did his predecessor, Colonel Roosevelt, but he has already proved himself the right man in the right place. He is a rapid and effective worker, and fair and generous in his dealings with his subordinates.

Mr. Allen's last public service, before his recent appointment, was as member of the House from the Lowell district of Massachusetts. He was not especially conspicuous then, but he was regarded as a man of ability, and was a general favorite in the House and in the press gallery.

He is an excellent amateur photographer, and took keen delight, while in Congress, in surprising his colleagues in grotesque attitudes with a snap shot camera. One day he received a letter from a constituent, a soldier's widow in Lowell, saying that her husband was buried somewhere at Arlington, and that she longed above all things to know how his grave was marked. She was poor, and a journey to Washington was out of the question. Congressman Allen took his camera in a buggy, drove out to Arlington one sweltering day in August, hunted up the grave, and photographed it. Then he developed the picture, had it framed, and sent it with a pleasant note to the waiting widow at home.

And this was only one of many kindly acts laid to Mr. Allen's credit while in Congress. He has hundreds of well wishers in Washington who rejoice in his

CHARLES H. ALLEN, OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO SUCCEEDED THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From a photograph by Westcott, Lowell.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO IS NOW IN ARCTIC WATERS, ENDEAVORING TO WIN FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG THE "FARTHEST NORTH" RECORD, NOW HELD BY DR. NANSEN.

From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.

recent promotion and predict great things for him.

A SOLDIER SENATOR.

A recent article in MUNSEY'S gave a series of sketches of prominent Confederate veterans, but the necessary limits of space made it impossible to include all the survivors of those who led the armies of the South. Perhaps the most important figure omitted was that of General Bate, the soldier Senator from Tennessee.

Senator Bate's first military service dates back to the war with Mexico, in which he was a private. In 1861 he shouldered his musket again for the Confederacy, and won his way up to a major generalship. Like not a few other veterans, he has found his good record as a soldier a stepping stone to high place in

political life, having been twice elected Governor, and twice to the Senate.

MRS. ROBERT E. PEARY, WIFE OF THE WELL KNOWN AMERICAN EXPLORER.
From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.

Senator Bate is one of the few public men who do not smoke. He has never lit a cigar since a certain war time afternoon, when he was riding with his brother through the Tennessee mountains, at a point where the hostile armies lay within

striking distance of each other. He had struck a match to light his cigar, but the wind blew it out. As he struck another, he heard the song of a shell that passed very close to him, but he paid no attention to it till a moment later, when he looked round to see the horse beside him riderless and quivering, and his brother a shapeless corpse at his feet. The Senator has told this story, and added that if he lit another cigar it would bring back the terrible scene of his brother's death.

WILLIAM B. BATE, FORMERLY A CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL, AND NOW UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

THE GREAT ABOLITIONIST'S SON.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, is the son and namesake of the famous abolitionist orator, and is himself an interesting personality. The publisher of the *Liberator* was not a rich man, and young Garrison had nothing more than a public school education when he went to work for a living with his father's lifelong friend, James N. Buffum, who was in the lumber business in Boston. Afterwards he spent many years as a bank teller and cashier, but since 1883 he has been established in the New England metropolis as a dealer in investment securities.

Mr. Garrison's prominence is in the intellectual side of Boston life. He is a student of public affairs who has never sought political promotion. Some years ago he publicly announced his belief in the doctrines of the late Henry George. In the last Presidential campaign, however, he refused to follow the single tax leader into the Bryan camp, and threw his efforts to the side of honest money. His speeches are models of English. He almost invariably reads them from manuscript, but his delivery has much of his father's magnetism, and his elocution is so perfect that one soon forgets what in

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, OF BOSTON, SON AND NAMESAKE OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ORATOR AND ABOLITIONIST.

From a photograph by Avon & Rowell, Boston.

other platform orators it would not be so easy to pardon.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

In sending Jules Cambon as ambassador to Washington, the French government showed its appreciation of the importance of the post, for M. Cambon, though he was scarcely known in this country before he came here, is one of the very best and ablest of France's public servants. He is a politician who has stood aloof from the feverish strife of parties, and who holds a place comparable to that of Lord Dufferin in England.

He won his reputation as governor general of Algeria, where he spent the seven years previous to his appointment to the American embassy. France has had a difficult problem in her great African dependency. In the past, and in other parts of the world, she has recorded a long list of failures as a governing and colonizing power, but in Algeria it looks as if she was to be credited with a success; and no small share in this result is due to M. Cambon. His administration effected a great change in the condition of the province that was once the stronghold of Arab pirates and Kabyle fanatics, and that has now become a land of vineyards and orange groves, a new and beautiful playground for the civilized world. He found it a military proconsulate, where the Mahometans were held as a conquered race, subject to the constant rigors of martial law. He gave it complete religious freedom, and did so much for the natives that for the first time since the French conquest of sixty years ago they are thoroughly contented and loyal to the existing régime.

Before he went to Algiers M. Cambon was successively prefect of two important departments in France and secretary general to the prefecture of Parisian police. As a young man he fought in the war with Germany, with the rank of captain of the Garde Mobile, and is said to have made his mark for gallantry in the field. He is a blue eyed, gray haired man of middle height, who carries his

M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

fifty years lightly, and has the step and bearing of a soldier. He left his family in Paris, where his children are being educated; but they may come to Washington later on.

THE MAKER OF THE GATLING.

Richard Jordan Gatling, with the prefix "Dr." added to his name to show that he once studied medicine, though he never practised it, is one of the remarkable men of the century. He was born near Murfreesboro, North Carolina, September 12, 1818, and thus is nearly eighty years of age. Yet his mental and physical activity is undiminished. Today he has completed a task which promises to be the crowning work of his inventive genius—a gun twenty four feet long, weighing fifteen tons, and with an eight inch caliber—the largest high power gun ever cast in one piece.

In 1861 he invented the great revolving battery gun which bears his name. Its appearance marked the beginning of the development of rapid firing artillery, which during the lifetime of the present

RICHARD JORDAN GATLING, INVENTOR OF THE GATLING GUN, WHO CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY THIS MONTH.

From a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland.

generation has revolutionized the methods of warfare.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Gatling's first inventions were more peaceful in their purpose. A steam plow and a cotton seed sowing machine were among his earlier devices, and from the latter, invented before he had attained his majority, he reaped at one time quite an income.

Dr. Gatling's father was a remarkable man. His knowledge of mechanical trades, to none of which he had been apprenticed, was extraordinary. Yet he was a man of considerable culture for those old North Carolina days. From this father the R. J. Gatling of today inherits his inventive faculties, and those qualities of temperance and thrift which at four score have left him in possession of all the powers of his mind, and much of the physical energy of youth.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.

When William J. Bryan said the other day that "the Governor of Nebraska not only occupies the executive chair, but fills it," he voiced the sentiment of a very

large number of the citizens of the State beyond the Missouri. Governor Holcomb's political and financial views do not precisely coincide with those that find most favor in the Eastern States. He is an earnest populist and an outspoken advocate of free silver coinage, and has said many severe things about the iniquities supposed to be practised by the railroad corporations who cannot make their rates low enough to suit the grangers of his State; but even his political opponents—and political antagonisms are somewhat heated in Nebraska—concede his honesty of purpose.

SILAS A HOLCOMB, GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA, A PROMINENT FIGURE IN WESTERN POLITICS.
From a photograph by Hayden, Lincoln.

Governor Holcomb's last administration has been particularly stormy. It opened with the discovery of a serious deficit in the accounts of the outgoing State treasurer; it is drawing toward a close with the guilty official in the penitentiary, and with most of the shortage recovered from his bondsmen.

The governor is an Indianian by birth, a Nebraskan by twenty years' residence. By profession he is a lawyer, and before his first election to his present post he was a district judge. It is quite possible that next year may see him in the United States Senate.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

A bishop is generally regarded as a personage hedged about by a certain sort of majesty—especially in England, where he is a part of the state establishment, and sits at Westminster with the peers of the realm. Yet never was there a more frank and democratic interview than a recent one between Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of London, and an English journalist. This is the way in which the outspoken prelate discussed the duties and difficulties of his office:

"There could not possibly be anything more ghastly, from a human point of view, than being a bishop. When I was offered Peterborough"—Dr. Creighton was Bishop of Peterborough before going to the more important see of London—"I

consulted an old friend. He said: 'You are strong and wiry; you'll make a good bishop. Take it.' I went to the dear old Bishop of Oxford. 'You are good at organization,' he said, 'and will make a good bishop. Take it.'

"I think England the most extraordinary country in the world, and its clergy the most extraordinary people in it. They do an immense amount of good work, but they are the most self centered, undisciplined, and difficult people I ever came across. I am very fond of them; it is one of the functions of a bishop to love his clergy; but with your true British spirit, each man thinks that the entire organization of the diocese is central around his particular parish. Each thinks that the bishop exists chiefly for the purpose of preaching in his church; that his own special grievance must be settled so as to give him as little inconvenience as possible; that his particular form of ceremonial is the only one the church has ever used; and that he 'knows something of canon law,' whereas, as a matter of fact, hardly any one understands what canon law is."

A RISING GERMAN STATESMAN.

Baron von Thielmann, who is remembered here as German minister at Washington, and who is now secretary of the imperial treasury in Berlin, is one of the rising men in the Kaiser's official family. He is credited with an ambition to succeed Hohenlohe in the chancellorship, and it is by no means impossible that he may reach the goal, for the emperor likes him, his ability is unquestioned, and the Thielmanns have a reputation for getting what they want.

The family comes from Saxony. The baron's grandfather was with the Prussian commissioners who went to Napoleon's headquarters to sue for peace after the disastrous campaign of Jena. The Corsican conqueror, with his marvelously quick judgment of men, recognized in Thielmann a person who might be of use to him. He asked him a question or two regarding his sovereign, the King of Saxony. The captain of hussars understood, and a few days later Saxony renounced her alliance with Prussia, and became a willing vassal to the man who nearly succeeded in destroying the national life of Germany. Captain Thielmann was soon a major general, distinguished himself at Friedland, and was appointed censor of the German press. During Napoleon's Russian campaign he commanded a brigade of cavalry with such brilliance that he was made a baron, and decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. Escaping alive from the snows of that terrible winter, he was put in command of the Saxon fortress of Torgau. Judging that the time had come to desert the waning fortunes of the French emperor, he turned the place over to the Russians. Napoleon set a price upon the traitor's head, but the Czar Alexander gave him a brigade, and at Waterloo he helped to seal his old chief's doom as commander of a Prussian corps.

This many sided soldier and diplomatist died in 1824, leaving behind him a reputation for rare adaptability and a large fortune, the gift of the various monarchs whom he had served. His grandson, the present Baron von Thielmann, is said to inherit his ancestor's skill in adapting himself to circumstances. He first attracted attention by his literary work. He has been a great traveler, and has written entertainingly of both the eastern world and the western. His last book was a detailed account of a journey through the Caucasus, Syria, and Persia.

In politics, or in any of the professions, the progress of the young man is likely to be slow in England; but of the great fortunes reaped from more or less speculative enterprises, in recent years, most have been made by men of less than thirty five. Cecil Rhodes gained huge possessions before he reached that age. Woolf Joel, Barnato's associate, who was murdered by a blackmailer not long ago, was a rich man, solely by his own exertions, at twenty, and at thirty he was a millionaire. The precise age of Mr. Beit, Mr. Robinson, and other South African magnates, is not generally known, but they must have amassed a very tidy fortune while still reckoned as young men.

Among the most successful men of the world of business in England are two London publishers, Sir George Newnes and Mr. Harmsworth. Sir George Newnes

was in Parliament at thirty four, and Mr. Harmsworth is only thirty three now.

* * * *

In these days of much talk about the kinship of Britain and America, the election of Edwin A. Abbey to the honor of membership in the Royal Academy is timely. Though he has lived in England for twenty years, we still claim Mr. Abbey as an American—as indeed we also claim his distinguished colleague, Mr. Sargent, whose home has always been across the Atlantic. A third compatriot of ours, James J. Shannon, is an associate of the historic organization that rules the world of British art.

* * * *

Aimé Morot, the French military painter, whose dashing "Prisoner!" was reproduced in our July number, has been elected to succeed Gustav Moreau in the Académie des Beaux Arts. Among the unsuccessful competitors for the vacant seat were such well known artists as Cormon, Flameng, and Dagnan-Bouveret.

* * * *

Gerald Massey's is scarcely one of the famous and popular names of contemporary literature, but he has warm admirers—more of them in America than in his native England. He recently celebrated his seventieth birthday at his home in Norwood, one of the southern suburbs of London, where he lives in complete seclusion, seldom leaving his house.

It was more than forty years ago that Massey, the friend of Kingsley and Maurice, and a leading member of the group of "Christian socialists," made his first literary reputation with a volume of lyrics. Ten years before he had come up to London with a few shillings in his pocket to find work as an errand boy.

* * * *

Leo XIII was eighty eight last March, and there are persistent reports that in spite of his wonderful vitality his health is failing. It is inevitable that there should be speculations as to his successor in the chair of Peter; and the three cardinals now most often mentioned as probable candidates are Parocchi, the Pope's vicar, Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, and Rampolla, the papal secretary of state. The last named, it is said, would be Leo's personal choice. He is very intimate with the pope, and is one of the three executors of his holiness' will, the other two being Cardinals Satolli, lately ablegate to America, and Ledochowski.

* * * *

Justin McCarthy, the Irish novelist, historian, and politician, recently confessed that his "favorite amusement" is "a trip to America." Now that we seem to be so popular with our British cousins more of them may follow Mr. McCarthy's example. It may be our fault, or it may be theirs, that for ten Americans who go to England scarcely one English traveler comes to America. More transatlantic visitors would be welcome here, and they might find the trip instructive as well as amusing.

* * * *

A fondness for public life seems to run in Lord Salisbury's family. The British premier has two sons and three nephews in the House of Commons. Two of the latter are Messrs. Arthur and Gerald Balfour, who are important members of the present ministry. His eldest son and heir, Lord Cranborne, and a younger son, Lord Hugh Cecil, rank among the most promising of the younger debaters of their party; and a third nephew, Mr. Evelyn Cecil, was recently elected from the constituency of Durham.

* * * *

Pancho Aguinaldo, the native dictator of the Philippines, seems to be a picturesque personality. The story is told that Augustin, the Spanish governor general, once offered $20,000 for the head of the insurgent chief. In a few days he received a note from Aguinaldo, saying: "I need $20,000, and will deliver the head myself." True to his word, the rebel, disguised as a priest, found an opportunity of slipping into Augustin's private office, where the captain general sat alone at his desk.

"I have brought the head of Aguinaldo," he said, dropping his cloak, and displaying a long Malay knife. "I claim the reward! Hasten, or I shall have to expedite the matter."

Augustin had to open his desk and produce a bag of Spanish gold. Aguinaldo took it, turned, and dashed out of the door just ahead of a pistol bullet.

THE DUFFER.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

How the duffer of the Glen Ellyn golf links surprised the hero of the Grand Cañon and blocked the veteran of La Salle Street.

I.

WHEN they drove up past the lodge the rambling gables of the long club house hung somber and heavy among the pines on the slope of the hill; but the scene was a pretty one, for behind it the moon was rising full and into a cloudless sky. From the window openings light shot in bright patches across the broad verandas; the blaze and the shadow revealed, partly by suggestion, the lively groups through which slender, white capped maids picked their way.

Supper parties chatted and laughed around the porch tables, and young men in smart ties and peaked caps hung around the big porch columns, pulling gravely at briar pipes, or wandered in and out of the open doors.

Young women well up in diplomacy, and girls but peeping from their shells, strolled arm in arm across the lawn.

The scarlet coats of the men and the white of the women's skirts dashed the foreground sharply with color; laughter lightened the heavy gloom of the pines, and from under the oaks music came like incense. Dancers already wove changing silhouettes against the canvas walls of the pavilion.

They were so many. To watch the young people disappearing around shadowy corners wakened envy; their voices, echoing, brought a regret; so vast a happiness—and passing unshared.

Good natured banter and lively sallies; pretentious wit and irreverent retorts; tales cut by the clink of china; questions answered by the jingle of glass; through and over all the heavy hum of voices, fresh yet with enthusiasm, but already tempered by repression. It was Saturday night on the golf links at Glen Ellyn.

"Very, very attractive. I feared last night it could not possibly stand the test of sunrise. Daylight is such a cruel test," sighed Mrs. Van Der Hyde. "Does General Florence spend much time here, Bob?"

"He's been here 'most all the time since Blanche Bryson began playing."

"Isn't that Blanche over there now?" asked Mrs. Van Der Hyde, as she raised her lorgnette. "Yes; who's that with her?"

"That's Garrett Byrnham, the English crack. Say, auntie, he's a marvel; you should see him drive," young Capelle went on enthusiastically. "He gets his back right into the ball——"

"What sort of a game does Blanche play?"

"She's only just learning; Byrnham's coaching her."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Why?"

"I was wondering whether he might not pull off the heiress, don't you know."

"But everybody says she's going to marry General Florence."

Mrs. Van Der Hyde started; possibly it was a rheumatic twinge.

"Is he so devoted?"

"After her continually. There he goes now, the minute she gets away from Byrnham. See?"

On the lawn General Florence was just presenting his nephew.

"Most assuredly," Miss Bryson was saying; "it was the year of the World's Fair. I remember you well."

She spoke with a gratifying cordiality, recalling Jim Macalester by the fact that he was so stupid the evening he sat next her at dinner.

"Of course you play, Mr. Macalester?"

"Frankly, I never heard of the game until yesterday."

"Marvelous!"

"He's just out of the Black Hills," explained the general. "By the bye, do you know we have a round this morning? I give you three holes."

"Only three?" complained Miss Bryson; but she was not really thinking about the handicap. She was trying to recollect whether this weather beaten fellow had ever told her how he got the dreadful scar across his nose.

"If you're just from the Black Hills, you must tell me all about them," she added.

"You know they're really not black at all——"

"Oh, but I don't know! Pray don't assume I know anything. Did General Florence tell me you were a civil engineer?"

"I did," interposed the general. "And I tell you now that if we don't get off, we'll not be back for luncheon."

Miss Bryson smiled resignedly, and after they drove off Jim strolled back to the porch.

Luncheon was being served under the trees when the general brought Blanche in; but the activity which marked her approach was an incense. Not alone General Florence and Garrett Byrnham—George Fowler, Markham, the Maxwell boys, even Fred Bordele, all seemed galvanized together.

With a smile for every one, and especially for the mothers and the chaperons of the other girls, Miss Bryson nodded here and questioned there. She permitted Markham to supply a chair while General Florence brought a fan, and then she turned to hear George Fowler's latest golf story while Byrnham took away her cleekie for a little truing.

As he walked away, Miss Bryson told her nearest girl friends how much one round with Mr. Byrnham would do for them—knowing that they sorely envied her a distinction which was rarely accorded to them—and in the same breath she contrived to thank Fred Bordele for an apollinaris lemonade, and Bud Maxwell for an imported putter which she had just used for the first time—all with that delicate sense of proportion which left her creditors debtors still.

Her growing admiration for Byrnham disquieted General Florence.

"Jim, I've got to be on La Salle Street most of the time for the next few weeks," he said to his nephew one night, "and I just wish you'd use your kind offices while you're out here to keep that squirt Byrnham away from Blanche Bryson. We're not exactly engaged, you know, but we expect to be—see? I can't run a campaign in grangers and watch things here at the same time. Just see they don't sell me out, Jim, will you?"

"She seems to like Byrnham."

"Hanged if *I* can see anything much to the fellow!"

"Suppose you let me run the stock deal, and then you can look after this end of your business yourself."

"I can't—yet," declared the general. "Things don't look just right. This cussed Cuban business, Jim," he added moodily. "I've half a mind to go short on Missouri Pacific—just for a flier."

Anything like anxiety concerning Byrnham was directly reflected in the general's estimate of the business situation. He manifested periodically an insane impulse to go short on something; it didn't matter much what.

"Don't sell anything short this year, uncle."

"Confound it, Jim, don't call me uncle," protested the general tartly.

"I beg your pardon."

"See for yourself I'm getting bald."

"Nonsense! You look younger than I do this minute."

"Don't call me uncle, anyhow."

"And don't you go short on M. P."

II.

After many failures, Jim caught Miss Bryson early one morning on the porch.

"Go round with me?" repeated Blanche, touched by his persistence after many rebuffs. "Why, of course. But I thought you didn't play."

"I'm trying to pick up something of the game."

"In that case a round with Mr. Byrnham——"

"But I don't know him."

"Impossible! Why, I'll present you now. Oh, Mr. Byrnham!" she called, as the man in question came from the breakfast room.

"Miss Bryson, do you want to get rid of me?" Jim blurted in desperation.

"Mr. Macalester! The idea! Mr. Byrnham, my friend, Mr. Macalester. I want you to help him some time, will you? I'm just going to take him around."

"You couldn't be in better hands, sir," said Byrnham, bowing and smiling. "Be glad to take you out any time, Mr. MacIntosh."

"Thank you," said Jim, as Byrnham passed on. "I was afraid you were going to shake me," he continued, turning to Miss Bryson with a grateful air.

"Impossible!"

"I'd hate to have him laugh at me while I'm blundering," Jim went on, ignoring her fling.

"Oh, is that it? You shouldn't try golf if you mind being laughed at. I shall laugh at you all I please."

"I don't mind *you*."

"Don't you, indeed?"

"I mean, I don't mind your laughing."

"It would make no difference if you did."

Jim very soon saw that it would not. When they reached the pond she was bordering on a helpless condition.

"We'll never get around," she exclaimed, sitting down on a velvety slope to rest. "Send the caddies back, do. You are quite

hopeless. Sit down here, and tell me about the West. Do you know, I get so stupid meeting the same people all the time, with the same stories and the same airs! I'm starving for something new."

"You once told me you wanted to hear something about the Black Hills."

"The Black Hills? Oh, yes!"

"Well, what was it?"

"Mercy! I don't remember. What *did* I want to hear? Why, anything at all that's exciting, I suppose."

Jim looked rather at a loss. "I hardly know," he began——

"But what did you do out there?"

"Engineering."

"Was there anything at all maddening about that?"

"Why, no; not to speak of."

"What about Indians? You *must* have seen Indians, you know."

"On the contrary, they were total strangers to me."

She looked at him as if she thought that presumptuous.

"I heard you were shockingly wounded in an Indian fight," she next declared, looking audaciously at his battered nose.

"No; I never had a word with an Indian in my life. Who told you that?"

"I don't remember. Getting warm, isn't it?" smiled Miss Bryson resignedly. "Let's go back."

He had bored her, and to pay him she gave him a shot as they walked along.

"Mr. Byrnham's so interesting! He's been everywhere—all over the West. The other day he was telling me of a most dreadful adventure in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. It's a perfectly hideous place."

"So I've heard."

"Mr. Byrnham is the only white man who ever got through the Grand Cañon."

"Is he, indeed?"

"I am told so," she replied, with a shade of annoyance at his tone. "Why, did you ever know of anybody who did?"

"Doubtless there was but one," he answered, after a pause. "If there were two—but that's unlikely. Still, it would be interesting if they should ever meet."

It was the only promising thing she had heard the man say. Unluckily, before she could follow up the clue, a madcap party of the very young set broke in on them. The next day General Florence arrived, and Mr. Macalester took his place on La Salle Street.

It was time. Byrnham was playing such golf as had never been seen on Glen Ellyn. The smart set was wild about him. The day he brought in seventy seven on medal play the excitement was unprecedented; and while the golf world wondered Bob Capelle, reinforced by Mrs. Van Der Hyde's check book, announced a swell dinner in Byrnham's honor.

The affair was planned to eclipse all previous efforts of the club—and in important respects it did.

On the day of the function General Florence began wiring Jim, who was in town, to sell out his line; but his nephew, instead of obeying, ran out to the golf grounds to ascertain whether his uncle showed any additional signs of paresis. He not only braced the veteran up, but induced him to attend Capelle's dinner.

General Florence found himself next Mrs. Van Der Hyde; Jim was opposite, under the wing of Gertrude Servallis. Byrnham sat at Bob's right, and next him Miss Bryson glowed in her simple youth and her really adorable organdie.

"I'm ever so glad to see you back, Mr. Macalester," she exclaimed. "Do you know, there's something I've been wanting ever so long to ask you, and now I can't recall what it is. Isn't that stupid?" But Miss Bryson drawled the word "stupid" so deliciously that a man must have been crabbed indeed to dispute her. Laughing, she told Mr. Byrnham what a dear, conscientious "duffer" her friend Mr. Macalester was, and again asked the great golfer if he would not take him around some time—this, because the suggestion was plainly unpalatable to both.

As the courses were served, each table seemed jollier than the others; by the time the coffee was brought on men loved their worst enemies and women their best friends.

"Did you know, general," Mrs. Van Der Hyde said, "that Mr. Byrnham has been a great wanderer as well as a great student of golf? Yes, he's had the most remarkable adventures—and many of them in the West. I understand that he is really the only white man who has ever gotten through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. What? Oh, you are so skeptical!"

"Not about his ever getting through—only about his ever getting through talking about it."

"General Florence! Shocking! But wait, you shall hear;" and catching Byrnham's attention Mrs. Van insisted on the story.

"But really, Mrs. Van Der Hyde," protested Byrnham, "that's a gruesome sort of a story for a dinner, don't you know."

"Oh, Mr. Byrnham," cried Miss Bryson, with sudden animation, as if something important had at that instant flashed over her, "you must tell it; you *must*. Tell us the Grand Cañon adventure." Then, with a

gratified smile, she looked quickly at Mr. Macalester.

"By all means," said Jim quietly, returning her look. Byrnham, perceiving that there was no escape, was already beginning.

"Possibly you remember, general," he said, "something of an attempt to run a railroad line down the Colorado River some ten years ago."

General Florence's response could scarcely be termed more than a grunt.

"It was a preliminary survey," went on Byrnham. "Seven of us started. Six of the poor fellows are down there yet. From the very beginning it was a hard luck story."

"I beg your pardon," said Jim, leaning forward; "but what party were you with, sir?"

"There never was but one party. Only one corps of engineers ever attempted the Grand Cañon."

"That was Bush's."

"Bush was a member," said Byrnham, looking patiently at his interrupter.

"Oh, tell us the exciting parts of it!" demanded Miss Bryson peremptorily. "We don't care whose party it was."

"It was all stirring," smiled Byrnham, unruffled; "but the wind up was really lively. There was a stretch there called the Apache Needles—rather a bad gorge for a couple of miles. The river's full of wells. Wells in a river? Most certainly; curious sort of holes scooped out of the rock bottom by the screw of the whirlpools. Odd, isn't it? Twenty feet deep. Gives one a fair idea of the absolutely terrific force of the water—the current, don't you know.

"We started with a tremendous outfit; but we lost a man in the water the first day. It was always a boat upset, or a bottom staved on the rocks, and a mixture of condensed milk and self registering thermometers and corned beef playing tag half a mile along the river. Positively we left enough scientific apparatus in that infernal cañon to equip a technological institute.

"Three of us reached the Needles alive—that was all. We had a sort of boat left—patched like a pair of caddie's breeches. Food? We'd been living on bullets and collar buttons for a week.

"But those Needles—they jut out of the water like shark's teeth, only thicker, and the water boils as if hellfire had a lick at it. Those Needles must be threaded or we must lie there till the buzzards gave us a lift up into the open—in instalments. There isn't a pass for fifty miles; the walls are sheer and seven thousand feet high.

"As I said, there were three of us. Oddly enough, one was the cook—he survived because his duties were so light, I guess. The other fellow was a peaked Colorado boy we called Mac. I remember him because he got so thin he used to say he couldn't tell a stomach ache from a back ache.

"Well, after we'd starved there a couple of days, I told the fellows to sew up the canoe with what was left of our boots, and try the Needles. There was a better chance for two than three in the cockle—better for one than two. It meant starvation to stay, and I counted it salvation sure to go. But after dining on leather belts for a week, a man is not hard to persuade. They didn't seem to want to leave me. I didn't argue at all—thought the water route quicker than the buzzard route, you see, and not so infernally dry, either, don't you know? So off we pushed.

"I had the leg of a theodolite tripod to sort of jolly the Needles with. We shot out like water bugs, and swung around rocks like hornpipe dancers. Every once in a while we would slide into eddies; they played with us as you would a trout. Half the time the confounded boat was on top. Then suddenly up jumped the cook with a scream to make you think of a madhouse, and took a header plump into the water. Then we played leapfrog with rocks as sharp as razors. 'Twas only half the trick to keep out of the water; the other half was to keep out of the air. All at once up went the bow! Ever had a horse rear on you, Bob? Exactly; that's the feeling—if you can fancy him spinning round on his hind legs with you, like a teetotum. We had struck a well—and a corker—and down we went in the suck, stern first."

Byrnham paused and moistened his lips.

"I parted with the remains of the tripod at that particular spot. The boy? The last I saw of the boy he was standing on his head about a hundred feet up in the air."

"But how did you ever get out?" cried Gertrude Servallis.

"I hardly know. Those wells—they suck you down and down and down. Then they spew; and up, up, up you go. I have no idea how long I spun in it; but I remember shooting down the gorge like a sliver. Sink? You couldn't sink a bag of shot in those rapids. When I came to I was lying on a sand bar with an Apache squaw trying to coax this ring off my finger. Luckily I had one pistol left. I argued the point till she gave me a bite—that's all. It's a deuced wet story—but dry telling."

Bob Capelle spoke first. "Show them that pistol, Garrett."

Byrnham drew from his pocket a revolver. The handle was of dark wood curiously chased in silver.

"Observe the chasing, Miss Bryson," said

Byrnham. "There was only one other in the world just like it—and that's at the bottom of the Grand Cañon."

"Would you mind letting me see that?" said Jim Macalester, leaning forward.

With something of forbearance Byrnham passed the pistol over. It was hardly in Macalester's hands before he had it down. Part by part he devoured it; then he dexterously assembled the weapon and passed it back to Byrnham.

"So you lost the mate?" he asked.

"As I have related," replied Byrnham. "By the way, Miss Bryson——"

"No," exclaimed Jim bluntly; "not as you have related. There's the mate." So saying he drew from his pocket the very double of the revolver by Byrnham's plate.

The face of the golfer set. The mildly sated diners stirred with curiosity. Byrnham put out his hand mechanically, as if to reach the pistol in front of Macalester; but Jim's fingers slipped over the handle like a glove.

"Let me see it," said Byrnham coolly.

"Not that end of it," replied Jim quietly, but his voice was hard. "You have implied that you are an Englishman," he continued. "I know something of Englishmen. I have slept and eaten and starved with them. You an Englishman?" he exclaimed, with rage struggling in his tone. "You are an impostor!"

Byrnham started.

"Jim!" cried General Florence in dismay.

"Sit down, sir;" and General Florence did sit down. Blanche felt her flesh creeping. Her eyes flew from one to the other of the drawn faces before her. Guests at adjoining tables were hitching their chairs around.

"You said that was all. It is not all—nor half. What would these men and women say if they knew, as I know, that the cowardly cook who stole the boat while the engineer and the boy slept on the ledge also stole that pistol?" he cried, pointing to the one by Byrnham's plate. "The man who left his companions in the gorge to starve—and that *you* are that cook?"

Byrnham sprang to his feet, and reached for his pistol. Then he drew back his hand with an oath, for Macalester was quicker than he. "You're drunk, man," he said.

"You know me, do you?" cried Jim. "Yes, I'm the boy—I am Mac. Dead men do tell tales sometimes, Baxter—coward! thief! cannibal!"

Bob Capelle sprang up trembling. "I protest——" he began, but Macalester, leaning over the table, one bony finger stretched at Byrnham, took the words from his mouth.

"*I* protest," he cried sharply. "This wretch has told his story; I shall tell mine. Keep back, sir. I want these men and these women to know who it is they have dined here tonight. I want them to know why I carry this scar across my face. You can tell them, Baxter. Show them the butcher knife you cut into Jack Blair with—the knife you stabbed me with because I struck you when you offered me his flesh. You an Englishman?" he stormed in fury. "You an engineer? You are an Australian convict. Show them your brand!

"Take up your gun, you brute. If there's no law here for vermin like you, come into the open and take the law of the Grand Cañon on the thief and the cannibal!" he cried, pushing Baxter's weapon towards him. The women screamed as the adventurer seized it, and Capelle sprang in front of his friend.

"Let him come. Don't hold him; that's what he wants. Get back, will you?" cried Jim, starting around the table. General Florence darting forward, pinned his nephew's arms and besought him to stop, to listen.

"Get that man out!" he exclaimed wildly, as he felt Jim slipping from him. "Get him out, I say, and save bloodshed!"

But men shrank from him as though he were a leper. Perhaps the expression on the faces about him unnerved the adventurer even more than his danger; men waited breathless. Eying Macalester, Baxter moved rapidly toward the door.

"He'll shoot when he reaches the door," Jim said, struggling to free his pistol arm. "I know him, I tell you. Do you want him to murder me? Let me cover him, I say."

With a dexterous twist General Florence got in front of his infuriated nephew and at that instant Baxter slipped out. Clubmen crowded around and stared at Jim's parchment-like face. He spoke in a low tone to Bob Capelle, and watched him leave the room on General Florence's arm. Awe-stricken groups of women discussed in whispers the shocking developments.

Blanche, listening to it all, caught nothing of its meaning, yet stood, looking and listening. She only knew that she had heard the voice of a man, and it rang in her ears; that she had seen a man's eyes, and saw them still. Under her drooping lids she saw them yet—and, shivering deliciously, looked again.

III.

Miss Bryson was sitting on the porch, breathing the sweetness of the morning. Jim, leaning against a column at her side, was stammering an apology.

She interrupted him. "You need not apologize to me, Mr. Macalester. I know you would not hurt me. Tell me, how did you escape? How could you?"

"I crept from ledge to ledge of the cañon walls till my knees wore to the bone. I clung to roots with my teeth and dug into rock with the stumps of my fingers—my hands are not very pretty, are they? I crawled where lizards slipped and spiders hung by threads. Up and up and up! God! what won't a man do to live? You couldn't stand it, Miss Bryson, if I told you the whole story. A starving man will eat anything—anything but—— When I recognized that brute—he's a beast, if he is clever—I was wild. To steal our miserable boat, our precious cartridges—one of our pistols——"

"Is he here now?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"No."

"You fought with him in the cañon?"

He answered evasively.

"You are going away?"

"Yes."

"Then you are going after him."

He looked directly at her, but she met his eyes steadily.

"Wouldn't you go after such a cur?"

"No, I shouldn't; not for worlds. You needn't laugh, Mr. Macalester."

"I don't doubt your sincerity."

"Promise me something."

"Gladly."

"Not to follow that man."

"I can't—to be frank."

"Why not?"

"Because I promised poor Stiles that if God ever allowed me to get out of that hole alive I'd kill him."

"Promise me not to leave here for a week. Promise me that, won't you?"

"Don't think I am absolutely bloodthirsty, Miss Bryson. I'd hate to have you hold that opinion of me. I suppose if I stay," he added haltingly, "you'll take me round—once in a while—won't you?"

She rose to her feet, and there was a triumphant ring in her laugh; a conscious queenliness in her stature as she drew herself up—straight and symmetrical as only an American girl can grow. He stole a hungry look at her delicate nostrils and her parted lips.

"Get the clubs this minute," she cried. "But I shall insist on having a handicap, you know!"

The week flew fast and the very last night found her baffled; he would go.

They were sitting in the pavilion watching the dancers.

"You are going, then, tomorrow?" she asked.

"I must. My work is waiting in the Black Hills. But—you don't believe me?"

"How do you read my mind?"

"How do you read mine?"

Neither answered; answers sometimes carry too much.

When he spoke again it was in a lighter vein. When he paused, she repeated, as if the subject were quite new:

"So you are going tomorrow?"

"My work is waiting."

"You are getting a tolerable form."

"And I have my living to earn."

"Couldn't you just as well begin earning your living a week from tomorrow? I mean—would it be very dreadful if you didn't?"

He made no answer. With a flash of audacity she spoke again. "Is that the only reason?" she said.

If she had seen the scar, she would have been frightened, for it was white now.

"Frankly, it is not," he answered.

"I knew it."

"Don't misunderstand me."

"I wish I could."

"Oh, but you do, Miss Bryson."

"Stay another week; then I'll believe that you have given up following him."

"On my honor, I dare not."

"Honor won't comfort you when it's too late."

"God help me, then; nothing else will. Let us get out of here. It is very close."

She looked at her chatelaine. "Yes," she said, "I must go in."

As they walked toward the club house the moon was peering over the pines. The porches rang with the confusion of gaiety. Everything brought back the first night he had ridden into this fairyland.

"I wonder if every poor devil is given an hour in paradise in order to make hell more realistic," he said grimly.

"I don't know. I'm not a philosopher—only a woman."

They were at the porch steps. A caddie handed Jim a telegram. Blanche would have passed on, but, putting his hand under her arm, he walked up with her. The mere contact intoxicated them.

At the foot of the stairs he bowed low, and with a smile and a nod she said good night.

The office was deserted. Throwing himself into a chair, Jim tried to read the despatch. While the words swam around, Mrs. Van Der Hyde bobbed in.

"Oh, Mr. Macalester! Alone?"

He rose.

"You look shockingly forlorn. Going tomorrow? Are you really? Well, what on earth's the matter? Have you proposed?"

"No," he snapped fiercely.

"Where's Blanche?"

"Gone to bed."

"Bed? And it's not one o'clock. Did you have supper?"

He shook his head.

"You are a veritable duffer! Stay here a minute."

"But, Mrs. Van Der Hyde——"

"Stay there, will you?" she said sharply, half way up stairs.

Presently he heard her voice and Blanche's above. "I'm not going to supper alone, so you might as well stop talking," Mrs. Van was declaring. "Why, there's Mr. Macalester," she added naïvely at the office door. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Macalester?"

Before he could fairly pull himself together, they were in the grill room and Mrs. Van was ordering.

"I don't feel very hungry. I think I'll just take an ice," Jim said feebly to the waiter.

"An ice?" echoed Mrs. Van, with a fine scorn. "An ice? A frost! Bring him a broiled lobster and a claret glass of sherry," she said peremptorily. "Ice fiddlesticks! Child," she said gently to Blanche, "suppose we have ours à la Newburgh—with that special tabasco?"

Her fire was contagious; it thawed a circle, melting care into playfulness and restraint into gaiety. Jim began telling stories—and with a spirit never yet dreamed of. He developed a marvelous dash.

Just how or when the supper ended he never knew. He remembered getting hungry after the lobster, and ordering a rum omelet for himself. In a lucid interval he noted a blue flame leaping from a salver of kirsch peaches in front of Miss Bryson; but Mrs. Van seemed to have disappeared.

"By gad, I like her anyhow," he declared with tremendous emphasis, as he and Blanche strolled out on the lawn. "Has her husband been dead very long, Miss Bryson?"

"Yes, a long time—a very long time," repeated Blanche blandly; "but she only buried him last year."

Already they were beyond the arc lights, and the shadows in front of them were deep.

"Where are you taking me?" she said.

"Where I've been so long myself, Blanche—in the dark. If I dared say that I love you, Blanche, would there be any light for me?"

As they walked slowly on she clung to his arm, but was silent. For an awful instant Jim felt that perhaps it would have been better for him if he had slipped—slipped and fallen headlong among the Apache Needles.

"Mercy!" she cried suddenly, shrinking against him.

"What is it?"

"I stepped on something."

"Perhaps it's my heart," he said gravely, stooping to see what it was.

She restrained him with a lovely petulance. "Don't pick it up!"

"Why?"

"Because—don't you know?—that's where I want it—at my feet."

IV.

It was past midnight again. On the porch stood a group just out of the supper room. There were two men and two women.

"It was all my fault, uncle," murmured the younger of the women. The older man snorted. "It was all my fault," she purred again. "You must forgive us, mustn't he, Mrs. Van Der Hyde?"

Then she pinched Jim to say something; but the instant Jim tried to, the veteran trumpeted like a war horse.

"It's the damnedest——"

"Oh, uncle!"

"Rascalliest——"

"We are such young things," murmured Blanche, cuddling under the angry arm.

"Most outrageous——"

"I haven't any papa at all," sighed Blanche.

"So you must need make an ass of me," snorted the general.

"No; only of your nephew."

"I see the duffer has me blocked, Mrs. Van," growled the general. "I'm stymie!"

"Maybe a little English, general," suggested Mrs. Van laughingly.

General Florence shook his head.

"No, Mrs. Van; I fancy a little Dutch—patrician, I mean—is my only salvation now."

"Well, you needn't expect to make that sort of a play on a gobble," declared the little lady with spirit. It tickled the general immensely.

"Come, uncle," urged Blanche, seizing the propitious moment, "you must do something, you know. Are you going to embrace us—that is, jointly? Or what are you going to do?"

General Florence hesitated.

"Hanged if I know exactly what to do!" admitted the veteran with some chagrin. "But I'll be everlastingly whipsawed," he exclaimed with a decision which alarmed the duffer until he heard the finish, "if I don't sell Missouri Pacific short tomorrow, any way. I mean—just for a flier. What do you think, Mrs. Van Der Hyde?"

STORIETTES

WHAT IS DEATH?

A MOTHER who had only one child, a son, lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea and never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called upon a famous artist, who was a friend of the family, to reproduce the boy's face and form. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward.

When the painting arrived, it represented a glade in a wood. Playing about were five little children of various ages—but all the same boy as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen year old lad leading his baby self of one year by the hand.

The mother looked at the picture and burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons!" she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied.

Anna Leach.

MR. PRESTON'S DINNER.

PRESTON (dragging his feet up the steps of his house): "Well, I'll get to bed on time *this* night! I am hungry and cold and dead tired."

The door is opened hastily, and Mrs. Preston, young and pretty, steps back out of street range and greets him with rapture.

Mrs. Preston: "So good of you to hurry home, dear! But *aren't* you cold? Come, sit by the fire, and let me rub your poor hands. But is that dreadful business any better?"

Preston: "It's finished, thank heaven! but I am as tired as a dog. How long before dinner?"

Mrs. Preston: "You are hungry? That's good. James, tell them to hurry dinner; Mr. Preston is hungry—and tell them not to forget——" (Pantomime.)

Preston: "A surprise?"

Mrs. Preston (her head coquettishly on one side and smiling): "Em-heh?"

Preston: "Well, what is it?"

Mrs. Preston (in pretended disgust): "That's like a man. He always wants to brush the bloom off his surprise. Suppose I don't tell you?"

Preston: "I can stand it, I guess. Lord! but I'm tired."

Mrs. Preston: "It's a delightful terrapin. Now am I good?"

Preston: "Terrapin! You are angelic!" (Kisses her cheek as she rests her elbow on the arm of his chair, and says under his breath: "I wonder what's up.") Aloud: "Been busy today?"

Mrs. Preston: "At home sewing all day."

Preston: "Nobody in?"

Mrs. Preston: "Mamma and Lucy Snead. She's been having an awful lot of trouble with her servants. Thank heaven, I can manage a house!"

Preston (thinking of many other things—dreamily): "Yes, dear."

Mrs. Preston: "And, oh, yes! Mrs. Lacy was here for a minute."

Preston: "Poor old thing! Was her rouge on straight?"

Mrs. Preston: "Now you are mean! She thinks you are the most delightful man in New York. And she said Mr. Lacy thought you the best lawyer."

Preston (dryly): "I don't know how he discovered it."

Mrs. Preston: "You are so cross. Now I am afraid to tell you what I was going to." (She puts her head against his shoulder.)

Preston: "Afraid? Am I a Spaniard?"

Mrs. Preston: "I am not afraid of Spaniards; besides, dinner's ready—and there is your terrapin—and there's a duck, too. I'm not going to tell you—and, besides, I said you were too worn out to go."

Preston: "What have I ever done to that woman! I knew she'd ring us in for that evening of hers. I knew she wouldn't let us off."

Mrs. Preston (reproachfully): "And she thinks she is giving her friends pleasure! And she says such beautiful things of you. She says, 'It's an honor to have so distinguished a man as Mr. Preston for a guest.'"

Preston (brazenly): "That's right; it is."

Mrs. Preston: "You know they belong to the best set in New York, and have taken an opera box. But come to dinner. I got father to let me have a bottle of his old Jockey Club Madeira. *I* don't care about the Lacys, but all the serious men in New York go there, and you ought to meet them more."

Preston: "When is this blowout of the Lacys?"

Mrs. Preston: "Isn't this terrapin good? What did you say?"

Preston: "The Lacys' card party?"

Mrs. Preston: "It isn't a card party, I believe. I think it's—a dance—a ball. Oh!

it's this evening. I wasn't thinking about it."

Preston: "This evening? A woman can't ask you to a big ball the day she gives it. I thought you were talking about our going there some night to play cards."

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, she sent cards two weeks ago! I forgot to tell you. You were so busy."

Preston: "You *forgot?*"

Mrs. Preston: "Well, what was the use? You would just have sent regrets. But it's all done now. Let's not talk of it. I never go out, and I should hardly know how to behave if I did. Wasn't father good to send you this Madeira?"

Preston (holding up the magic glass): "It was the act of a righteous man. It warms the cockles of the heart. Remember that man from Chicago that the old Charleston Jockey Club entertained with this priceless nectar, and he slapped it down his throat as though it had been beer? The president asked him if he knew what he was drinking. He said, 'Well—I know that it's either sherry—or Madeira.' Ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Preston: "Ha! ha! ha! You always tell such funny stories!"

Preston: "Well—about the Lacys?" (He is lighting a cigar, full of content.)

Mrs. Preston: "The Lacys? What about them?" (with astonishment).

Preston: "Their ball. Have you a dress?"

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, I had forgotten all about them! I have a new party dress—a rather pretty thing. You know, mamma thought of giving a little party, and then she gave it up."

Preston: "And the carriage and the hairdresser?" (with gravity).

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, no! But I can telephone for a carriage. And Mrs. Lacy was so determined I should come that she said she was going to stop and tell the hairdresser to come in. She wouldn't listen to my no. But he can be sent away again. I know you are tired, and we can have a quiet evening at home, and you can read that speech of Uncle William's on 'Doctrinal Factions' aloud to me."

Preston: "Since the hairdresser is coming and you have a new gown we might look in a minute on the Lacys—on condition that you get out my evening clothes and tie my necktie."

Mrs. Preston (jumping at him): "Dick, you are a dear, and a blessed darling! But I won't see you sacrifice yourself in this fashion. I don't care at all about balls, as you know. But really, you ought to go out more. But I don't care about it. Really, I'd just as soon stay at home."

Preston: "I'll go out and smoke my cigar; and at ten I'll be back. You will be dressed. And it will take me about two minutes to jump into my things."

At a trifle past ten Preston returns. He has had an hour and a half to kill. The exhilaration of the most famous Madeira wears off in that time. He strolls over by the park where it is cold and desolate. And then it begins to rain. Every bone aches.

A carriage is before the door. In his wife's room every gas jet is lighted. Maids are running about, and the room overflows with clothes. The toilet table is a mass of cosmetics. A big bouquet is half unwrapped from an expensive florist's box down town—and Mrs. Preston is walking the floor in fury.

Mrs. Preston (excitedly): "Did you ever hear anything so impertinent? Francois promised me to be here at nine precisely. It's ten."

Preston (mildly): "Well, my dear, are you ready?"

Mrs. Preston: "Ready? You can see. I've been waiting for that man an hour!"

Preston: "Mrs. Lacy must have forgotten."

Mrs. Preston: "That's right! Joke about it!"

The Maid: "Here he is."

Mrs. Preston: "Francois, this is too bad. You told me you would be here at nine."

Francois: "Sorry, madame—but your order was mislaid last Saturday, and I did not have it on my books. It was not until your message this evening that I remembered. I gave up Mrs. Vandertilt to come to you." To Preston: "May I ask you to move, sir; I want to put a table here." To Mrs. Preston: "Let me see your gown. I think you said it was flounced à la 1830."

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, Dick, go away. You are crushing everything. You aren't dressed."

Preston: "Where are my things?"

Mrs. Preston: "How should I know? I am not your valet. For pity's sake, get dressed, and don't worry me. My nerves are all on edge."

An hour later, Preston in coat and hat tramps up and down the hall. His shoes hurt his feet, he has failed on his tie, and broken his enameled links; but he waits with the monumental patience of the American husband. Mrs. Preston comes down in a cloud of lace, and gets in the carriage all sweetness and light. Preston gives the Lacys' number.

As they approach the street there appears to be some excitement. There are whistles and cries and a crowd. Preston puts his head out of the window.

"I think it is a fire, sir," the coachman says. Just then a policeman stops them with: "Were you going to the Lacys'? The whole inside of their house is burned out, and we are sending people back—by orders."

Mrs. Preston: "That miserable, troublesome woman! To put people to all this trouble for nothing!"

Preston (inside his collar): "Well, I had terrapin and a bottle of the judge's old Madeira, any way."

A. S. Duane.

A CASE OF HERO WORSHIP.

I DID not need any photograph to tell me which was Paul Bragdon. I had no definite picture of him in my mind, but I felt I should recognize him the moment I saw him.

His face had been built up for me line by line out of the wonderful essays that had been my literary bible for three years. I knew the mouth of the man who could write "A Prophecy Concerning Love," and the eyes that had seen "The Dark Side of the Moon," and the marks that must bear witness to the journey "Through Dolor and Dread." Cicely had promised faithfully that I should have a talk with him, and I waited in a corner as inconspicuously as possible, dreading lest she should see me alone and bring up some one else to fill the interim. As if one needed small talk at the door of the temple! I wanted nothing but silent preparation. For three years I had been dreaming the things I wanted to say to this man, and that I wanted him to say to me. And now the chance was coming. I tried to scold my nerves steady, but my hands shook in my face. The suspense was like a physical illness. If you knew what that man had been to me!

I sat where I could stare at every arrival. There was a thin, sandy man, very tall, then a small man sketched glaringly in black and white, then a bearded celebrity who created a gentle stir, then another block of women. I leaned back impatiently till they should have finished their chattering and scattered through the rooms.

"Yes, that's Bragdon. What was it he wrote, any way?" said a silly little voice near me. My heart gave a quick clutch, and it was half a moment before I dared look.

The man in the doorway was tall and grave, younger than I had expected, and more robust; but the features I had unconsciously been modeling took living shape before my eyes as I looked at him.

"This is Paul Bragdon," I said to myself. I had incautiously leaned forward from my retreat. The next moment it dawned on me that Cicely had brought a man up and was introducing him.

I dragged my eyes reluctantly from my hero and gave a resentful glance at the intruder, who had seated himself beside me. It was one I had seen enter. A small man who looked as if he had been done in charcoal on very white paper. I did not want to talk to him or to any one but Paul Bragdon, and, not being trained to docility by a social career, I showed it by turning away my face and keeping an uninviting silence. A moment later I quite forgot him in the misery of seeing my hero walked off to another room by Cicely herself—the traitor. I sighed impatiently.

"Did I interrupt an invisible tête-à-tête?" The other occupant of the window seat was leaning back in the corner with his arms folded, watching me with amused eyes.

"No; a prospective one," I said bluntly. I don't suppose a girl who knew anything about society would have said that, for he looked at me as if I were a new and curious specimen.

"I'll do whatever you wish," he said. "I'd like to stay, but if you want me to go——"

"Oh, no; not just yet," I said by way of a polite lie. I thought I had made a noble concession to etiquette, but when I glanced at him I saw that he was looking more amused than ever. I didn't see anything funny, and showed it in my attitude.

"I beg your pardon. But, really, I have never been quite so brutally handled in my life," he said. "You don't know what an interesting experience it is."

"I suppose I have been rude," I said unwillingly. "People always tell me I am when I say what is in my mind. I do wish I could go and live on a planet where every one was absolutely direct and genuine."

"Did you ever know a human being that was?"

I looked longingly across the crowd to the group that surrounded Paul Bragdon.

"There is one," I said.

"You can speak to him right from your impulse, without allowing for his vanity or the conventions or for possible misconstructions?"

"I never have spoken to him yet. But I know I could."

"I wish you'd tell me by what sign you know him. I should like to find him, too."

"By faith and works—especially his works."

"Oh, I see; a pet author."

"Don't!" I exclaimed. "I can't bear to have it belittled. It's no schoolgirl adoration, but an honest conviction that here at last is the one who knows. I wish the idea of meeting him didn't overwhelm me so."

"Why should it?"

"Oh, it's terrible to meet people who mean so much to you, when you mean absolutely nothing to them. What can I do to—to——"

"Make an impression?"

"I suppose so. I couldn't bear to be just one of a crowd to him. I have been planning talks with him for years; and I suppose I'll entertain him with incoherent remarks about the weather or the war."

"Oh, no! You will tell him you have always wanted to meet him because you have read his delightful books and you do so love talent!"

"I might as well. I can't possibly say what I mean to him, any way."

"Why, you seem rather good at that. I can't imagine you saying anything else."

He was laughing at me, but I was too much in earnest to care.

"You don't understand," I protested. "It is just that I mean so much, there are no words for it. All the adjectives have had the force used out of them; and it needs big, strong words to express what I feel about his work. It is dreadful to mean so much and only to be able to say, 'It is good!'"

"You might try 'damn good,'" he suggested.

"That is quite as cheap and hackneyed as 'perfectly lovely.' No, there are no phrases left. I can only look it."

"I should think that ought to satisfy him," he said, so gravely that I did not know whether he was making fun of me or not; and did not care, for my hero had just come in sight again, and Cicely was making her way towards him.

"I don't know which of you two I envy most," my companion was saying. "It must be wonderful to find you have struck the keynote in another being—a being that counted. And yet, to discover a man in this whole souled way—I wish any one could mean to me what he does to you."

Cicely smiled significantly at me as she spoke to Mr. Bragdon. I shut my eyes and waited.

"You have shown me something that makes me feel out in the cold," he went on. "I want it, too."

I felt that they were drawing near, and only smiled at him vaguely.

"What is it? Am I to go now?" he asked.

I looked around, and a sudden dismay fell on me. Cicely and my hero had moved towards the door, and he was shaking her hand. Even as I looked, he turned and went out. I sat staring at her in blank disappointment as she came serenely across to me, with a smile at my companion.

"Well, how did you get on with Mr. Bragdon?" she began.

"Mr. Bragdon! You know very well——" I broke off short, for I was on the verge of weeping.

"She has a most abnormal admiration for your work, Mr. Bragdon. Has she told you about it?" Cicely went on. I turned to him, too stunned to do anything but grow red and stare. Even then I saw in his face the look I had been watching for, the look that expressed Paul Bragdon far more definitely than the other's regular features could ever have done. He, too, had grown suddenly red.

"Oh, dear! Have I let out cats? I thought she would have told you," Cicely went on. "Ask her about it, Mr. Bragdon. I know she sleeps with your essays under her pillow."

I sat dumb as she turned away, remembering with sickening accuracy all that had been said since I had first overheard some one pointing out Paul Bragdon and had leaped to conclusions in my usual headlong fashion.

"Well?" said Mr. Bragdon gravely. "Is it to be the weather or the war?"

And then we both broke into a laugh that seemed to put five years of solid friendship behind us.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

STILL WATERS AND BABBLING BROOKS.

"Have you got a shovel handy?" asked Margaret Leslie, dropping down on the hard ground. "I'd like to brush up my spinal cord; it's been so thrilled to smithereens. I haven't any backbone left. You know, Conny, they drill on Van Ness Avenue right in front of our house. Will power can keep you from the window, but they've been giving their orders by bugle, and the very sound simply makes me want to *howl!*"

"I know," chimed in Constance Brice, waving a gold headed cane to which had been fastened a very spick and span silk flag; "there's a squad down near us, too."

"The other day," went on Margaret, "I had such an experience. As I was coming home the soldiers were lying flat in the middle of Van Ness Avenue, firing at the enemy over an embankment. It was perfectly—stupendous! Of course, there wasn't really any firing, or embankment, or enemy, but seeing them gave me the war fever, I can tell you! Oh, if I were only a man I wouldn't be sitting here; or standing with my hands in my pockets either" (a withering glance at their thus employed escort). "I'd

—goodness, Tom Scott, look at that *thing* right down there in front of us. *I* am going to run this minute."

"What is it?" cried Constance.

"A great big, horrid old cannon!"

"Oh, hurry, Madge! Of course they'll fire a salute. Let's go home and watch the transports from our back porch."

"Haven't you had an object lesson in cannon at *your* kindergarten yet?" asked Tom serenely; then turning to Margaret: "Baby's little dog of war is muzzled; doggie can't bark at the little durls;" and he reassuringly pointed out the cap upon it.

"To change the subject," said Margaret, with a little cough, "did you ever see such an uninteresting looking mortal as that woman sitting by herself over there? Her face is absolutely expressionless. I'd just like to stick a pin in her to see if she'd take interest enough to squeal."

"Your hat pin with its army button end," suggested Constance. "I don't believe she has any patriotism, for she hasn't a ghost of a badge or button."

"I don't see what she came for. If she wants to read magazines such a day as this she'd better stay at home."

"The leaves turn over pretty fast. She's probably only looking at the pictures—don't care for reading, you know. How long have we been here now?"

"One hour and forty minutes," answered Tom, then added encouragingly: "It's my opinion the transports won't go till night, then steal out quietly."

They went on chatting of trivialities. Then, towards five o'clock—they had come to Block Point at two—they began telling stories.

"I heard such a romantic one, yesterday," said Margaret. "There was a girl of Spanish descent called Anita—Anita—oh, I can't remember her last name."

"Jones," suggested Tom.

"Her parents both came to this country when they were mere babies. They have never been back. They have made all their money here. The father, naturalized, has voted right along. And their children have been educated in our public schools. But, when this war broke out, the one touch of Spanish blood in their veins made them akin to their unknown brothers in their unknown fatherland. Anita, a belle of Santa Clara County, was engaged to a promising young Californian. The parental smile had had all the bless you my children serenity until the young man enlisted, then he was forbidden the house and all intercourse with the granddaughter of Spain. Well, as you can easily guess, Cupid managed a private correspondence, but one sad day a telltale feather dropped from his wing, and the Spanish temper, that hadn't been naturalized when papa got out his papers, flew into a rage that bade Anita choose once and forever between home ties and heart ties. It didn't take long. With only enough money to last a month, she pluckily came to San Francisco to earn her own living. As soon as her son of Mars heard it, he insisted upon an immediate marriage. The wedding took place exactly a week ago, and today he goes to Manila."

"The poor little thing!" exclaimed Constance. "I expect she is just crying her eyes out now."

"Listen!" cried Margaret.

There was a far away whistle; a bell; a spontaneous burst of many whistles; the deep toned applause of a cannon. The transports had started.

The patriotic city of San Francisco was giving its cheer to the departing vessels. Then, amid the universal thrill of brave, hopeful excitement, came the intruding possibility of death and disaster, and the siren moaned its low, irrepressible sob. The crowd at Black Point eagerly pressed forward to catch the first glimpse of the fleet.

Finally, around an obtruding point of land came the Peking, majestic, beautiful, awful. Hugging her side, in parting embrace, steamed the Ukiah, chartered to accompany the ships to the Heads for the benefit of the Red Cross Society. At a short interval followed the large flagship, the City of Australia; then, at a greater distance, and more slowly, glided the smaller City of Sidney—and around about them all, the group of friends to see them off, all sorts and conditions of craft from the frivolous small fry of a tug to the dignified old stern wheeler.

Suddenly there was a lurid flash, a terrific blast, a tottering of the ground under their feet—a cannon unseen by the girls, directly around the corner from them, had wished the Peking Godspeed.

As each of the transports passed the Point, the cannon saluted, while the military island of Alcatraz bestowed her blessing in one long series of thirteen guns. Slowly, but too surely, our dear first fleet, with its priceless cargo of precious souls, passed from us out of the Golden Gate. But long after our poor earthly tatters of waving flags were lost to their view there rested about them the radiant glory of a glowing sun, ethereal clouds of soft fog, the deep, intense azure of the sky—the heavens had unfurled their red, white, and blue.

* * * *

The tears fell unchecked down Constance's face. Margaret shivered with a nervous chill.

"Now is your hat pin chance," whispered the sacrilegious Tom, pointing to a solitary figure right in front of them.

It was the "uninteresting mortal." She stood motionless, looking out at sea. Then, a moment later, she turned her expressionless face upon their agitated ones.

"You have friends on board?" she asked, in a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"No," sniffed back Constance. "Have you?"

"One," fell the soft answer—"my husband."

"Your husband?" repeated Margaret, for now that she saw her close the woman was remarkably young and girlish in appearance.

The weary, motionless face awoke into its natural beauty. An exquisite flush vivified the dull, olive cheeks. The heavy brown eyes flashed with pride and joy and love. "Yes, my husband," she repeated rapturously; "we have been married just a week today."

Katherine S. Brown.

HIS GREAT AUNT DEBORAH.

THE house rang with gay young voices; up stairs and down stairs the echoes were awakened by merry peals of laughter and a chorus of admiration and excitement. Elizabeth Burr was entertaining a house party, all the members of which were preparing for a dance to be given at the neighboring casino. Frederick Burr, suffering from a refinement of sensibilities gained by a six years' sojourn at Harvard and a three years' dwelling abroad, had withdrawn as far as possible from the gaiety, and was sitting alone in the semi darkness of the little used reception room. He had refused to accompany his sisters and cousins to the ball, had, in fact, not even met the members of the house party, having arrived at home unexpectedly.

"But it will look so queer if you don't come to dinner," Elizabeth had remonstrated. "They're only your own cousins, any way."

"Well, that's just why I won't come. Can't you understand, Bess? Just listen to that. Ugh, it makes me shudder, even at this distance."

"That" was a peal of laughter from a remote room. Elizabeth had not answered her brother, but had withdrawn from his presence, informing herself that she had an opinion of a man who was too fine to associate with his old playmates just because he had had advantages and they had not.

Over in the corner of Burr's retreat stood Aunt Deborah's sedan chair resplendent in Vernis Martin and gilded wood. This bit of gentility, handed down from generation to generation as a symbol of old time quality, had always had an immense attraction for Frederick Burr, possibly because his Great Aunt Deborah had been a radiant star in colonial days. She was not his great aunt at all, but his very great, his great great great aunt. "My Great Aunt Deborah, Mme. Pryor, you know," was a phrase often on his lips. Now his eyes rested on the dainty vehicle, and in his mind, in contrast with the robust voices and laughter that reached his ears, was a picture of the dainty little maid who had been carried therein. A portrait of Mistress Deborah Burr in her loveliest days hung over the sedan chair, and it required little imagination to fancy her dainty face peering through the polished window, her diminutive figure stepping out from the opened door. But suddenly something stronger than imagination was called into play, for the door of the sedan opened, and down from its rose silk cushions stepped Great Aunt Deborah herself. Frederick Burr was transfixed with amazement; no words escaped his lips, but when Miss Deborah saw him she started visibly.

"My goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, "what are *you* doing here, I should like to know?"

Now this was manifestly unjust, for the house and all that it contained was his, and where should he be if not there? But Miss Deborah waited for no answer. Instead, she disappeared, possibly between the portières into the library, presumably into the floor.

Burr rubbed his eyes, but, aside from a delicious perfume of faded rose leaves and dried iris root, the spirit had left no token of her presence. Her great great great nephew pulled himself together and walked over to the chair. The door was closed but not locked, and within, emanating from the silken wraps and cushions, was the dried iris perfume of which Miss Deborah had been so fond. Had not the whole county known that she was corresponding with the young scapegoat, Captain Pryor, merely because Mme. Pryor, the captain's mother, had discovered the scent of iris about the captain's waistcoat pocket, the left hand upper pocket? Now the same perfume that had greeted Mme. Pryor's nostrils floated out to Frederick Burr. And while the inhabitants of dreamland do not habitually carry perfume about with them, there was no sign of human presence, and Frederick Burr was obliged to admit that only in a dream could this vision of Great Aunt Deborah have appeared to him. Dream forms, he reasoned, are often modeled by more tenuous substan-

ces than the sweet odor that floated through the partly open door. He was gone the next morning before the house party awoke, so he did not see even Elizabeth to tell her of his dream.

Days passed and weeks passed, and Aunt Deborah's reappearance was not often remembered by her nephew. The household had settled into its wonted routine, and a decorous silence prevailed in all the rooms. One morning, just as the young master of the establishment was stepping into the dog cart to be driven to the train, Elizabeth appeared in the doorway.

"Don't forget golf this afternoon, Fred," she called, "and be sure to come on an early train, and oh! if you do come on the slow train, look out for Cousin Polly at Iselin. She is coming over to play and to stay all night."

"I'll be sure to come on the *fast* train then," he answered, for Cousin Polly was one of the objectionable country cousins who had formed the house party on that night sacred to Aunt Deborah in Burr's memory. "I can't see why Elizabeth can't leave those girls alone," he muttered to himself.

Unfortunately he missed the fast train, and as the slow train neared Iselin he looked languidly out for the freckled face and flaxen hair of the little girl whom he remembered from pre college days as Cousin Polly. She was not on the platform, and with a sigh of relief Burr resumed the reading of his newspaper. Over the top of the printed sheet, he saw, if that is the right word for such a vision, his Great Aunt Deborah, not in powder and paint and dainty brocade this time, but in a cotton frock, her roguish face and laughing eyes framed in a blue checked sunbonnet. Her eyes flashed a message to his, but his dull wits could not interpret it, and then she went on through the car into the next or into space, he could not tell which. Burr was trying to remember among the family relics a dainty bonnet of blue homespun. Had that been Miss Deborah's, too?

In his reverie he almost went past his own station, but he sprang from the starting car just in time to see his vision walking across the platform. She moved slowly toward his own trap, the family trap with its tiny coat of arms on the panel, and then, to his amazement, he saw Thomas, the footman, touching his hat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Polly," the man said. "Miss Elizabeth did not come, because she thought Mr. Burr would be on this train."

The sunbonneted head was not turned, but as the little figure got into the trap it did not seat itself on the driver's side, but moved its skirts quite out of the way, making room for a large sized man.

"You can get up behind, Thomas; Mr. Burr *is* on the train."

The voice was quite as soft and low as Great Aunt Deborah's should have been, and it took Burr but one instant to appreciate that possibly he was not the only one of Miss Deborah's descendants who might be worthy of note.

The greetings on both sides were perfunctory, and the drive began in silence. After a few moments Miss Polly said with a certain hurried defiance in her voice:

"I didn't know that the dance was to be fancy dress, and Elizabeth herself suggested Aunt Deborah's gown. After all, you know, she was my Aunt Deborah quite as much as she was yours, and, besides, Elizabeth had said that you were in Canada or Florida, or somewhere, and how could I have known that you would be there?"

"How could I have known that you would be there?" Burr echoed lamely, but with double meaning in his voice.

The round blue eyes looked out from their gingham veiled depths. "But Elizabeth told you that we were all there."

"Yes, she did say that Cousin Polly was there," assented Burr; "but not—not Great Aunt Deborah."

This in itself was a compliment, for Deborah Burr had been a reigning toast and belle. Polly Burr rewarded it with a dazzling smile and a dainty blush.

"Yes," she agreed naïvely, "I thought I looked rather like her that night. I just ran down to verify the resemblance by looking at her picture, and then I couldn't resist the temptation to see how it would feel to sit in that blessed old chair, and then——"

The trap had stopped at the foot of the steps leading to the Burr mansion. Thomas stood at the horses' heads.

"Good heavens, Polly Burr!" broke in Elizabeth's voice. "You don't mean to say that you wore that thing on the cars?"

Then—but love stories are awfully out of date; people rarely confess them even when they have them of their very own, as children say, and no possible interest attaches to the love affair of some one else. Suffice it to say that in this case the relationship was not so very close; Polly was a cousin many times removed, as our English cousins have it, and the change from "Great Aunt Deborah" to Cousin Polly was not much quicker than the transformation of Cousin Polly into sweetheart Polly; after that only the intervention of Church and State was necessary to make the final alteration into Mrs. Frederick Burr.

Kathryn Jarboe.

THE ROMANOFFS OF TODAY.

The imperial house whose head is the sovereign of the greatest of modern military empires—The young Czar's family life, his brothers and sisters, his mother, wife, and daughters.

WHEN the Princess Maria Dagmar of Denmark was very young, she was solemnly betrothed to the young and accomplished Czarevitch Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander II of Russia. Prince Nicholas was not only the idol of his country, the young man who was expected to deliver Russia when she came into his strong, wise hands, but he was the admiration of Europe. He inherited, with the brains of his father, the handsome features of his mother, the Czarina Maria, a princess of Hesse. He had been educated almost entirely by foreigners, and in foreign countries. He was a polished, elegant cosmopolite, a man who influenced other men entirely by his tact and graciousness and knowledge. He was an ideal lover, and the Princess Dagmar was very much in love with him. His brother Alexander had none of his beauty, had had the education of a soldier, and was a typical rough, bluff Russian guardsman.

AN IMPERIAL FAMILY GROUP—THE DOWAGER CZARINA, ON THE LEFT, HOLDS HER GRANDDAUGHTER, THE LITTLE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA; NEXT TO HER SITS THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, SISTER OF THE CZAR, AND ON THE RIGHT THE CZARINA. BEHIND THEM STAND THE CZAR AND HIS ELDEST SISTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS XENIA, WITH HER INFANT SON.

From a photograph by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

ALEXANDRA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA (FORMERLY PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE).
From her latest photograph by Thomson, London.

One day the two brothers, who were very fond of each other, were sparring together for exercise or amusement, and Alexander, who was much the more powerful, struck Nicholas a blow which sent him fainting to the floor. The iron fingers which were afterward able to crush a heavy silver goblet, made a formidable hammer. The Czarevitch appeared to recover, but his general health gradually failed, and in a few weeks he was dying on the Riviera. His brother was constantly with him to the last. The "sea king's daughter," as the Russian poets called Dagmar, was sent for, and over the death bed of her lover she met, for the first time, the young man she was destined to marry in less than a twelvemonth.

When the Russian court, and the royal family generally, realized that Alexander was to be the next Czar, there was something almost like consternation. He was respected for his honesty and his soldierly qualities, but he had had no training for great responsibilities. It was thought well to begin by giving him his brother's wife as well as his brother's place—just as was done in England with Princess May of Teck when the Prince of Wales' eldest son died.

The marriage made under these rather unpromising circumstances was extraordinarily happy, and when Alexander II

died, and his son and namesake came to the throne, it was the new Czar's wife who was his constant counselor and close confidante. The intimacy between them was so great that while they were tenderly devoted to their children, they left the little princes and princesses out of much of their lives. Before the death of Alexander III he realized the mistake he had mined to make the best of existing circumstances. Believing that if Nicholas had an adviser like his own mother his mistakes would not be serious, the father set about finding a clever wife for his son.

When the choice fell upon the Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, everybody was pleased except the princess herself. Al-

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, THE CZAR'S YOUNGEST BROTHER.
From a photograph by Lewitsky, St. Petersburg.

made in this direction. His eldest son, Nicholas, named for that dead elder brother, was a shy boy who never received any especial attention from his father. The natural place which would have been his, as his father's companion, was taken by the Czarina. When the Czar was told by his physicians that he was dying, he suddenly turned to his heir to discover that the young man was almost as unfit for the coming position as he himself had been.

There were rumors for a time that the Czarevitch was to be passed over, and that the crown was to go to the second son, the Grand Duke George, who was a mere boy at the time, but these were mere conjectures. The Czar had determined to make the best of existing circumstances. Believing that if Nicholas had an adviser like his own mother his mistakes would not be serious, the father set about finding a clever wife for his son.

When the choice fell upon the Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, everybody was pleased except the princess herself. Although four years younger than the Czarevitch, Princess Alix was in many ways his senior. She was twenty two when the subject was broached to her, in 1894, but she was already a serious woman with a beautiful, grave, mature face. For one thing, she was a Lutheran, and the Czarina must be of the Greek faith. For another, the Czarevitch had none of the qualities she admired. She is said to have spoken of him as "a sulky boy." But an enormous pressure was brought to bear upon her on every side. It meant closer relations with both Germany and England. A woman of royal blood has not always the power of choosing for herself, or of living unmarried. Teachers were sent from Russia to instruct

GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK, AND NICHOLAS, CZAR OF RUSSIA, TWO ROYAL FIRST COUSINS WITH A STRIKING MUTUAL RESEMBLANCE.

From a photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

her in the Greek faith, and at last she consented to marry the coming Czar.

They say that the marriage has proved a happy one, but the young Czarina has not lost the look of settled melancholy that came into her face before her wedding day. She has taken up the duties of her place with even a stronger sense of duty than her predecessor, the Czarina Dagmar, and is bending every effort toward the ultimate civilization of Russia, while Nicholas is working to make it the most powerful country in the world in a military and political sense. Her influence upon her husband has undoubtedly done much for him. Alexander III was right in his selection of a wife for his son. The "sulky boy," who is said to have been so overcome at the realization of his enormous responsibilities that he wept with nervousness at his first ceremonial, has become a strong, steady monarch, who selects his ministers with wisdom, and is guiding Russia to great things.

The family of the late Czar, the Dowager Czarina and her younger children, have taken something like a holiday of late years. They spend much of their time in England, the Riviera, Germany, and Denmark. The Czarina Dagmar is the sister of the Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and the Duchess of Cumberland, and her second daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, is her constant companion. This young princess has been brought up in the most catholic fashion so far as her religious beliefs are concerned. It is expected that she will marry out of Russia, and no particular attempt has been made to ground her in the beliefs of the Greek faith.

The Czar's eldest brother, the Grand Duke George, is a young man of many accomplishments, and possesses much of the manner but none of the beauty of his

THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE CZAR'S YOUNGEST SISTER.
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

Uncle Nicholas. Like that prince's, too, his education has been almost altogether foreign. For years his health was supposed to be so delicate that his death was constantly expected, but he has grown to manhood with a vitality which will probably take him into old age. He is still the heir to the throne, for the present Czar's children are girls. The Russian people have selected the elder of them, the little Grand Duchess Olga, as the object of their affection, and the photograph of the Czar, the Czarina, and their baby is in many a Russian house.

The Grand Duke Michael, the late Czar's third son, is a young soldier of nineteen. He is completing his education, and the world has heard little of him as yet.

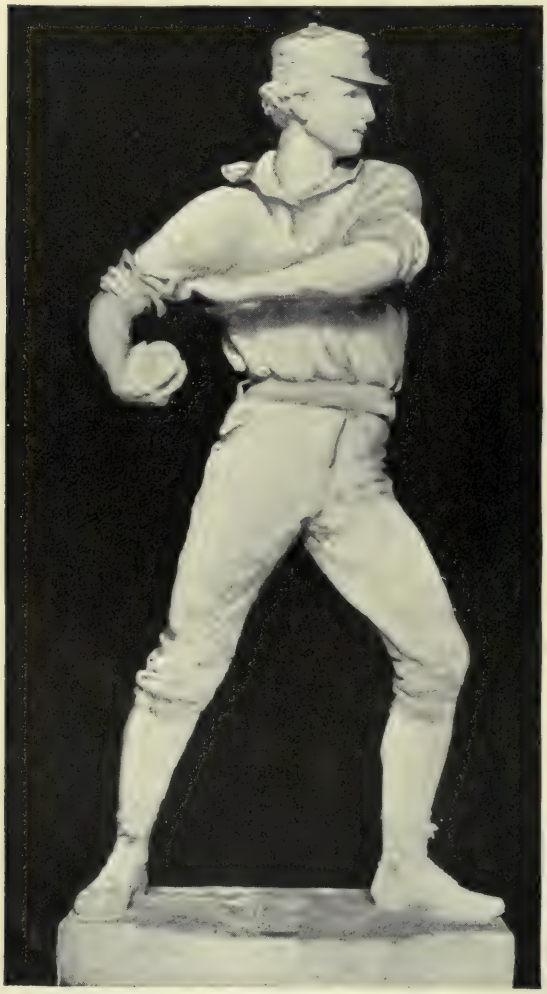
It seems difficult to consider Russia and England as enemies when we know the close ties not only of blood but of affection which hold together the royal families of the two countries. Between the Duke of York and the Czar, whose mothers are sisters, there is not only a very close resemblance but also a brotherly friendship; and still more important, perhaps, in its political bearing, is the fact that the Czarina—who, like her husband, is a first cousin to the future English king—is the favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

George Holme.

A CALIFORNIA SCULPTOR.

The striking and original series of statues and figure pieces designed by Douglas Tilden, of San Francisco, and the appreciation his work has found in his native State.

IN the face of all the general assertions to the contrary, it is pleasant to find an enthusiastic appreciation of home talent, such as Douglas Tilden, the California sculptor, enjoys in his native State. The twelve statues which represent his finished works of art are all owned in California, and the work which he is now doing is destined for the adornment of San Francisco.



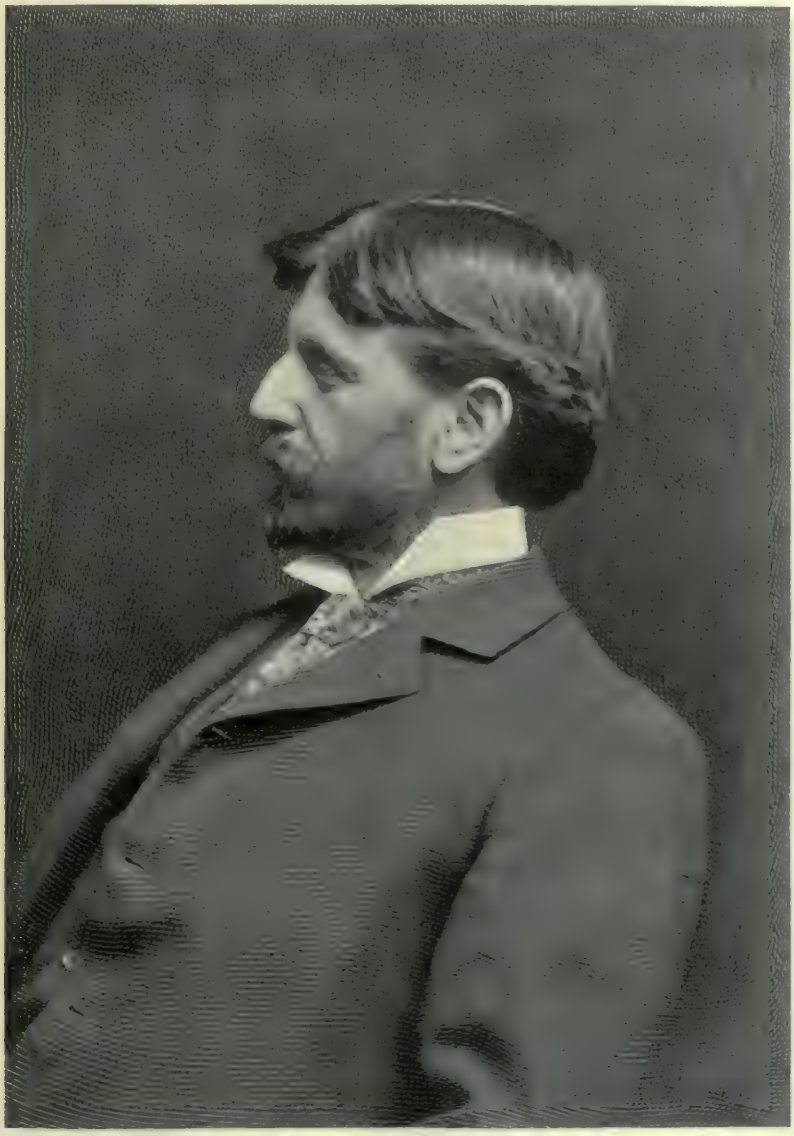
"OUR NATIONAL GAME," OR "THE BASEBALL PLAYER," THE FIRST STATUE EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON BY DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Douglas Tilden was born in Chico, California, in 1860. When he was five years old, he became deaf and dumb from the effects of scarlet fever, and was sent to the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Asylum at Berkeley to be educated. He entered the State University in the class of '83, but left before he had finished his course to become an instructor at the asylum.

Strange to say, although he had always been fond of drawing, it was not until he was twenty three or four that he discovered the especial line in which his talent lay. He was spending his vacation at home in Chico when he happened to see a plaster copy of a statue which his twelve year old brother had modeled. This was the first time that he had ever consciously thought about the art of sculpture. He was so impressed with his brother's work that he resolved to study the subject himself. He took one month's lessons from his brother's teacher, and then went back to Berkeley, where he worked at modeling by himself in his leisure moments for the remaining four years that he spent there.

In 1885 he produced what he considered his first work, a small statuette called "The Tired Wrestler." This showed so much promise of future achievement that the trustees of the asylum resolved to apply a fund established for the help of talented students to send him away for further study. He first went to New York, where he spent seven months at the National Academy of Design, and then set

out for Paris. Here, instead of entering a regular school, he became a private pupil of Paul Chopin, a gold medalist of the Salon, studied under him for five



DOUGLAS TILDEN, THE CALIFORNIA SCULPTOR. MR. TILDEN, WHO IS DEAF AND DUMB, IS ONE OF THE MOST GIFTED AND ORIGINAL OF OUR YOUNGER CRAFTSMEN OF THE CHISEL.

months — making thirteen months of regular instruction, all told — and at the end of that time felt himself able to work independently.

He stayed several years in Paris, modeling without a teacher, but studying the work of other artists. The first work that he sent to the Salon, "Our National Game" or "The Baseball Player," was accepted. This was followed by "The Tired Boxer," which received honorable mention in 1890. In the Salon of 1891 he exhibited "The Young Acrobat," a plump little baby balancing himself on his father's hand, and in that of 1892 a more ambitious attempt, a large group called "The Bear Hunt." "The Football Players," a strong and beautiful piece of work, was exhibited the following year.

THE FOUNTAIN ERECTED IN SAN FRANCISCO BY THE SOCIETY OF NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST IN HONOR OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA AS A STATE.

Since Mr. Tilden's return to California he has modeled the large fountain erected by the Society of the Native Sons in honor of the admission of California as a State. His design was chosen out of twelve submitted to the committee of the Native Sons. He has two pieces of work on hand now, one of which is a fountain to be erected on the corner of Battery and Market Streets in memory of the late Peter Donahue, the pioneer railroad and ship builder. The fountain being intended to be symbolical of his profession, the design represents the punching of a boiler plate by a huge lever press. The attitudes of the men working the lever are as striking and pleasing as the design is original.

Mr. Tilden's latest undertaking is a monument of Balboa, to be erected in Golden Gate Park, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. It is the gift of Mayor Phelan to the city of San Francisco. The design is not yet completed. He is also at work upon models for several competitions in the Eastern States.

Strong and beautiful as Mr. Tilden's previous work has been, those with artistic knowledge enough to appreciate his progress in the handling of his material feel that he has not yet reached his limit, that his masterpiece is yet to be produced.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

THE PRAISE OF HOPE.

BELIEVE me, truly 'twas not I
  Who sang that hope did ever seem
  Like saddest singing in a dream—
Believe me, truly 'twas not I,
Because for me the song of hope
  Is bright as harp tones of Apollo;
I hear it up life's laureled slope:
  "Oh, follow, follow, follow!"

Believe me, truly 'twas not I
  Who sang that hope did ever seem
  Like faded flowers in a dream—
Believe me, truly 'twas not I,
Because for me the flower of hope
  Blooms on each hill and down each hollow,
And lured by fragrance up life's slope
  I follow, follow, follow!

Clarence Urmy.

THE BETTER NEW YORK.

What makes a city truly greater?—How this important and interesting question is answered by Senator Platt, General Collis, Dr. Rainsford, General di Cesnola, and other well known men.

GREATER NEW YORK is drawing towards the close of its first year of existence as a united city, and is soon to hold its first election under the new municipal régime. At this point in its history, when we are beginning to compare fulfilment with promise, and when experience is verifying or disproving theory, it may be timely to present the opinions of men prominent in the social, religious, political, and business life of the metropolis, to whom MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE propounded this question: "In your estimation, what are the factors that tend to make a city truly greater—greater in the sense of better?"

Though chosen altogether from without the present circle of municipal control, all are men whose character and work have made them powerful influences in metropolitan life, all are men who, in one way or another, have made possible the expansion of the metropolis. One, William C. De Witt, was the framer of the Greater New York charter. Another, Jacob A. Riis, is the man who first told us "How the Other Half Lives," and then set us to work in the right direction to help that other half. He it was who made a way for sunlight and fresh air into the homes of the city's poor, who opened up the most congested section of the east side, and swept away blocks of dark tenements that children might have green grass to play upon. A third is General Charles H. T. Collis, late Commissioner of Public Works, the man who did so much to give the city good streets. Others, whose opinions will give weight to a symposium of this character, are the Rev. William S. Rainsford, the liberal, energetic, and influential rector of St. George's Church; E. L. Godkin, the editor of the *Evening Post*, whose editorial work against municipal corruption is constant, strong, and telling; General di Cesnola, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Henry Clews, a power in Wall Street, and Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose position in public life is too well known to need mention.

One opinion comes from beyond the limits of the greater city, that of James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Phelan was asked to contribute to this article because, possibly more than any other young man in his position, he represents the power which slowly, though surely, is making of the material at hand today the better American city for tomorrow.

MIND ABOVE MATTER.

The author of the Greater New York charter believes in the supremacy of intellect as a power for betterment.

THE welcome supremacy of its best minds is the factor which makes a city truly great. "When the brains are out the man is dead," and about him are only the hideous actors in funeral pomp. But when men of living genius are in the lead, statesmen, poets, orators, artists, appear; and wise laws, a great literature, the arts and sciences, the true gospel, an elevated drama, and all the products of a happy and progressive people follow in the train.

I would rather have been the humblest scholar at the feet of Socrates in the days of Athenian genius, than the proudest subject of the degenerate Caesars when they ruled the world.

William C. De Witt.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE HOME.

Without the influence of the home no city, no nation, no people, becomes great.

THE truly great city, be its territory great or small, is the one that amid its thousand activities for the advancement of mankind enthrones the home. New York, with its forty thousand tenements, has been called "the homeless city." Until it no longer deserves the name, its strides in population and wealth are but so many steps toward final disaster, I fear. You know what the Frenchman said, that "without a decent home, there can be no family, no manhood, no patriotism"—no people, in the sense that makes cities and nations great. Upon the home the true greatness of a

people is built; for from the home proceeds character, and to character alone can you appeal with your plea for civic virtue.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE MODEL GREAT CITY.

The Ex Commissioner of Public Works in New York asserts that the city possesses all the factors of true greatness.

You ask me what are the factors that make a city truly greater—greater in the sense of "better." If you asked me this in London, I should say: "Make everybody from the Tweed to Land's End come to London to do his banking and shopping." If you asked it in Paris, I should answer, "Make it the Mecca for the artist, savant, scientist, and pleasure seeker." In Berlin, "This is the home of royalty and the seat of government; keep this constantly in view."

Your question, I take it for granted, applies to the new New York. The consolidated city of New York is *sui generis*. There is nothing like it in the world, and I think I have seen nearly all of the world that is worth seeing.

New York as a harbor is Liverpool and San Francisco both. As a financial center, it is London, Frankfort, and Paris. As a business mart it is Manchester, Leeds, Lyons, Birmingham, and Sheffield all combined. Its art galleries are creditable, its libraries far above mediocrity. Its places of worship accommodate every civilized religion or sect. Its places of amusement produce all the talent of the globe. Its public parks are unequaled, its hotels better than any on the planet. Only quite recently New York has been placed upon the list of the European tourist; he comes here with his family to look at the seething traffic on Broadway, and to watch the incessant activity of a new people as a child would watch the approaches to a nest of ants. He comes here because it only takes six days, and a few hours more to Niagara. He comes, knowing that he will miss nothing here which he enjoyed at home, save the *dolce far niente* of his monotonous existence.

I know of nothing needed in New York to make her greater or better which has not already been inaugurated. She is being made easy for commerce, attractive to strangers, and comfortable for her own people. These were the desiderata long looked for; they have arrived, and are making themselves felt. The river fronts afford dockage for everything afloat at reasonable port charges—yet these ought to be cheapened; improved smooth pavements reduce the wear and tear, and therefore lessen the cost of breaking bulk and transshipment; security to life and property by good police and fire systems, is unexcelled; and every attraction of nature, art, religion, science, and music is within reach of the visitor.

New York will be made greater and better in proportion to our efforts:

First, to reduce port charges on merchandise to the minimum.

Second, to increase the facilities for local traffic to the maximum.

Third, to make the city comfortable to its own people, and attractive to visitors.

Charles H. T. Collis.

MEN OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.

And the better the men, says Dr. Rainsford, the greater and better the city.

Men make a city great, and *better men* make the greater city. Heartily believing this, I do what I can to foster and develop those influences which are most effective in the upbuilding of men.

Sound education makes the man, so I must do what I can to remove those crude misconceptions of what education is and should be, under which multitudes of well intentioned people still labor. To be in any wise great, a city must have great schools, and worthy, intelligent, and self sacrificing teachers.

Healthy surroundings and reasonable opportunities for leisure are the due of all honest men. Cheap transit to distant parts of the city, and some access to things of beauty and works of art, should be offered to our citizens. By such things men are helped to be men, to rise above the mere "scramble" idea of living.

As yet, when living in large communities, Americans have seldom developed much civic pride or public spirit—though there are some notable instances to the contrary. Though living nearer together in the cities than the country, rich men and poor men are in them much further apart. Some influence must be developed to draw them together before our big cities shall, in any sense, be our great cities.

The influence is here already, or rather the empty form of it is already here; but it avails little. The Christian churches are the proper uniting ground for all sorts and conditions of men. Within their walls men should seek courage and higher vision, to enable them to strive not for *things* only, but for *life*.

But the churches have failed—failed and broken down quite as completely as any other civic institution. They leave the poor and persistently follow the rich. Their governors and vestrymen are almost all rich men. They don't reach the poor, or the

working people, for they do not want them. They accentuate invidious and hurtful class distinctions.

The greater city can only gladden our race as soon as, and so far as, that principle of helpfulness, mutual forbearance, and brotherhood is infused into all sorts and conditions of men, and profoundly influences their dealings one with another. No great city can be founded and developed chiefly or entirely on the principle of competition.

W. S. Rainsford.

KNOWLEDGE AND POWER.

The factors of a great city well known, but rarely coupled with the power to realize them.

"TRULY this is the most hateful of all human sufferings to be full of knowledge, and at the same time to have no power over results." This familiar saying—from Herodotus, I think—is particularly applicable in this case. The intelligent men of every great center know well what is needed to make their city truly greater, but in few instances are they able to "do anything." Here in this new, greater city the condition of affairs is well understood. My opinion of them is not a secret, but of what avail is opinion, or knowledge, when it is impossible to get what we know is best?

It is no longer a matter of institutions. Our institutions are many and varied. We have all that could possibly be required to make the greatest of cities, but we are unable to place their control with intelligent and honest men. Greater New York is now in the worst possible hands. The power lies with ignorance and corruption. Intelligence and honesty have no influence here in the management of municipal affairs; and until these conditions can be overcome there is really little use in talking about the "better" city. At present, it seems as if the best we can look forward to is an improved boss.

E. L. Godkin.

TRUE GREATNESS EARNED,

When by reason of wealth, intelligence, and culture of its people, it helps the world.

THE greatness of a city is no more to be measured straightway by the number of its inhabitants and the extent of its territory than is the greatness of a man to be estimated by his size and weight. Both must be judged by their achievements, and by their permanent influence on the destiny of mankind.

Great cities are those which produce great men; and reciprocally, great men make cities great. Athens was small, yet the greatest city of all history. Pekin is big, but in no sense great. The title is earned when by reason of wealth, intelligence, and culture therein centered, a city contributes much to the elevation and genuine happiness of many people—first its own citizens, then their countrymen, and finally, but just as surely, their fellow beings throughout the globe.

L. P. di Cesnola.

HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND CHARITY.

Cultivate these factors, says the Mayor of San Francisco, and a city is made greater by being made better.

CITIES may be defined as the abiding places of numbers of people who cannot elect to live anywhere else. City life is considered by some an advantage; by others a disadvantage. The advantages arise from all the civilizing influences which naturally cluster about large populations, such as churches, schools, theaters, picture galleries, and museums. On the other hand, there are influences which are demoralizing and bad, and which should be eliminated as far as possible.

There is always danger to the health of people living in congested communities, and when the health of a people is affected by causes over which they exercise individually no control, the city authorities are responsible. Hence a city should be put in good sanitary condition. Rapid transit to the suburbs should be fostered, so that the people may live in an uncontaminated atmosphere, and yet be not too remote from their places of business and their workshops. As individual health is of first importance to right thinking and right living, a city can be made great by carefully studying these homely concerns.

At the same time the utility of beauty should not be overlooked. Streets and public places should be made to illustrate the best principles of art, so that our children as they grow up may be impressed by object lessons which will serve to raise their standard of taste, and influence them in their daily lives.

Thrown upon the streets of a great city are unfortunate defectives and delinquents, who are morally, physically, and intellectually inferior by reason of heredity or association; hence a large share of humanity ought to find expression in municipal establishments, so that those who are able, by reason of natural or acquired superiority, may in some systematic manner help to bear the burdens of the less fortunate and the weak. Thus by cultivating health, beauty, and charity, a city may be made great, in the sense of being made better.

A great city, it must be remembered, has great obligations.

James D. Phelan.

MEN AND MEANS.

Great men the foundation stones of great cities, and money the power that moves the modern world.

The truly great city is the city of great men, for that means great capacity in all directions. That city must be the truly greater city—greater in the sense of better—which possesses the best men. Where men are of the highest type of manhood, morally, intellectually, and physically, the institutions which they make and manage come most naturally to be the greatest of their kind, and the city of which they are a part is great because of them.

Next to men I should place means. All the men in the world could build neither a good nor a great city without money. It is *the* power for good or bad. In the hands of truly great men, of honest men, the results that may be obtained to the goodness and greatness of a modern city are almost beyond conception.

Because of the influence of money, the status of a city's financial institutions is of grave importance in estimating its claim to true greatness. The high standing of its banks, and the integrity of its trust companies, are not only important, they are absolutely necessary. The greatest financial institutions of a country center in the cities where money circulates most freely, and establish there the money markets of the world.

Perhaps the first feature that makes a city really great in the eyes of the world is its population. But numbers, however large, can never make a city truly great. The manner in which the people are governed is much more important; and great men are the true foundation stones of all great cities. Through them come high religious ideals, and institutions of true learning and broad charity; and through them is good government obtained. The greater and better the men, the greater and better the city.

T. C. Platt.

PRACTICAL FACTORS OF CIVIC GROWTH.

Good government and every possible opportunity for material and intellectual development—Rapid transit an important item.

Great cities are undoubtedly great centers of influence and attraction, and have become potent factors in modern civilization. That city is potent for good, and is great in the fullest comprehension of the word, which is able to give to all classes of its citizens, first, the fullest opportunities for development that modern civilization affords—opportunities for education, for artistic and scientific achievement, for industrial and commercial expansion, for benevolent and philanthropic accomplishment; and second, an example through the public administrative and judicial servants of honesty, efficiency, justice, and responsibility in the conduct of its public affairs and in its relations to the private interests of its citizens.

As a necessary appendage to these achievements, traveling facilities should be of the most advanced character, both as regards speed and comfort. We want rapid transit embracing these characteristics which should excel any other city in the world. The want of it is one of the greatest drawbacks to our commercial prosperity. We should be able to move from the Battery to Harlem in fifteen minutes, and through a pneumatic tube system from the post office, letters should be transmitted to Harlem in five minutes. We want rapid transit both for travel and postage in order to bring the Greater New York abreast of the times.

Henry Clews.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

ENGLAND, what need of parchment whereupon
Our terms of covenant with thee are named?
As strong a bond between us God hath framed
As that which binds a mother and her son.
Some say thine ancient greatness hath begun
To fail with age—that thy proud spirit is tamed;
Thy foes are leagued to strike, it is proclaimed,
When thou art old, unfriended, and undone.
Should Cossack join with Frank to work thee scath,
And lift toward thee his hostile spear and dare
Do violence so much as to one hair,
Thy giant son, bone of thy very bone,
Incensed would come with vengeance, and in wrath
Would move the base of Europe's every throne!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IN the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 that was left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. The Rev. Mr. Thomasson, a tutor at Oxford, who has discovered Julia's identity, attempts to interfere and is carried off for his pains. Sir George and Fishwick set out in pursuit, meeting on the road Mr. Dunborough, who has been prevented by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. When not far from Bastwick, the abductors become alarmed at the nearness of the pursuers and set their captives free. Julia and Thomasson apply at the house of a man known as Bully Pomeroy for shelter, and after the girl retires the tutor acquaints his host and Lord Almeric Doyley, a dissolute young nobleman who is a guest there, with the true state of affairs. Each signifies his intention of marrying the heiress, and the result is a heated argument until Lord Almeric suggests playing for her. To Mr. Pomeroy's disgust, the young nobleman wins, and the following morning he goes to the girl and offers her his heart and hand. Unaware of the real identity of her abductor, Julia has supposed him to be Soane, and moved by a desire to revenge herself on her recreant lover, she accepts Lord Almeric's offer. Later in the day Julia repents of her hasty decision and retracts her words, whereupon Mr. Pomeroy, while secretly delighted at the young lord's discomfiture, professes great indignation, and announces his intention of detaining the girl till she comes to her senses. Unknown to Lord Almeric, Mr. Thomasson reluctantly agrees to assist Pomeroy in a plot to force the girl to marry him, and that night, in pursuance of orders from his chief, he gets the girl out of the house, ostensibly to rescue her. When they reach the road a carriage lumbers up, and hailing it Mr. Thomasson thrusts the girl inside. As the chaise whirls away, another appears, passing in the same direction.

Meanwhile the pursuers reach Bristol, and while Sir George and Mr. Dunborough are fruitlessly searching for the girl's abductors, Mr. Fishwick makes a startling discovery. In the register of an old parish church he accidentally comes across an entry which apparently proves that the girl Julia is not a Soane after all.

XXXI.

THE road which passed the gates at Bastwick was not a highway, and Mr. Thomasson stared long after the carriage, wondering what chance brought a traveler that way at that hour. He reflected that one of Mr. Pomeroy's neighbors might have dined abroad, have sat late over the wine, and be now returning; that the incident might admit of the most innocent explanation. Nevertheless, it left him uneasy. Until the last sound of the wheels died in the distance, he stood listening and thinking.

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Then he turned from the gate and, with a shiver, betook himself towards the house.

He had not left the highway ten paces behind him when a harsh cry rent the darkness, and he paused to listen. He caught the sound of running steps crossing the open ground on his right, and apparently approaching, and he raised his lanthorn in some alarm. The next moment a dark form vaulted the railings that fenced the avenue on that side, sprang on him, and, seizing him by the collar, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

It was Mr. Pomeroy, beside himself with rage. "What have you done with her?" he cried. "You treacherous hound, speak! Answer, man, or, by God, I'll choke you!"

"Done—done with whom?" the tutor gasped, striving to free himself. "Mr. Pomeroy, I am not—what does this——"

"With her—with the girl?"

"She is—I have put her in the carriage! I swear I have! Oh!" he shrieked, as Mr. Pomeroy, in a fresh access of passion, gripped his throat and squeezed it. "I have put her in the carriage, I tell you! I have done everything you told me."

"In the carriage? What carriage?"

"The one that was there."

"At the gate?"

"Yes, yes."

"You fool! You imbecile!" Mr. Pomeroy screamed, as he shook him with all his force. "The carriage is at the other gate."

Mr. Thomasson gasped, partly with surprise, partly under the influence of Pomeroy's violence. "At the other gate?" he faltered. "But—there was a carriage here. I saw it. I put her in it. Not a minute ago!"

"Then, by God, it was your carriage, and you have betrayed me," the other answered, and shook his trembling victim until his teeth chattered and his eyes protruded. "I thought I heard wheels, and I came to see. If you don't tell me the truth this instant, I'll have the life out of you," he continued furiously.

"It is the truth," Mr. Thomasson stammered, blubbering with fright. "It was a carriage that came up—and stopped. I thought it was yours, and put her in. And it went on."

"A lie, man—a lie!"

"I swear it is true! If it were not, should I be going back to the house? Should I be going to face you?"

That impressed Mr. Pomeroy; his grasp relaxed. "The devil is in it, then!" he muttered; "for no one else could have set a carriage at that gate just at the minute! Any way, I'll soon know. Come on!" he continued, and snatched up the lanthorn, which had fallen on its side and was not extinguished. "We'll after her! By God, we'll after her! They don't trick me so easily!"

The tutor ventured a terrified remonstrance, but Mr. Pomeroy, deaf to his entreaties and arguments, bundled him over the fence, and, gripping his arm, hurried him as fast as his feet would carry him across the grass to the other gate. A carriage, its lamps burning brightly, stood in the road. Mr. Pomeroy exchanged a few curt words with the driver, thrust in the tutor, and followed himself. On the instant the vehicle dashed away, the coachman cracking his whip and halloing threats at his horses.

The hedges flew by, pale, glimmering walls in the lamplight; the mud flew up and splashed Mr. Pomeroy's face; still he hung out of the window, his hand on the fastening of the door, and a brace of pistols on the ledge before him, while the tutor, shuddering at these preparations, hoping against hope that they would overtake no one, cowered in the farther corner. With every turn of the road or swerve of the horses Pomeroy expected to see the fugitives' lights. Unaware or oblivious that the carriage he was pursuing had the advantage of fifteen minutes' start, so that at top speed he could scarcely look to overtake it under the hour, his rage increased with every disappointment. Although the pace at which they traveled over the rough road was such as to fill the tutor with instant terror and urgent thoughts of death—although first one lamp was extinguished and then another, and the carriage oscillated so violently as to threaten an immediate overturn, Mr. Pomeroy never ceased to hang out of the window, yelling at the horses and upbraiding the driver.

But a start of three miles is much to make up. With wrath and curses he saw the lights of Chippenham appear in front, and still no sign of the pursued. Five minutes later the carriage awoke the echoes in the main street of the sleeping town, and Mr. Thomasson drew a deep breath of relief as it came to a stand.

Not so Mr. Pomeroy. He dashed the door open and sprang out, prepared to overwhelm the driver with reproaches. The man anticipated him. "They are here," he said, with a sulky gesture.

"Here? Where?"

A man carrying a staff and lanthorn—of whom the driver had already asked a question—came heavily round from the off side of the carriage. "There is a chaise and pair just come in from the Melksham road," he said; "and gone to the Old Bell, if that is what you want."

"A lady with them?"

"I saw none, but——"

"How long ago?"

"Ten minutes."

"We're right!" Mr. Pomeroy cried, with a jubilant oath, and, turning back, slipped the pistols into his skirt pockets. "Come," he said to Thomasson. "And do you," he continued, addressing his driver, who was no other than the respectable Tamplin, "follow at a walking pace. Have they ordered on?" he asked, slipping a crown into the night watchman's hand.

"I think not, your honor," the man answered. "I believe they are staying."

With a word of satisfaction Mr. Pomeroy hurried his unwilling companion towards the inn. The streets were dark, an oil lamp burning at a distant corner. But the darkness was light in comparison to the gloom which reigned in Mr. Thomasson's mind. In the grasp of this reckless man, whose headstrong temper rendered him blind to obstacles and heedless of danger, the tutor felt himself swept along, as incapable of resistance as the leaf that is borne upon the stream. It was not until they turned a corner and came in sight of the dimly lighted doorway of the inn, that despair gave him courage to remonstrate.

Then the imminence of the danger, and the folly of the course they were pursuing, struck him so forcibly that he grew frantic. He clutched Mr. Pomeroy's sleeve, and dragging him aside, out of hearing of Tamplin, who was following them, "This is madness!" he urged vehemently. "Sheer madness! Have you considered, Mr. Pomeroy? If she is here, what claim have we to interfere with her? What authority over her? What title to force her away? If we had overtaken her on the road, it might have been another thing. But here——"

"Here?" Mr. Pomeroy retorted, his face dark, his under jaw set hard as a rock. "And why not here?"

"Because—why, because she will appeal to t' e people."

"What people?"

"The people who have brought her hither."

"And what is their right to her?" Mr. Pomeroy retorted.

"The people at the inn, then."

"Well, and what is their right? But—I see your point, parson! Damme, you are a cunning one! I had not thought of that. She'll appeal to them, will she? Then, she shall be my sister, run off from her home! Or no, my lad," he continued, chuckling savagely, and slapping the tutor heavily on the back. "They know me here, and that I have no sister. She shall be your daughter!" And while Mr. Thomasson stared aghast, Pomeroy laughed recklessly. "She shall be your daughter, man, staying with me, and run off with an Irish ensign! Oh, by Gad, we'll nick her! Come on!"

Mr. Thomasson shuddered. It seemed to him the wildest madness; a folly beyond speech. Resisting the hand with which Pomeroy would have impelled him towards the lighted doorway, "I will have nothing to do with it!" he cried, with all the firmness he could muster. "Nothing! Nothing!"

"A minute ago you might have gone to the devil," Mr. Pomeroy answered brutally, "and welcome! Now, I want you; and, by God, if you don't stand by me, I'll break your back! Who is there here who knows you? Or what have you to fear?"

"She'll expose us," Mr. Thomasson whimpered.

"Who'll believe her?" the other answered, with supreme contempt. "Which is the more credible story, hers about a lost heir, or ours? Come on, I say!"

Mr. Thomasson had been far from anticipating anything like this when he entered on his career of scheming. But he stood in mortal terror of his companion, whose reckless passions were fully roused, and after a brief resistance he succumbed. Still protesting and hanging back, he allowed himself to be urged past the open doors of the inn yard—in the black depths of which the gleam of a lanthorn, and the form of a man moving to and fro, indicated that the strangers' horses were not yet bedded—and up the hospitable steps of the Old Bell Inn.

A solitary candle burning at the end of a long passage guided their feet that way. Its light disclosed a red curtained snuggery, well furnished with keys and rows of bottles, and in the middle of this cheerful profusion the landlord himself, stooping over a bottle of port which he was lovingly decanting. His array, a horseman's coat worn over night gear, with bare feet thrust into slippers, proved him newly risen from bed, but the hum of voices and clatter of plates which came from the neighboring kitchen were signs that, late as it was, the good inn was not caught napping.

The host heard their steps, but crying, "Coming, gentlemen, coming!" finished his task before he turned. Then, "Lord save us!" he ejaculated, staring at them, the empty bottle in one hand, the decanter in the other. "Why, the road's alive tonight! I beg your honor's pardon, I am sure, and yours, sir! I thought 'twas one of the gentlemen that arrived a while ago—come down to see why supper lagged. Mr. Pomeroy, to be sure! What can I do for you, gentle-

men? The fire is scarcely out in the Hertford, and shall be rekindled at once."

Mr. Pomeroy silenced him by a gesture. "No," he said; "we are not staying. But you have some guests who arrived half an hour ago?"

"To be sure, your honor. The same I was naming."

"Is there a young lady with them?"

The landlord looked hard at him. "A young lady?" he said.

"Yes. Are you deaf, man?" Pomeroy retorted, his impatience getting the better of him. "Is there a young lady with them? That is what I asked."

But the landlord still stared, and it was only after an appreciable interval that he answered cautiously, "Well, to be sure, I am not—I am not sure. I saw none, sir. But I only saw the gentlemen when they had gone up stairs. William admitted them, and rang up the stables. A young lady?" he continued, rubbing his head as if he were perplexed. "May I ask, is't some one your honor is seeking?"

"Damme, man, should I ask if it weren't?" Mr. Pomeroy retorted angrily. "If you must know, it is this gentleman's daughter, who has run away from her friends."

"Dear, dear!"

"And taken up with a beggarly Irishman!"

The landlord stared from one to the other in great perplexity. "Dear me!" he said. "That is sad! The gentleman's daughter!" And he looked at Mr. Thomasson, whose sallow face was sullenness itself. Then, remembering his manners, "Well, to be sure, I'll go and learn," he continued briskly. "Charles"—to a half dressed waiter who at that moment appeared at the foot of the passage—"set lights in the Yarmouth and draw these gentlemen what they require. I'll not be many minutes, Mr. Pomeroy."

He hurried up stairs, and an instant later appeared on the threshold of a room in which two gentlemen sat, silently facing each other, before a hastily kindled fire. They had traveled together from Bristol, cheek by jowl, in a post chaise, exchanging scarce as many words as they had traversed miles. But patience, whether it be of the sullen or the dignified cast, has its limits, and these two, their tempers exasperated by a chilly journey taken fasting, had come very near to the end of sufferance. Fortunately, at the moment Mr. Dunborough—for he was one—made the discovery that he could not endure Sir George's impassive face for so much as the hundredth part of another minute, and in consequence was having recourse to his invention for the most brutal remark with which to provoke him, the port and the landlord arrived together; and William, who had carried up the cold beef and stewed kidneys by another staircase was heard on the landing. The host helped to place the dishes on the table; then he shut his assistant out.

"By your leave, Sir George," he said diffidently. "But the young lady you were inquiring for? Might I ask——"

He paused as if he feared to give offense. Sir George laid down his knife and fork and looked at him. Mr. Dunborough did the same. "Yes, yes, man," Soane said. "Have you heard anything? Out with it!"

"Well, sir, it is only—I was only going to ask if her father lived in these parts."

"Her father?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Dunborough burst into rude laughter. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "Are we grown so proper all of a sudden? Her father, damme!"

Sir George shot a glance of fierce disdain at him. Then, "My good fellow," he said to the host, "her father has been dead these fifteen years."

The landlord reddened, annoyed by the way Mr. Dunborough had taken him. "The gentleman mistakes me, Sir George," he said stiffly. "I did not ask out of curiosity, as you, who know me, can guess; but—well, to be plain, your honor, there are two gentlemen below stairs, just come in. And what beats me, though I did not tell them so, they are also in search of a young lady."

"Indeed?" Sir George answered, looking gravely at him. "But probably they are from the Castle at Marlborough, and are inquiring for the lady we are seeking."

"So I should have concluded," the landlord answered, nodding sagely; "but one of the gentlemen says he is her father; and the other——"

Sir George stared. "Yes?" he said. "What of the other?"

"Is Mr. Pomeroy, of Bastwick," the host answered, lowering his voice. "Doubtless your honor knows him?"

"By name."

"He has naught to do with the young lady?"

"Nothing in the world."

"I ask because—well, I don't like to speak ill of the quality, or of those by whom one lives, Sir George; but he has not got the best name in the county, and there have been wild doings at Bastwick of late, and writs and bailiffs, and worse. So I did not up and tell him all I knew."

Suddenly Dunborough spoke. "He was at college at Pembroke," he said. "Doyley knows him. He'd know Tommy, too, and

we know Tommy is with the girl, and that they were both dropped Leckham way. Hang me, if I don't think there is something in this!" he continued, with growing excitement. "Thomasson is rogue enough for anything! See here, man," he went on, rising, and flinging down his napkin, "do you go down and draw them into the hall, so that I can hear their voices. And I will listen on the stairs. Where is Bastwick?"

"Between here and Melksham, but a bit off the road, sir."

"It would not be far from Leckham?"

"No, your honor; I should think it would be within two or three miles of it."

"Go down! Go down!" Mr. Dunborough answered impetuously. "And pump him, man! I believe we have run the old fox to earth. It will be our own fault now, if we don't find the vixen!"

XXXII.

The arrival of this second pair of travelers hard on the heels of the first had roused the inn to full activity. Half dressed servants flitted this way and that through the passages, setting night caps in the chambers or bringing up clean snuffers and snuff trays. One was hurrying to draw ale for the driver, another with William's orders to the cook. Lights began to glow behind the diamond panes; a pleasant hum, a subdued bustle, filled the hospitable house.

On entering the Yarmouth, however, the landlord was surprised to find only the clergyman there. Mr. Pomeroy, irritated by his long absence, had gone to the stables to learn what he could from the post boy. The landlord was nearer than he knew to finding no one, for when he entered Mr. Thomasson was on his feet; another ten seconds, and the tutor would have fled panic stricken from the house.

The host did not suspect this, but Mr. Thomasson thought he did, and the thought added to his confusion. "I—I was coming to ask what had happened to you," he stammered. "You will understand, I am very anxious to get news."

"To be sure, sir," the landlord answered comfortably. "Will you step this way, and I think we shall be able to ascertain something for certain."

But the tutor did not like his tone, and shrank back. "I—I think I will wait until Mr. Pomeroy returns," he said.

The landlord raised his eyebrows. "I thought you were anxious to get news, sir?" he retorted.

"So I am—very anxious," Mr. Thomasson replied, with a touch of the stiffness that marked his manner to those below him. "Still; I think I had better—or no, no!" he cried, afraid to stand out, "I will come with you. But, you see, if she is not here, I am anxious to go in search of her as quickly as possible, where—wherever she is."

"To be sure, that is natural," the landlord answered, holding the door open that he might pass out, "seeing that you are her father, sir. I think you said you were her father?" he continued, as Mr. Thomasson, with a frightened glance round the hall, emerged from the room.

"Yes—yes," the tutor faltered, and wished himself in the street. "At least, I mean her stepfather."

"Oh, her stepfather!"

"Yes," Mr. Thomasson answered faintly. How he cursed the folly that had put him in this false position! How much more strongly he would have cursed it had he known what substance it was cast that dark shadow—as of a lurking man—on the upper part of the stairs!

"Just so—just so. And, if you please, what might your name be, sir?" the landlord continued, as he paused at the foot of the staircase.

The cold sweat rose on the tutor's brow; he looked helplessly towards the door. If he gave his name and the matter were followed up, he would be traced, and it was impossible to say what might come of it. At last, "Mr. Thomas," he said guiltily.

"Mr. Thomas, your reverence?"

"Yes."

"And the young lady's name would be Thomas, then?"

"N-no," Mr. Thomasson faltered. "No. Her name—you see," he continued, with a sickly smile, "she is my stepdaughter."

"To be sure, your reverence; and her name?"

The tutor glowered at his persecutor. "I protest, you are monstrous inquisitive," he said, with a sorry air of offense. "But if you must know, her name is Masterson; and she has left her friends to join—to join a—an Irish adventurer."

It was unfortunately said—the more as, in the course of the interview, the tutor had turned his back on the staircase. The words were scarcely off his lips when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and, twisting him round with a jerk that sent his head covering flying, brought him face to face with an old friend. The tutor looked, recognized, and a low shriek escaped his lips. He turned as white as paper. He knew that Nemesis had overtaken him.

But not how heavy a Nemesis! For he could not know that the landlord owned a restive colt, and had bought a new whip at the last fair, nor that the whip lay at this

moment where the landlord had dropped it, on a chest so near to Mr. Dunborough's hand that the tutor never knew how he became possessed of it. Only he saw it imminent, and would have fallen in sheer terror, his coward's knees giving way, if Mr. Dunborough had not driven him back against the wall with a violence that jarred the teeth in his head.

"You liar!" the infuriated listener cried; "you lying toad!" and shook him afresh with each sentence. "She has run away from her friends, has she? With an Irish adventurer, eh? And you are her father? And your name is Thomas? Thomas, eh? Well, if you do not this instant tell me where she is, I'll Thomas you! Now, come! One! Two!"

In the last words seemed a faint promise of mercy; alas, it was fallacious! Mr. Thomasson, the whip impending over him, had time to utter one cry—no more. Then the landlord's new cutting whip, wielded by a vigorous hand, wound round the tenderest part of his legs—for at the critical instant Mr. Dunborough dragged him from the wall—and with a gasping shriek of pain, pain such as he had not felt since boyhood, Mr. Thomasson leaped into the air. Next he strove frantically to throw himself down; but, struggle as he might, pour forth screams, prayers, execrations, as he might, all was vain. The hour of requital had come. The cruel lash fell again and again, raising great wheals on his pampered body. Now he groveled on the floor, now he was plucked up again, now an ill directed cut marked his cheek. Twice the landlord, in pity and fear for the man's life, tried to catch Mr. Dunborough's arm and stay the punishment; William did the same—for ten seconds of this had filled the hall with staring servants. But Mr. Dunborough's whip and arm kept all at a distance, and it was not until a tender hearted housemaid ran in at the risk of her beauty, and clutched his wrist and hung on it, that he tossed the whip away, and allowed Thomasson to drop, a limp, moaning rag, on the floor.

"For shame!" the girl cried. "You blackguard! You cruel blackguard!"

"He is the blackguard, my dear!" the Hon. Mr. Dunborough answered, panting and good humored. "Bring me a tankard of something. And put that rubbish outside, landlord. He has had no more than he deserved, my dear."

Mr. Thomasson uttered a moan, and one of the men stooped over him and asked him if he could stand. He answered only by a second groan, and the man looked gravely at the landlord, who, recovered from the astonishment into which the fury of the assault had thrown him, turned his indignation on Mr. Dunborough.

"I am surprised at you, sir," he cried, rubbing his hands with vexation. "I did not think a gentleman in Sir George's company would act like this! In a respectable house, too! For shame, sir! Do some of you," he continued to the servants, "take the gentleman to his room and put him to bed. And softly with him, do you hear?"

"I think he has swooned," said the man, who had stooped over him.

The landlord wrung his hands again. "For shame, sir, for shame!" he said. "Stay, Charles; I'll fetch some brandy."

He bustled away to do so, and to acquaint Sir George, who through all—and from his open door he had gathered what was happening—had resolutely held aloof. As the landlord went out, he unconsciously evaded a person who entered at that moment from the street. The newcomer was Mr. Pomeroy. Ignorant of what had happened—for his companion's cries had not reached the stables—he advanced at his ease along the passage, and came with surprise on the group that filled the hall, which he had left empty; some bending over the prostrate man with lights, some muttering their pity or suggesting remedies, while others glanced askance at the victor, who, out of bravado rather than for any other reason, maintained his place at the foot of the stairs, and now and then called to them that they might rub him—they would not rub that off!

Mr. Pomeroy could not at first see the tutor, so thick was the press round him. When he did, and the thing that had happened burst on him, his face, gloomy before, grew black as a thunder cloud. He flung the nearest to either side that he might see the better, and as they recoiled, "Who has done this?" he cried, in a voice low yet harsh with rage. "Whose work is this?" And he turned himself looking from one to the other, and finding none to meet his eye.

Nor for a moment did any one answer him. The majority knew his reputation, and shrank panic stricken. At last this left him face to face with Mr. Dunborough, who, whatever his faults, was not a coward. "Whose work is it?" he answered, with haughty carelessness. "It is my work. Have you any fault to find with it?"

"Twenty, puppy!" the elder man retorted, almost foaming with rage. And then, "Have I said enough, or do you want me to say more?" he cried.

"Quite enough," Mr. Dunborough answered calmly. He had wreaked the worst of his rage on the unlucky tutor. "When you are sober I'll talk to you."

Mr. Pomeroy, with a frightful oath, cursed

his impudence. "I believe I have to pay you for more than this!" he panted. "Is it you who decoyed a girl from my house to-night?"

Mr. Dunborough laughed aloud. "No, but it was I who sent her there," he said. He had the advantage of knowledge. "And if I had brought her away again, it would have been nothing to you."

The answer staggered Bully Pomeroy in the midst of his rage. "Who are you?" he cried.

"Ask your friend there," Dunborough retorted, with disdain. "I've written my name on him. It should be pretty plain to read;" and he turned on his heel to go up stairs.

Pomeroy took two steps forward, laid his hand on the other's shoulder, and, big man as he was, turned him round. "Will you give me satisfaction?" he cried.

Dunborough's eyes met his. "So that is your tone, is it?" he said slowly; and he reached for the tankard of ale that had been brought to him, and that now stood on a chest at the foot of the stairs.

But Mr. Pomeroy's hand was on the pot first; in a second its contents were in Dunborough's face. "Now will you fight?" the other cried; and as if he knew his man, and that he had done enough, he turned his back on the stairs and went into the Yarmouth.

Two or three women screamed as they saw the liquor thrown, and a waiter ran for the landlord. A second drawer, more courageous, cried, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, for God's sake, gentlemen, don't!" and he threw himself between the younger man and the door of the room; but Dunborough, his face distorted by rage, took him by the shoulder and sent him spinning; then with an oath he followed the other into the Yarmouth and slammed the door in the faces of the crowd. They heard the key turned.

"My God!" the waiter who had interfered cried, his face white. "There will be murder done!" And he sped away for the kitchen poker. Another ran to seek the gentleman up stairs. The others drew round the door and stooped to listen; a moment, and the sound they feared penetrated the door—the grinding of steel, the trampling of leaping feet, with a yell and a taunting laugh. The sounds were too much for one of the men who heard them; he beat on the door with his fists. "Gentlemen!" he cried, his voice quavering, "for the Lord's sake, don't, gentlemen! Don't!" On which one of the women who had shrieked fell on the floor in wild hysterics.

That consummated the horror without the room, where lights shone on frightened faces. In the height of it the landlord and Sir George appeared on the scene together. The woman's screams were so violent that it was rather from the attitude of the group about the door than from anything which was said, that the two took in the position. The instant they did so Sir George signed to the servants to stand aside, and drew back to hurl himself against the door. A cry that the poker was come, and that with that they could burst the lock with ease, stayed him just in time; for as they went to adjust it between the lock and the jamb the nearest man cried, "Hush!" and raised his hand, and the door opened slowly inwards. On the threshold, supporting himself by the door, stood Mr. Dunborough. He looked at Sir George, his eyes furtive and full of a strange horror.

"He's got it!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "You had better get a surgeon. You'll bear me out," he continued, looking round helplessly, "he began it. He flung it in my face. By God!—it will go near to hanging me!"

Sir George and the landlord pushed by him hastily and went in. The room was gloomily lighted by one candle, burning on the high mantelshelf; the other lay overturned and extinguished among the folds of a table cloth which had been dragged to the floor with it. In a wooden chair sat Mr. Pomeroy, huddled chin to breast, his left hand pressed to his side, his right still resting on the hilt of his small sword. His face was the color of chalk, and a little froth stood on his lips; but his eyes, turned slightly upwards, still followed his rival with a baleful stare. Sir George marked the crimson stain on his lips, and raising his hand for silence—for the servants were beginning to crowd in with exclamations of horror—he knelt by the chair, ready to support him in case of need. "They are fetching a surgeon," he said. "He will be here in a minute."

Mr. Pomeroy's eyes left the door, through which Dunborough had disappeared, and for a few seconds dwelt unwinking on Sir George; but for a while he said nothing. At length, "Too late," he whispered. "The clumsy fool slipped, or I'd have gone through him. I'm done. Pay Tamplin—five pounds I owe him."

Soane saw that it was only a matter of minutes, and he signed to the landlord, who was beginning to lament, to be silent.

"If you can tell me where the girl is—in two words," he said gently, "will you try to do so?"

The dying man's eyes roved over the ring of faces. "I—don't know," he whispered, so faintly that Soane had to bring his ear very near his lips. "The parson—was to have got her to Tamplin's. He put

her in the wrong carriage. He's paid. And —I'm paid."

The small sword fell clinking to the floor. He drew himself up stiffly, pressing his hand more and more tightly to his side. For a second a look of horror—as if the consciousness of his position dawned on his brain—awoke in his eyes. Then he beat it down. "Tamplin's stanch!" he muttered. "I must stand by Tamplin. I owe——"

A gush of blood stopped his utterance. He gasped and without another word fell forward in Soane's arms. Bully Pomeroy had lost his last stake!

Not this time the spare thousands the old squire, good, saving man, had left on mortgage, nor the thousands he had raised himself for spendthrift uses; not the old oaks his great grandsire planted to celebrate his majesty's glorious restoration, nor the Lelys and Knellers that great grandsire's son, shrewd old connoisseur, commissioned; not, this time, the few hundreds squeezed from charge and jointure, or wrung from the unwilling friends—but life; life, and who shall say what besides?

XXXIII.

Mr. Thomasson—to go back a little in point of time—was mistaken in supposing that it was the jerk caused by the horses' start which drew from Julia the scream he heard as the carriage bounded forward and whirled away into the night. The girl, indeed, was in no mood to be lightly scared; she had gone through too much. But as she sank back on the seat, at the moment that the horses plunged forward, her hand, extended to save herself, touched another hand; and the sudden contact in the dark, with the discovery that she was not alone in the carriage, and all the possibilities this fact conjured up, drew from her an involuntary cry.

The answer, as she recoiled, was a sound between a sigh and a grunt, followed by silence. The coachman had got the horses in hand by this time, and was driving slowly; perhaps he expected to be stopped. She sat as far into the corner as she could, listening and staring, enraged rather than frightened. The lamps shed no light on the interior of the carriage; she had to trust entirely to her ears, and, gradually mingling with the roll of the wheels, there stole on her senses a sound the least expected in the world—a snore!

Therewith she stretched out a hand and touched a sleeve, a man's sleeve, and at that, remembering how she had sat and feared Mr. Thomasson before she knew who he was, she gave herself entirely to anger.

"Who is it?" she cried sharply. "What are you doing here?"

The snoring ceased, the man turned himself in his corner. "Are we there?" he murmured drowsily, and, before she could answer, slept again.

The absurdity of the position pricked her. Was she always to be traveling in dark carriages beside men who mocked her? In her impatience she shook the man violently.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" she cried again.

The unseen roused himself. "Eh?" he exclaimed. "Who—who spoke? I—oh, dear, dear, I must have been dreaming! I thought I heard——"

"Mr. Fishwick!" she cried, and her voice broke between tears and laughter. "Mr. Fishwick!" And she stretched out her hands and found his, and shook and held them in her joy.

The lawyer heard and felt; but, newly roused from sleep, unable to see her, unable to understand how she came to be there, by his side in the post chaise, he shrank from her. He was dumfounded. His mind ran on ghosts and voices; he was not to be satisfied until he had stopped the carriage, and with trembling fingers brought a lamp, that he might see her with his eyes. That done, the little attorney fairly wept for joy.

"That I should be the one to find you!" he cried. "That I should be the one to bring you back! Even now I can hardly believe that you are here! Where have you been, child? Lord bless us, we have seen strange things!"

"It was Mr. Dunborough!" she cried.

"I know, I know," he said. "He is behind us with Sir George Soane. Sir George and I followed you. We met him, and Sir George compelled him to accompany us."

"Compelled him?" she said.

"Aye, with a pistol to his head," quoth the lawyer, and chuckled and leaped in his seat—for he had reëntered the carriage—at the remembrance. "Oh, Lord, I declare I have lived a year in the last two days! And to think that I should be the one to bring you back!" he repeated. "But there, what happened to you? I know that they set you down in the road. We learned that at Bristol this afternoon from the villains who carried you off."

She told him how they had found Mr. Pomeroy's house and taken shelter there, and——

"You have been there until now?" he said, in amazement. "At a gentleman's house? But did you not think, child, that we should be anxious? Were there no horses? Didn't you think of sending word to Marlborough?"

"He was a villain," she answered, shuddering. Brave as she was, Mr. Pomeroy had succeeded in frightening her. "He would not let me go. And if Mr. Thomasson had not stolen the key of the room and released me, and brought me to the gate tonight, and put me in with you——"

"But how did he know that I was passing?" Mr. Fishwick asked, thrusting back his wig and rubbing his head in perplexity.

"I don't know," she said. "He only told me that he would have a carriage waiting at the gate."

"And why did he not come away with you?"

"He said—I think he said he was under obligations to Mr. Pomeroy."

"Pomeroy? Pomeroy?" the lawyer repeated slowly. "But sure, my dear, with the clergyman with you, you should have been safe. This Mr. Pomeroy was not in the same case as Mr. Dunborough. He could not have been deep in love after knowing you a dozen hours."

"I think," she said—but mechanically and as if her mind were running on something else—"that he knew who I was, and wished to make me marry him."

"Who you were?" Mr. Fishwick repeated; and—and he groaned.

The sudden check was strange. Julia should have remarked it. But she did not; and after a short silence, "How could he know?" Mr. Fishwick asked faintly.

"I don't know," she answered, in the same absent manner; and then, with an effort which was apparent in her tone, "Lord Almeric Doyley was there," she said.

"Ah!" the lawyer replied, accepting the fact with remarkable apathy. Perhaps his thoughts also were far away. "He was there, was he?"

"Yes," she said. "He was there, and he——" and then in a changed tone, almost harsh, "Did you say that Sir George was behind us?"

"He should be," he answered; and, occupied as she was with her own trouble, she was struck with the gloom of the attorney's tone. "It was arranged," he continued, "as soon as we learned where the men had left you, that I should start for Calne and make inquiries there, and they should start an hour later for Chippenham and do the same there. Which reminds me that we should be nearing Calne by this time. You would like to rest there?"

"I would rather go on to Marlborough," she answered feverishly—"if you could send to Chippenham to tell them I am safe? I would rather go back at once, and quietly."

"To be sure," he said, patting her hand. "To be sure, to be sure," he repeated, his voice shaking as if he had to struggle with some emotion. "You'll be glad to be with—with your mother."

Julia wondered a little at his tone, but in the main he had described her feelings. She had gone through so many things that, courageous as she was, she longed for nothing so much as a little rest and a little time to think. She assented in silence therefore, and, wonderful to relate, he fell silent also, and remained so until they reached Calne. There the inn was roused; a messenger was despatched to Chippenham; and while a relay of horses was prepared, he made her enter the house, and eat and drink. Had he stayed at that, and preserved when he re-entered the carriage the same discreet silence he had before maintained, it is probable that she would have fallen asleep in sheer weariness, and perforce deferred to the calmer hours of the morning the problems that occupied her. But as they settled themselves in their corners, and the carriage rolled over Comberford bridge, the attorney muttered that he did not doubt Sir George would be at Marlborough to breakfast. This set the girl's mind running. She moved restlessly, and presently, "When did you hear what had happened to me?" she asked.

"A few minutes after you were driven away," he answered. "But until Sir George appeared, some quarter of an hour later, nothing was done."

"And he started in pursuit?" To hear it gave her a delicious thrill between pain and pleasure.

"Well, at first—to confess the truth," Mr. Fishwick answered humbly, "I thought it was his doing, and——"

"You did?" she cried in surprise.

"Yes, I did; even I did. And until we met Mr. Dunborough, and Sir George got the truth from him, I had no certainty. More shame to me!"

She bit her lips to keep back the confession that rose to them, and for a little while was silent; then, to his astonishment, "Will he ever forgive me?" she cried, her voice tremulous. "How shall I tell him? I was mad—I must have been mad!"

"My dear child," the attorney answered in alarm, "compose yourself. What is it? What is the matter?"

"I, too, thought it was he! I, even I. I thought that he wanted to rid himself of me," she cried, pouring forth her confession in shame and abasement. "There! I can hardly bear to tell you in the dark, and how shall I tell him?"

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Fishwick answered.

"What need to tell any one? Thoughts are free."

"Oh, but"—she laughed hysterically—"I was not free, and I—what do you think I did?" She was growing more and more excited.

"Tut, tut!" the lawyer said again, still more lightly. "What matter?"

"I promised to marry some one else."

"Good Lord!" he said. The words were forced from him.

"Some one else!" she repeated. "I was asked to be my lady, and it tempted me! Think! It tempted me," she continued with a second laugh, bitterly contemptuous. "Oh, what a worm, what a thing, I am, Mr. Fishwick! It tempted me. To be my lady, and to have my jewels, and to go to the Ranelagh and the masquerades! To have my box at the King's House, and my frolic in the Pit! And my woman as ugly as I liked—if he might have my lips! Think of it, man, think of it! That any one should be so low! Or, no, no, no!" she cried in a different tone. "Don't believe me! I am not that! I am not so vile! But I thought he had tricked me, I thought he had cheated me, I thought that this was his work, and I was mad! I think I was mad!"

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Fishwick, rubbing his head. His tone was sympathetic, yet, strange to relate, there was no real smack of sorrow in it. Nay, an acute ear might have caught a note of relief, of hope, almost of eagerness. "Dear me, to be sure!" he continued. "I suppose—it was Lord Almeric Doyley, the nobleman I saw at Oxford?"

"Yes!"

"And you don't know what to do, child?"

"To do?" she exclaimed.

"Which—I mean which you shall accept. Really," Mr. Fishwick continued, his brain succumbing to a kind of vertigo as he caught himself balancing the pretensions of Sir George and Lord Almeric, "it is a very remarkable position for any young lady, however born. Such a choice——"

"Choice?" she cried fiercely, out of the darkness. "There is no choice. Don't you understand? I told him no, no, no, a thousand times no!"

Mr. Fishwick sighed. "But I understood you to say," he answered meekly, "that you did not know what to do."

"How to tell him! How to tell him, man!"

Mr. Fishwick was silent a moment. Then he said earnestly, "I would not tell him. Take my advice, child. No harm has been done. You said no to the other."

"I said yes," she retorted.

"But I thought——"

"And then I said no," she cried, between tears and foolish laughter. "Cannot you understand?"

Mr. Fishwick could not; but, "Any way, do not tell him," he said. "There is no need, and before marriage men think much of that at which they laugh afterwards."

"And much of a woman of whom they think nothing afterwards," she answered with scorn.

"Yet do not tell him," he pleaded, and from the sound of his voice she knew that he was leaning forwards; "or, at least, wait. Wait, child, take the advice of one older than you, who knows the world, and wait."

"And talk to him, listen to him, smile on his suit with a lie in my heart? Never!" she cried. Then, with a new, strange pride, the slightest touch of stateliness in her tone, "You forget who I am, Mr. Fishwick," she said. "I am as much a Soane as he is, and it becomes me to—to remember that. Believe me, I would far rather give up the hope of entering his house—though I love him—than enter it with a secret in my heart."

Mr. Fishwick groaned. In silence he told himself that this would be the last straw. This would give Sir George the handle he needed. She would never enter that house.

"I have not been true to him," she said. "Unwittingly; but I will be true now."

"The truth is—is very costly." Mr. Fishwick murmured, almost under his breath. "I don't know that poor men can always afford it, child."

"For shame!" she said. "But there," she continued warmly, "I know you do not mean it. I know that what you bid me do you would not do yourself. Would you have sold my cause and the truth for thousands? If Sir George had come to you to bribe you, would you have taken anything? Any sum, however large? I know you would not. You are an honest man."

The honest man was silent a while. Presently he looked out. The moon had risen over Savernake; by its light he saw that they were passing Manton. In the vale on the right the tower of Preshute Church, lifting its head from a dark bower of trees, spoke a solemn language, seconding hers. "God bless you!" he said, in a low voice. "God bless you."

A minute later the horses swerved to the right, and half a dozen lights keeping vigil in the Castle Inn gleamed out along the dark front. The post chaise rolled across the open and drew up before the door. Julia's strange journey was over. Had she known all as she stepped from the carriage the memories at which she shuddered must have worn a darker hue; but it was not until a comparatively late hour of the fol-

lowing morning that even the lawyer learned what had happened at Chippenham.

XXXIV.

When the lawyer entered the Mastersons' room next morning and Mrs. Masterson saw him, she held up her hands in dismay. "Lord's sakes, Mr. Fishwick!" the good woman cried. "Why, you are the ghost of yourself! Adventuring does not suit you, that's certain. But I don't wonder. I am sure I have not slept a wink these three nights that I have not dreamt of Bessy Canning and that horrid old Squires; which she did it without a doubt. Don't go to say you've bad news this morning."

She was so far in the right that Mr. Fishwick looked wofully depressed. The night's sleep, which had restored the roses to Julia's cheeks and the light to her eyes, had done nothing for him; or perhaps he had not slept. His eyes avoided the girl's. "I've no news this morning," he said awkwardly; "and yet I have news."

"Bad?" the girl said, nodding her comprehension, and her color slowly faded.

"Bad," he said gravely, looking down at the table.

She took her foster mother's hand in hers and patted it reassuringly; they were sitting side by side. The elder woman, whose face was still furrowed by the tears she had shed in her bereavement, began to tremble. "Tell us," the girl said bravely.

"God help me!" Mr. Fishwick answered, his own face quivering. "I don't know how I shall tell you. But I must." Then, in a voice harsh with pain, "Child, I have made a mistake," he cried. "I am wrong, I was wrong, I have been wrong from the beginning. God help me! And God help us all!"

The elder woman broke into frightened weeping. The younger grew paler; grew in a moment white to the lips. Still her eyes met his unflinchingly. "Is it—about my birth?" she whispered.

"Yes. Oh, my dear, will you ever forgive me?"

"I am not Julia Soane? Is that it?"

He shook his head.

"Not a Soane—at all?"

"No; God forgive me, no!"

She continued to hold the weeping woman's hand in hers, and to look at him; but for a long minute she seemed not even to breathe. Then in a voice that, notwithstanding the effort she made, sounded harsh in his ears, "Tell me all," she muttered. "I suppose—you have found something!"

"I have," he said. He looked old and worn and shabby; and was at once the surest and the saddest corroboration of his own tidings. "I have found, by accident, in a church at Bristol, the death certificate of the—of the child."

"Julia Soane?"

"Yes."

"But then—who am I?" she cried, her eyes growing wild. The world was turning, turning with her.

"Her husband," he answered, nodding towards Mrs. Masterson, "adopted a child in place of the dead one, and said nothing. Whether he intended to pass it off for the child intrusted to him, I don't know. He never made any attempt to do so. Perhaps," the lawyer continued drearily, "he had it in his mind, and when the time came his heart failed him."

"And I am that child?"

Mr. Fishwick looked away guiltily, passing his tongue over his lips. He was the picture of shame and remorse. "Yes," he said. "Your father and mother were French. He was a teacher of French at Bristol, his wife French from Canterbury. No relations are known."

"My name?" she asked, smiling piteously.

"Paré," he said, spelling it; and he added, "They call it Parry."

She looked round the room in a kind of terror, not unmixed with wonder. To that room they had retired to review their plans on their first arrival at the Castle Inn, when all smiled on them. Thither they had fled for refuge after the brush with Lady Dunborough, and the rencontre with Sir George. To that room she had betaken herself in the first flush and triumph of Sir George's suit; and there, surrounded by the same objects on which she now gazed, she had sat, rapt in rosy visions, through the livelong day preceding her abduction. Then she had been a gentlewoman, an heiress, the bride in prospect of a gallant gentleman. Now?

What wonder that, as she looked in dumb misery, recognizing these things, her eyes grew wild again; or that the shrinking lawyer expected an outburst? It came, but from another quarter. The old woman rose and pointed a palsied finger at him. "Yo' eat your words!" she said. "Yo' eat your words and seem to like them! But didn't you tell me no farther back than this day five weeks that the law was clear? Didn't you tell me it was certain? You tell me that!"

"I did. God forgive me!" Mr. Fishwick murmured, from the depths of his abasement.

"Didn't yo' tell me fifty times, and fifty times to that, that the case was clear?" the old woman continued relentlessly. "That

there were thousands and thousands to be had for the asking? And her right besides, that no one could cheat her of, no more than they could me of the things my man left me?"

"I did, God forgive me!" the lawyer said.

"But yo' did cheat me!" she continued, with quavering insistence, her withered face faintly pink. "Where is the home you ha' broken up? Where are the things my man left me? Where's the bit that should ha' kept me from the parish? Where's the fifty two pounds you sold all for and ha' spent on us, living where's no place for us, at our betters' table? You ha' broken my heart! You ha' laid up sorrow and suffering for the girl that is dearer to me than my heart. You ha' done all that, and you can come to me smoothly and tell me you ha' made a mistake! You are a rogue, and, what maybe is worse, I mistrust me you are a fool!"

"Mother! Mother!" the girl cried.

"He is a fool," the old woman repeated, eying him with dreadful sternness; "or he would ha' kept his mistake to himself. Who knows of it? Or why should he be telling them? 'Tis for them to find out, not for him! You call yourself a lawyer? You are a fool;" and she sat down in a palsy of senile passion. "You are a fool! And you ha' ruined us!"

Mr. Fishwick groaned, but made no reply. He had not the spirit to defend himself. But Julia, as if all she had gone through since the day of her reputed father's death had led her to this point only that she might show the stuff of which she was wrought, rose to the emergency.

"Mother," she said firmly, her hand resting on the older woman's shoulder, "you are wrong. You are quite wrong. He would have ruined us indeed, he would have ruined us hopelessly and forever, if he had kept silence! He has never been so good a friend to us as he has shown himself today, and I thank him for his courage. And I honor him!" She held out her hand to Mr. Fishwick, who, having pressed it, his face working ominously, retired hastily to the window.

"But, my deary, what will you do?" Mrs. Masterson cried peevishly.

"What I should have done if we had never made this mistake," Julia answered bravely, though her lip trembled and her face was white, and in her heart she knew that hers was but a mockery of courage, that must fail her the moment she was alone. "We are but fifty pounds worse than we were."

"Fifty pounds!" the old woman cried aghast. "You talk easily of fifty pounds. And, Lord knows, it is soon spent here. But where will you get another."

"Well, well!" the girl answered patiently, "that is true. Yet we must make the best of it. Let us make the best of it," she continued, appealing to them bravely, yet with tears in her voice. "We are all losers together. Let us bear it together. I have lost most," she continued, her voice trembling. Fifty pounds? Oh, God! what was fifty pounds to what she had lost? "But perhaps I deserve it. I was too ready to leave you, mother. I was too ready to—to take up with new things and—and richer things, and forget those who had been kin to me and kind to me all my life. Perhaps this is my punishment. You have lost your all, but that we will get again. And our friend here—he, too, has lost."

Mr. Fishwick, standing dogged and downcast by the window, did not say what he had lost, but his thoughts went to his old mother at Wallingford and the empty stocking, and the weekly letters he had sent her for a month past, letters full of his golden prospects, and the great case of Soane *v.* Soane, and the great things that were to come of it. What a home coming was in store for him now, his last guinea spent, his hopes wrecked, and Wallingford to be faced!

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Masterson sobbed querulously, or now and again uttered a wailing complaint: the other two stood sunk in bitter retrospect. Presently, "What must we do?" Julia asked in a faint voice. "I mean, what step must we take? Will you let them know?"

"I will see them," Mr. Fishwick answered, wincing at the note of pain in her voice. "I—I was sent for this morning, for twelve o'clock. It is quarter to eleven now."

She looked at him, startled, a spot of red in each cheek. "We must go away," she said hurriedly, "while we have money. Can we do better than go back to Oxford?"

The attorney felt sure that at the worst Sir George would do something for her: that Mrs. Masterson need not lament for her fifty pounds. But he had the delicacy to ignore this. "I don't know," he said mournfully. "I dare not advise. You'd be sorry, Miss Julia, and any one would who knew what I have gone through. I've suffered—I can't tell you what I have suffered. I shall never have any opinion of myself again. Never!"

Julia sighed. "We have got to cut a month out of our lives," she murmured. But it was something else she meant—a month out of her heart.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE STAGE

A PAST MASTER IN HIGHER BURLESQUE.

Charles J. Ross has been an indispensable factor in securing the vogue attained by the Weber & Fields company of burlesquers. He plays the Faversham-Sothern-Gillette rôles, and many a spectator has come out of the theater asking himself why so clever a man should not have turned his attention to the legitimate. Endowed with an admirable stage presence, Mr. Ross possesses in addition a really artistic instinct which keeps him from overacting—a temptation almost impossible to resist in his line of work. His voice is pliable to a marvelous degree; in "Pousse Café" its likeness to that of Sothern as *Lord Chumley* is almost startling. And yet the resemblance to Gillette's tones, in "Secret Servants," was almost as striking. In brief, Ross is so skilled in assuming various leading parts in travesties of the legitimate that one is astonished to learn that his training has all been received in the variety theaters, to which he passed direct from the race track.

In 1885 he was attending as a guest a

CHARLES J. ROSS IN "THE GEEZER," A TRAVESTY ON "THE GEISHA."
From a photograph by Hall, New York.

GEORGE ALEXANDER AS SIR GEORGE LAMORANT, BART., IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

"sociable" of the New York Elks when he was unexpectedly called upon to contribute to the entertainment of the evening.

"I hesitated," he says, in describing the occasion, "but the sergeant at arms did his duty, and I soon found myself before my first New York audience. I told stories, imitated actors, and did some other things."

He was engaged forthwith for a week at Miner's Bowery Theater, and thus began a new career, which the next year took him West and gave him a thorough schooling in a wide range of his art, all the way from "nigger" acts to glove fights. At Deadwood he met Mabel Fenton, and, to quote again from his own words, "four days after our meeting we were married. Lucky me!" The two have stuck together ever since, not only as husband and wife, but as a "team," Mabel Fenton now playing opposite to Ross in all the Weber & Fields travesties. Her imitation of Mrs. Fiske in "Tess of the Weberfields" was a classic in its way, and as *Yvonne* in "The Con-curers" her work was capital.

A CAREER OF SUCCESSES.

Membership in a boat club seems an unlikely gateway through which to enter the theatrical profession, but it served this pur-

DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "PHŒBE" IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

CISSIE LOFTUS, FAMOUS IN THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS FOR HER IMITATIONS OF WELL KNOWN ACTORS.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

pose for George Alexander, who, as the manager of the St. James Theater, ranks close to Irving in the dramatic world of London. The son of a Scotch manufacturer, he first turned his attention to the study of medicine in Edinburgh, but gave it up, and seeking out London, procured a position in a business house. As a means of diversion he joined the Thames Rowing Club, and acted in the amateur performances the club gave during the off boating season. He made such a hit in "The Critic" that there was no resisting the temptation to step from the amateur to the professional stage.

In two years he came to the notice of Henry Irving, who engaged him for the Lyceum, where he first appeared in 1881 as *Caleb Deecie* in "The Two Roses." Twice he accompanied Mr. Irving to America, in 1883 and 1887, and, after a noteworthy success at the Lyceum in 1889 as *Macduff*, young Alexander determined to become a manager as well as an actor. He was then just over thirty. "Dr. Bill," at the Avenue Theater, was the first hit of his new departure. Then, while "Sunlight and Shadow" was running, he transferred it to the St. James, where he speedily secured the most fashionable following in London. Here he brought out and acted in "The Idler," "Lady Windermere's

FRANK R. MILLS, WHO RECENTLY PLAYED OPPOSITE PARTS TO ANNIE RUSSELL IN LONDON.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Fan," "Liberty Hall," and "The Masqueraders," to say nothing of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which startled London by its boldness and sent the name of Mrs. Patrick Campbell thrilling over the Atlantic cable.

It was Mr. Alexander who first produced "The Prisoner of Zenda" in England, himself enacting the rôle created by E. H. Sothern. Latterly he has turned to Shakspere, his revivals of "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" winning high praise, especially for the splendor of their mounting. Last season he staged "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "The Tree of Knowledge." His latest success is "The Ambassador," which followed "The Conquerors," wherein Mr. Alexander played the part filled here by Faversham. His leading woman is now Fay Davis, the Boston girl who, only a few years ago, was struggling in London against apparently hopeless odds.

Both Mr. Alexander and his wife move in English society, where they are general favorites. An American tour of the St. James company has been talked of, but not as yet definitely settled upon.

ENGLAND'S FIRST "TRILBY."

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the leading rôles of two successful plays made from English novels, and first produced in America, were created by a man and woman who afterwards became husband and wife. We refer, of course, to E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned, the plays being "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Trilby." Marriage, too, fell to the portion of the English *Trilby*, Dorothea Baird, of whom we print a portrait.

She was quite unknown when she wrote to Mr. Du Maurier, asking for the part. The

IRENE HAYMAN, AS "DAISY VANE" IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

famous novelist went to call upon her, taking Mr. Tree with him, and her resemblance to the character as it existed in the author's mind, caused her to be engaged upon the spot. She made a big hit, and in 1896 married Sir Henry Irving's eldest son, Henry B., who was *Hentzau* in the St. James' production of "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is a regular member of George Alexander's stock company. Miss Baird, who was also on its roster, has lately joined the Irving forces at the Lyceum as understudy to Ellen Terry.

VIOLA ALLEN, WHO IS ABOUT TO CREATE THE PART OF "GLORY" IN "THE CHRISTIAN."
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

A YOUTHFUL FAVORITE IN THE LONDON "HALLS."

The name Loftus occurs twice in the music hall world of London, belonging not to two sisters, but to mother and daughter. Our portrait is of the daughter, Cissie, who went on the variety stage when still in her teens and captured it at once by her imitations of actors. She captured something else, too, nothing less than the heart of a critic who was sent to write about her. This was Justin Huntley McCarthy, son of the noted Irish writer and M. P. Young McCarthy was so much infatuated that a romantic elopement, instead of a prosaic announcement, preceded the marriage. Miss Loftus did not leave the stage, and her husband accompanied her on her tour to America, which her mother, Marie Loftus, has visited since.

At the present writing Cissie Loftus is appearing at the London Alhambra, where her latest imitations are of Dan Daly and Edna May in "The Belle of New York." She regards her travesty on Yvette Guilbert as one of her most successful efforts. Sarah Bernhardt and Hayden Coffin are among her other selections.

HOW FRANK MILLS WAS TRAINED.

When Annie Russell played "Dangerfield, '95" in front of "Oh, Susannah!" last

spring, Frank Mills made many friends for himself in the name part. After "Dangerfield" he went to London with the "Heart of Maryland" company as *Lieutenant Telfair*, created by Cyril Scott.

in Charles Frohman's road company presenting "Sowing the Wind." Later he was with Mrs. Fiske, playing the priest in "The Queen of Liars," but it was his work in "Cæsarine" that prompted Daniel Frohman

DOROTHY SHERROD, LEADING WOMAN OF THE TIM MURPHY COMPANY.
From her latest photograph by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.

Mr. Mills is a Michigan boy who went to Chicago and paid a dramatic agency to get him an opening somewhere—anywhere. It was "anywhere" with a vengeance—a party of "barnstormers" traveling through Nebraska and adjacent States. Strange experiences befell the young man in his novel environment, but out of them all he drew that which built him up in his chosen calling, fitting him for the next step in it, which was a part

to offer him a New York engagement at the Lyceum, where he made an excellent start in "The Courtship of Leonie," and last winter took an important part in "The Tree of Knowledge."

"NATHAN HALE," ITS CRITICS, AND CRITICS IN GENERAL.

If Nat Goodwin had any doubts about the ability of "Nathan Hale" to carry him

NAT GOODWIN AND MAXINE ELLIOTT IN THE SCHOOLROOM SCENE FROM "NATHAN HALE."
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

through his next season, after his test of it in Chicago last winter, they must have been set at rest by the breaking out of the war. For while the Fitch play is not an out and out war drama, patriotism is its underlying motive, and the fact that it was first produced in time of peace robs it of any suspicion of seeking to trade on the sentiments of the hour. It was half a month before the Maine episode that the Chicago *Tribune*, reviewing the first performance, remarked: "Here we have an American play, produced by an American actor, upon a subject of vital interest to America; granted an almost faultless rendering, and such an event could not fail to awaken great interest and arouse an enthusiasm in national drama. From start to finish there was no shadow of disappointment, not a show of disapprobation."

Further on this same writer declares that the author takes great liberties with the intelligence of his audience and throws common sense to the winds. "The first act," he goes on to assert, "like all prologues, is rather an inauspicious opening, and the third is about as ridiculous as any melodrama could be."

"The second act tarries too long in the twilight of action," was the opinion of the *News*. "There is little concise conversation or natural development of plot, and there is not a brilliantly drawn character in the play."

So much for the critical viewpoint last February, which it may be interesting to compare with what the New York papers

MABELLE GILLMAN, OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

say when the piece is put on at the Knickerbocker. As we remarked in this place in May, Chicago audiences liked "Nathan Hale," and now, if it goes in the metropolis, and Gotham critics agree with their brothers in the West, it will only further emphasize the fact that in any sort of play the people care more for effectiveness of situation than for logic of plot. Sometimes both may be happily combined; more often they are divorced, and when logic preponderates over situation the play fails. The theater is a place of recreation, else why are its announcements printed under the head of "amusements"? And the keenest enjoyment for the masses is that which thrills first and edifies afterward, if at all.

Perhaps Max Beerbohm, the London litterateur, who has recently become dramatic man on the *Saturday Review*, may accommodate the public by judging of plays from some other standpoint than their artistic value, for he frankly announces that he could not be called upon to write on any subject of which he was more absolutely ignorant. He adds that he knows nothing about actors, which differentiates him considerably from his American confrères, who are too apt to have their special favorites and pet aversions behind the footlights; but he is like them in one point, if we may believe his statement that he does not like to go to the theater.

The bored look on the faces of the men who next day may make or mar his career must be the greatest of the many trials that confront an actor on a first night. Whether this contempt for the playhouse as a place of entertainment is real or assumed, its existence is to be deplored. The broker does not dread his office, nor the merchant his salesroom. Is it sufficient reason for the dramatic critic's loathing of the orchestra chair that the place of his work is commonly regarded as an abode of pleasure?

POINTS ABOUT "THE CHRISTIAN" AS A PLAY.

Viola Allen spent about a month during the summer visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine at their home, Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man. Author and player thus enjoyed a capital opportunity to study together on the dramatized form of "The Christian," which will present several departures from the novel. *John Storm*, for one thing, will not be so much of a fanatic, and the vagaries of *Canon Wealthy* will be treated more from the humorous side.

The great situation is at the close of the fourth act, in *Glory's* apartments, where *Storm*, temporarily bereft of reason, comes to kill her. This will culminate in the play in an altogether different way from that indicated in the book. *Glory's* friends appear, and after she is left alone again the curtain falls on an interpolated scene, which—as it reads, at least—is strongly effective in itself, and gains additional pathos from all that has gone before.

Miss Allen's conception of *Glory* will be awaited with an interest second to none. The character is quite unlike any she has played. On the emotional side the public know what to expect from her, but just this was the player's plaint while under other management. She had no opportunity to wear the mask of humor. In *Glory Quayle* sunlight and shadow alternate rapidly and vividly; hence the artist who makes the part her own achieves with it what it might otherwise require an entire career to compass.

CONTRASTS IN LONDON MUSICAL COMEDIES.

Change of bill at the two London houses furnishing light musical comedy (Daly's and the Gaiety) occurred almost simultaneously, after they had run one into the third and the other into the second year, with "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl," respectively. "A Greek Slave," the new offering at Daly's, is by the men who fathered "An Artist's Model" and "The Geisha," and from reports we should put it down as greatly superior to the former, and not so good as the latter. Hayden Coffin has the title part, and the rôle for James Powers, in the event of Mr. Daly bringing out the piece in New York, would be that of a wizard. The scene is in Rome, the period about A. D. 90, and without doubt the whole thing was planned with a view to gorgeous mounting.

Some of the London critics appear to think that "A Greek Slave" is too ambitious for the line of work it represents. One of them, for instance, remarks:

> Imagine, if you can, a pack of bluestockings in a musical piece intended to appeal to our senses and aid our digestion—and I hold that such entertainments have no higher mission. Where are we trending when such a passage as this meets your eye on opening the "book of words" at Daly's:
>
> IRIS. He warbled a plaintive rondo—
> of *brekekekex koax!*
> CHORUS. *Koax!*

The Japanese of "The Geisha" was all very well, because we knew it to be without design, and were willing to include it in the delighted awe with which we accept the Japanese costume, fan, and umbrella, but here we have a distinct attempt to waft the musty odors of the school across the footlights, and I am wondering if, with the next book, we shall require a glossary.

"A Runaway Girl," the new Gaiety piece, is frankly light throughout, and seems to have won universal favor. The low comedy

rôle is that of a jockey masquerading as a courier, and the picturesque element is abundantly supplied by the introduction of the carnival. It will be interesting to compare the American with the English verdict on both these pieces.

We print a portrait of Mabelle Gillman, a member of Augustin Daly's musical forces, who has done yeoman service in "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl." She understudied Virginia Earl in both, and frequently played the part, and excellently well, too. In "The Circus Girl" she was also *Lucille*, the slack wire walker, and carried off the pantomime scenes with all the spirit and promptness so necessary to their success. It is quite apparent that she loves her work and throws her whole soul into it. She has been happily supplied with opportunities to show what she can do, and if the exuberance of youth does not turn her head, she will no doubt attain the ranking that rewards those who supplement the favors of fortune with studious application.

OPERA BY THE QUANTITY.

The opening of the second season of the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theater, September 12, with "Boccaccio," gives New Yorkers another opportunity to enjoy a wide variety of operas well presented at reasonable prices. During the first season, extending from Christmas Day until June 25, twenty three different works were performed, and an enormous hit was made by a feature common to all of them—the chorus. This is no disparagement to the soloists, many of whom have become stanch favorites in the metropolis.

Apropos of the number of different operas produced within a given period, Berlin and Vienna are far ahead of all other cities in that respect, Paris falling clear behind, as is shown by the comparative grand opera table for the three capitals, reprinted by *Le Monde Artiste*, of Paris, from *Trovatore*, the Italian musical journal. During the year 1897 the list for Berlin was 54; for Vienna, 53; for Paris, 16. In Berlin no one work appears to have been the favorite, "Tannhäuser," "Mignon," and "Hänsel und Gretel" leading with seventeen performances each. In Vienna the favorite (to quote the French name) was an opera unknown here, "La Fiancée Vendue," by Smetana. Far ahead of all the others in Paris was "Faust," performed thirty times against twenty two for "Huguenots," next in order. We may add that in Berlin second place was divided between "Lohengrin" and Puccini's "La Bohême," which made a favorable impression when produced by the Italian company at Wallack's last spring, and which has recently scored a hit at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

Sardou's "Fedora" has been set to music and is to be performed for the first time during this month of September in Milan. The composer is Umberto Giordano, whose "André Chenier" made such a success not long since. The story of "Fedora" has been compressed into three acts, whose combined length is not quite seventy minutes. This should result in giving only the most vivid points, and in the growing restlessness of audiences, the example is worth following.

* * * *

The summer brought forth a marvelous thing—a number of real worth on a roof garden program. As might have been expected, the management put it forward in fear and trembling under the guise of a "trial performance." It was so entirely different from the senseless "specialties" (save the mark) that make up the usual aerial bill, that their suspicions were aroused. But "The Origin of the Cake Walk" was heartily welcomed as having in it the refreshing influences hitherto imparted in these retreats by the breezes only. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the well known colored poet, is the author of the sketch, which is neatly interpreted by some forty genuine "darkies." The piece lasts something over half an hour, and is put together with a crudeness that carries with it the conviction of originality. If some smart Aleck of a manager does not take all the blood and sinew out of the affair in an attempt to inject more "business" into it, there is a strong chance that it may pass from being the chief feature of "Rice's Summer Nights" to a place in the entertainment provided for the public at large in winter ones.

* * * *

The recurrence of the roof garden season draws fresh attention to the enormity which may be phrased into "three appearances make one turn." No matter how faint the applause, nor how insistent with meaning the utter absence of it, the performer on the modern variety stage must needs go through the mummery of punctuating each song or dance or other rendering with a transparently insincere attempt to quit the scene. Of course it is so nominated in the bond, and our quarrel is not with the luckless actor, but with the short sighted manager, who thus increases the quantity of his bill at an appalling expense of quality. Naturally he saves his best numbers for the last, and very often it happens that by this time the hour is so late that the spectators begin to disperse at the point in the program when they might otherwise enjoy themselves most.

SOME SOCIAL PESTS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A brief and amusing series of sketches of certain obnoxious creatures who are common—much too common—in various strata of contemporary American society.

I.—THE ANECDOTAL BORE.

His tiresome stories have neither point nor purpose save to gratify his own vanity.

There is no community in the world that does not produce its own variety of anecdotal bore—no village so small, no city so large, that he cannot be found within its confines. The bucolic anecdotal bore is generally rich in reminiscence of marvelously cold winters and hot summers, and has a mind well stored with narratives of the chase. His story of how he killed the fox "daown in Widder Johnson's medder" or "snaked the four paound pick'rel aouten Lige Larrabee's mill pond" has been told at least five times to everybody in his native county who has patience enough to listen to it, and is sprung upon every stranger who enters the village within an hour after his arrival.

In the larger towns we encounter a fine variety of the same species in the person of the young man who has marvelous tales to tell of his exploits in New York when he last visited the metropolis; but it is not until we reach more pretentious and exalted grades of society that we encounter the anecdotal bore in his finest flower and fullest vigor. It is a noteworthy fact that the air of Boston seems better suited to his development than that of New York, for in the latter city people are in too much of a hurry to listen to him. Moreover, the anecdotal bore of this lusty brand fattens best on a diet of celebrities, and Boston has ten times as many celebrities to the acre as New York, and all of them are accessible to the plainest citizen. They are a staff of life to the anecdotal bore, for he finds in them material for most of his fiction.

In order to be a successful bore, one must possess certain attributes of an imposing nature. Age is of great assistance to him, but a young man with an abnormally solemn cast of countenance is often found to be as deadly a foe to enjoyment as the verbose veteran who sits intrenched behind a pair of long gray whiskers. The successful bore has great skill in talking in a voice loud enough to drown other conversation, and in riveting with his eye the attention of every member of the company. He is also familiar with the Christian names and nicknames of nearly every person who is in any way before the public, and is particularly strong in his acquaintance with writers and players. He is equipped with a slow, ponderous delivery, and a large assortment of absolutely pointless anecdotes, which he tells at every possible moment with the air of one who has something of vast humorous importance to impart.

It is at the first lull in the conversation at the dinner table that the anecdotal bore who feels that he has a reputation as a raconteur to sustain, begins a story which runs somewhat as follows, and lasts about eight minutes by the watch:

"What Mr. Johnson has just told us about toadstools reminds me of a trip that I took about ten years ago, down to Nahant, to see old Judge Donothing of the Supreme Court, who has a very fine summer place there, as many of you doubtless know. It was a cold, rainy morning when I set out, and by the time I reached the station I felt so depressed by the weather that I had serious thoughts of turning back; but just at that moment I felt a touch on my shoulder, and who should be there but Tom Aldrich and old Senator Sassafras, one of the leaders of the Suffolk bar, and one of the ablest men that Boston has ever produced. I found that they were going down to the judge's too, and they persuaded me not to go back by assuring me that the weather would clear up, and that we were sure to have a most enjoyable time. I consented at last on condition that the Senator should tell that delicious story of his about the alligator that got into the carriage house, which makes me larf every time I hear it, and I suppose I've heard it forty times.

"Well, we had no sooner seated ourselves in the smoking car—for the Senator loves his cheroot, and Tom is an inveterate pipe smoker, while I am averse to neither—than

we heard a shout from the other end of the car, and there, through the thick haze of smoke, we could see something that looked like arms waving wildly at us. 'Caleb,' said the Senator to me, 'you'd better go ahead and reconnoiter, and see who it is that is saluting us in that fashion.' I left my seat and walked down to the other end of the car, and you can just fancy my amazement when I found Ted Booth and Larry Barrett and dear old Joe Jefferson. In less time than it takes to tell it we were all hobnobbing together, for of course I presented the Senator to them, and I never saw Tom Aldrich in finer form than he was that day. A dozen times I said, 'Tom, I'd give anything if only Bill Crane and Mme. Modjeska were here today to enjoy the fun.'

"Well, the long and short of it was that Tom persuaded them all to stop over and have lunch with the judge, who has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in this country. When we got up to the house, there was the judge himself out on his lawn, which is probably the finest lawn in Massachusetts, or the whole of New England, for that matter; and what in the world do you think that he was doing? Why, picking mushrooms, great big ones as large as the palm of your hand; and from that day to this I never hear the word toadstool without thinking of that jolly party that went down from Boston to Nahant that cold, moisty day in August, and of those delicious mushrooms that the judge cooked for us himself."

II.—THE ABSENT MINDED MAN.

As a rule he is not such a fool as he seems, but a little more of a knave.

One of the best known characters in Vanity Fair is the young man who enjoys the reputation of being "awfully erratic," and "so absent minded," and to whom, in consequence thereof, all things are forgiven. There is scarcely a social circle of any pretension in this country that does not possess its own absent minded man, and although he is looked upon as a slipshod character who goes through life in a happy go lucky, haphazard fashion, in reality he is more systematic in his methods than an old fashioned bank clerk. He contrives to get about three times his share of all the good things there are going and escape three quarters of the taxes and penalties that society imposes upon its members, for no other reason except that he is known to be "so vague and absent minded that he really doesn't know where he's at."

The absent minded man is always forgetting certain things, and always remembering others. He forgets to pay his debts, but it is not recorded that he ever paid twice for anything. When he goes out for the evening he has a great habit of leaving his pocketbook at home in his other trousers—even when he is known to possess but one pair. It has been noted by many scientists that on these occasions he is prodigal in his hospitality, and vastly annoyed when he finds it necessary to borrow from his guests sufficient money to pay for what they have consumed at his bidding and leave him a dollar in change "to get home with."

It is related of a young gentleman who is afflicted with this form of mental aberration that on a certain occasion, having invited half a dozen of his friends to go out to supper, he was seen by one of them slyly depositing a roll of bills in his top bureau drawer. The sharp eyed guest contrived to abstract the money, and quietly spread the news among the others, who had begun to wonder which one of them would be called upon to settle the score. They feasted royally that night, and all the more jovially because each one, from the host to the last man at the end of the table, was positive that he would not be called upon to pay, and that there was going to be a good joke on somebody. At the close of the evening the waiter brought the check. The host scanned it carefully, and then thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, while the others watched him to see the familiar quick change from light hearted gaiety to poignant regret and annoyance.

"Upon my soul, boys," he cried, "this is really too bad! I've left my money at home, and I'll have to ask some one for a tenner to square this with. Really, I'm getting so absent minded that I'm liable to forget my own head some night." But this, by the way, is something that the absent minded man never loses.

"You certainly are the most forgetful man in the town," exclaimed the observant guest jovially, as he produced the roll of bills, "and what's more, you're the most reckless man in money matters I ever came across. Just as we were leaving your room, I found this money on the floor, and I brought it along, because I knew you'd want it. If anybody else in the company had found it he would have kept it. You ought to be thankful that you've got one honest friend."

And the forgetful host did not seem to rejoice very much because his money had been found and returned to him.

The absent minded man is in great demand at dinners and evening parties, because his eccentricities have given him so much fame that people are curious to see him, while the uncertainty that hangs over his movements materially enhances his value.

When he is invited to a musicale, let us say, he always forgets to come until about supper time. He thus avoids the singing and fiddling which the other laborers in the social vineyard are compelled to endure, and gives his hostess time to "work up his entrance," as the theatrical phrase is, by going about among her guests and saying, "I've invited that bright Mr. Wanderwits, but I don't know whether he'll be here or not, he's so absent minded and erratic."

Meanwhile Mr. Wanderwits is simply lurking outside, waiting for the music to stop. Just as the supper is announced he hurries in, apologetic and regretful, and places himself at once in a central position. Having missed the music, he is entitled to the most desirable seat in the diningroom, and there, surrounded by the most agreeable of the women, the hostess herself serves him with the choicest food and wines of the rarest vintage, while the strong and willing men who have done their duty like yeomen from the very first toot of the flute, sit neglected in remote corners.

Then, on the strength of what he says under these circumstances—and a man is usually at his best when he is eating and drinking and is spurred on by admiring femininity—he receives invitations to every festivity that is likely to happen in the town during the month to come. He is so absent minded that he straightway forgets all those that are not worth attending.

In short, the absent minded man may be said to run by a clockwork of his own devising. While he is sure to forget everything that he does not wish to remember, he is equally sure to remember everything that he does not wish to forget. He would not be tolerated for a single moment except in our modern Vanity Fair.

III.—THE PHILOPENA GIRL.

A miscreant for whom it is to be regretted that the law provides no punishment.

Which one of us is there who does not know this social pest? She flourishes best in summer hotels and in other haunts of semi civilized society; and it is both a wonder and a pity that she has not been long ago swept away by the flood of progress and improvement that has wrought such astounding changes in the life, manners, and customs of this country. The philopena girl really belongs to the period of the cave dwellers, but she has survived, together with a few other unpleasant features of life that existed at that primitive epoch of the world's history.

The philopena girl is invariably noisy and talkative, and for that reason enjoys the reputation of being "very bright," or "chock full of fun," or "smart as they make 'em." As a matter of fact, she has so little mind that she can easily train herself to the one pursuit of her life, that of getting the best of every one in the silly and primitive game of philopena. She delights in those occasions of jollity when the men are having a good time and are apt to relax their minds to such an extent that they fall readily into her net. No one ever catches her, and it probably would be a waste of time to do so.

At picnics, suppers—anywhere, in fact, where there is anything to eat—she is sure to seat herself close to the most available young man, and the very moment the salted almonds are passed around she begins operations somewhat in this fashion.

"Eat a philopena with me, Mr. Pingree?" she says with bewitching archness to the young man on her left, knowing perfectly well that he will feel bound to accept her challenge. "All right," she continues merrily, as she crunches the nut in her mouth; "yes or no," and then she rattles on with: "I went out buggy riding yesterday with a perfectly elegant gen'elman friend of mine, and he let me drive the whole way. Maybe we didn't have a grand time, though, 'specially coming home, when we were feeling pretty good and whooping things up. Next week there's going to be a picnic over to Shady Ridge, and we're all coming home by moonlight in Mr. Brown's big wagon filled with straw. Won't that be fun, though? Don't you just dote on straw rides, Mr. Slocum? I think they're the most fun! I like to died laffing the last one I was to. I bet a pair of gloves with one of the gen'elmen that he'd lose his hat before we got home, and when he wasn't thinking I just tipped it off myself. Oh, we had more fun than a little that night! Have some tabasco sauce, Mr. Pingree? Philopena! I caught you! You said 'Yes,' now, didn't you? He, he, he! Oh, I caught Mr. Pingree! You can all come and see me tomorrow, I'll have five pounds of candy to treat you to."

The guests at the other end of the room, hearing the noise and laughter declare that the philopena girl is the "life of the party"; those who sit near her know that she is the death of it, and each one makes a secret resolve to take all the nuts off the table the next time she is present.

LITERARY CHAT

MR. HOWELLS AND HIS GIMLET.

There are moods so vague that we never attempt to describe them; shades of character too faint for our analysis; many kinds of knowledge that we hold so dimly we never dream of bringing them up to the light of words.

Our storerooms are quietly filled by the back way, and we have no idea what is there until some diligent spirit, who has learned to live in his storeroom and watch all that comes in, draws our attention to our own shelves with his revelations. And finding there what he has pointed out, we know that we have come upon a discoverer, and we turn to him ever afterward when we want to realize the human truths we have acquired on the way.

There is no one like Mr. Howells for deciphering the faint shadows of facts. With his gimlet eyes that pierce every wall and his colossal patience, he brings illuminating words with every nook that holds a human trait. He does not open up new secrets to us, but simply shows us what we have unconsciously known all along; and so our progress with him is a series of stimulating recognitions, and we read him to a chorus of "How true!" "How deliciously true!"

His latest book, "The Story of a Play," is full of these subtle revelations. The artistic temperament is put under a searchlight that leaves no corner of it unexplored.

Any one who has had dealings with it, especially as manifested in public singers and actors, feels the satisfaction of a perfect revenge in the picture of *Godolphin*, with his fluctuations and his deceptive sincerity and his ineffectual virtues. We might think that no Godolphin could read it and not come from it a changed man—did we not recognize that no Godolphin could carry an impression over twelve hours, or be influenced in any way for his permanent good. Our satisfaction must lie in the knowledge that, being sensitive, he will shrink as he reads.

The husband and wife relation is equally full of little complexities that few others would have had the courage and the power to boil down into definite words. We are so used to having a happy marriage idealized in fiction that this faithful picture of the little miseries in among its delights is very disheartening.

And we cannot comfort ourselves by calling the author a pessimist. Mr. Howells looks at life neither through the somber blue pane nor the glowing pink, but through the clear white pane in the middle.

ANOTHER STORY OF ROYALTY.

Mr. Davis has presented the world with another book—if so slight and trivial a production as "The King's Jackal" can properly be termed a book. That this successful young globe trotter and war correspondent has talent, we are far from denying. It is well to remember the fact when reading the "Jackal," since scarcely anything in the story would indicate it.

Mr. Davis' early productions led his friends and the world at large to hope great things from him. His stories showed originality and careful work, and, although somewhat slight in theme, there were among them one or two that revealed positive genius. But when one man undertakes to record the principal events of the world, to travel from pole to pole and around the equator, to accept a position as war correspondent—which, by the way, he fills extremely well—to write numberless short stories, and to cap his twelve months' work with a so called novel, he must have a brain of remarkable caliber not to fall short in some particular. Mr. Davis is trying to heat too many irons at once in the fire—or, to bring the simile up to date, the lambent gas range of his genius; and the "Jackal" is perhaps the least well heated iron he has ever offered to the public.

A careful reading (and a careful reading is necessary to find out just what the plot is) discloses the fact that the principal motif of the story is the plan of a king to cheat his trusting subjects and a young American girl out of a large sum of money. In a scene which Mr. Davis probably intended to make spirited and effective, but which is simply laughable, the whole infamous plot is revealed. The speech in which the *Jackal* denounces his monarch somewhat relieves the strain, and is among the few good points in the book.

The *Jackal* is not half a bad fellow. Indeed, we are rather inclined to like him. Young *Clay*, in Mr Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," was altogether too superior and tremendous for common humanity, but the front of *Kalonay's* uniform does not seem to be completely hidden behind an invincible breastwork of medals; neither does he tread through the book with the air of a conquering hero. *Miss Carson* is, of course, the

American girl of Mr. Davis' usual type. Tall, beautiful, wealthy, and patrician, she is as indispensable to the make up of a Davis book as to that of a Gibson picture. In both she is well drawn, but one can't live on the expensive and rich foods of life forever.

There are one or two good things in the story, but no doubt the best thing, from the author's point of view, is the fact that it sells.

THE NEW HEROINE.

A few years ago the summer novel inevitably dealt with the summer girl. There was a curly yellow head to every paper cover, with sand and sea, hotel piazzas, and duck trousers for the accessories. A faint odor of chiffon and pink and white dimity clung to the pages, and somebody always had money.

Now the type is changing. Frivolette is giving place to Heroica. The bachelor maid stumps bravely across the pages, earning her living, fighting her battles, glorying in her independence. She does not flirt, she is as free from coy glances and demure smiles as a Gibson girl; and yet—mark this well, Frivolette!—men fall in love with her as freely as they did with her predecessor.

One of the stanchest of these girl workers lives in a new, mustard colored book, with "As Having Nothing" on the cover, a fresh, sincere little book, full of real people and clever observations. *Elizabeth* spends her days in a New York studio, for the support of herself and an ingeniously dull, sweet mother; scorns protection, meets her fellow men frankly without feminine artifices, shows herself brave, proud, courageous, affectionate, and sufficiently spunky —just as a bachelor girl should.

She never forgets her womanliness, neither does she trade on her femininity, making her way by her abilities rather than her face and her sex. The author, Hester Caldwell Oakley, has caught the true attitude for the girl who goes out into the world to seek her fortune, and is, for all that, a lady. For the present, she is a very alluring type, with her sincerity and determination and innocence. It is hard to foresee what a couple of generations will do to her. She may turn out the splendid free creature of which reformers dream. Or she may—but there is no use borrowing trouble.

Miss Oakley has contributed to a number of magazines, but this is her first appearance between covers. She is a sister of Violet Oakley, who is rapidly making a name for herself as an illustrator.

"THE GIRL AT COBHURST."

All his literary life, Frank R. Stockton has been lauded for the quaintness of his situations, for his droll combinations of men, women, and things, set forth in childish simplicity without exclamation points.

As a natural result, he has grown self conscious, and shows a tendency to offer his quaintness a trifle insistently. He cannot quite trust the reader to get the full flavor of the incident for himself, but must dwell a little on its Stocktonian qualities. One feels that he is covertly watching for the laughter, and so, by a rule of human contrariness, one is far less ready to give it.

When "The Girl at Cobhurst" puts on the antique lilac silk gown and sits down in the stableyard with the calf's head in her lap, we have the oddity of the situation thrust at us so pointedly that half the charm is gone. The idea of four able bodied families being managed by one female cook has great possibilities, but, here again, one feels and resents the deliberate effort after naïveté. We loved Stockton's improbable situations so long as he took them perfectly seriously himself, and offered them with his air of childish faith in their reality. But if he has grown up too far to believe in his own endearing absurdities, then we have lost our best playfellow.

To be sure, the man who gave the world "Rudder Grange" has contributed quite enough to its laughter. That alone should entitle any man to a life pension, and the grateful affection of all English reading peoples. Add to it a score of inimitable short stories, and there is no public way of repaying the debt of pleasure owed.

"The Girl at Cobhurst," written by any one else, would be called a clever story, a trifle long drawn out, but full of good character work. But Mr. Stockton, like one of his own heroes, must pay the penalty of having written so excellingly that no average work will be forgiven him.

"STREET CLEANING."

Some eight or ten years ago, when the habit of walking through slushy streets in winter and dusty or muddy streets in summer had grown to be chronic in the metropolis, and when we had almost come to feel that a hope of any better conditions in the future was out of the question, the then Mayor of New York, responding to the protests which had grown in volume with each administration, one day called into his office a minor official of the State government, and offered him an appointment as commissioner of street cleaning. It was a position which nobody coveted; "but," said the mayor, "the man who will clean the streets of New York can be the next mayor of the city if he wants to. Will you take it?"

But this official, a clear headed business

man, saw the difficulties of the task and declined the offer; and for a number of years thereafter New York went on in the same old way, adding with every year to her reputation of being one of the dirtiest cities in the world. It was not, in fact, until Colonel Waring's régime—and, to be fair to his predecessors, the institution of an entirely new order of things—that this city, possessing from its situation some of the best conditions for cleanliness, had any claim to being a comfortable one to get about in.

Yet Colonel Waring's success was almost unlooked for. In the early part of his career no one, except his personal acquaintances, really took the new commissioner very seriously, or supposed that he would succeed where there had been so many failures. At that time he was a most voluminous and persistent talker, and at first people looked upon him as a man created for their amusement rather than their service. Those who knew him better were aware that he was thoroughly in earnest in anything that he undertook, and that he had the energy and the ability that generally command success.

When the first street parade was arranged, its announcement was hailed with derision, for the nondescript body of men known as street cleaners had never hitherto formed a city's pageant. But the parade was held, and New Yorkers waked up to the fact that in his "White Wings" the new commissioner had under his command a well organized and efficient force; that he was thoroughly in earnest; that he believed absolutely in his methods, and that those methods were of real and practical value. Of the latter, the changed conditions of the city's streets had already begun to be a daily object lesson. Later on New York gave Colonel Waring due credit as perhaps the one man of the "reform administration" who had not in any way disappointed the high hopes entertained by its citizens when the administration went into power.

"Street Cleaning; Its Effect upon Public Health, Public Morals, and Municipal Prosperity" is a little volume published by Doubleday & McClure, in which Colonel Waring gives the history of the effort toward clean streets in New York, a clear and concise account of his own system and methods, the present status of the movement, and a resumé of street cleaning methods in other cities. The subject is one that closely affects public health and prosperity, and the book written in Colonel Waring's clear style, is an interesting one. Perhaps not one citizen in a hundred of those who idly take in what has really been a picturesque addition to local color in our streets—the white helmeted and white duck coated laborers pushing before them their long handled metal scoops—really knows anything about the system of which the "White Wings" are the visible part, or why the city is cleaner and more comfortable than it used to be.

According to the rules devised by Colonel Waring, and maintained by his successor, each sweeper must use the sprinkler, shovel, and broom with which he is supplied and which he carries about with him, together with the little hand cart with the suspended jute bag. If he raises a dust he is fined, as he is for the infringement of any other of a long list of rules. The bags, when filled, are tied, loaded upon carts, taken to the dumps, and emptied there; and this refuse, together with the separately collected ashes, paper, and rubbish, is "dumped" into the sea (or sometimes used by contractors for "filling"), or is burned, after being sorted over, partially by mechanical means, at one of the three yards now fitted up for the purpose. To separate the garbage and utilize any salable material, disposing of the refuse by burning rather than by dumping in the sea, will undoubtedly be the practicable and profitable method of the future.

Not the least interesting of the features treated of in "Street Cleaning" are the organization of the force, and the method of arbitration between the men and the heads of the departments—a system which has attracted considerable attention, and which Colonel Waring found to work most satisfactorily.

POET AND CRITIC.

As a general rule, the etiquette of authorship forbids hitting back at the critics. A book or poem is sent forth to fight its own way up, and its parent seldom comes to its aid, no matter how fiercely it is attacked, for if the answers to all the charges do not lie between its covers, where all the world may find them, his championship will do little good. But now and then some great soul, exasperated beyond endurance, strides forth in noble wrath to slash the slasher, and frequently a little one runs out and yaps.

A very small one has recently set the world laughing by a long and spluttering letter to a New York paper, denouncing its "unjust and unmanly" critic for his "cowardly notice" of a recent poem. If the letter had been intended for a humorous advertisement, it would have been an unqualified success, with its infant venom and its frank vanity. But, alas for human dignity! the man was frantically in earnest. The critic called him the "champion light weight poet of America and England;" he writes to declare he is *not*. The public must choose between them. If it wishes to make a truly

unbiased choice, it will not read the extracts with which the author has supported his denial.

"Does he call my sonnets light poetry?" roars the exasperated poet. He adds that, in the opinion of all true critics, his is "a noble book, with many beautiful thoughts, written by a true poet." It must be a comfort to appreciate oneself so thoroughly. The gods might envy the complacence of the minor poet.

There was once a man who was publicly called a donkey. Whereupon he rose and proved elaborately and conclusively that he was not a donkey, citing instances of his great wisdom and discretion. "So, then, he is a donkey, after all," chorused the people.

"THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL."

Mr. Le Gallienne's books have a way of beginning with idyllic sweetness and truth, and carrying the reader well on into the middle in a delight of felicitous words and phrases, and fanciful ideas that are essays in miniature. There is kindness and laughter, the fragrance of morning, the naïveté of a child that knows it is naïve, but is no less lovable for the trace of self consciousness.

Then comes the serpent leaving his slimy trail over all the beauty that has been conjured up—the insidious little viper of immorality. It is exquisitely tinted, with shining scales and graceful motions, and the man who has called it up insists that it is sadly misunderstood and slandered, being in reality the most decorative, innocent, and desirable of earth's creatures. But for all that, we come up out of the glamour and know better.

"The Romance of Zion Chapel" begins in truth and ends in falsehood. Mr. Le Gallienne started out to build a man, and he had in hand a pair of brave eyes, a humorous mouth, and a great many attractive properties. While he was fitting these together the quality of his materials and the skill of his workmanship went straight to the heart—if that is the center of appreciation.

But when, after the man was all together, he came to put the backbone in, he had not one on hand. So he slipped in a broken reed and called it the finest kind of backbone, far superior to the usual thing. And he stood by his floundering creature to the end, valiantly explaining that its vacillations were due to the sacred duality of man's affections, whose law is "Let not your right heart know what your left heart doeth." The lack of a spinal column, frankly acknowledged, might have been a matter for compassionate interest, but the denial of it suggests decadence, and alienates the audience.

Le Gallienne slides us over many a stumbling block with his subtle explanations, his unanswerable questions, and the dazzle of his shining words, but it is significant that, after we get away, we remember only the damaging fact, not the smooth excuses. We must turn back to the text to be convinced again, and the very act shows us how we have been bewitched. And no wonder we have, for there is a charm about this man's work that no lover of beauty and youth and laughter can ignore. Perhaps it is just as well that he has given us a foolish, false climax to bring us wholly back to our senses.

ANTHONY HOPE'S MODEL.

When Anthony Hope began writing, he did an extremely judicious thing. He took a French master, and one who was just out of the way of the majority of the people.

Any one who has read that masterpiece of Gustav Droz, "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," must take up the "Dolly Dialogues" with gratitude to M. Droz, as well as to Anthony Hope. This is not so light and gay a world that we need no frivoling. The delightful person whom Mr. Hope paints is a trifle more modern, and decidedly more to our liking than "My Aunt," but the two are near kinswomen. On the other hand, Mr. Droz is more brilliant than Mr. Hope—perhaps only because he dared to be. The English language and English proprieties have boundaries.

Zola says of Droz: "He is a painter of a slightly factitious state of society which toys with pleasant vices as the eighteenth century played at pastorals. He has been reproached with having dipped his pen in pearl powder. That is true, and it will be his claim to renown, for he alone has painted the picture of a French fashionable home of that epoch."

Far be it from us to take a leaf from Mr. Hope's laurels, but if you care for *Dolly's* ways, and would like more of the same sort, much cleverer, and with a dash of brandy in the tea, read Droz!

MARRIED COLLABORATORS.

"The Pride of Jennico" seems to be one of the books of the moment to those who love sensational adventures, and, in fact, to everybody who takes his fiction for purposes of amusement. It has all the thrill of a melodrama, together with the careful writing of people who know the ways of literature.

The book is the work of a man and his wife, Egerton and Agnes Castle, although place is given to the lady on the title page. The Castles are an English couple, still

young, who go in for life as it is lived in the nineteenth century. Egerton Castle's grandfather was Egerton Smith, a well known English philanthropist in his day, and founder of the Liverpool *Mercury*, of which the grandson is now part owner. Besides belonging to a literary family he has had the widest sort of an education. He spent several years in the British army, and is said to be one of the most expert swordsmen in Europe. He has written a book on "Schools and Masters of Fence." He translated Stevenson's "Prince Otto" into French several years ago, and in doing so he kept that intangible quality of style which makes Stevenson the master of his school. In "The Pride of Jennico" there is a delicate suggestion of "Prince Otto," although in no sense is the book a copy, even in style.

Mrs. Castle is an Irish woman. Nobody knows how much of "Jennico" she wrote, but she plainly influenced it all, for the story has a quality that belongs to no other of her husband's works, and it is just that which has made it popular. She was the youngest daughter of Michael Sweetman, of Lamberton Park, in Queen's County, Ireland, and is noted for her beauty as well as her book.

HISTORY FOR MODERN TASTE.

One of the funniest developments of what might be called this machine made age is the effort people make to acquire culture on the wholesale plan, getting it easily, and sugar coating it with entertainment. In our fathers' time the study of history, for example, was regarded as a serious pursuit by everybody who took it up at all. Wars, the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of dynasties, the great questions which hang the fate of nations in the balance—these were the subjects to which the historians and their scholars devoted careful and laborious attention. There always existed a few ladies in country towns who thought they knew something of history when they read Sir Walter Scott's novels, but even they were quite sure that there were some things they did not understand.

Nowadays we have floods of historical writings which are simply gossip. The average reader knows more about the color of Marie Antoinette's hair and the Empress Eugénie's eyes than of the reasons why one lost her head and the other her throne.

The high priest of this sort of thing is Imbert de Saint Amand. The individual who wishes to be taken quite intimately and particularly into the sacred haunts of royalty can do no better than cultivate him. Take his latest, called "Napoleon III and His Court." We can confidently recommend it to any one who wants a showy familiarity with the events of that reign as being "as interesting as any novel." Indeed, the characters have the stamp of fiction. Napoleon III is represented as a model in every respect, and the empress as a beauty whom her subjects delighted to see adorned.

Some chapters are devoted to the forming of that friendship between Eugénie and Queen Victoria which has lasted through all the time since. As critical history the book is nonsense, but as entertaining gossip it is altogether amusing.

Robert Hichens, who made a hit four years ago with his "Green Carnation," has come out with a frankly farcical novel called "The Londoners."

If Mr. Hichens had never written the "Green Carnation," he would undoubtedly have been considerably more worth while. That book almost wrote itself. Its author created no characters. He simply transferred his people from real life into print, but he made them exhibit themselves as such a clever social satire that he had a famous book on his hands. When he attempts to create characters, it is another thing. We recommend "The Londoners" to all lovers of smart farce; but that is all.

* * * *

Mr. Hichens himself is one of the interesting characters in London. He was brought up near Canterbury, where his father was a clergyman, and was educated at the Royal College of Music, with the expectation of becoming a musician. His literary career was begun by his writing lyrics for music. It is a curious fact that he is about the only writer known to fame who has come out of a school for journalism. He studied in such an institution in London for a year. Since then he has been very busy at journalistic work, and has written four novels.

Mr. Hichens' horses are his fad, and he is an enthusiastic driver of coaches.

* * * *

Rudyard Kipling says that he has no intention of writing books about South Africa, where he has been traveling, but that can hardly be true, at least finally. The peculiarities of that country must touch him somewhere; and Mr. Kipling always lets the world know it when he has been impressed. He passes it on.

He told them in Buluwayo that he had never been so much impressed with any community in the whole world as with that one.

GUARD No. 10.

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

An American soldier who failed to do his duty—How two veterans of Shiloh met, and how a dangerous enemy of the Union found aid and comfort in an unexpected quarter.

GUARD No. 10 walked back and forth before the open gate, waiting until the wagon should go out again. It was a dim, gray day of February, the air full of damp chill and a raw wind blowing. The clouds that turned the skies to the color of rusty steel told of snow or sleet somewhere. Beyond the walls the dead weeds rustled sadly as the cold wind blew upon them, and over the yellow ponds tiny waves pursued each other. Across the wastes the wind moaned.

Inside the heavy stone walls of the military prison was some life, but not the life of good cheer. Coils of languid blue smoke arose from the squalid huts in which the prisoners lived. A dozen of them strolled along the rough road that ran between the huts like the street of some shambling village. Some wore the dingy gray uniforms in which they had been taken, ragged and patched, and others were wrapped in blankets from their beds. All were thin and pale.

Guard No. 10 did not look long at the prisoners; it was too old a sight to stir any emotion in him, a man who was not given to abstruse thought, and who had feelings only of the primitive order. His own figure was in accord with the prison, with its granite walls, dark and stained by time, with the rude huts, the bleak yard, and the wasted, hopeless men. He was short, thick set, wrapped in an old blue overcoat, his face stained like the stone walls about him by all kinds of weather.

He walked back and forth, back and forth, without ceasing, always turning at the same place, and always making his steps of equal length. His blue overcoat and blue cap were the color of the steel blue sky above him. He carried his rifle across his shoulder and held the stock with a firm hand. His figure added the most somber touch to the somber scene.

Guard No. 10 continued to walk monotonously back and forth, and drew up the collar of his overcoat, for the wind was rising and the air grew colder. Most of the prisoners returned to their huts, and the guard would have gone on his mechanical way had not a prisoner spoken to him in a weak voice. He ordered him back roughly, telling him he was not allowed to approach the gate; but the man said he only wished to see the outside of a prison, a sight that had been denied to him for a year.

"Just to remind me of what I used to be," he said with a weak little laugh.

Guard No. 10 looked at him more closely. He had noticed this prisoner before, one of the most pathetic figures in a place that was full of them. He was not a man, only a boy of seventeen or eighteen, young enough to be Guard No. 10's son, slim and fair like a girl, weak from prison air, bad food, and old wounds just healed.

"I saw that the gate was open," he said appealingly, "and I wanted to take a look at the country outside, just to see the grass and the woods again; it's been a long time since I saw them."

"The grass is dead," said the guard roughly. "It's had a winter to kill it, and there isn't a leaf on the trees."

"Do you think I care for that?" said the boy. "It's because there are no prison walls around them."

He stood where he was, twenty feet from the gate, and the guard did not order him away.

"I could break him in two across my knee if I tried," thought Guard No. 10.

The air from the free world outside blew through the open gate and the boy breathed it gratefully. Guard No. 10 kept his eye on him and held his rifle ready. If any prisoner dared to make a dash for freedom he knew his duty and would do it. The boy spoke to him again and then again, but the guard was stern and did not reply. The boy looked at the man with an appeal in his face. He wished to speak of the world outside, to hear of anything that was not prison talk.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the guard at last, growing tired of the prisoner's reproachful gaze.

"I—I don't know," said the boy, starting at the suddenness of the question. "How is the war going?"

"What is that to you?" asked the guard. "Why were you Southern boys such fools as to go into it?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, in his thin voice. "I don't know what the war is all about, do you?"

"No, I don't, except that you Southern fellows are wrong," replied the guard more roughly than ever.

The boy did not seem to resent the reply, as if it were an issue for which he did not care. His pale face had flushed a little under the touch of the free wind that blew in at the open gate, and he opened his mouth as if he would breathe an air purer than that within prison walls. The glimpse, the breath of the free world had a charm for him which the leaden skies, the somber day, and the dreary landscape without could not dispel. Guard No. 10 was impressed more than ever by the weakness of his frame, and the look of homesickness in his eyes.

"They say that down there in the South they have robbed the cradle and the grave to fight this war, and I guess it's true about the cradle," he said.

The boy smiled. He was not hurt at the remark.

"I was fourteen when I went into it," he said, "but there were some younger."

"A mere baby," said Guard No. 10.

"I had been in more than ten battles before I was taken," said the boy proudly.

"But I guess you've had enough," rejoined Guard No. 10.

"Yes, I've had enough," said the boy frankly. "I'm tired of war. I've been here a year, and I'm just getting well from my wounds. I had two of them, one in the shoulder and one in the side." He mentioned his wounds with a little touch of pride. "They are cured, and I'm cured of war, too," he went on, smiling again. "It's the prison life that's done it, and it's the prison life that may end me, too, for though the wounds are healed, I'm mightily run down."

He turned his eyes again toward the open gate, and the look of homesickness in them was stronger than ever. A faint feeling stirred in the breast of Guard No. 10, and he began to think it was wrong for such young boys to go to the war. His curiosity rose a little.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"In Georgia, in the southern part of the State, near the sea. Oh, it's not gray and cold and bleak like this! It's green all the year round; the sun shines warm and the watermelons grow big and juicy. I've had some high old times there."

"Guess you wish you were there now," said the guard curtly.

The boy's face had flushed with enthusiasm as he spoke, but at the guard's question the flush died out.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I wish I was there. It's too cold for me here; it's not the kind of country I'm used to. The prison doctor says I can't ever get all my strength so long as I stay in this place. But down in the sunshine I'd be all right in a month. I wish I could get exchanged."

"No chance of that," said Guard No. 10. "We're not exchanging much, because we've got more men than you Rebs have, and we want to wear you out soon."

Yet pity for the boy was finding a small lodgment in the crusty soul of Guard No. 10.

"And the doctor don't think you can get well here?" he asked.

"No," replied the boy. "The air of the place and the bad food are against me."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I think I'll escape," said the boy, with a sad little laugh. "Some dark night when you guards are asleep at your posts, I'll climb over that high stone wall there and skip across the fields."

Guard No. 10 looked at the stone wall rising far above his head, its smooth sides offering no hold for the human foot, and then at the frail figure of the boy.

"I guess you won't climb over that wall in a hurry, even if we guards should go to sleep at our posts, which we never do," he said grimly. "But even if you were to get over the walls, what could you do? You are in the country of your enemies, and it's a long road to Georgia. We'll have you back here inside of twenty four hours."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said the boy, in a tone of conviction. "It's only a mile to the town, and I've some friends there, some people who used to live in the South. I could get to their house, for my clothes are not the Confederate gray, and then slip down to Georgia, if these walls were not twenty feet high and two feet thick."

"Yes, that's the trouble," said Guard No. 10. "Now, if they were only fifteen feet high and one foot thick you might make it. But we've got to keep you, for so long as you're not with 'em we've got a chance to beat the Rebs."

He laughed a little. The boy amused him, and added a bit of interest to his lonely watch. But the prisoner's delicate face flushed at the guard's sarcasm.

"Where were you taken?" asked the guard, feeling somewhat sorry for his sneer.

"At Chickamauga."

"And you have been in ten battles? What was your first?"

"Shiloh."

"Shiloh?" said the guard, with a sudden

increase of interest. "Why, I was there myself!"

"So you've served at the front, too?" said the boy.

"Yes," replied Guard No. 10. "I served until I got a bullet in the thigh at Stone River, that laid me up for three months. I was invalided home, and, after a while, sent to this duty. But about Shiloh. That was a hot fight!"

"Hot?" said the boy. "Hot was no name for it! For a while I thought all the men in the world were there shooting at each other; and even now, just as I am about to go to sleep, I often hear the whistling of the bullets."

Guard No. 10 walked back and forth more slowly, and for the first time his seamy brown face showed feeling.

"You're right about the bullets," he said. "All the lead that was shot off then would make a mine. You fellows caught us napping there that Sunday morning. Our generals say it wasn't so, but it was. And Lord, how you came, what a rush! You Johnny Rebs can fight well. I give you that much credit."

"But you got back at us the next day when your reinforcements came up," said the boy. "It was our turn to be driven then."

"Yes, we won back the ground we had lost," said Guard No. 10 meditatively, his mind going back to the details of the great battle. "But I can't forget that first morning when you rushed us. And you were there and I was there, and now we're both here. But it isn't so strange. More than a hundred thousand others were there, too, and some of them are bound to meet some day."

"What did you think when you saw us popping out of the woods and bushes that morning?" asked the boy.

"I didn't have time to think of anything," replied the guard. "It was just a great red and brown veil of fire and smoke, with you fellows showing dimly through it, rushing down upon us, and the noise of the cannon and rifles banging away in our ears, so we couldn't hear each other speak or even shout. It was just grab our guns and fire away, every fellow fighting for himself, or running—mostly running, I guess. But we got together part of our regiment in some fashion or other and tried to make a stand, though you pushed us back and kept pushing us back toward the river. Hot, boy! I should say it was hot, with the rebel bullets whizzing like hail about our ears, and forty thousand rifles and a hundred cannon blazing in our faces! Boy, I don't know where I'm going when I die, but if it comes to the worst it won't be any hotter than it was that morning at Shiloh."

It was the longest speech he had made in a year, but Guard No. 10 felt emotion at memory of the great battle, and as a mark of feeling shifted his gun from his left to his right shoulder. The boy's eyes sparkled for the first time. He, too, was aroused by the memories of Shiloh, and he waited for Guard No. 10 to continue.

"There was one regiment of the rebels that pushed us specially," said the guard; "a Georgia regiment. I saw the name of the State on their banner, and I remember how surprised I was to see that they were mostly blue eyed, light haired men; I used to have an idea before the war that all you Southern fellows were dark. They seemed to have picked us out as their particular meat, and they didn't care whether it was kill or get killed; so it was one or the other. They were brave men, if ever brave men lived. Gunpowder was apple sauce to them. I remember their colonel, funny enough looking for a circus, six feet and a half high, as thin as a rail, his long yellow hair flying back, and his uniform, five times too big for him, flapping about him like clothes on a line. But he was the bravest of them all, always in front, waving his long arms and yelling to 'em to come on, though they were coming as fast as they could. He was thunderation ugly, but he was a man all over."

The guard shook his head and laughed, pleased at the recollection. The prisoner laughed, too, and there was heartiness in his tone.

"That bean pole was my colonel," he said, "and that was my regiment. You fellows were eating your breakfast when we rushed out of the woods and burst upon you. We went right through your camp when we drove you back. I remember stopping to drink a cup of hot coffee that one of you left unspilled on the ground. It had been poured out for a Yankee, and a rebel drank it before it got cold."

The two laughed together with heartiness and enjoyment.

"And you were there in that regiment of brave men who pushed us so hard?" said Guard No. 10 admiringly.

"Yes," said the boy proudly.

"Then we have fought with each other, you and I, hand to hand?" said the guard.

"Yes," said the boy.

"And here you are, after such fighting as that, in a military prison."

"Yes," said the boy.

"And the doctor says you will die if you can't get out where you'll have better air and better food?"

"Yes," said the boy sadly.

"And there's no chance of an exchange!"

The boy stood there, a thin figure under the somber sky. The guard looked intently into his eyes, and the prisoner's face grew eager when he met the look.

"That wagon will be here in a minute," said Guard No. 10, "and I mustn't be seen talking to a prisoner."

He shifted his rifle again to his left shoulder and walked to the end of his beat, deliberately turning his back to the open gate. The wind blew dismally, and the guard heard a faint, quick footstep.

The wagon was approaching, and he walked back to the other end of his beat. There was no prisoner in sight. The wagon passed out, and the guard, closing and locking the gate, resumed his march, gun on shoulder.

THE OLD PLYMOUTH CLOCK.

In the corner, dark and tall
It stands up against the wall,
And all day its pendulum,
Like a solemn, measured drum,
Marks old Time's departing tread
And the long march of the dead.

How it purrs before the hour,
Like the leaves before a shower!
Now it strikes as slow and plain
As the first great drops of rain;
And the spindles buzz away
Like a bees' nest in the hay!

Made in Plymouth, as you see,
In seventeen hundred forty three;
And the ship that up and down
Rocks upon its dial brown
Is the Mayflower, plain as day,
Tossing in old Plymouth Bay.

Every night, before she goes
To her peaceful, sound repose,
Grandma opes the time stained case,
As she did in maiden days,
And with hands as fond as then
Winds the dear old clock again.

Grandpa, faithful as herself,
Lays his pipe upon the shelf
When the nine fold silver chime
Marks the welcome curfew time.
Then to bed the household goes,
And the old clock ticks repose.

James Buckham.

ETCHINGS

CAPITULATION.

I've got this far: The date. "Dear Jack"—
No trace here of confession,
And yet I pause. It seems to lack
Just the precise expression.
"Dear Jack"—why, yes, of *course* he's dear,
But will the goose divine it?
Assured he wouldn't think it queer
I'd lightly underline it.

His last said that at any time
His regiment expected
To go to quite another clime,
For scenes of death elected.
"Dear Jack"—this phrase conventional
Is really bare of feeling
(The more so, should I mention all
My heart is now revealing).

I read that in the tropics there
Are girls with necromancy
In eyes and lips—in short, a snare
For men of idle fancy.
'Twould be a pity if, in spite
Of previous protestations,
A boy I know would judge he might
Pour elsewhere his oblations.

"Dear Jack"—what bosh! That will not do.
So—"*Dearest*" looks much better.
And if I underscore it, too,
I still improve the letter.
I hope he'll answer right away—
He will, if he is clever,
For in one corner here, I say,
"Yours lovingly, forever!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

AT CHURCH.

Athwart her hair a sunbeam steals,
And stores of hidden gold reveals,
Caught in her witching tresses,
And shining through the tinted pane
It brushes with a crimson stain
The cheek that it caresses.

The service falls on heedless ears,
But yet divinity appears
To me, a sinning mortal,
For thus to sit through hymn and prayer,
And gaze at her, unconscious, there,
Brings me to heaven's portal.

A weary pilgrim, here I rest,
A man by grievous load oppressed—
But cease my vain repining,
To watch the sunbeam, angel led,
Lovingly linger round her head,
An aureole, softly shining.

Church over? And they term it long!
It's evident I've done much wrong
Through absences unduly;
So ere a further lapse occurs
A pew I'll take, just back of hers,
Where I will worship truly.

Edwin L. Sabin.

DEAD MEMORIES.

When she withdrew her smile
I dug a little grave and buried there
Some memories and covered them with care;
And then I waited patiently a while,
Till, meeting me, she met me with a smile;
Ah, such a smile and such a look she gave,
I can't remember where I dug that grave!

Horace W. Dresser.

THE WINELESS DINNER.

Here's to the wineless dinner!
Drink it in water clear,
Never a quaff for a sinner
Of sherry, champagne, or beer.

Here's to the latest function,
The last, most ultimate fad!
Swallow your "polly" with unction,
Society's gone to the bad—

Gone with the lilt of laughter
That followed the draft of wine,
No longer we're chasing after
An invitation to dine.

Tom Hall.

THE AWAKENING.

An average man awoke one night,
And thought of his past in the pale moonlight;
At times he muttered, at times he moaned,
And once he very distinctly groaned,
At which his guardian spirit inquired
What secret cause this dole inspired.
"Alas! why ask? I'm thinking," said he,
"About the people I used to be.

There's the simpleton I was when—well,
It really would hardly do to tell;
And the unutterable ass
I was when—but we'll let that pass;
And the awful idiot I was when—
No, don't let's speak of *that* again;
And the inconceivable fool I made
Of myself when—*why* don't memories fade,
Or drown, or fly, or die in a hole,
Instead of eternally burning the soul?
But, at any rate, you now can see
Why I mourn o'er the people I used to be."

The angel smiled, with as undefiled
A glance as that of a little child,
And said, "I am thinking seriously
About the people you're going to be:
The soul that has learned to break its chains,
The heart grown tenderer through its pains,
The mind made richer for its thought,
The character remorse has wrought
To far undreamed capacities;
The will that sits, a king, at ease.
Nay, marvel not, for I plainly see
And joy in the people you're going to be."

The average man felt a purer light
About his soul than the moon ray bright;
For once no evil spirit jeered,
And the average man was strangely cheered.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A FAIR FISHER MAID.

With ribbons and rings and fluffy things
She strolls on the sand slopes brown,
As trig as a yacht and without a spot
On the folds of her creamy gown.
'Tis scarce the dress of a fisheress,
Yet thus to be arrayed
Is parcel and part of the subtle art
Of this fair young fisher maid.

With the tenderest looks she bates her hooks,
With a seeming sweet and shy,
With the cunning wile of a loving smile,
And a half withheld reply.
For she hopes to land when he's well in hand,
And she thinks that he cannot flee,
The biggest fish (oh, modest wish!)
In the matrimonial sea.

Clinton Scollard.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

She joined the squares with loving care,
And set the dainty stitches,
A thrifty dame in olden days
Of tallow dips and witches;
And every row of herringbone,
Each block so nicely shaded,
Can tell a story of its own,
Though sadly worn and faded.

This muslin with the lilac sprig
She wore to Sunday meeting,
When bashful beaux around the door
Were waiting for her greeting.
I seem to see her slippered feet,
The drowsy sermon over,
Go twinkling out among the graves,
Upon the dewy clover.

This little scrap of ivory hue
Her wedding gown discloses,
And as a gay young wife she wore
That pink brocade with roses.
As years and duties multiplied,
The colors grew more sober,
Till middle age demurely went
In browns of sere October.

So you can read her quiet life,
From gay youth's merry matin
Until you spell the vespers out
In bits of chintz and satin;
And here you know her form was bent,
Her tresses thin and hoary,
For blocks of woolen black and gray
And purple end the story.

Minna Irving.

THE RICH MR. SMITH.

As past the magnificent palace we bowled,
The driver explained this exhibit in gold
Was made by the millionaire, Everard Smith,
A man whom success was on pleasant terms with.
But while we exclaimed, and admired, and oh! oh'd!
Till the horses were turned at the bend in the road,
He corrected himself. "It belongs to his kith
And his kin; he is now the late Mr. Smith."
Somehow that word *late* struck us cold as the chill
As a new opened grave when the night wind is still,
And it made wealth and splendor unreal as a myth,
As we sighed in a whisper, "Oh, *poor* Mr. Smith!"

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

OUR HISTORY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

IN order to begin our history of the war with the beginning of a new volume of the magazine (Vol. XX), and to allow the time found necessary for its preparation, we have postponed its publication to the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, in which the opening chapters will appear.